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With these hardy words he retired, leaving a seething volcano to pace the deck and think over ways and means of once more reducing his crew to what he considered a fit and proper state of obedience and respect.

The climax was reached at tea-time, when an anonymous hand was thrust beneath the skylight, and a full-bodied tract fluttered wildly down and upset his tea.

"That's the last straw!" he roared, fishing out the tract and throwing it on the floor. "I'll read them chaps a lesson they won't forget in a hurry, and put a little money in my pocket at the same time. I've got a little plan in my 'ed as come to me quite sudden this afternoon. Come on deck, Bob."

Bob obeyed, grinning, and the skipper, faking the wheel from Sam, sent him for the others.

"Did you ever know me break my word, Dick?" he inquired abruptly, as they shuffled up.

"Never," said Dick.

"Cap'n Bowers' word is better than another man's oath," asseverated Joe.

"Well," said Captain Bowers, with a wink at the mate, "I'm going to give you chaps a little self-denial week all to yourselves. If you all live on biscuit and water till we get to port, and don't touch nothing else, I'll j'ine you and become a Salvationist."

"Biscuit and water," said Dick doubtfully, scratching a beard strong enough to scratch back.

"It wouldn't be right to play with our constitooshuns in that way, sir," objected Joe, shaking his head.

"There you are," said Bowers turning to the mate with a wave of his hand.

"They're precious anxious about me, so long as it's confined to jawing, and dropping tracts into my tea, but when it comes to a little hardship on their part, see how they back out of it."

"We ain't backing out of it," said Dick, cautiously, "but s'pose we do, how are we to be certain as you'll j'ine us?"

"You've got my word for it," said the other, "an' the mate an' cook witness it."

"O' course you j'ine the Army for good, sir," said Dick, still doubtfully.

"O' course."

"Then it's a bargain, sir," said Dick, beaming; "ain't it, chaps?"

"Ay, ay," said the others, but not beaming quite so much.

"Oh, what a joyful day this is!" said the old man. "A Salvation crew an' a Salvation cap'n! We'll have the cook next, bad as he is."

"You'll have biskit an' water," said the cook, icily, as they moved off, "an' nothing else, I'll take care."

"They must be uncommon fond o' me," said the skipper, meditatively.

"Uncommon fond o' having their own way," growled the mate. "Nice thing you've let yourself in for."

"I know what I'm about," was the confident reply.

"You ain't going to let them idiots fast for a week, an' then break your word?" said the mate in surprise.

"Certainly not," said the other wrathfully, "I'd sooner j'ine three armies than do that, and you know it."

"They'll keep to the grub, don't you fear," said the mate. "I can't understand how you are going to manage it."

"That's where the brains come in," retorted the skipper, somewhat arrogantly.

"Fust time I've heard of 'em," murmured the mate softly, "but I s'pose you've been using pint pots, too."

The skipper glared at him scornfully, but being unprovided with a retort, forbore to reply, and going below again, mixed himself a stiff glass of grog, and drank success to his scheme.

Three days passed, and the men stood firm, and realising that they were slowly undermining the skipper's convictions, made no effort to carry him by direct assault. The mate made no attempt to conceal his opinion of his superior's peril, and in gloomy terms strove to put the full horror of his position before him.

"What'll your missis say the first time she sees you prancing up an' down the road, tapping a tambourine, I can't think," said he.

"I shan't have no tambourine," said Captain Bowers cheerfully.

"It'll also be your painful dooty to stand

outside your father-in-law's pub, and try and persuade customers not to go in," continued Bob. "Nice thing that for a quiet family!"

The skipper smiled knowingly, and rolling a cigar in his mouth, leaned back in his seat, and cocked his eye at the skylight.

"Don't you worry, my lad," said he, "don't you worry. I'm in this job, an' I'm coming out on top. When men forget what's due to their betters, and preach to 'em, they've got to be taught what's what. If the wind keeps fair, we ought to be home by Sunday night or Monday morning."

The other nodded.

"Now, you keep your eyes open," said the skipper; and going to his state-room, he returned with three bottles of rum and a corkscrew, all of which, with an air of great mystery, he placed on the table, and then smiled at the mate. The mate smiled too.

"What's this?" inquired the skipper, drawing the cork, and holding a bottle under the other's nose.

"It smells like rum," said the mate, glancing round, possibly for a glass.



"DID YOU EVER KNOW ME BREAK MY WORD, DICK."

"It's for the men," said the skipper, "but you may take a drop."

The mate, taking down a glass, helped himself liberally, and, having made sure of it, sympathetically but politely expressed his firm opinion that the men would not touch it under any conditions whatever.

"You don't quite understand how firm they are," said he; "you think it's just a new fad with 'em, but it ain't."

"They'll drink it," said the skipper, taking up two of the bottles. "Bring the other on deck for me."

The mate complied wonderingly, and laden with prime old Jamaica, ascended the steps.

"What's this?" inquired the skipper, crossing over to Dick, and holding out a bottle.

"Pison, sir," said Dick, promptly.

"Have a drop," said the skipper jovially.

"Not for twenty pounds," said the old man with a look of horror.

"Not for two million pounds," said Sam, with financial precision.

"Will anybody have a drop?" asked the owner, waving the bottle to and fro.

As he spoke, a grimy paw shot out from behind him, and before he quite realised the situation, the cook had accepted the invitation, and was hurriedly making the most of it.

"Not you," growled the skipper, snatching the bottle from him; "I didn't mean you. Well, my lads, if you won't have it neat, you shall have it watered."

Before anybody could guess his intention he walked to the water-cask and, removing the cover, poured in the rum. In the midst of a profound silence he emptied the three bottles, and then with a triumphant smile, turned and confronted his astonished crew.

"What's in that cask, Dick?" he asked quietly.

"Rum and water," groaned Dick; "but that ain't fair play, sir. We've kep' to our part o' the agreement, sir, an' you ought to ha' kep' to yours."

"So I have," was the quick reply, "so I have, an' I still keep to it. Don't you see this, my lads; when you start playing antics with me, you're playing a fool's game, an' you're bound to come a cropper. Some men would ha' waited longer afore they spiled their game, but I think you've suffered enough. Now there's a lump of beef and some taters on, an' you'd better go and make a good square meal, an' next time you want to alter the religion of people as knows better than you do, think twice."

"We don't want no beef, sir; biskit'll do for us," said Dick firmly.

"All right, please yourselves," said the skipper, "but mind, no hanky-panky, no coming for drink when my back's turned; this cask'll be watched; but if you do alter your mind about the beef, you can tell the cook to get it for you any time you like."

He threw the bottles overboard, and ignoring the groaning and head shaking of the men, walked away, listening with avidity to the respectful tributes to his genius, tendered by the mate and cook—flattery so delicate and so genuine withal that he opened another bottle.

"There's just one thing," said the mate presently. "Won't the rum affect the cooking a good deal?"

"I never thought o' that," admitted the skipper; "still we mustn't expect to have everything our own way."

"No, no," said the mate, blankly, admiring the other's choice of pronouns.

Up to Friday afternoon the skipper went about with a smile of kindly satisfaction on his face; but in the evening it weakened somewhat, and by Saturday morning it had vanished altogether, and was replaced by an expression of blank amazement and anxiety, for the crew shunned the water cask as though it were poison, without appearing to suffer the slightest inconvenience. A visible air of proprietorship appeared on their faces whenever they looked at the skipper, and the now frightened man inveighed fiercely to the mate against the improper methods of conversion patronised by some

religious bodies, and the aggravating obstinacy of some of their followers.

"It's wonderful what enthusiasm'll do for a man," said Bob reflectively, "I knew a man once——"

"I don't want none o' your lies," interposed the other rudely.

"An' I don't want your blamed rum and water, if it comes to that,"

said the mate firing up. "When a man's tea is made with rum, an' his beef is biled in it, he begins to wonder whether he's shipped with a seaman, or a—a——"

"A what?" shouted the skipper. "Say it!"

"I can't think o' nothing foolish enough," was the frank reply. "It's all right for you, becous it's the last lick as you'll be allowed to taste, but it's rough on me and the cook."

"Damn you an' the cook," said the skipper, and went on deck to see whether the men's tongues were hanging out.

By Sunday morning he was frantic; the men were hale and well enough, though perhaps a trifle thin, and he began to believe with the cook, that the age of miracles had not yet passed.

It was a broiling hot day, and to add to his discomfort the mate, who was consumed by a raging thirst, lay panting in the shade of the mainsail, exchanging condolences of a most offensive nature with the cook every time he looked his way.

All the morning he grumbled incessantly, until at length, warned by an offensive smell of rum that dinner was on the table, he got up and went below.

At the foot of the ladder he paused abruptly, for the skipper was leaning back in his seat, gazing in a fascinated manner at some object on the table.

"What's the matter?" inquired the mate in alarm.

The other, who did not appear to hear the question, made no answer, but continued to stare in a most extraordinary fashion at a bottle which graced the centre of the table.

"What is it?" inquired the mate, not venturing to trust his eyes. "Water? Where did it come from?"

"Cook," roared the skipper, turning a bloodshot eye on that worthy, as his pallid face showed behind the mate, "what's this? If you say it's water, I'll kill you."

"I don't know what it is, sir," said the cook cautiously, "but Dick sent it to you with his best respects, and I was to say as there's plenty more where that came from. He's a nasty, underanded, deceitful old man, is Dick, sir, an' it seems he laid in a stock o' water in bottles an' the like, afore you doctored the cask, an' the men have had it locked up in their chests ever since."

"Dick's a very clever old man," remarked the mate, pouring himself out a glass and drinking it with infinite relish. "ain't he, cap'n? It'll be a privilege to jine anything that man's connected with, won't it?"

He paused for a reply, but none came, for the cap'n, with dim eyes, was staring blankly into a future so lonely and uncongenial that he had lost the power of speech—even of that which, at other crises, had never failed to afford him relief. The mate gazed at him curiously for a moment, and then, imitating the example of the cook, quitted the cabin.



THE SKIPPER SMILED KNOWINGLY.

AN ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. H. V. ESMOND.

THE brilliant young actor-playwright now so ably supporting Mr. Willard in the latter's production of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new play, *The Rise of Dick Halward*, has set up his household gods in one of the quietest corners of Old Chelsea.

"I found Mr. H. V. Esmond," writes a representative of TO-DAY, "just preparing to start with his wife (*née* Miss Eva Moore) and a party of friends for a long bicycling excursion, but he kindly consented to spare me a few moments' chat in the pretty study-dining-room, where he has elaborated so many admirable character-studies, and where the plays which bid fair to place him in the foremost rank of our rising dramatists have been written.

"Yes, it is quite true that I come of Irish parentage," he answered, in reply to a question; "but I was born and brought up in the thoroughly British atmosphere of Hampton Court, and, so far from being of a theatrical family, my people very much disapproved of my stage ambition, and I found it anything but easy to persuade them that there lay my true vocation."

"And how long is it since you took the fatal plunge?"

"I made my debut when I was fifteen," he answered meditatively; "that was exactly eleven years ago. I began by an engagement with Mrs. Langtry, and then secured provincial engagements first with Edward Rose, and then with Miss Janet Achurch. I certainly learnt most of which I know now during those years. You see, when on tour, a young actor or actress gets many chances of playing widely different parts. To give you a slight idea of what I mean, I may mention that, when with Miss Achurch, our repertoire ranged from *Rachel* to *The Corsican Brothers*, from *Frou-Frou* to *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*."

"Then I presume you are not one of those who advocate an English School of Declamation?"

"Most emphatically not. The Conservatoire system is all very well for the French, or, rather, for those Continental players whose special business it is to interpret the classical drama. I admit that those of us who play Shakespeare would be all the better for a certain amount of this kind of training, but it is scarcely worth while to start an English dramatic school with a view to triennial Shakespearian productions. Nowadays the whole duty of man—that is, when he is a member of "the profession"—is to be natural, and even a few lessons in the art of declamation must tend to make the pupil more or less artificial."

"How did you obtain your first London engagement?"

"I was offered the part of Adrian Fiore in *The Panel Picture*, at the Opera Comique, but I owed my first serious London engagement to a matinée performance of *The Marquesa*, for this led to my joining Messrs. Willard and Lart's company, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and to my appearing as Captain Chandler in the original production of *The Middleman*."

"Then I suppose you believe in matinées?"

"Certainly. I have generally found that matinée performances lead to something better. It also gives unknown playwrights a chance. My own first attempt at dramatic work was a one-act play, entitled *Rest*, which was produced at a matinée. Again, it often gives the critics a chance of seeing an actor or actress whose circumstances have hitherto kept in the provinces."

"You must have worked very hard, Mr. Esmond?"

"Yes, I think I may say I have not neglected my profession," he answered, smiling; "and it would take a long time to enumerate all the rôles I have played, even during the last few years."

"And what, on the whole, has been your most successful part?" I inquired, remembering my young host's brilliant successes in *The Magistrate*, *Uncle Mike*, *The Great Unpaid*, *The Times*, his "Cayley Drummle" in the revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and his much-praised "Eddie Remon" in *The Masqueraders*.

"Well, perhaps, that of 'Plantagenet Watts,' the eccentric man-fish, in Mr. Horner's *The Great Unpaid*. That character was not only popular with the audience, but it was also an exceedingly amusing part to act."

"And since when have you turned playwright?"

"My first drama was written when I was fourteen," he answered, laughing. "I have only been acted twice—the one-act play I told you about just now, and *Bogey*, produced this autumn at the St. James's, where another of my plays, *The Divided Way*, will shortly be produced by Mr. Alexander."

"And what are your literary methods?"

"Well, I do all my writing in the morning, and, though I always begin by making a scenario of the plot I have in my mind, I do not always remain faithful to my first conception of either plot or characters."

"May I ask if you write round any given company, or do you work quite independently of those who are to interpret your play?"

"I should certainly not care to write round any given caste; but I acknowledge that, when composing a part that would fit any given actor possessed of, say, so strongly-marked an individuality as that of Mr. Edward Terry, I should certainly take note of his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies."

And then, whilst her husband was seeing that everything was in ship-shape order for the long and delightful excursion which lay before them, Mrs. Esmond, who was attired in the neatest and daintiest of bicycling costumes—composed, it may interest wheelwomen to know, of a short blue serge skirt, bound with black leather, with a short belted bodice to match, black shoes and gaiters—told me something of her own brilliantly successful career.

"No, I am not related to Miss Mary Moore," she said, pleasantly, "but I have two sisters, Jessie and Decima, in 'the profession,' and I was the first of my family to go on the stage. What gave me my first chance? I was acting as Miss Linden's understudy at Toole's Theatre. She left the company shortly after I joined it, and I took over all her parts, including 'Dora' in *The Don*, and so on. I stayed with Mr. Toole eighteen months, of which we toured five. It was most excellent training. I often played as many as four or five different parts a week."

"And where did you find your best audiences?"

"I think at Oxford. I shall never forget the enthusiasm of the undergraduates when we produced *The Don* there. A Varsity town can always be relied upon to produce good business."

"And which has been the most successful play in which you have taken part?"

"In some way, perhaps, I may single out *The Middleman*—where, by-the-way, I first made the acquaintance of my husband, acting, strangely enough, the part of his fiancée long before I ever thought of marrying him. Then, again, I took part in the original production of *The Cabinet Minister*, a most successful play."

"And are you a quick study?"

"I always try and make myself word-perfect as soon as possible, but a great deal else has to be acquired before an actress can be even partly satisfied with the way in which she acts her part," she answered, thoughtfully.

"You sing and dance, as well as act, do you not?"

"Yes, I am very fond of singing, and one of my sisters, Madame Bertha Moore, is on the concert platform. I should like to see a return to genuine comic opera," she continued, "but I very much enjoy the kind of play—*The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown*—in which I am now acting. It is so pleasant to feel that one is really amusing and cheering one's audience."

"I suppose you and stage fright are absolute strangers?"

"Well, of course, I am often more or less nervous, but I only once suffered from real stage-fright. That was once when acting in *The Spitalfields Weaver*. It was a most horrible experience, which I hope never again to encounter."

THE WONDER SIDE OF THE BIBLE.

AMONG the treasures of the historic old North Church of Boston, perhaps the most curious is a copy of what is known as The Vinegar Bible, so called because of the perversion of the word "vineyard" in the headlines of Luke xx., giving us "the parable of the vinegar," instead. This was the Oxford edition of the Bible, which was "gotten out" in 1717. Nearly all of the old English editions are distinguished by blunders, more or less ludicrous, into which the early translators fell. The first edition of Matthew's version of the Scriptures in English, published in 1537, was called The Bug Bible. Psalm xci., 5, is referred to by way of explanation, and there the promise that "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night" is significantly rendered: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraied for eny bugges by night nor the arrowe that flyeth by daye." In 1839 Archbishop Cranmer's version of the Bible in English appeared in London, and bears the high distinction of being called The Great Bible. The first edition of the Geneva version, appearing in 1560, is known as The Breeches Bible, from the fact that the statement made in Genesis iii., 7, to the effect that Adam and Eve made aprons for themselves, is rendered by the translators: "And they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches." A peculiarity of this Bible is the substitution of the letter v for u, and, vice versa, u for v. The name Eve is printed Heuah (Hevah). Cain is printed Kain; Abel, Habel; Enoch, Henock; Isaac, Ishak; Hebrew, Ebrew, etc.

In 1568 there was printed in London the English Bible known as The Treacle Bible. Evidently the translator who fastened that appellation on his work gave his preferences to treacle over balm, for "Is there no balm in Gilead?" reads, "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" The first edition of the Douay Bible, published in 1609-1610, is also known as The Rosin Bible, because the translator asks, "Is there no rosin in Gilead?" The first English Royal Version, 1611, was called The Great He Bible, embodying the compositor's or translator's error, "He went into the city." In the same year appears The Great She Bible, in which gentle Ruth is rehabilitated, and "she" goes into the city. Those were hypercritical and painstaking times, when the omission of a single letter, converting she into he, could fasten reproach upon a volume for all time. This potent error was made in the transcription of the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of Ruth.

In 1631 we find an English Bible—printed in London—labouring under the heavy disparagement of being known as The Wicked Bible, the mischief being created by leaving out the little word not, in Exodus xx., 14. We read: "Thou shalt (not) commit adultery." A similar catastrophe befell the Bible printed in English—London, 1653—stamping it as The Unrighteous Bible. In this, I. Corinthians vi., 9, is made to read: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God?" The Murderer's Bible is so called from the misprinting of Numbers xxxv., 18, giving us, instead of the sentence "The murderers shall surely be put to death," the statement that "The murderers shall surely be put together." The Oxford Bible, which appeared in 1807, is called The Ear Bible, and in Matthew xiii., 43, of that edition, those who have "ears to ear" are exhorted to hear. Some editions of the Bible contain remarkable interpretations and interpolations. In a French Bible, printed in Paris in 1538, by Anthony Bonnemere, it is related "that the ashes of the golden calf which Moses caused to be burnt and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it, by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those who had worshipped the calf." This idle story was interwoven with the 31st chapter of Exodus. A very interesting copy of the Scriptures is what is known as the Bowyer Bible. An Englishman named William Bowyer procured a copy of the Bible

in the early part of the century, and occupied the leisure of nearly thirty years in illustrating it. From every part of Europe he obtained original drawings, etchings, and engravings relating to Biblical subjects. This collection also included the best Scripture atlases, but its most original features were 200 drawings by Lautherbourg. Thus, for all these years, he advanced in his work, bringing into requisition every artist, from Michael Angelo and Raffaele to Reynolds and West, whose Scripture subjects had been engraved. His Bible, interleaved with these 7,000 illustrations, including examples from nearly 600 different engravers, expanded to forty-five folio volumes, is said, with its costly binding and an oak cabinet to contain it, to have cost him 4,000 guineas, and to have been insured against fire for £3,000. Since Mr. Bowyer's death this Bible has passed into various hands, and was at last accounts in the town of Bolton.

The world has seven Bibles. They are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the eleventh century, and are the most recent of these seven Bibles. The Buddhist Tripitaka contain sublime morals and pure inspirations. Their author lived and died in the seventh century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their places. They contain the choicest sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B.C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of great scholars that they are older than the eleventh century B.C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books, next to the Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B.C.

"The Bible and Shakespeare," said one of the best and most esteemed prelates that ever sat upon the English bench—Dr. John Sharp, in the reign of Queen Anne—"The Bible and Shakespeare have made me Archbishop of York." How much Shakespeare was indebted to the Bible for many of his most beautiful passages, and how, beneath his hand, the gems of old were set anew, is shown by Mr. James Rees, in many quotations, a few of which are given here:—

"Life's but a walking shadow."—Shakespeare.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow."—Bible.

"It is written they appear to men like angels of light."—Shakespeare.

"Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."—Bible.

"Woe to that land that's governed by a child."

—Shakespeare.

"Woe to thee, O land, when the King is a child."

—Bible.

"I will speak daggers."—Shakespeare.

"Swords are in their lips."—Bible.

"This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love."

—Shakespeare.

"Whom the Lord loveth, He correcteth."—Bible.

"What I speak,

My body shall make good upon the earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven."

—Shakespeare.

"I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof on the day of judgment."—Bible.

"Wisdom crieth out in the street, and no man regards it."—Shakespeare.

"Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets."—Bible.

"I that am cruel, am yet merciful."—Shakespeare.

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—Bible.

"And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer."—Shakespeare.

"How art thou fallen from heaven,

O Lucifer, son of the morning."

—Bible.

"What a piece of work is man—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a God!"—Shakespeare.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet."—Bible.

Among the popular quotations which are falsely attributed to the Bible are the following:—

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—From Sterne's "Sentimental Journey to Italy."

"In the midst of life we are in death."—From the burial service; and this was originally from Luther.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast."—The Scripture form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

"Money is the root of evil."—Paul's version is: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

"Cleanliness akin to Godliness," not in the Bible; first used by Mr. Whitfield.

SUNLIGHT MADE TO ORDER.

TESLA had two big undertakings on hand when his laboratory caught fire and was destroyed in New York. The more important of these, from his point of view, was the production of light by the vibration of the atmosphere. According to the inventor, the light of the sun is the result of vibrations in 94,000,000 miles of ether, which separate us from the centre of the solar system, of which we are a part. Tesla's idea is to produce here on earth vibrations similar to those which cause sunlight, and thus give us a light as intense as that of the sun, with no danger of obstruction from the clouds. The inventor had already done something towards accomplishing this end when the fire occurred. It is understood that he has again taken the subject up. To illustrate his principle it is only necessary to take a long bar of glass and note the brilliancy of the light it produces through vibration alone. It is a prismatic experiment, in general terms, applied to electricity. Tesla can compute vibrations as readily as most people count the wealth they would like to have. He can tell you the number of vibrations produced by a fly in action and draw interesting comparisons therefrom. For example, this young man from Smiljam will tell you that a certain kind of fly peculiar to the swamps of Central America moves his wings about 25,000 times to the second. You may doubt the accuracy of this statement in your own mind, but if you hunger for details Tesla will sit down and convince you with figures adduced from a scientific contemplation of the problem.

"All I have to do," he said, recently, "is to duplicate the number of vibrations required to light up the sun, and the practicability of my theory will have been demonstrated. It is difficult for me to give you an idea that you will readily grasp about this question of vibration. In ordinary life our minds do not deal with the figures that come up in such investigations. I have come to the conclusion that the sunlight is produced by five hundred trillion vibrations of the atmosphere per second. In order to manufacture the same kind of light it will be necessary to produce an equal number of vibrations by machinery. I have succeeded up to a certain point, but am still at work on the task.

STRANGE HYBRIDS.

THE study of hybridism in animals has always been a source of great interest and perplexity to natural historians. Just how far this crossing of animals of different species or different genera may go, or whether it may take place at all, is still a mooted question. The weight of evidence in the investigations of later years proves beyond a doubt, however, that these misalliances between animals of the same species have undoubtedly occurred at comparatively frequent intervals where the brutes have been in any measure domesticated or set apart from the opposite sex of their own kind, although cases of spontaneous hybridism, where the animals were in a state of nature, have been occasionally observed. As to the admixture of blood between animals of different genera there are but few believers, among whom is that eminent naturalist, Louis Buffon. The best authenticated case of hybridism in America to-day is in the Zoological Gardens in Cincinnati, Ohio, which boasts of a litter of puppies, the progeny of a grey wolf and a female Eskimo dog. They combine the characteristics of both parents. This is especially noticeable in their efforts to bark. Their cry begins with a barking cough and ends in a long, wolfish howl. Their eyes look dangerously wolfish, and they have a strange timidity, but persuasion will bring them fawning and wagging their tails to the feet of the visitors.

The menagerie of the English Garden in Munich has a similar phenomenon in two kittens. They are a cross between a male lynx and a female cat. They are somewhat larger than ordinary kittens and quite savage sometimes, even appearing to frighten the inoffensive old mother. Professor H. D. Harsen, of Riga, holds that the deer and roe may be crossed to any extent, and also holds that sterility will not follow in the progeny. A Tennessee farmer, a few years ago, found a woolly fawn in the neighbourhood where his sheep had been pasturing during the autumn, and this was thought to have been the result of the union of a sheep and deer. Cases similar to this are related in the sheep districts of Switzerland and Italy. There are on record also instances where the Alpine ibex has been crossed with the goat. In Angoulême, France, M. Charles Roux is described by a correspondent of the *Journal de la Physiologie* as having a rabbit farm where he indiscriminately crossed hares and conies. Zebras, quaggas, and horses are also known to interbreed freely, and even lion-tigers have been born in some menageries. One of the most interesting cases in Europe illustrating this peculiar phase of animal life was in Liberia in the Amoor district, where a spitz dog gave birth to puppies, the father of which was a black fox. The young ones were covered with a thick, warm coat, which as peltry would have been most valuable. These little freaks were exhibited in the Berlin Theiergarten for a time, but were afterwards taken to the Regent's Park Zoo. While there is but little evidence to show that animals of different genera are ever crossed, there is a suspicion of its possibility in some of the peculiar species extant, which seem to form connecting links between families. The horned toad, for instance, looks as though it might have sprung from a union of the toad and lizard, and the big sheep of the Rocky Mountains seems to unite the head of the Moufflon sheep with the body of the deer. So with the dormouse, which appears to be a link between the rat and the squirrel. But all this is mere speculation.

HE—How much do you love me?

SHE—As much as ever.

HE—As much as you ever did?

SHE—As much as I ever will.

"TOMMY," said the Sunday School teacher one Saturday afternoon, "why are you digging bait? It's too late to go fishing to-day."

"Yes, I know," said Tommy, "but I don't dig bait on Sunday."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Mother has just been telling me that in her young days dress on the stage was a very different thing from what it is now. The most tinselly, tawdry, and gaudy of gowns, with loud colours and conspicuous trimmings, were thought good enough for even the best actresses to wear. But now the very latest fashions are illustrated behind the footlights, and there are times when a hint may even be gained about the fashions of the day after to-morrow. For instance, Miss Marion Terry, in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's interesting play at the Garrick, *The Rise of Dick Halward*, is a perfectly safe guide for the gowns to be worn next spring. In the first act she looks charming in a pink glacé silk, lightly sprinkled with black and made with a very full skirt, over which a long black satin sash falls at the back. The bodice fits beautifully upon her tall, slight figure, and round the shoulders is a very full fall of soft, creamy white muslin bordered with lace. At waist and neck are black satin ribbons, both brightened in front with glittering jet. Lace and muslin ruffles also finish the silk sleeves at the wrists. With this daintily pretty gown Miss Terry wears a black velvet hat trimmed with pink roses, and a tall lace aigrette. She turns up her skirt in old-world style to kneel down and toast muffins at the fire, and makes a delightful picture as she does so. Her second dress is a lustrous corn-coloured satin, a tint that suits her dark eyes and dusky brown hair to perfection. It is relieved with knots of poppy-coloured velvet on the bodice, and from these falls a creamy lace, long panels of similar lace floating over the skirt at either side.

And, in the last touching act, Miss Terry wears a most charming gown of pale blue camel's hair cloth, turned back with revers of blue mirror velvet edged with brown fur. I fancy there is blue velvet at the back of the skirt as well. It is an intensely becoming gown. The hat is brown, trimmed with lace and shaded roses.

Miss Annie Hughes is prettier than ever, and her dresses become her very much. The first is fawn colour, with sleeves of yellow chiffon. Another is grey, with pink velvet collar and cuffs and velvet braces, in the same soft, bright colour, crossing at the back. Her dinner gown is white silk and silver, very simply made, as suits the youth of the character she

portrays. Miss Violet Armbruster looks very handsome as a parlour-maid. I have always maintained that the black gown and snowy cap and apron of servitude are as becoming a costume as a pretty woman could put on.

We admired her more particularly because she did not try to make a big part out of her few lines, as we have sometimes known actresses do when playing in a subordinate rôle. Shall you ever forget the amateur performance we went to once, in which the footman wore diamond studs and the principal lady came down to breakfast in pink satin and diamond earrings?

I often wonder what we should do without fiction and the drama. Can we ever be grateful enough to novelists and dramatists for supplying us with the

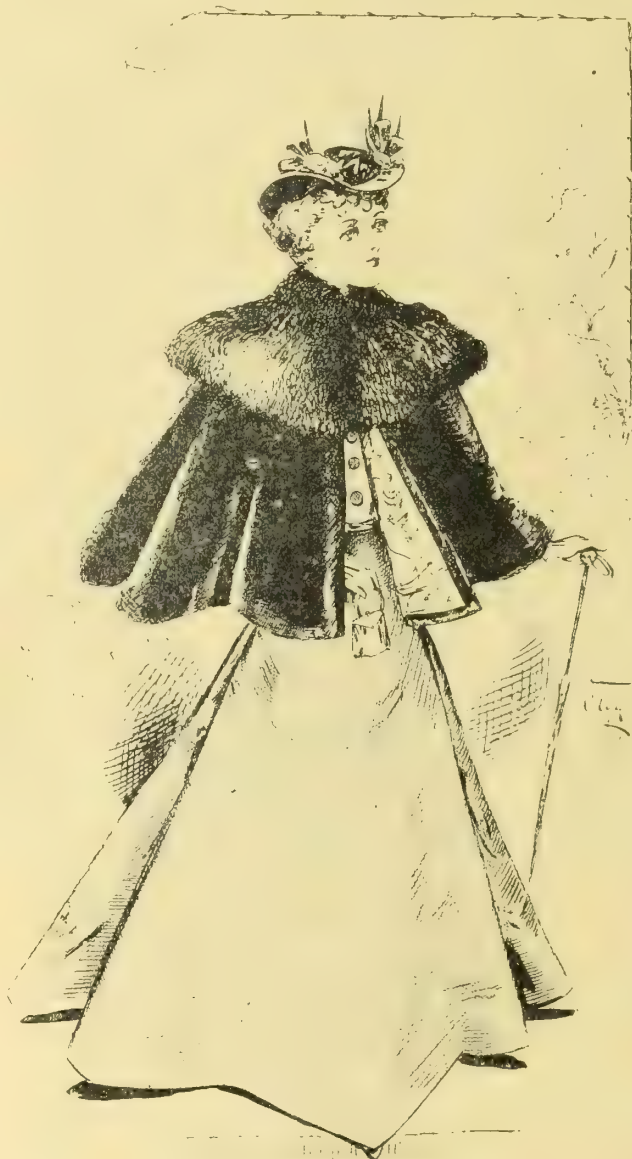
pleasante forms of recreation for our leisure? If by some sudden catastrophe the world were to be totally deprived of reading matter, what a tremendous blank would ensue for at least nine-tenths of poor humanity! One cannot even imagine it.

One frosty day in last week, when winter's cold finger was first felt, we went off to Jaeger's, in Regent Street, and fitted ourselves comfortably out, the mother with a dressing-gown, and I with a dressing-jacket. Hers is very pretty. It is braided in brightest turquoise blue on the collar, down the fronts, and on the pockets, and has a long blue girdle to match. She looks very stately in it, and when she comes into the breakfast-room on these raw mornings she is the very picture of warmth and comfort. My dressing jacket is braided in pink—a colour that contrasts pleasantly with the natural tint of the wool—and I am very much pleased with my appearance in it.

We met all sorts of nice-looking people that day, on shopping thoughts and deeds intent. Lady Wolverton stepped out of her carriage as we passed, looking much hand-

somer than she ever did as Lady Edith Ward. She was wearing a butcher's-blue cloth trimmed with fur. Handsome Mrs. Barney Barnato, wife of the African multi-millionaire, was looking in a shop window, very simply dressed in black woollen crêpon, and a sealskin coat.

You and I used always to declare that we would not be "dumb, driven cattle," and wear exactly what everyone else happens to be wearing. Well, let me tell you of two things that are so general as to be simply a livery. One is a sabel—or *sauvissant* sabel—collarette. The other is a big bow, generally of black or black and white striped ribbon, at the back of the neck. These



WINTER CAPE.

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MODEL 375.—Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, improved Norfolk Mode, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of full wide plain Godet Skirt, underfaced at the hem with the same material. Also skillfully-cut Norfolk Bodice, made with stand-up collar, three perfect box-pleats back and front, and detachable belt. The saddle and sleeves are lined, and the costume is tailor-made throughout. Price complete only 10/6, packed in box, and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

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MODEL 376.—Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, perfectly cut from a fashionable model, and made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The bodice at the back has a pointed saddle, ending in two points at the front, and the sleeves, cut in the latest style, are abundantly wide. The skirt, in the new Godet shape, is gracefully full, and the hem, together with the cuffs, collar, and saddle of Bodice are trimmed bold silk cord. The belt is attached to the skirt, and the price of the complete Costume is only 10/6, packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

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The Sizes in stock fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust under arms. Larger Sizes 1s. 6d. extra.

Skirt only of any of the above Costumes supplied for 5/6, carriage 6d. extra. **COLOURS**—Any of the above Costumes can be supplied in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze Green, Electric Blue, Ruby, Dark Cinnamon, Drab, or Grey. The above designs are also supplied in the John Noble Homespun, a very smart, durable material for better wear, in Grey, Fawn, Drab, Slate, Electric, Heather, &c., price only 14/9 each, carriage 9d. extra.

THE "BOOK OF THE SERGE," now in its ninth edition, and John Noble's Fashion Sheets, contain beautifully executed illustrations and descriptive particulars of up-to-date Costumes, &c., for Ladies' and Children's wear. Copies of these Publications, together with patterns of the Materials used in the making of the above designs, will be sent post free on application.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, which are always inferior; and remember that John Noble Ltd. have no agents, no travellers, or branch shops, and the genuine goods can only be obtained direct from the following address:—

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THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (REGD.)

In which these Costumes are made is the same quality worn by Miss Bocker at the time of her rescue from the disastrous wreck of the "Elbe." It is a fabric of world-wide fame and durability, and, being extra double width (42in.), cuts to the best advantage in making garments. The colours are perfectly fast, consequently it may be washed whenever necessity arises; and any reader of *To-Day* can secure a Full Dress Length of

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THE JOHN NOBLE MODEL COSTUMES
have secured beyond a doubt THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD. They are far and away ahead of all other Costumes on the market for style, cut, make finish, and quality. The skirts are wider and the sleeves fuller than in the also-made "skimp"-looking garments generally sold at low prices and often produced by ill-paid workers in the lowest sweating dens; therefore ladies can with confidence place their orders with John Noble, Ltd., The Warehouse, Manchester.

10/6
THE TRIO OF THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES
Illustrated above, have already received the highest praise from the leading journals of the day and the number of repeat orders received daily for these Costumes being fully equal to that of first orders is incontestable proof equal to that of first orders is value, the opinion of all purchasers being
EVEN BETTER THAN ADVERTISED.

appear in all artists' illustrations of the up-to-date woman, and Mary Jane would not dream of enjoying her Sunday out without her big bow and her imitation sable collarette.

So now you will know at least two things to avoid during the approaching winter. The ostrich feather boas are very much less common, and they have several little ends in front, like the others.

The illustration is a winter cape of sealskin, lined with gold and grey brocade, and finished with a deep collar of Thibet goat.

Niagara is the smart place to see people now. It is pleasant to turn in for an hour and watch the graceful skaters and the ungraceful, and note the well-dressed spectators as they look on at their friends' performances. One of the daintiest garments I have seen there was a fur blouse bodice, made of sealskin, basqued with sable tails and faced with similar fur on the lapels. The sleeves were brown velvet, lined with lemon and mauve-shot satin. It was only too nice—a covetable possession.—Your affectionate, *SUSIE.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAX'S MOTHER.—I have tried Hugon's beef suet, and find it excellent, but will write more fully on the subject next week.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

APPLE CHUTNEY.—Boil in two quarts of best vinegar six pounds of good cooking apple (weighed after they are peeled and cored), with two pounds of Demerara sugar. When reduced to a pulp pour into a pan, and add two ounces ground ginger, half ounce cayenne pepper, two ounces mustard seed (crushed), one pound Sultana raisins chopped fine, one clove of garlic also chopped very fine; mix all these ingredients well together, and stir well every day for three days, and then put into jars, etc., for use, cover them down tightly and keep in a cool place. This is an excellent relish with cold meat, pork, cheese, etc., etc.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Boil one bushel of tomatoes until soft, then rub through a fine sieve, and add half a gallon of best vinegar, two ounces of cloves, one pound of salt, quarter pound allspice, one ounce of cayenne pepper, one ounce black pepper, three cloves of garlic, carefully skinned and separated; boil for two hours, strain, and when cold bottle. If these instructions are carefully followed this sauce will keep for any length of time, and in any climate.

PANCAKES À LA RUSSE.—Dry three-quarters of a pound of the very best flour, and mix into it six ounces of sifted sugar, four ounces of ground pistachio nuts, a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel, one of cinnamon, and two-thirds of a grated nutmeg. Thoroughly mix the above while in a dry state, then put it into a bread pan, raising it high round a vacant central space. Melt in a pint and a half of boiling milk one ounce of German yeast; pour it in the centre of the pan and work it as though for bread. Leave it in a warm place for an hour to rise, at the end of which time beat into it eight eggs and four ounces of butter. Instead of being a batter—such as is generally the foundation of pancakes—this should be a sort of extremely light and frothy dough. Dredge plenty of flour on the pasteboard and roll it into small sizes about half an inch in thickness. Spread upon each bottom piece a layer of any preserved fruits preferred; moisten the pancakes with a teaspoonful of rum or brandy, according to taste, and use; cover it with another piece, and punch both sides to suit. Fry them in boiling olive oil. Each side should be a rich yellow. Drain them perfectly free from any grease and serve them upon napkins. Well whipped cream, or the whites of egg frothed and flavoured with a little lemon-juice and sugar, can be thickly laid on the top in snowy ridges.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I 'AD a bad dye the other dye. Yer does nar and agin. Yer gits art o' bed feelin' much the sime as yooshal, and then yer staws, and blow me if ev'ry bloomin' thing ain't aginst yer! Fust a button come off, and then I bust a boot-lice. 'Ad my breakfast and spilt my bloomin' tea over myself. 'Awdly 'as I set foot on the 'bus afore a keb-wheel sends a dollop o' mud inter my fice. I goes up ter tike the fares, and allows a man ter pawss a pewter shillin' on me. I follers up with two rows with coppers, all abart nutthink, as worn't wuth it. On the return journey I gives a gent 'is wrong chyngetwice over. "Why," says 'e, "yer cawnt count. Yer awnt fit to 'ave the chawge. of no 'bus." "Yus, I am," says I, "in the ornery wye Ter dye I ain't fit ter 'ave the chawge of a doll's pramberlitter and a hinfunt ter dror it." "Is it drink?" says 'e. "No, it ain't," says I, "but it will be if I don't strike a different streak o' luck pretty soon. Luck's whort's the matter with me." Then horf I goes, an' pretty nigh tumbles 'ead-first darn the steps o' my own 'bus. Thet sort o' thing went on all dye, and by the end of it I'd gort pawst swearin' at it.

* * * *

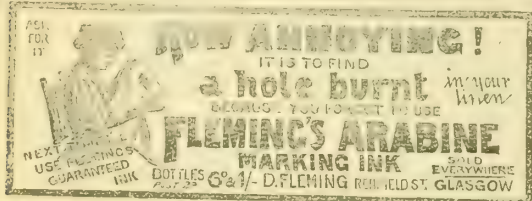
I seed the other dye as some pore workin'-men 'ave bin complinin' as they don't git pide fur servin' on a corryner's jury. And well they mye! The on'y people as mikes any money nar-a-dyes are them as is tu rich ter warnt it. Tike any man with a good business or perfession, bringin' of 'im in a nice 'ealthy income. If they sticks 'im on a special jury, they pyes 'im 'is guinea fur it. Thet sort ain't dependent fur their bread on one day's work; they ain't stawvin' fur the guinea, and they cud afford tu serve withart it, and in cornsequece they gits it. If yer don't need a thing, yer mye git it; if yer do need it, yer 'as ter sit an' do withart. The pore man on a corryner's jury don't git a penny fur the job, and a nawsty job it is too. It's seldin as I agrees with any of 'Ankin's voos, and I ain't one fur egstensive halteritions, but as fur as the pay'n' of corryner's juries goes I'm with 'Ankin. Yer see, when a man like 'Ankin wornts ter 'ave ev'rythink diff'runt from whort it is, 'e mikes a goodish many mistikes, but ev'ry nar and agin 'e gits the right pig by the tile. And I tike it thet whort yer 'as ter do is ter pick art the joodishus in 'Ankin an' sink the rest. I've explined that ter 'Ankin myself, but 'e ain't a man as is easy brought ter see reasing. "The dye is come," says 'e, "fur 'olesile reforms. Reform hev'ry think. We are livin' on the hedge of a bottimless presserpice, the foose is ignited, and ere long the bomb will bust!"

"Well, that's all right," says I. "Tike thet bomb, drop it over thet presserpice, an' then go 'ome and be 'appy." 'E didn't 'awf like it.

THE MAN—Will you love me when my money's gone?
THE MAID—Yes, if you will let me spend it for you.

SHE—Marry you? Why, you've already had three wives.

HE—Quite true, but you don't remind me of any of them.



FRAE THE LAND O' CAKES. FINEST SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

2s. 8d. tins, kettle drum size, Postage 6d. extra. | 6s. 6d. tins, containing 3 cakes (larger). Postage 10d. ex.
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WILLIAM SKINNER & SON,
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ESTABLISHED 1835.

"TREE'S TRILBY."

GEORGE DU MAURIER has spoken! Sir Oracle has opened his mouth! The barking of all the dogs down our court has been silenced. George Du Maurier has solemnly announced to the British public that he is pleased, nay more, delighted with the general acting of his unfrocked romance at the Haymarket Theatre! *Iipse dixit*. And this is supposed to decide the question once and for ever!

A certain cur of a critic has ventured to remark, notwithstanding the dread of calling down the grave displeasure of Svengali Tree, and boom-loving George Du Maurier, that the ideality and romance of "Trilby," the book, have been swept clean overboard by Mr. Paul Potter, the American adaptor. He further ventured to state that it was the greatest mistake in the world deliberately to select two necessarily weak and incompetent amateurs for the vitally important characters of Trilby the heroine, and Little Billee the sentimental lover. But George Du Maurier does not think so; his beautiful illustrations made the success of a pretty but frail book in America. They triumphed over everything! The pictures by Du Maurier, and the pictures alone, started the Trilby craze. No one has more authority to speak on pictorial skill than George Du Maurier. He is a master. He is at the head of his art. But a genius at drawing need not, as a matter of fact, be an unrivalled novelist, or a heaven-born dramatic critic. The beauty of the illustrations to "Trilby" is beyond question. The good taste of some portions of the book has been disputed before now, not only by Mr. Whistler, but by many of his old Parisian comrades in the Quartier Latin.

But I know not on what authority the artist and the *raconteur* constitutes himself a judge of the drama and of acting. Probably he assumed that if the illustrations boomed the book, therefore living pictures of these same illustrations would naturally boom the play. It is exactly there that I entirely agree with the cur of a critic, and wholly disagree with the author of "Trilby," when he implies that the stage Trilby and the stage Little Billee give the faintest suggestion of the ideality and romance of a very remarkable book.

Let us see upon what horns of a dilemma George Du Maurier finds himself impaled, by defending the amateurishness and want of nature in his hero and heroine. Does he really and seriously mean to say that Trilby had no charm in the world but physical charm? Does he mean that these three clean-minded English gentlemen, artists of the Quartier Latin, were attracted to her simply because she was beautiful to the artistic eye, and possessed a well-modelled foot? Had Trilby no soul, no gift of mind, no extraordinary touch of nature, that made her win the hearts simultaneously of a brawny well-bred Englishman, of a cool calculating Scotchman, and of the most pathetic little sentimentalist who ever breathed?

I am certain that the author of "Trilby" never meant anything of the kind, and I could prove it out of his own pen, had I space, in every page of the book. Leave, if you like, Taffy and the Laird out of the question. Soul was not very predominant with them, and possibly the physical Trilby was all they thought about.

But how about Little Billee and Gecko?

They did not, surely, love the physical Trilby. They loved the woman for her beautiful, frank, innocent nature—a pure woman, mentally, in an unwholesome environment.

When I read of Little Billee, with his extreme sensitiveness and earnest love of beauty—both physically and morally—I love to think of the painter of such pictures as Fred Walker, Pinwell, and men of that school gave us, when Du Maurier worked side by side with them, and showed us beauty and purity in all our homes week after week in the pages of *Punch*. But

what has this conglomeration of the Walker, Pinwell, and Du Maurier artistic minds got to do with this mannikin, dressed up and labelled Little Billee, at the Haymarket, and receiving the artistic "imprimatur" of George Du Maurier, artist and novelist?

It is not the poor young gentleman's fault. He is dragged out of retirement merely because he sat for Little Billee. Du Maurier created him in black and white; he gave him life, and therefore is supposed to endow him with a soul as well. But he has not been able to do so. The artist thinks wrongly that because an inexperienced boy looks like the picture he painted, that therefore he *must* be an actor. It is there where the gifted artist is absolutely at fault. It is impossible he can please anyone who has read or understood the novel. It is highly improbable that anyone who has not read the book can take even the faintest interest in this poor boy, who, in my humble opinion, has not the most minute aptitude, or slightest symptom, of talent for the stage he has so mistakenly adopted.

It is not so bad with Trilby, because she is a woman, and the dramatic sins of a pretty woman are perpetually pardoned. But things have come to an unfortunate pass indeed when mere amateurishness is lauded to the skies simply because it is not a bit like acting. So the actress is to be deposed and the amateur exalted. Why, what would Du Maurier say if a black and white artist were applauded to the skies because he could not draw a straight line or shade in colour, or of a painter who was passed as excellent by the President of the Royal Academy because he was colour-blind? Mr. Du Maurier is precisely as extravagant when he assures the world that Miss Dorothea Baird and poor Little Billee satisfy him.

I regret to say that they do not satisfy me, or anything like it, and I know the book by heart; and the reason they fail to satisfy me is apart from their likeness to the pictures, for which I do not care one snap of the fingers. They are not only amateurs, but *unlike many* amateurs, for they cannot act at all. I do not believe that this very pretty young lady has even a dim idea of what Trilby was like. She has no humour, and no sentiment. When under the hypnotic influence of Svengali she never thrills. She never shows any emotion. She is apparently as little affected by the passes of Svengali as by the rough hand of Taffy, or the tender squeeze of Little Billee.

If she be not emotional she is not Trilby, and Miss Baird is strictly and conventionally unemotional. She is an actress of to-day without pulse or heart. In fact she, and Little Billee, are to me as lifeless as the lay figures that Zou-Zou and Dodor drag about on the floor. But these critics bombard me with doubts of this pattern, "Who on earth could play Trilby?"

Why two ladies very recently on the Haymarket staff. Miss Julia Neilson could play Trilby admirably, and so could Miss Lily Hanbury. And apart from the mere likeness to the original pictures, which is immaterial, Mrs. Tree could play her also, and had she played her we should have got Trilby's *heart* as well as her *foot*. An actress who could play Ophelia would make some account of herself as Trilby. But then I like acting better than reproduced pictures.

But at any rate there are two performances at least that make up for the mistaken hero and heroine. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Svengali is a masterly bit of realism—awful, weird, impressive, and Gustave Doré-esque. He is very terrible and nasty, but modern art delights to exaggerate terror and nastiness. Svengali might have stepped out of the Wiertz Museum in Brussels, which, as we must all own, is very dreadful and decidedly nasty. But Mr. Tree made the success of the up-to-date melodrama, and if Mr. Du Maurier will teach him how to play on a dummy piano all will be well. But I am peculiar.

To me the best acted part in the play was the Madame Vinard of Rosina Filippi. This was entirely satis-

lying—quite faultless in manner and style. But what does it matter? The Trilby boom was cleverly passed on to England from America by Beerbohm Tree the magician. And best of all, George Du Maurier does not intend to weep "tears of blood" when he sees the booking-sheet. He is entirely satisfied!

Actum est de critico!

ELIZA AND THE PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BY BARRY PAIN

I HAD got the money by work done at home, out of office hours. It came to four pounds altogether. At first I thought I would use it to discharge a part of our debt to Eliza's mother. But it was very possible that she would send it back again, in which case the pence spent on the postal orders would be wasted, and I am not a man that wastes pennies. Also, it was not absolutely certain that she would send it back. I sent her a long letter instead—my long letters are almost her only intellectual pleasure. As for the four pounds, I reserved two for myself, for any incidental expenses, and decided to give two to Eliza. I did not mean simply to hand them to her, but to get up something in the way of a pleasant surprise.

I had tried something of the kind before. Eliza once asked me for six shillings for a new tea-tray that she had seen. I went and stood behind her chair, and said, "No, dear, I couldn't think of it," at the same time dropping the six shillings down the back of her neck. Eliza said it was a pity I couldn't give her six shillings for a tea-tray without compelling her to go upstairs and undress at nine o'clock in the morning. It was not a success.

However, I have more than one idea in my head. This time I thought I would first find out if there was anything she wanted.

So on Sunday at tea-time I said, not as if I were meaning anything in particular, "Is there anything you want, Eliza?"

"Yes," she said, "I want a general who'll go to bed at half-past nine and get up at half-past five. If they'd only do that, that's all I ask."

"You will pardon me, Eliza," I said, "but you are not speaking correctly. You said that was all that you asked. What you meant—"

"Do you know what I meant?"

"I flatter myself that I know precisely——"

"Then if you know precisely what I meant, I must have spoken accurately," with a quiet smile. Eliza's strong point is not argument, and I let the matter drop.

But as we went to church I discovered that she wanted a new jacket. Her own was trimmed rabbit, and had been good, but the fur had gone bald in places.

* * * * *

Next morning I wrote on a sheet of note paper, "To buy a new jacket. With your husband's love." I folded the two sovereigns up in this, and dropped the packet into the pocket of Eliza's old jacket, as it hung in the wardrobe, not telling her what I had done. My idea was that she would put on the jacket to go out shopping in the morning, and putting her hand in the pocket, get a pleasant surprise. As I was leaving for town, she asked me why I kept on smiling so mysteriously. I replied, "Perhaps you, too, will smile before the day is over."

On my return I found Eliza at the front door. "Come and look," she said, cheerfully. "I have got a pleasant surprise for you." She flung open the drawing-room door, and pointed. In the middle of the table stood a *spiraea*, a most handsome and graceful plant. It stood in one of the best saucers, with some coloured paper round the pot, and the general effect was very good. I at once guessed that she had bought it for me with the change from my present to her, and thought it showed very good feeling in her.

"I hope you have not given too much for this," I said.

"I didn't give any money for it."

"I don't understand."

"Well, you must know I had a present this morning."

"Of course, I know."

"Did mother tell you? Yes, she has sent me a beautiful new jacket. Then a man came round with a barrow of plants, and he said he didn't want money if I had any clothes to spare. So I gave him my old, worn-out jacket for this *spiraea*, and——"

I remembered that I had seen the man with the barrow further down the street.

"Excuse me for one moment, Eliza," I said, and dashed out after him.

* * * * *

He was a big, red-faced man, and he made no difficulty about it at all.

"Yes," he said, "I bought that jacket, gov'nor, and I don't deny it. There it is at the bottom of my bundle, and I ain't even looked at it since. Nor I ain't goin' to look now. You says there was two sovereigns in the pocket. A gent like you don't want to swindle a common man like me. If you says the two sovereigns was there, then they're there now, and I can return yer two pound out o' my own, in a suddinty of gettin' 'em back out o' the jacket-pocket. Bless yer! I knows an honest man when I sees one."

With these words he drew the money from his own waistcoat pocket, and handed it to me. I took it with some reluctance.

"Hadn't you better make quite certain——"

"Not a bit," says he. "If them suvrens was there when the jacket were 'anded me, they is there now. I could see as you was a man to be trusted, otherwise I'd 'ave undone the bundle and searched long afore this."

* * * * *

"What have you been doing?" said Eliza, on my return.

"Never mind. Your mother has given you a new jacket. Let me have the pleasure of giving you a new hat." I pressed the two coins into her palm.

She looked at them, and said, "You can't get a hat for a halfpenny, you know, dear. What did you rush out for just now? And why did you have these two farthings gilded? You'll be mistaking them for sovereigns, if you're not careful. Were you trying to take me in?"

I did not quite see what to say for the moment, and so I took her suggestion. I explained that it was a joke.

"You don't look much as if you were joking."

"But I was. I suppose I ought to know if any man does. However, Eliza, if you want a new hat, anything up to half-a-sovereign, you've only to say it."

She said it, thanked me, and asked me to come and help her water the *spiraea*.

"It's such a shapely *spiraea*," she said.

"Yes," I answered sadly, "it's a regular plant." And so it was.

AMONGST the awards at the Empire of India Exhibition I notice the familiar name of Bewlay and Company, who have won a diploma and a gold medal for their "Flor de Dindigul" cigars. This is quite as it should be. The "Flor de Dindigul" was the favourite brand of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, and the cigars taken by the travellers stood the variation of temperature without losing their flavour. Not a bad test for a cigar, this.

WANTED TO BUY, Old Life Insurance Bonus Policies at prices exceeding the Office surrender value.—Apply J. L. SHERRIN, 40, Old Broad St., London.

SPA, BELGIUM, twelve hours from London. Cercle des Etrangers, with Roulette and all Monte Carlo attractions. For details address Secretary. Racing, Pigeon-Shooting, and Lawn Tennis, Concerts and Theatre. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia, &c. Resident English Physician.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

THE WONDERFUL VISIT.

By H. G. WELLS.

PERHAPS one of the best parts in Mr. Wells' book is where the Angel gives the Vicar his opinions on life:—

"This life of yours," said the Angel. "I'm still in the dark about it. How do you begin?"

"Dear me!" said the Vicar. "Fancy having to explain that. We begin existence here, you know, as babies—silly, pink, helpless things, wrapped in white, with goggling eyes, that yelp dismally at the font. Then these babies grow larger, and become even beautiful—when their faces are washed. And they continue to grow to a certain size. They become children, boys and girls, youths and maidens, young men and young women. That is the finest time in life, according to many—certainly the most beautiful. Full of great hopes and dreams, vague emotions and unexpected dangers. Then the glamour fades, and life begins in earnest. The young men and the young women pair off—most of them. They come to me, shy and bashful, in smart, ugly dresses, and I marry them, and then little pink babies come to them. And some of the youths and maidens that were grow fat and vulgar, and some grow thin and shrewish, and their pretty complexions go, and they get a queer delusion of superiority over the younger people, and all the delight and glory goes out of their lives. So they call the delight and glory of the younger ones 'illusion.' And they begin to drop to pieces; their hair comes off, and gets dull coloured or ashen grey. Their teeth come out. Their faces collapse and become as wrinkled and dry as a shrivelled apple. They care more and more for what they have to eat and to drink, and less and less for any of the other delights of life. Their limbs get loose in the joints, and their hearts slack, or little pieces from their lungs come coughing up. Pain comes into their lives more and more. And then they go—they do not like to go, but they have to—out of this world very reluctantly, clutching its pain at last in their eagerness to stop—"

"Where do they go?"

"Once I thought I knew. But now I am older I know I do not know. We have a legend—perhaps it is not a legend—one may be a Churchman and disbelieve."

The Vicar shook his head at the bananas.

* * * *

"And you have to eat like this every day?"

"Eat and get clothes and keep this roof above me. There are some very disagreeable things in this world called cold and rain. And the other people here—how and why is too long a story—have made me a kind of chorus to their lives. They bring their little pink babies to me, and I have to say a name and some other things over each new pink baby. And when the children have grown to be youths and maidens they come again and are confirmed. You will understand that better later. Then, before they may join in couples and have pink babies of their own, they must come again and hear me read out of a book. They would be outcast, and no other maiden would speak to the maiden who had a little pink baby without I had read over her for twenty minutes out of my book. It's a necessary thing, as you will see—odd as it may seem to you. And afterwards when they are falling to pieces I try and persuade them of a strange world in which I scarcely believe myself, where life is altogether different from what they have had—or desire. And in the end I bury them, and read out of my book to those who will presently follow into the unknown land. I stand at the beginning, and at the zenith, and at the setting of their lives. And on every seventh day I, who am a man myself, I, who see no further than they do, talk to them of the life to come—the life of which we know nothing. If such a life there be. And slowly I drop to pieces amidst my prophesying."

"What a strange life!" said the Angel.

"Yes," said the Vicar.

In consequence of the great dissatisfaction recently expressed by the public in regard to non-allotment, the Directors have decided that, with the exception of 50,000 shares which have already been applied for and allotted, an absolutely pro rata allotment will be made.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN JOINT STOCK TRUST AND FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - - £250,000

Divided into 245,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and 5,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.

The Founders' Shares take no profits in any year until after the Ordinary Shares have received 10 per cent., all surplus profits being equally divided between the holders of the Ordinary and of the Founders' Shares.

The whole of the Founders' Shares and 50,000 Ordinary Shares have been applied for and allotted in full.

Issue of 195,000 balance of 245,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Payable 2s. 6d. on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment and balance in calls of 5s., at intervals of not less than one month.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of carrying on, in conjunction with the principal Corporations and houses engaged in West Australian Mining, the usual business of a Financial, Mining, and Exploration Company, more particularly in regard to the Colony of Western Australia.

The Company has already secured a large amount of highly profitable and important business.

Full Prospectuses will be issued in the course of a few days. In the meantime any further information may be obtained from the Secretary, E. Fewings, Esq., 5, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

IN THE CITY.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.

MR. SIMPSON'S REPLY.

In our last issue we stated that Mr. A. W. Gamage, of 123, Holborn, had called upon us and lodged a cheque for £100 wherewith to meet Mr. Simpson's challenge of £1,000 to £100 that a machine with his lever chain would beat, under conditions named, any other machine four times out of six. We added that we had been unable to communicate with Mr. Simpson as he was out of town, but that we should do so as soon as possible, and give his reply to the challenge in our present issue.

Immediately upon his return to town Mr. Simpson called upon us, and handed us a covering cheque for £1,000. Whereupon we notified Mr. Gamage, and left it to him to settle details with Mr. Simpson, or his representative.

The races to be arranged for under Mr. Simpson's challenge should at least settle the question of speed. If a machine with the lever chain can beat any other machine run by any person Mr. Gamage may select, then it is fair to assume that, whatever the theorists may say, the Simpson lever chain does what the inventor of the chain claims for it, that is to say adds to speed. If, on the other hand, the Simpson machine is out-distanced by another machine then, given fair tests, it will be equally plain that Mr. Simpson is mistaken as to the effect of the chain upon speed.

We have read with some amusement, and more contempt, the comments of some of the cycling journals upon the article on the Simpson Lever Chain that appeared in To-DAY of October 19th. These prints maintain, as they have the right to do if they believe what they write, that the chain is worthless, and they are much incensed against To-DAY for suggesting that it may be a valuable invention. In their amiable way they insinuate that the notice was a puff, for which due payment was made, and go on to say that the writer must be an imbecile, because he spoke of "a gear of 100 miles," when it should, of course, have read 100 inches. Whether it was a printer's error, or—and it is quite as likely—the writer's blunder in using the one word when he meant the other, the mistake was of a kind that no honest disputant would think of attributing to anything but a slip of the pen.

The admission, too, of the writer of the article, that he was incompetent to give an opinion as to the merits of the chain, has given the wiseacres food for cackle. Well, we suppose it is a little unusual for a newspaper man to admit that he is not omniscient. Still, we have to admit it at To-DAY.

MR. PETER ROBINSON.

THE death of Mr. Peter Robinson removes a tradesman of the greater kind whose name was literally a household word. Everybody knows "Peter Robinson's," and most people within access have been his customers at one time or another. Originally founded by his father of the same name, the business has been greatly developed by his son just dead. Mr. Peter Robinson, senior, had two sons. At the time of his death the business was carried on in two shops, one in Regent Street, and the other in Oxford Street. One of these shops was left to the one son, and the other to the other. But some fifteen years ago Mr. Peter Robinson bought out his brother, and from that time until his death was the sole proprietor of "Peter Robinson's," which, under his shrewd and enterprising management, yielded magnificent profits. We do not speak lightly when we say that during the last ten years Mr. Robinson must have made a net profit from his business of over a million sterling. Most of it, however, went back to the business, "for where else," as Mr. Robinson was fond of asking, "can I find so good an investment for my money?"

Mr. Robinson was frequently pressed by the company-promoter to convert his business into a Joint Stock Company, but he was invariably opposed to any such change. During the last two or three years failing health has made daily attendance in Oxford Street impossible; but, to the last, Mr. Robinson kept the threads of the vast business in his own hands. He dies without any son in a position to succeed him. What the future of the great concern will be must, of course, largely depend upon the terms of the will, but probabilities point to its early conversion into a joint stock company. Let

solicitous for the well being of its staff as Mr. Robinson. One of the strictest of disciplinarians, he grudged no expenditure necessary to make his assistants comfortable and merry in their leisure hours.

MR. BEGELHOLE.

A WEEK or two ago we made mention of a conspiracy case that was being heard at Coolgardie, in which Mr. Begelhole was figuring as plaintiff, and we said we should refer to it again when judgment was given.

Two men were charged with defrauding Begelhole of £2,000. The Fremantle (W.A.) Messenger puts the charge in the following words:—

The charge against the defendants was that they put the Brown Hill Consols properly under offer to Begelhole, and obtained a deposit from him of £2,000. It was alleged they wrongfully sold the mines to another speculator, after pocketing Captain Begelhole's deposit.

That was the charge as preferred by Begelhole against two men named Pettigrew and Urquhart. As to whether it was a true or a false charge we know nothing. The Court dismissed it, and for aught we know there was no foundation for it. Our concern is with a statement made by a witness called for the defence, a Mr. H. C. Wilson, accountant, of Adelaide. This is what Mr. Wilson swore among other things:—

"He was sent to Kalgoorlie to make an examination of the books of the Leviathan Battery Company. In the course of his investigation he found that forty-six tons of ore had been treated at the battery from the Brown Hill Consols. He received information that the amount treated was fifty-six tons, and in the presence of Mr. James Brookman, the manager of the battery, he asked Captain Begelhole for a cheque for the balance. Captain Begelhole said he was not aware what quantity had been treated, whereupon Mr. Brookman remarked, 'You may as well pay Mr. Wilson what he asks. You remember the arrangement between us was to show a larger yield from a smaller quantity of stuff! Captain Begelhole admitted that fifty-six tons had been crushed, and gave witness a cheque for the balance. Witness's examination of the books showed that several other transactions of a similar nature had taken place.'"

Now it may be that H. C. Wilson is a liar. Only if he be, it is reasonable to assume that Begelhole would wish to bring rebutting evidence. But he does not. Let us quote once more from the Fremantle (W. A.) Messenger:—

At this stage of the case Warden Finnerty said he did not desire to hear further evidence, and the defendants were discharged.

It will be seen that, to quote our contemporary once more, "the evidence was proceeding in the direction of exposing systematic swindling of the public, when Warden Finnerty dismissed the information." With our contemporary we should have thought that "the duty of the Warden was to have extracted every possible shred of evidence that would have any bearing on the sensational declaration of Mr. Wilson." But Finnerty—the worthy who figured so prominently in the Londonderry Prospectus—thought otherwise, and Begelhole did not protest. May-be he will proceed against Mr. Wilson for libel, but our files do not tell us that he has done so as yet. Instead, we read of a woman and a cowhide.

"THE WARDEN OF THE GOLDFIELD."

In the prospectus of the Londonderry much is made of a letter from "Mr. Finnerty, the Warden of the Goldfield," whose curious closure of the Begelhole conspiracy case is mentioned above. It may be interesting, and even useful, to reproduce the substance of Mr. Finnerty's letter to Lord Fingall—a letter that had a good deal to do with the success of the Londonderry issue. This letter is dated September 16th, 1894, and its salient passages are as below:—

On the 15th inst. I visited the Londonderry Mine. While there I saw about four hundred weight of quartz broken out of the reef from about 25,000 worth of gold.

There appears to be every prospect of the continuance of this rich shoot to a depth. Should it continue to only the small depth of twenty feet, the result would be upwards of 250,000 worth of gold.

I consider it most fortunate for this goldfield that this property, which from present show appears to be the best in Coolgardie, has reached such good hands for the London market, as unfortunately I fear some inferior properties have been already placed on that market, and the present mine will more than re-instate the opinion of this goldfield.

Of such are the wardens of Coolgardie!

HOW BLACK BECOMES WHITE.

The *Widening Gazette*—usually exceptionally fair and informed—refers to Mr. O'Brien's recent observation that Mr. Healy is now proceeding to make the fate of Ireland depend on stock-broking transactions in London, and submits the following explanation:—

"What Mr. O'Brien means is, we imagine, only this:—Mr. Healy is going to start a new paper in Ireland. It has been rumored that the capital has been subscribed by friends of his who have done well in perfectly legitimate transactions connected with the 'gold boom.' There is all that in the proposition to consider, as is pointed out by Mr. O'Brien, when one comes to think of it, that the time for a new edition of

propaganda should indirectly be drawn from those country parsonages in England which are always said to be one of the chief feeders of Stock Exchange transactions.

We question whether in these days the country parsonages do much in the way suggested; but, be that as it may, it is instructive to note how our austere contemporary unbends when it is a good Radical who has been doing well in the "boom." The largest contributor to the capital that is to enable Mr. Healy to tell Irishmen every morning that some of his leading political colleagues are rogues, and idiots to boot, is Mr. O'Driscoll, sometime Whip of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. O'Driscoll is a very shrewd young man, who has been prospecting, and report writing, in Western Australia, and company promoting in London. At these occupations Mr. O'Driscoll has made a "pile," and we know of no earthly reason why he should not. How much he has made—or has "stood to make," which is not quite the same thing—may perhaps be guessed in a rough kind of way by anyone interested enough in the subject to give a glance at the prospectus of his latest promotion—the Darlot Exploration Company of Western Australia. Mr. O'Driscoll, and some others, sold, or wished to sell, to the British public, three mining leases, covering forty-eight acres, in the Lake Darlot district of Western Australia; and for these leases, which are in a district about which little is known, and which may, or may not, cover valuable gold mining properties, Mr. O'Driscoll and his friends ask the modest sum of £175,000.

It will be understood that at a time when invitations of this kind are readily accepted by the public, lucky vendors may well be able and willing to write big cheques to help friends to start newspapers. Willing or not, they have the right to do what they will with their own, and if the public are fools enough to find the money, and there is no deliberate deception on the part of vendors—none is suggested so far as Mr. O'Driscoll is concerned—promoters and others are not to be blamed for filling their pockets, and filling them very full. But why, oh why, describe such operations as "perfectly legitimate transactions" when the players are political supporters, and rummage the dictionary for words severe enough to condemn them when they are political opponents, or city men pure and simple? Eh, Mr. *Westminster Gazette*?

"BARBADOES IN EXTREMIS."

THE paragraph under this heading, which appeared in *To-Day* of August 31, seems to have caused some annoyance amongst our friends in Barbadoes. "It has caused no little comment in some circles here," writes the *Tribune*, which, by the way, does not see its way to say that we were far wrong. We said that the sugar estates cannot pay their way with prices such as they were when we wrote, and that "the island is practically bankrupt." Our contemporary assures us that it is not quite as bad as that, and we are very glad to hear it; but we fear there is not much exaggeration in what we said. Our remarks about the Governor, Sir James Hay, our contemporary says, are quite right.

Sir James Hay's administration possesses not one redeeming feature. His actions have been throughout marked by a personal desire to insult the integrity and respectability of the community, and to endeavour to do all that he could to bring into disrepute the representative institutions of the colony, merely to please a few obsequious admirers and placemen, who have never ceased to flatter his vanity, and to pander to the undue self-esteem which is his great weakness. There is a general feeling of joy and relief that he is now in England on furlough, which could only be heightened if intelligence were tomorrow received that Her Majesty had been pleased to "promote" him to the Government of some other colony.

If we remember rightly, Sir James Hay was not much better liked when he was on the West Coast.

"COMFORTABLE PROFITS."

LAST week we said a word or two upon Mr. G. A. Gillett's letter to his customers, and others, inviting them to take up shares in the Company with £100,000 capital, he had, according to his own statement, formed to buy his business. Here are Mr. Gillett's exact words, as taken from the letter which we published *in extenso*.

beg to inform you that I am turning my business into a public limited company. . . . The total capital of the company is £100,000, and the net profits during the past three years average over £12,000 a year.

Nothing could be more explicit than that, and we remarked upon it that "£100,000 seems to outsiders to be a pretty big capital wherewith to buy oil shops in the Old Kent Road, with 'a coloured application form' thrown in."

We have since received a visit from a person deputed by Mr. Gillett to see us and explain, and the explanation puts a different complexion upon the matter. Instead of the Company only taking over Mr. Gillett's

ten shops, as stated in Mr. Gillett's letter, it takes over these ten shops plus fifty-one other shops. The sixty-one shops are said to be "in excellent positions, in busy thoroughfares, and densely populated neighbourhoods." Messrs. Clough, Armstrong and Ford certify that the sales of these sixty-one shops have averaged, taking the last three years, £91,628, and Messrs. Edridge, Hatcher and Jackson are of the opinion that "the average net profits derived from the said businesses on the basis of the present turnover exceed £12,000 per annum. The price asked for the sixty-one businesses, with fixtures, fittings, leases, &c., some of the leases being valuable, is £75,000, and assuming the net profits named above are maintained the Company will be able to pay a 10 per cent. dividend, with a substantial surplus left for the purpose of reserve."

It is obvious that this is a very different state of things to that suggested by Mr. Gillett's letter. We are assured that the shops have been selected with much care, and are really sound businesses. It is possible, therefore, that the Company may have a prosperous future before it, but we must add the opinion that an average price of £1,230 per shop—which means, with another £200 or £250 for stock, something like a capital of £1,500 necessary for each shop—is too high, as an average price, for the businesses to be taken over.

A lady correspondent asks us why the Post Office authorities permit racing touts like the man Ingram to send their circulars all over the country in open letters carrying half-penny stamps, when they have stopped the circulars of people like Cunliffe, Russell and Co. being delivered upon the same stamp. We really do not know, but the Duke of Norfolk is a man of sense, and when his attention is drawn to the anomaly we may expect to see it removed.

NEW ISSUES.

The West Australia Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited. Capital £250,000.—We direct attention to this issue, preliminary reference to which appears in another column. It would be well if the pro rata allotment referred to in the notice was adopted by all new companies. Why not?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Four Properties of West Australia. R. L. O. (Avalon).—With good management the company should do. **Tigerfontein Mining Company.** E. L. S. (Harley).—We do not think they are worth buying. The other may be "worth looking at." **Sundry Mining Shares.** BOTT ACRES (Oldham).—All the shares are very speculative. **Springdale Gold Mine Company.** OBSERVER (Carmarthen).—Sell for what you can get. **Outside Brokers.** R. F. (Halifax).—We know nothing against them. **Arizona Coppers.** Y. S. C. (Dundee).—(1) Yes, we think so. (2) We should hold the Broken Hills. **Five Mining Shares.** J. MCD. (Glasgow).—Very doubtful. Sell on any substantial rise. **Royal Swedish Railway.** E. G. (Leeds).—No. The shares are of no value. **C. H. Bennett and Co.** GEORGE (Whitehaven).—The terms of the circular should be enough to satisfy any man of sense that the waste-paper basket is its proper resting place. **Mesilla Valley Irregular Colony.** COLONY (Birmingham).—No. A young man "with favourable prospects in this country" should stay at home. The market for brains and grit is higher here than in most places with which we are acquainted. **Universal Stock Exchange.** RAY (Perth).—(1) No. (2) Yes. The company has a very fine property. **J. Edwards and Co.** H. C. (Bedford).—We don't believe it. **Three Companies.** OAKWOOD (Horsham).—They are none of them companies that we should select. We thought well of the first when it was brought out, but we do not like the second issue of capital. **De Laman Mine.** TRENTSIDE (Nottingham).—Hardly just now. **Big Blow.** J. MCG. (Dublin).—We should hold both. **Metallurgy of Gold.** E. F. B. (Salfron Walden).—We are not quite sure, but we will inquire for you. **Brussels Exhibition.** TRAVELLER (Hunstanton).—We have asked our Brussels correspondent who sent us the particulars to answer your question, and we hope other correspondents wanting the same information will accept this answer as a reply to their questions. **Various Investments.** AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER (Whitehall).—We should hold the Associated and the British South Africa. They will go better again by-and-bye. The other shares you name are of a very speculative character. **Cordova Railway Company.** DUTCHMAN (Manchester).—We should hold. **Rand Roodeport.** COAL (Newport).—Yes, for a time.

INSURANCE.

PENRITH.—We do not think the shares will go lower, but there is not much prospect of an early improvement in them.

ONE INCREDIBLE.—We don't know the company.

BOWLEY.—Your friend has tongue disease as well as heart disease. The manager of the company is ignorant, but he will not wink at the defects you mention. Directors have not a prior claim to profits over policy-holders. All the same, the system is a huge mistake, and you are better out of it.

J. D. H.—The scheme is not sound, and the concern will collapse. It is only a question of time when. The accounts for 1894 have not yet passed the Board of Trade.

R. V. L.—The company is quite sound and reliable.

R. H. P.—We regret your request has been overlooked. The company is quite sound. The Taxation Authorities disallow your claim because of the narrow and impolitic construction put upon the law by the courts.

A. E. S. S.—We think you will be better off where you are than by changing into the older office you mention.

AJAX.—The misprints are as follows: "but" should be omitted, "some respects" should be "other respects." We take little account of the expressions of those who are satisfied. Think of the losses and disappointment of the large number whose circumstances make them unable to keep on to the end of the term.

G. W.—Jurors so often fail to give an adverse verdict against an insurance company, that we feel bound to conclude the jury in your case came to a right decision. Under these circumstances we think your grievance should be against the jury and not against the company. In the other case you mention the jury were unquestionably wrong, and the judges of the Court of Appeal did not give proper attention to the question before them.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at 7.30, **CHEER BOYS**, **CHEER**, by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Powerful cast. Morning performance every Wednesday and Saturday at 1.30.

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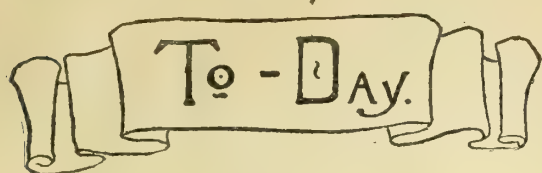
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

A GOOD deal of light upon magistrates' sympathy with cruelty is afforded by a civil case lately heard by the Bristol County Court. A Somersetshire Justice of the Peace, named Mirehouse, was sued for the value of a mare which he had hired and driven to death. He thrashed the poor animal and made it gallop all up Park Street. Visitors to Bristol may imagine what this means. It is a street—or, rather, a precipitous hill—which is difficult to walk up, on account of its steepness. Afterwards, when the mare was lying dying in the stable, this brutal cur Mirehouse, Justice of the Peace, went into the stable and struck the animal with a hammer. I can imagine the delight with which this blackguard sits upon the Bench, grinning at the details of the cruelty cases brought before him. That such a vile hound is allowed to be a magistrate in a civilised country is a lasting disgrace to the land. Only a few days before he had been fined for cruelty to a horse at Bath. Mirehouse says it is his custom to gallop horses up Park Street. If there was justice in England, the man ought to be flogged up Park Street himself at the cart's tail. And this is a sample of the class of men from whom our Great Unpaid are drawn! They sit in judgment on starving women who have stolen bread, on men who have caught a rabbit. They are not fit company for the lowest gaol-bird.

A CASE of cruelty to a horse was heard at Newry the other day before Messrs. Henry Turner, R.M. (presiding), R. J. Anderson, J.P., Felix O'Hagan, J.P., Henry Loughran, J.P., Arthur McCann, J.P., and M. J. McCartan, J.P. John Day, a horse-dealer, of Newry—one-half the cruelty cases are concerned with horse-dealers—beat a horse over the head with a stick until its eyes were one bath of blood. In answer to expostulation he said that the horse was his own, and he could do what he liked with it. He was found guilty, and the Chairman said that they took a serious view of the offence. "The case was a most infamous one of cruelty." And what do you think, my good reader, was the penalty inflicted by these Solomons upon this brute, as a punishment for this "infamous cruelty" which so shocked them? A

fine of forty shillings! Can one imagine a collection of more hopeless fools than these Newry magistrates? Justice in Newry is entrusted to the hands of six idiots. They acknowledged that the case was one of infamous cruelty, and as a punishment they inflicted the price of cutting your name upon a County Council park seat.

AND Messrs. Turner and Co. are only samples of magistrates all over the kingdom. At Penzance, before the Mayor, two drivers in the employ of Alexander's Circus were summoned for cruelty. Mr. Edward Dent, their business manager, seemed to glory in the torture that had been inflicted. The Mayor said that more harrowing cases of cruelty to animals had not been before him—and what did he do? He inflicted a fine of two pounds in one case, and one pound in another! It would seem as if the Lord Chancellor went carefully to work to pick his justices from amongst the most wooden-headed dolts he could find in the country.

AT Penrith, before Sir H. R. Vane, Bart (chairman), Mr. Hasell, the Hon. A. W. Erskine, Mr. Oliphant-Ferguson, Mr. Heywood-Thompson, Mr. Seatree, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Altham, Mr. Carleton Cowper, Mr. Longrigg, and Mr. Brooksbank, a man, for poaching, was fined four pounds and heavy costs; while Thomas Coward, landlord of the White Hart Hotel, Penrith, for premeditated cruelty to a horse, was let off with a fine of twenty shillings. At Kirkcaldy, a pit pony-driver was found guilty of stabbing a pony four times with a miner's pick. The magistrate said a more cruel, foul, abominable case of cruelty he could not conceive. He imposed a penalty of fifteen shillings. At Belfast, before Messrs. Garrett Nagle, R.M., and James Jenkins, J.P., a man named Carr, for stabbing a horse eight times with a three-pronged stable fork, was fined twenty shillings. As a relief, one reads with pleasure that the Bradford stipendiary inflicted the full fine of five pounds and costs upon a man for cruelty to a cat.

A CORRESPONDENT draws my attention to the advertisement of T. Smith and Co., St. Helen's Gardens, North Kensington. Messrs. Smith and Co.'s advertisement runs as follows:—

12/6 A WEEK SALARY to 25/ can be earned in spare hours or evenings by either sex anywhere. Proof sent free, with particulars of appointment, to anyone sending addressed envelope (in own handwriting) to T. SMITH & Co. (F), St. Helen's Gardens, North Kensington, London, W. Established 1889.

I know that my friend *Truth* has already investigated the matter. In his issue of April 11th Mr. Labouchere published a note, saying: "Under these circumstances, there really does not appear to be any harm in the advertisement." Now, I respectfully differ from *Truth*—the paper, not the quality. I do see a good deal in this advertisement that is misleading. In return for your stamped addressed envelope you receive a circular as follows: "We are in receipt of your letter in answer to our advertisement, and after due consideration we have decided to offer you the appointment. A specimen necessary for the work is of 1s. value, for which a deposit of 1s. is required, which amount will be returned to you with first week's salary. We are compelled to ask for this small deposit to protect ourselves against persons who do not mean work and who apply out of idle curiosity. On receipt of 1s. deposit, postal order or stamps (postal

order preferred), together with 1½d. stamps for postage, the specimen, value 1s., will be forwarded to you with full conditions and instructions to commence work at once."

Now people who are anxious to earn twelve and sixpence a week in their spare time are very poor people. I can imagine the surging hope with which some poor struggling man or woman reads this circular, and the eagerness with which they scrape together the shilling, and the additional three halfpence for postage, to send off to Messrs. Smith and Co. In return they receive a rubber stamp with pen and pencil attached. It may be well worth the shilling charged; its cost price may be twopence. Of that I am no judge. Personally, I would not give fourpence for the thing if I wanted it; but that may be my bad taste. It is to be sold, and a commission of five shillings on every twelve and sixpence worth of orders received is to be paid, and I have not the slightest doubt is paid most honourably by Messrs. T. Smith and Co. But it is distinctly untruthful to talk to people in connection with this scheme about "salary" for work done. Selling rubber stamps and such like articles on commission is not everybody's *forte*. I am inclined to think that a good many people send their shillings to Messrs. Smith and Co. and never succeed in selling even the one specimen sent. I am also inclined to think that Messrs. T. Smith and Co. are very well satisfied even if the matter ends there.

I KNOW that Messrs. Smith and Co. are not the only offenders. These advertisements appear by the hundreds; my friend *Truth* seems charmed with them, Messrs. T. Smith and Co. are evidently convinced that they are carrying on business in a most praiseworthy and legitimate manner. I differ from them. There is no objection to their advertising for travellers, there is no objection to their making those travellers pay a shilling for the first article sent to them; but will they in the future kindly explain the nature of the transaction in their advertisements, and also in the circulars in which they ask for the shilling. To take a shilling from poor persons without explaining to them fully the whole business is distinctly dishonest. It may be said that if people are so foolish as to send the shilling so much the better for Messrs. Smith and Co. and traders of their kind. But the man to whom twelve and sixpence a week is of vital importance snatches at these straws of hope. The advertisements are worded cleverly to allay suspicion. To trick £100 out of a rich fool may not be righteous, but it is a comparatively harmless sport. To trick shillings out of the pockets of those to whom every penny means bread is a method of business that calls for prompt repression.

INSURANCE agents and others are generally indignant when I suggest that brutal or very poor parents occasionally hasten their children's death for the sake of the insurance. To let a weak child die by utter neglect, or to accidentally "overlay" an infant, is so easy and simple that one can easily imagine how many thousands of children are done away with every year, without any suspicion being aroused. Occasionally, however, to remind the unthinking public of what is going on, an isolated case creeps into the Press. The other day an inquest was held in Dublin on a child named Brady,

whose death was supposed to have been hastened by the parents. Evidence was given that the deceased was insured, and that three other children of theirs who had been insured had also died. The coroner commented strongly on the system of child insurance and a verdict of manslaughter was returned against both parents.

A FEW weeks ago a woman named Simpson, at Henley, living with a man named Holt, was charged with wilfully neglecting all her children, resulting in the death of one of them. All three were insured in the Royal Liver Society, and two pounds five shillings was the price put upon each. Evidence was given showing the terrible neglect practised. The children were found in a pitiful state. Two hours after the death of the one, for the manslaughter of which she was tried and found guilty, the woman had gone to draw the money from the Royal Liver Society. A local doctor had easily been found to give the usual medical certificate.

A CURIOUS point in connection with child insurance came out in course of the trial. In the case of one of the children the amount of the policy had been increased. The Recorder asked if it was a fact that parents could go on heaping up money on the lives of their children, without any examination being made. The insurance agent replied that this was so. The Recorder in his summing-up, remarked that it had been proved again and again that these insurance societies did an infinite amount of harm. He was afraid that these societies were often nothing but death traps to the children who were insured in them. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against both parties.

As I said when I first took this matter up in *TO-DAY* many months ago, there is no legitimate excuse for the insurance of children. Many decent men are worried into it by the pertinacity of the insurance agent. Insurance is of no advantage to anyone except to those parents who insure with the deliberate hope of the child dying. Pecuniarily speaking, the death of a child is a benefit in any case. Its board and keep is saved, and the few shillings necessary for funeral expenses is amply repaid. To brutal parents and parents maddened by poverty, child insurance is a deliberate incentive to murder. The insurance societies shut their eyes to these facts. It is an enormous business, and the Press is silenced by advertisement.

TO-DAY has been threatened with the loss of advertisements for daring to speak about the matter at all, and societies that can afford to spend twenty or thirty thousand pounds a year in advertising can hold a good portion of the Press in their pockets. When, last year, a Bill to mitigate the evil was attempted to be introduced into Parliament enormous influence was brought to bear and the Bill was abandoned. There are too many children born, and it is perhaps better that they should not exist, but the public opinion that is shocked at the suggestion that they should never be brought into the world at all calmly shuts its eyes and ears to the knowledge that thousands of them are murdered every year for the sake of a few shillings.

ANOTHER man—a Todmorden man—has lately died of hydrophobia, after having been cured by the wonderful inoculation prescribed by the late M. Pasteur. This brings the number of deaths of Pasteur patients up to

two hundred and eighty. I doubt if the Pasteur remedy has decreased the average of deaths from hydrophobia all over the world by a decimal nought repeating per cent. Will those gentlemen who have gone wild with delight at thinking they have discovered a legitimate excuse for inflicting torture upon animals, give me proof of the number of people who have been saved from hydrophobia by the Pasteur treatment? They will have to prove to me that every person cured by the Pasteur method was really suffering from hydrophobia.

THEY must remember that of the patients who went to him, not two per cent. were in any real danger from hydrophobia to begin with. It is rarely that a man bitten by a rabid dog takes the disease. He must be in a very peculiar condition of health to do so. The explanation of the whole matter is that the Pasteur method succeeded in curing a large number of people of a disease they never possessed. The two hundred and eighty who visited him, and who were really suffering from hydrophobia, died—every man of them. So that all the horrible torture brought into the world by the late M. Pasteur has been of no benefit to humanity after all. The whole thing has been a curse, because it has been used as an argument to persuade callous Continental scientists that they were justified in indulging in the latent love of cruelty that underlies all human nature.

THE few Socialists I know are excellent gentlemen, with a fine taste for old claret, a liking for Havannahs, and a rather dictatorial manner of addressing cabmen and Café Royal waiters. Their beautiful talk upon Hyde Park platforms concerning the equality of mankind and the necessity for the division of wealth has, in consequence, always very much amused me. A Mr. Thomas Ponting, of Sherston, is also amused at such incongruity. Two of Mr. Thomas Ponting's daughters were domestic servants in the service of Mr. Hyndman, the well-known Socialist, who lives, I believe, in one of the fine fashionable streets just off Portland Place. The idea of an earnest Socialist being waited upon by the daughters of a working man is quaint, but then Mr. Hyndman's Socialism is reserved for the street.

In his private life he is fond of hobnobbing with the upper ten, and we all know of his famous chat with Sir William Harcourt at a Mayfair tea-party. Mr. Thomas Ponting informed his mates that when Socialist comrades called upon Mr. Hyndman in his fine house, Mr. Hyndman's domestics were allowed to doff their caps and aprons, but when Brother This, and Sister That, and Citizen the Other had been put outside the door, and Mr. Hyndman had washed his hands and changed his coat, that then the poor female minions of this bloated plutocrat were compelled to again don their badge of servitude. I respect Mr. Hyndman for not practising the canting nonsense that he talks, but one cannot have a very high opinion of his honesty and sincerity. But, after all, he can plead that he only acts as do most spouters of his kidney, who fawn upon the working man in public, and sneer at the poor in private.

I HAVE to acknowledge the following sums received for John Hickey, who is still in St. Pancras Work-

house:—H. R., £10; E. G., 1s.; G. J., 1s.; C. S., 10s. This makes a total of £26 8s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

A. M. M.—I always try to avoid boring my readers with matters about which nearly every other newspaper is talking. You have surely by this time heard everything that can be said one way or another concerning the Lanchester case, and you must also know my opinions. Some months ago I published a strong article, calling attention to the ease with which a husband, tired of his wife, had, by the aid of a couple of friendly doctors, put her into a lunatic asylum. The exposure, backed by the efforts of influential friends, quickly opened the asylum doors, but for all one knows there may be many sane people, possessing neither friends nor influence, in asylums at this very moment. What shocked me most in the case I took up was the readiness with which the doctors, after seeing the lady for a few moments, and being paid by the husband, signed the certificate; nor did the magistrate make any inquiries. We interviewed several doctors on the subject at the time, their general opinion being, however, that the pity was that there were not more people locked up in asylums. Curiously enough at the very time that we were arguing the point, an undoubted madman, let out of an asylum before he was cured, killed his wife in the night, and public opinion, always somewhat hasty, at once veered round in the opposite direction, swamping all chance of the matter being coolly discussed.

G. W.—Had your letter stopped at the sentence "I care for him just as much as ever," I should have felt inclined to say marry him, and trust to his lately awakened better feelings. A man who has sinned can grow into a pure man, just as a pure man can sink into sin. But when you go on to say that "there are times when I feel such a horrible physical repulsion from him that I am quite frightened," it seems to me that it would be a terrible blunder for you to tie yourself to him for life. This feeling of physical repulsion is a feeling that I have never known grow less. It can be battled with for a time, but it is all-conquering in the end. If you entertain that feeling for a man before you marry him that feeling will grow with every morning that you sit down opposite him at the breakfast-table. It will leap up at his every opening of the door. I give advice with some confidence in this matter, as I know that it will not be taken. You will go your own way. The only thing I can do for you is to urge you to think. Consider what marriage means and implies. He is to be the father of your children. Many a girl has had to face the quiet humdrum tragedy that is staring you in the face. In the long run no man or woman's life is any the worse for its sorrows, but for a sensitive woman marriage with any man that she does not feel drawn to by every instinct in her nature must be a hell. Perhaps you are exaggerating your own attitude. I know neither of you, and can only be guided by your words. Marriage depends so much upon the temperament of the married. If you are a woman who can take life lightly, the physical repulsion you speak of will pass away, together with, perhaps, the deep affection about which you also speak, and you will settle down to the quiet sober facts of life in the easy compromising spirit that is the saving of the great majority of mankind. If, on the other hand, you are inclined to brood and think, then you must be doubly careful of pathways from which there is no turning back.

A. L.—The Harrogate climate should be all right for the winter. I cannot say much for their hotels. January is the very best month to visit Paris. The leading hotels are all expensive. Messrs. Gaze, or Cook, will give you every help.

E. H. L.—I thank you for your information respecting Thomas Dennett, the Prescott J.P. S. C. E.—Mr. Gladstone's letter on immortality was published in every newspaper throughout the kingdom. J. L. C.—The paragraph gives me too few particulars. W. A. W.—I think the fine was adequate.

W. BROOKE (of Spalding), signalman in the service of the Great Northern Railway, writes me as follows:—"Having noticed the account in your paper concerning a subscription fund you have started for Mr. Hickey, may I kindly draw your attention to another very deserving case, viz., Trumpeter Browne, of Lichfield. He sounded the note for his regiment to charge at Balaclava, and was present at the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and the fall of Sebastopol, also through the Indian Mutiny. He was discharged after twenty-five years' service with 1s. 0½d. per day pension. He has gained the Crimean, Turkish, India, and Long service medals, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour for distinguished service at the charge of Balaclava. He is now in reduced circumstances, with an invalided and bedridden wife to support. I first saw his case mentioned in the *People*, and I was so much interested I wrote to Trumpeter Browne, and also to the Inspector of Police, Lichfield, and I found all was genuine, and Browne well worthy of charity. So I tried to collect a little money among my fellow workers for him. I have now got 8s. 5d., but nothing from any rich man at all. I have had bills printed and circulated, but, alas, the public do not seem to care for the men who have fought and bled for their country. I am myself only a poor working man, with £1 a week wages and a family to support on that, otherwise I should have been happy

to have done more. I have a fine model I made, and I am going to put a box for subscriptions on the top, and see if that will get him a little. Meanwhile, if you can see your way clear to mention his case in your paper it will be the means of helping the grand old fellow. He is now eighty-one, and his wife seventy-one." I do not like to tax my readers' generosity further for Balaclava heroes. Might I suggest to the Editor of the *People* the possibility of his taking the matter up? I am sending this note on to him.

E. W. B.—To the battle of life can well be applied Tennyson's lines on the "Charge of the Light Brigade": "Their's not to reason why, Their's but to do and die." The question you propound has been knocking at men's brains for endless ages. It will never be answered on this earth. We march on, striving, failing, living, dying. We hope there is some meaning in it all. The "maelstrom of doubt," to which you refer, is one through which we all, at one time or another, have to fight our way. Some of us go down in the blackness, some of us struggle into calmer currents. One thing is certain: what is—is. Our faiths and doubts, our beliefs and disbeliefs, cannot alter this.

G. A. W.—A healthy body makes a healthy mind. Your natural love of athletic exercises will be more useful to you than a forced affection for philosophies. I am inclined to think you attach too much importance to books and their teaching. After all, books only express the opinions of other atoms who have crawled and died over the human ant-hill. Such opinions are useful in their degree, but the man who thinks, studies under a greater master. The acquiring of all the knowledge in the world is of no good to a man who does not think for himself. It is mere useless lumber which he has to leave at the graveside. As regards your writing ambition, I never knew a young man yet who did not possess it. It comes to the man who has something to say, and also to the man with only the unconscious craving for the notoriety and money which he imagines a literary career ensures. The desire to write for writing's sake is another matter. If you possess that I would advise you to write, but not to attempt to publish until you have waited for a year or two, then look over what you have written. The time you have spent in writing will not be wasted. It will be good mental exercise. Your last paragraph I take the liberty of quoting: "I must say a few words in praise of *The Idler* and *To-Day*, which magazines I consider stand unique among the many hundreds of similar publications. Your editorial paragraphs and answers to correspondents are particularly interesting to me. The broad-minded and outspoken criticisms are a great boon to the

increasing number of thinking young men. These latter might truly be called 'The New Men.' I have particularly noticed that among my acquaintances the greatest admirers of *To-Day* are the most thoughtful and sensible." I have sometimes been told that *To-Day* would be more widely popular if it appealed to a less thoughtful public, but I prefer to keep things as they are.

V. A.—The "Bus Conductor" will be flattered by your suggestion; but I fancy his wife might object. He is fond of chaffing 'Ankin on the subject; but, as a matter of fact, I happen to know that he stands in some awe of his own missus. I am sending him on your letter. W. S. G.—I cannot criticise your verse. W. E. G.—Your letter has been forwarded to "Chota Sahib." C. R. writes me from South Africa in praise of the feminine woman. TED.—the letter is amusing, but would take up too much space. Many thanks. A. and W. W.—Your kind letter gives me great pleasure. ALPHA.—You will find it cheaper to consult a solicitor. T. E. G.—I share your indignation. It seems as if our magistrates were dead to any sense of justice. W. L. B.—We reached the same goal by different routes. Heaven does not remove temptations from our path. Only prayer will give us the strength to fight them. C. M.—it would be a most dangerous thing for you to enter upon the public-house trade with no knowledge of the business. You would earn experience in return for your capital, and that is all. M. M. B.—My dear sir, everything is scientific nowadays. We have scientific dress-cutting and scientific hair-cutting. Fortune-telling and spiritualism are sciences, so that I quite agree with you that there is no reason why medicine should not be a science also. What I gather concerning medicine is from very close contact with many doctors, with London hospitals, and a good many students.

U. X. L. writes, wishing us many happy returns of the day, November 2nd being our second birthday.

W. A. O. and M. I.—Had you looked you would have noticed a cross before the title "Bishop of Nottingham." JOHNSON.—I do not know to what article you refer.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The following MSS. are lying in the office:—"Impressions of Canada," "A Word for the 'Penny Dreadful,'" "Bushrangers' Gully," "Under the Yellow Wattle," and "A Paris Adventure." If the authors will forward stamped addressed envelopes, the MSS. will be returned immediately.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

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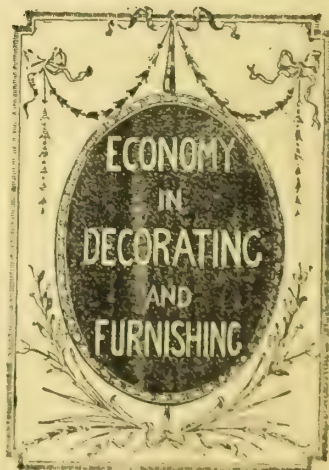
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SMALL INVENTIONS THAT BROUGHT FORTUNES.

No better examples of the importance of small things can be found than among the records at the United States Patent Office, in Washington. There are to be seen certain small objects which, by a lucky turn of affairs, or, perhaps, by the ingenuity of the inventors, have become known throughout the United States, and even throughout the world, and have been the means of filling the pockets of both the inventors and their representatives. In fact, it would seem as if inventors of small objects have been far better paid than skilled mechanics and engineers who have spent months and years in perfecting elaborate mechanisms. Certainly, in proportion to the amount of work done, the lot of the inventor of small objects is more to be desired than that of the man who spends the best part of his life over an elaborate machine, the merits of which are tardily recognised—not, perhaps, until the inventor, through worry and sickness, is in no condition to enjoy the fruits of his toil. It would seem, also, as if the inventors of small objects which have paid, have not, as a rule, been inventors by profession. They have been for the most part persons who by sheer luck have stumbled upon an idea which somebody else has recognised as a good one. Without the suggestion of this "somebody else," who is usually the one who profits, the great idea, though born, would rarely grow to maturity.

A story current at the Patent Office is told of an old farmer up in Maine. The children of the old fellow, like many other children before and since, had a way of kicking the toes out of their shoes. The farmer was of an ingenious turn of mind, and he cut out a couple of copper strips for each pair of shoes, which were fastened over the toes and between the sole and the upper. The plan proved so successful that the farmer found that, where he had been buying three pairs of shoes, one pair would suffice. There happened along about this time a man from the city with an eye to business. He prevailed on the old man to have the idea patented. This was done, and between \$50,000 and \$100,000 was made out of it. How much of this the old man got is not known, but it is presumed that the promoter got the larger part. The record at the Patent Office shows only the drawing of the invention as patented on January 5, 1858, by George A. Mitchell, of Turner, Maine. Another similar invention which made a great deal of money was the metal button-fastener for shoes, invented and introduced by Heaton, of Providence, R.I. At the time it was considered a fine invention, for the old sewed button was continually coming off. It has gradually grown in popularity since its introduction in 1869, until now very few shoes with buttons are manufactured without the Heaton appliance. By a comparatively simple arrangement the shipping tags in use all over the country to-day were made a possibility. The chief trouble with a paper tag was the almost unavoidable tearing-out of the tying hole before the package arrived at its destination. A cardboard reinforcement, round in shape, on each side of the tying hole, was all that was necessary to make the shipping tag a success. This was the invention of a Mr. Dennison, of Philadelphia, who has made a fortune out of a lucky five minutes of thought.

The chief examiner of the division of toys, cites many instances where fortunes have been made on puzzles and similar objects. The pigs in clover puzzle had a curious history. The inventor, Crandall, put it on the market before the patent had been granted, or, in fact, even applied for. Other people, recognising the value of the invention from a financial point of view, formed companies and began manufacturing the puzzles in even larger quantities than Crandall's company could turn them out. Crandall, of course, contested for his rights

and prayed for an injunction. The claim was put into interference, which is a long process, and one which tries both the patience of the department and that of the attorneys. The unfortunate part of it for Crandall was that the craze for the puzzle was over before the interference was settled. This is the same Crandall who invented the famous children's building blocks with dovetailed edges, which had such a run, and are popular even to-day.

The return ball, a wooden ball fastened to a thin strip of rubber, with a wooden ring at the other end, which was patented somewhere in the sixties, had a rush of popularity which netted its inventor \$60,000, and it is sold widely to-day. The patent has now expired. The flying top—a round tin affair with wings, wound with a string and shot up in the air—made a fortune for its inventor. Several years ago a puzzle appeared which attracted considerable attention. It consisted of two double painter's hooks, which, when fastened together in a certain way, could not be taken apart, except by one who had seen it done. It is said that this invention came about by the merest chance. A painter was standing on his ladder scaffold across the front of a house. He had occasion to use a pair of the hooks, and, picking them up hurriedly, entangled them in such a manner that it was several hours before he could get them apart. He forthwith had drawings made and filed an application for a patent, which was granted. No figures are known at the Patent Office, but it is supposed that he made a large sum of money, for the puzzle was sold for twenty-five cents in all parts of the East, and it cost much less than a cent. to manufacture.

A discovery which has been the means of bringing forth a number of inventions, both great and small, was that of Goodyear, the rubber vulcaniser. It was not until the Goodyear discovery of the vulcanisation of rubber, in 1844, that rubber could be used, except in a very primitive fashion. Then it was found that, by the use of sulphur at a certain temperature, rubber could be moulded, shaped, and worked into any form. Immediately after this discovery, the application clerk at the Patent Office having charge of such matters was besieged by hundreds and hundreds of applications for inventions with the Goodyear discovery as a basis. They related chiefly to matters of form in which it was desired to work rubber. After that time the rubber blanket, the rubber overshoe, the rubber band, followed one after the other in rapid succession, and since that time there has not been a month that some patents have not been granted for different forms of rubber.

A recent invention which has come into prominence within the last two or three years is the tin cap on the top of beer bottles. This appliance is steadily taking the place of the rubber cork with the iron thumb-lever. It is found that the sulphur in the rubber cork is acted upon by the beer, with the result of causing the rubber to deteriorate and spoil the beer. An offer from some whisky makers is attracting the attention of inventors. It is a reward of from \$25,000 to \$50,000 for an appliance on bottles which will prevent their being re-filled. As it is now, all the great whisky and beer manufacturers of the country—and, indeed, of the world—are constantly getting letters from people who complain that they have received inferior qualities of liquids under well-known labels. Of course, it is impossible, without some such appliance, for manufacturers to guarantee the contents of bottles. All appliances, so far, with this end in view have been unsatisfactory. The chief difficulty seems to be to make the invention practical and cheap enough for commercial use. The problem has been solved by a number of inventors, but at too great an expense, for it has seemed up to the present impossible to get the cost below \$2 a bottle. Completed, the appliance must not cost more than three cents a bottle.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S. W.

CLUB CHATTEP

I HAVE had a visit from Mr. Simpson, who is very anxious that the races in connection with his challenge should come off as soon as possible. A meeting has been arranged for this week, at which Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gamage will be present, and I have no doubt that these two gentlemen will then come to terms and make the final arrangements. Mr. Simpson wants the races to be not later than the end of this month, and, in order to avoid any possibility of a mishap, and to give every man the same chance, he would like the races to be ridden separately by the different competitors against time. Mr. Simpson has selected his men, and is confident of success. In fact, he is so sure of winning that, in addition to beating the anti-lever-chain men, he intends going for the world's records, in spite of the unfavourable time of year for such a task.

MEANWHILE, the contest is exciting great interest in all circles. The Prince of Wales has sent round to inquire when the six races are likely to come off, and His Royal Highness was greatly taken with the chain, which he has examined closely. The French and Continental papers are also commenting upon the challenge, and, judging from the amount of correspondence on the subject received at this office, I should say that every tenth man in the country is talking about it.

OF course, not being an engineer, my opinion of the chain is worthless. I have seen it, and I like it; if it carries out all that is claimed for it I shall like it still more. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If this new invention is useless, then the sooner it is

forgotten the better; but, if otherwise, every cyclist will give it a grateful welcome.

THERE is some doubt as to whether, when the Haymarket management sent two stalls instead of a box to Mr. Clement Scott for the first night of *Trilby* they wished that he should be present. Mr. Clement Scott is an extremely sensitive man, and he hates being the centre of a rowdy demonstration, distracting alike to audience and artistes. No man cares about taking his wife to a theatre, with the knowledge that she will be subjected to insults and annoyance. There exists a handful of young men who have been flattered by certain critics—for reasons too obvious to mention—into the belief that they are the guardians of the British drama. Rightly or wrongly these young men thought that they could turn up in force at the Haymarket Theatre and make as much commotion as they liked. There was an impression abroad that a hostile demonstration against Mr. Clement Scott would receive no opposition at the Haymarket Theatre.

AT one time no one could speak higher of Clement Scott than Beerbohm Tree, but after the production of *Hamlet* all that was changed. At a copyright performance of Mr. Hall Caine's play, I believe Mr. Tree and Mr. Clement Scott had a serious row at the back of the dress circle about Mr. Clement Scott's criticism of *Hamlet*. And since that little event the relationship between Mr. Scott and Mr. Tree has been, as they say, a little strained.

PERSONALLY, I think Mr. Clement Scott would have done much better by being present in the Haymarket stalls. He should have allowed these dozen or so young asses to have had their bray out. If it were my own case I should take every possible opportunity of letting these

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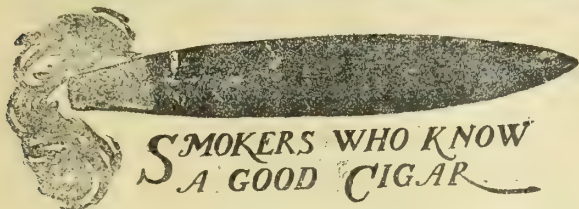
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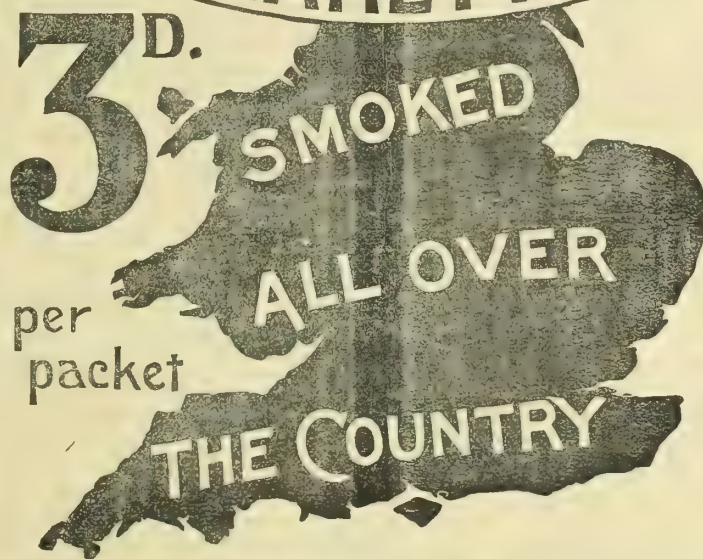


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silly children boo me to their hearts' content, until they got tired of it. I think Mr. Scott gives them too much importance. Not more than a dozen of them are connected with the Playgoers' Club, and the names of some of them I happen to know. It is quite wrong to brand the whole club of over a thousand members, the majority of whom are respectable, common-sense gentlemen, for the silly vagaries of this insignificant little clique. They are earnest young fellows, no doubt; and they mean well. But their heads have been turned by the encouragement of interested journalists and others, and the lads are firmly under the impression that upon their narrow shoulders rests the whole responsibility of the British drama. To take them seriously only makes them more conceited. And this is really not necessary.

Is it not time that managers of theatres showed a little more consideration for the feelings of those ardent pittites and galleryites, who wait outside a theatre for hours on the first night of any new piece? Last Wednesday I was strolling up the Haymarket about half-past five in the afternoon and noticed that there were quite enough people at the doors of Mr. Tree's theatre to fill the pit and gallery of that house. I don't know how long they had all been there, but I believe those in the front ranks had been waiting two hours. I came down the Haymarket again at half-past six, at which time the crowd had greatly increased in numbers. It was quite obvious that the Haymarket pit and gallery could not hold all of them, but still more people came, and at eight o'clock, when the doors were opened, the line waiting outside the pit door reached up to James Street. I came up a few minutes after eight on purpose to see the result of this overcrowding, and was sorry to find

that at least one hundred and fifty people had been standing still in the cold for nothing at all. The house was as full as it could be packed. Now, instead of causing all this inconvenience to people, would it not have been quite easy for one of Mr. Tree's managers to have sent someone out to the crowd at half-past five and warned them that there were already enough people waiting to fill the pit and gallery of his house, and could not newcomers have been acquainted of the fact?

THE Tattersalls, Weatherbys, and Verralls have been called "The Three Grand Old Families," and certainly no names are more respected by racegoers. Mr. E. Tattersall, whose illness has excited so much attention, is over 70 years of age, but up to the time of his seizure was as active as a man twenty years his junior, and he never failed to play an active part in his great sales at Newmarket and Albert Gate. Mr. Tattersall owns a few racehorses, but he has made it a rule never to go in for racing on an extensive scale.

TATTERSALL'S dates back to about 1760. The Mr. Tattersall, who instituted the business, began as an auctioneer at the Turf Coffee House, Hyde Park Corner. It was through his influence that the second James Weatherby was appointed printer of the *Racing Calendar*.

WITH the jumping season now close at hand, the English riders who accepted foreign engagements during the summer are hastening home. Arthur Nightingall, our premier professional horseman, has already given proof that he is still the Arthur of old. Then G. Williamson, Dollery, G. Morris, Halsey, Escott, R. Woodland, J. Knox, and J. Jones are ready for the

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fray, whilst the gentlemen riders are to be seen out in strong force.

CAPTAIN BEWICKE will, it is said, retire from cross-country work after this season. He is now far and away the best amateur. Mr. G. S. Davies continues to ride numerous winners, but not at important meetings. Of the younger generation, Sir Samuel Scott, Mr. G. B. Milne, Mr. Gordon, and Captain Ricardo are expected to be seen to advantage.

MR. BARNEY BARNATO was expected to create quite a stir in the racing world, but so far his colours have not been seen in the van in an important race. However, we must not suppose that Mr. Barnato will close his Turf career with the account showing a loss. Indeed, there are rumours to the effect that a coup is anticipated with Stowmarket in the Liverpool Cup. Stowmarket has done little since he ran second to Reminder in the City and Suburban.

THE Liverpool Autumn Cup was instituted in 1856, and amongst the horses that have won the race will be found some of the most noted equine champions of the century. La Flèche holds the record, the daughter of St. Simon having won with 9st. 6lb. She is followed by Sterling and Thebais, both of whom carried 9st. 4lb.

MR. DUFF is entering Cloister for several valuable steeplechases, so it is to be presumed that the champion chaser is not to be allowed to eat the bread of idleness. He is now in Ireland, at Mr. Linde's training establishment. It will be interesting to see whether Ireland's most famous trainer can accomplish what Swatton and Escott failed to do.

MR. LINDE, in his younger days, served his Queen and country. He enlisted in the Land Transport Corps, and afterwards joined the Royal Irish Constabulary. He rode his first race about 1860, and his first racehorse cost him £25. Mr. Linde won the Grand National with Empress and Wordbrook, but he thinks the best chaser he ever owned was Usna.

As Oxford were playing Kensington on Saturday, A. R. Smith could not very well get away, and R. G. McMillan did not emerge from his retirement, as had been rumoured; but for all that the London Scottish had whipped up a very powerful team to meet Blackheath. The backs, indeed, were stronger than those of the Kentish club, whom W. B. Thomson, the best of the three-quarters, was unable to assist. Forward, however, Blackheath possessed a tremendous pull over their opponents, and played a game eminently well suited to the composition of the two fifteens, giving the Scottish half-backs no opportunity of getting the ball, but wheeling the scrummage time after time, and breaking away at once in a manner which on the day proved quite irresistible.

UNLESS Richmond should train on considerably during the next few weeks, and display football appreciably more skilful than that which has characterised their efforts so far, the championship amongst metropolitan clubs will once more depend upon the meetings of Blackheath with the London Scottish. After the sterling victory they achieved on Saturday, the prospects must be all in favour of Blackheath retaining first honours; but it should not be forgotten that, by the time the return match is played, W. B. Thomson will have left England, and both C. B. Fry and G. F. Scott (the latter one of the best of the forwards) will be at the Cape—Fry playing

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See Page 31.

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cricket with Lord Hawke's team, and Scott fulfilling an appointment.

DURING the next few weeks county matches under Rugby rules will be very numerous. Two games have already been played in the North, Lancashire beating Cheshire, and Durham drawing with Cumberland; and, before the conclusion of the present week, not only will a commencement have been made in the west, but Yorkshire will have opened their programme. Much interest will be evinced in the play of the Yorkshiremen now that so many of the clubs from which the county committee used to draw their players are, owing to the formation of the Northern Union, no longer available as sources of supply.

It is full early to form conclusions as to the probable outcome of this season's championship, but, unless Kent can place a powerful fifteen in the field, it will scarcely be the lot of one of the metropolitan counties to meet the representatives of the North in the match to decide the championship of England. Surrey and Middlesex had each a number of fine players included in the teams which met at Richmond last week, but neither side showed football of a quality calculated to encourage hopes of success against the average county fifteen of the North or West. What a pity that in the London district the supposed interests of club football are always considered, and those of county football prejudiced by playing county matches in the middle of the week!

THE Cambridge fifteen continue their victorious career, and have now won four matches off the reel, scoring something like 88 points without having their own line crossed on a single occasion. Richmond improved upon the performances of the other teams that had visited Cambridge this season, the Light Blues having to be content with a goal and a try. On the same afternoon Oxford scored rather heavily against Kensington, and as three days previously they overcame the Old Merchant Taylors, the prospects of a good fight when the two Universities meet at the Queen's Club next month must be much brighter than when the Dark Blues' record consisted of a draw with Cooper's Hill and a defeat from the London Scottish.

ASTON VILLA are steadily strengthening their position at the head of the Football League clubs, and can now claim a better average of points than any of their rivals. Their latest success was a victory over Burnley at Perry Bar, but probably the performances of Bolton Wanderers and Derby County—who, playing away from home, drew with Sheffield Wednesday and Sunderland respectively—were fully equal in point of merit. Curiously enough, Sunderland and Everton, between whom the championship lay last season, have each won only one more game than they have lost.

ALTHOUGH the whole of the First Division of the League and half the Second are exempt from participation in the qualifying competition for the Football Association Cup, no such good fortune is possessed by south-country clubs, with the solitary exception of Woolwich Arsenal. The "Old Boys" teams no longer enter, but the elevens belonging to the Southern League only endeavour to represent the divisions to which they belong. Three of these clubs were knocked out in the first round,

but the seven survivors of the initial stage have been successful in qualifying for the third round—Millwall Athletic, Chatham, Southampton St. Mary's, and Royal Ordnance winning easily, while Reading, Swindon, and Ilford had nothing to spare. Outside the Southern League, the Vampires, led by G. J. Groves, of Sheffield fame, gained a notable victory over Tottenham Hotspur.

THE Empire is going very strong just now. The two ballets—"On Brighton Pier" and "Faust"—are as popular as ever, and I have never seen anything more funny than Charles Jigg and his Animal Burlesque. This week Mr. Sims Reeves is down to sing on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and our oldest tenor is always sure of a hearty reception.

Dog fanciers seem to be fond of giving strange names to their pets. At the Kennel Club Show last week I came across a fox-terrier bitch named "The New Woman." Singularly enough, this exhibit was "reserved." I heard it whispered that she would have got into the money if she had possessed a little less "cheek." By the way, talking of dogs, it is a mistake to suppose that the high prices quoted in show catalogues are mere fancy figures. Mr. G. Raper has refused a genuine offer of £300 for his fox-terrier "Claude Duval," who won the second prize in the Limit Class at the Palace Show.

MITCHELL'S "PRIZE CROP"

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A SPECIALITÉ FOR CIGARETTES.
Guaranteed Free from all Artificial Flavourings.
Sold only in 1 oz. and 2 oz. Packets and ½ lb. Tins.

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STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,
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ESTABLISHED 1723.

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED SMOKING MIXTURES.
CRAVEN. HANKEYS. GUARDS.

A Judicious Blending of the Finest Imported Tobaccos. MILD. MEDIUM. FULL
SUCCESS of August 10th, 1895, says:—"The ARCADIA MIXTURE of 'MY LADY NICOTINE' is the 'CRAVEN' Mixture prepared by CARRERAS the well-known Tobacconist of Wardour Street."

SPECIAL AGENTS IN MOST TOWNS.

J. JOAQUIN CARRERAS, 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

THERE seems to be quite a rage just now for having the mouthpieces of cigar and cigarette holders made with an ordinary quill. The long gold-mounted amber holders are fitted with refills of these mouthpieces, which certainly have the merit of cleanliness, as at the slightest suspicion of foulness the old mouthpiece can be thrown away and a new one substituted. I have seen a very serviceable every-day sort of holder made in stiff cardboard with a quill mouthpiece. The cardboard is made to resemble meerschaum. Being rather long they keep the smoke well out of one's eyes when writing or reading. They are exceedingly cheap, and the quill mouthpiece is far more pleasant to the teeth than hard unresisting amber or bone.

APROPOS of the photographic incident in Mr. Jerome's play, *The Rise of Dick Halward*, I have received the following interesting letter from a correspondent:—"In connection with the disputed photographic possibility in Mr. Jerome's play, I should like to mention rather a striking corroboration of it. Some years ago, when I was illustrating a weekly journal, Mr. Willard sent me a photograph of himself as Mark Lezzard, in *Hoodman Blind*. When drawing from

this portrait, I noticed certain papers on the table. I had written thus far when I recollected that I had a half-tone block from the photo, which I enclose herewith. On the paper it was easy to see and distinguish the writing, and pursuing my investigations further, I was able to distinguish in the ink-bottle on the table a complete

picture of the photographic studio, the camera, lens, etc., but *not* the photographer, as he stood to one side, exposing the plate with a pneumatic tube. But on the walls of the studio could be seen framed photographs, and Mrs. Willard, in a white dress and black sash, looking at the photos, with her back to her husband, so as not to distract his attention. Possibly Mr. Willard may have a perfect copy of this photo, and be able to recall the circumstances. I gave my copy away some time ago to a friend who collected photographic curiosities. Of course, the picture in the ink-bottle is upside down."



MR. E. S. WILLARD AS MARK LEZZARD IN *Hoodman Blind*.

still be read with a microscope." The photograph referred to is produced here.

My correspondent adds:—"You have seen the small photo reproduction of newspapers. If these were made the size of a lady's glove button, they could

THE MAJOR.

CONDENSED GUIDE TO POLITENESS.

THE MAKING OF VISITS.

Don't visit slight acquaintances for a longer period than a month—if you do, however, do not complain about the food.

When you visit relatives, be generous. Do not insist on their returning the visit.

If a servant purloins your watch or other valuables do not complain to your hostess. Take one of hers. You stand a good chance of getting the better of the bargain.

It is considered *de trop* and *haut monde* to use your hostess's carriage more than eight hours a day.

Don't gossip about your hostess until you have concluded your visit. Do not get so interested in her private correspondence as to become preoccupied, unless you are quite sure she will not return unexpectedly.

Do not spank her children for her, or offer to lighten her sorrows by poisoning any of her canines or felines.

While a guest, do not borrow anything but money. You would have to return anything else.

Be blithesome and cheerful. In a word, act as though you were entirely at home, which is equivalent to saying do not act as you do when you are at home

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

From recent American letters I learn that Mr. Hall Caine is the guest of Mr. W. N. Appleton, the well-known American publisher. Mr. Caine is to be entertained by the Lotos Club, but does not contemplate any other social appearances, as his time will be very fully occupied. He is a magnificent speaker and a most finished elocutionist, with a strong sense of dramatic fitness. I should very much like to hear his contemplated speech at the Bar of the Dominion Parliament on the question of English and Canadian copyrights. A more dignified representative of English literature it would be impossible to find.

* * * *

Am glad to see that a German edition of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's "Artist's Reminiscences" has been called for. The book will contain fifteen illustrations, portraits of celebrities from Mr. Lehmann's own private collection of sketches. It seems a pity that these sketches were not included in the English edition.

* * * *

What is the inner meaning of Mr. Morley Roberts' somewhat heavy sarcasm at the expense of, presumably, some unknown critic? When the critic (name, Mr. Roberts; name, please) "goes below," because he cannot fulfil himself, he finds all the gentlemen named here under enjoying themselves. Why, the list, with one exception, makes me want to join the critic and *stay* there:—

He saw Clement Scott translating Ibsen,
And Archer writing laudatory criticisms of Adelphi Melodramas,
And Buchanan silently approving all things,
And Kipling writing a three-volume book in long sentences,
And Meredith writing easy English,
And Gissing writing a farce,
And Hardy explaining "Tess" to a British matron of the worst kind, with examples,
And Black making anagrams out of the "Princess of Thule,"
And Clark Russell writing a sea story without description in it,
And Mrs. Lynn Linton reading "Joshua Davidson" repentantly,
And Marie Corelli praying for a meek and humble spirit,
And James Payn doing a psychological analysis,
And Jerome writing Anarchist leaflets,
And Besant preaching Pessimism.

* * * *

I don't often go to the play, but, like everybody else, I am very much interested in the doings of the ladies and gentlemen of the stage. There is more education and culture among theatrical artists than when I was a boy. A literary actor or actress was a phenomenon then; that is no longer so. A promising example of the new school is Miss Bessie Hatton, who, having written a fairly successful novel, is to follow it with a volume of fairy tales, under the title of "The Village of Youth." I shall certainly stock the book, as it is to be published at a popular price. The young lady was in my shop the other day with her father, and she told me that the short story which she wrote for *TO-DAY*, called "Disengaged," was one of her first efforts of the kind, and was founded upon a real experience. I generally find that the best things one reads contain far more of truth than imagination.

* * * *

Have just been reading Miss Marie Trevelyan's trilogy of Welsh books, "From Snowdon to the Sea," "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character," and "The Land of Arthur" (John Hogg, Paternoster Row). Anyone who has read and loved George Borrow's works will find in Miss Trevelyan's books the record of a later Wales up to date. She has a keen and enthusiastic eye for local colour, character, and tradition. Miss Trevelyan is the daughter of Mr. Treharne Thomas, a well-known architect, and lives at Llantwit Major, within sight of the old Town Hall, whose tower contains the bell of St.

Iltyd, on which is inscribed *Ora pro nobis, Sancte Iltyde*. The bell was taken away by Edgar, the Saxon king, but, after many wanderings, has been brought back to its rightful place. Miss Trevelyan is a vivacious little journalist, and prides herself upon being up to time with all her "copy." H.R.H. the Duchess of York has been graciously pleased to accept the dedication to her of "Glimpses," and is said to have read the book with much interest.

* * * *

IN THE SHOP.

"First volume of 'The Story of the Sea,' edited by 'Q.' (Cassell's)? Just the thing for your young gentlemen, madam. They'll be shivering their timbers all over the place. 'Fifteen Hundred Miles an Hour,' sir? (Bliss Sands, 5s. less discount). The author gets his papers out of a meteorite. The story is wildly ex—. Coming, sir, coming. 'Great Astronomers' (Ball, Isbister and Co.) 7s. 6d. Sir Robert's latest, sir, written with all his usual point and learning, and be-yew-ti-fully illustrated. 'Waterloo'? Yes, sir. (Methuen, 5s.) A carefully written history of the battle, with plans of positions of opposing armies. Flinders' 'Egyptian Decorative Art,' miss? (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) A learned and well-illustrated little work. Decorative artists might get a good many useful hints from it. 'A Modern Crusader' (Sophie F. E. Veitch, Adam and Charles Black) is a careful study of hereditary tendency to drink, madam. 'Morton Verlost' (Black's) is Miss Marguerite Bryant's last. Her first was 'A Great Responsibility.' Anything by the author of 'We Three and Troddles'? Oh, yes, sir. Here's 'Industrial Explorings.' A very useful and humorously written book. Tells you how everything is made, from candles to pianos. Can't find the book you want to-night, sir. Am just closing up and going home to get ready for the next Vagabond dinner."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L. MELTOR kindly writes me: "In answer to S. V. R. the lines quoted are from a poem called 'The Lost Galleon,' and will be found in a volume of verses by Bret Harte, published by Routledge."

MEDICO.—You can only obtain Voltaire's tales ("Candide," etc.) in English. Try Messrs. Bell and Sons.

DICK.—I do not know. Apply direct to Mr. French, Dramatic Publisher, Strand.

E. H.—"Auctioneers, their Duties and Liabilities," by R. Squibb, 10s. 6d., Lockwood.

C. PURSER.—You had better consult "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature." It would be impossible to keep an account of every sketch or penny reading that is published.

H. T. H. JARRETT.—Your book is worthless.

C. W. W. wants to know the author of the following lines:
"Lighter than a butterfly,
Lighter than a . . . sigh,
Is man."

The second verse ends with:—

"Fickle ever,
In one thing constant never
Is man."

FRED CAWLES.—"Three Men in a Boat." J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, supplies it. Wish I were you, and could again read it for "the first time." It sounds rather Irish, but you know what I mean.

C. ANDERSON.—"Sandow's System of Physical Training" (Gale and Polden).

REX.—I don't know why the "Decameron" is openly sold in leading bookshops. I sell the "New Woman" novels myself, and sometimes feel I should be rather glad if a policeman would come in and clear off the back stock. A great many things are honoured because they are old, and the dirtier they are the more classical they sometimes become. It is no use asking me why the police don't do so and so. Did you ever know a policeman do exactly what he ought? If so, your experience must be unique. "The Princess Osra" interested me. Sorry you didn't like her.

"KARNAC" wants to know where to find the following lines:—

"The mystery that underlies all beauty."

And:—

"To leave my life's purpose unfulfilled,
This is thy sting, O Death!"

THE THEFT OF THE KÔH-I-NOOR.

BY
ALLEN UPWARD.

Illustrated by WALTER WILSON.

CHAPTER II.—SIR HENRY PONSONBY'S MISTAKE.

THE celebrated detective had nothing in his appearance which indicated his profession. A genial, thick-set man, of middle age, with a quiet voice and a glance whose extreme penetration was veiled by its bright good-humour, the Royal Secretary found him absorbed in the pages of a weekly journal devoted to the interests of gardeners, from which he was cul-ling information as to the best means to adopt for the destruction of those small green insects which prey upon the roses of the suburban floriculturist.

One glance at the grave face of Sir Henry Ponsonby, however, was enough to make him lay aside his paper. He listened in perfect silence to the excited narrative of the Secretary, and at the close only indulged in a single remark—

"I am afraid we have lost five minutes." He consulted his watch, and then added, "But there is still time to catch the next train."

Without another word he hurried his visitor out of the house, and they reached the local station, hard by Mr. Verriter's abode, just as the train

came rattling up to the platform. They sprang into a first-class compartment, which they were fortunate enough to find empty, and as soon as the door was closed and the train beginning to move on towards Victoria the detective turned to his companion.

"I know the Kôh-i-noor well by sight," he said, "but in what way has Her Majesty been wearing it the last few days?"

"Simply as a pendant to a black velvet neck-band," was the reply.

"And was the paste substitute found threaded on this neck-band?"

"Certainly," answered Sir Henry, looking rather surprised at such a question. "The setting and every-

thing was exactly like that of the real stone, and it was brought to the Queen's apartments in the same case."

The detective frowned thoughtfully.

"Sometimes a good deal turns on these little points," he remarked, by way of explanation. "It would, of course, be possible to imitate the velvet as well as the setting. But I may have an opportunity of questioning the Duchess of Westmoreland when we get to the Palace."

He reflected for a few moments, and then, in a different tone, asked—

"Who is the Lieutenant of the Jewel Closet?"

Sir Henry had already explained the various precau-

tions taken for the safety of the great stone, from the time when it left the Queen's neck to its return.

"Captain William Paget," he now answered, "is the son of Lord Sandown. Lord Sandown is one of the wealthiest noblemen in England."

Verriter nodded carelessly.

"I have heard of Lord Sandown. One of his sons used to own a celebrated race-horse."

"That was the eldest," put in Sir Henry quickly. "I am sure," he added, "that the Queen has as much confidence in Captain Paget as in her own women."

The detective permitted himself a faint smile.

"Sir Henry, when I enter upon an investigation of this kind, I enter upon it without prejudices. It is my business to find out everything connected with the case, without considering whether this or that person is

likely to be guilty. So far as I am concerned, the King of Denmark may have had a hand in this robbery; for aught I know the Kôh-i-noor may be in your pocket at this minute."

Sir Henry drew back with an indignant gesture, and looked as if he half repented having sought Mr. Verriter's aid.

"I hope if your suspicions do attach to any person who enjoys Her Majesty's confidence, you will be able to keep them to yourself," he said with severity. "I know that the Queen would deeply resent it if any innocent person were subjected to annoyance over this business. Sooner than that I believe she would give up any attempt to recover the diamond."



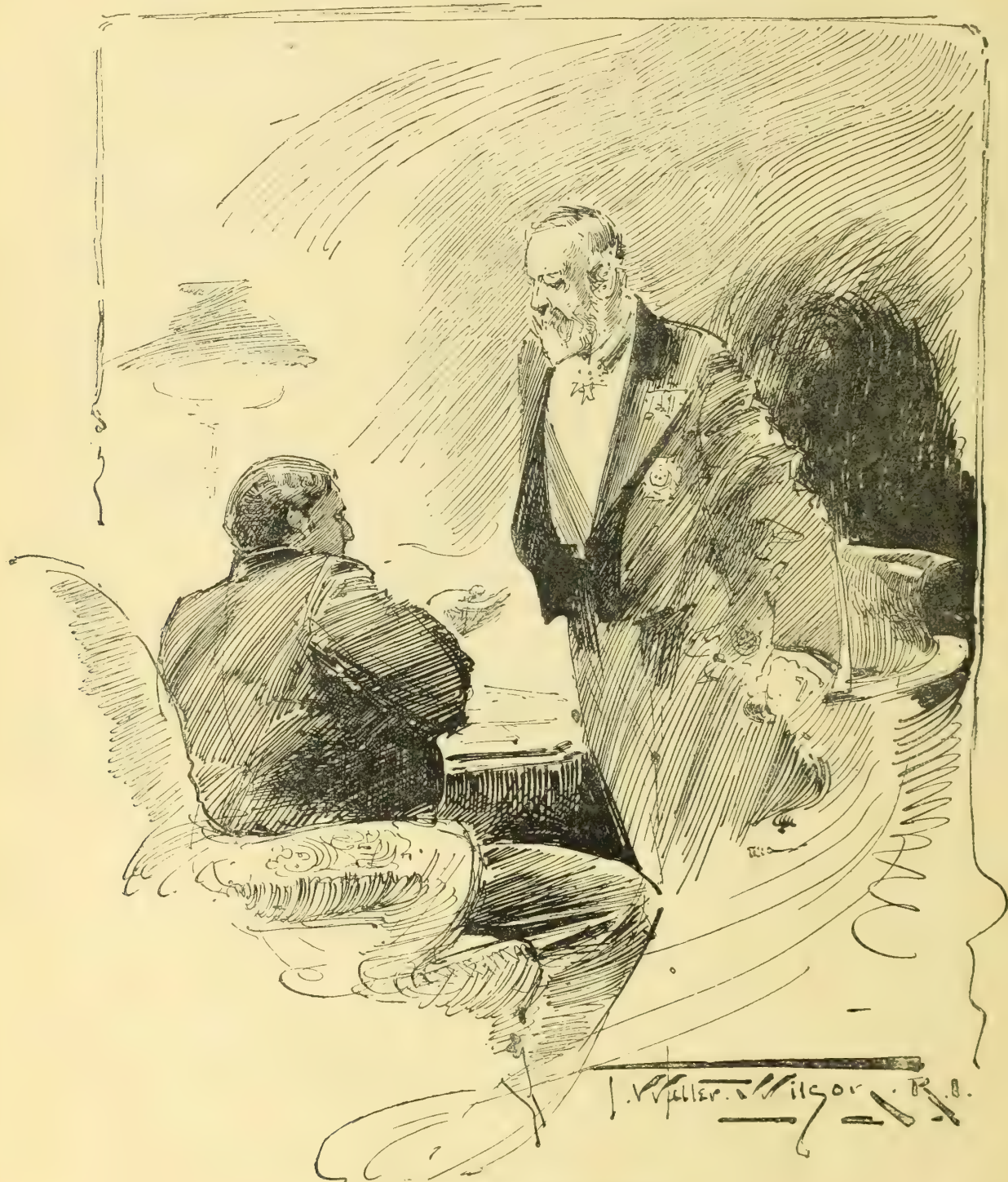
FOUND HIM ABSORBED IN THE PAGES OF A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

The other hastened to make things smooth.

"I am sure you will give me credit for understanding the situation, Sir Henry," he answered mildly. "I have had sufficient experience in affairs of this kind to know that very often, before such an investigation closes, it becomes of more importance to conceal the result than it was to arrive at it. You have misunderstood me. I saw that you wished to persuade me that this Captain

"I must apologise, Mr. Verriter," he said frankly. "I admit that your principle is a sound one. If there are any other questions you would like to put to me, I shall be happy to answer them."

"It is very good of you; I am much obliged. You mentioned in the house that there were five other rooms opening out of the Plate Room corridor. Can you tell me how they are occupied?"



SIR HENRY STARTED FROM HIS CHAIR.

Paget was above suspicion, and I merely meant to explain that the principles on which I work make such a fact irrelevant. Captain Paget may be as innocent as you or I, and yet his character may be an all important factor in the case. He may have been hypnotised; he may be a man of careless habits, and have given the thief an opportunity to take an impression of the Jewel Room key."

The Secretary saw that he had been too hasty.

"I think I can. They are all bedrooms. The first one on the right is occupied by the Chaplain-in-Ordinary—the one there now is Canon Vokes. The next room, I believe, has been assigned to a lady of the suite of the Hereditary Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe, a Countess von Arndorf. The palace is very crowded just now, and so she had to be separated from the Princess, who has apartments in another corridor. Then at the end comes the Lieutenant's own room, opposite

to the Plate Room itself. The Keeper sleeps next to the Plate Room; but I cannot recollect who has the room opposite the Chaplain's. I fancy it must be empty."

"Thank you; I understand. Now about the soldiers: where do the two men come from who form the Lieutenant's escort?"

"They are part of the ordinary guard on duty in the Palace. They are summoned by Captain Paget from the guard-room, when he requires them, and are dismissed again as soon as he reaches the Plate Room door."

"One more question—I attach some importance to this. Does the Captain have to call out the Keeper to open the door for him, or is he there beforehand?"

"I cannot be quite positive. But I should think he would generally be there waiting. The gold plate and other articles of the kind are kept in this room, and therefore the Keeper is often in and out of it on his own business, when the Lieutenant is not there at all."

"Good; I shall now be able to set to work."

Shortly afterwards the train reached Victoria station, and the two men were driven rapidly in a hansom to Buckingham Palace.

It being now about the time when the Queen usually retired, Sir Henry Ponsonby took his companion straight to that quarter of the Palace where the Royal apartments were situated. In the wide gallery already described as connecting the various corridors he left him waiting, and went on to inform the Queen of his arrival. A minute later he returned to summon Mr. Verriter to Her Majesty's presence. But the detective had disappeared.

Sir Henry returned once more to the Queen with this intelligence.

"I have no doubt that Mr. Verriter has already commenced operations," observed the Secretary. "He has probably formed some plan which required to be carried out immediately. Perhaps your Majesty had better send the imitation stone back to the Jewel Closet in the usual way. It can be taken out again when Mr. Verriter wants to see it."

"Very well," assented the Queen. "But be sure and bring Mr. Verriter to me the first thing in the morning."

And she dismissed the Secretary with a gracious good-night.

An hour later, Sir Henry, who was looking over some papers in his own room before retiring to rest was aroused by a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

The door opened and admitted Verriter. The expression of his face at once revealed that he had made

some important discovery. Before putting any questions Sir Henry rose and offered the detective a chair.

"Thank you," said the other, sitting down. "I have come to consult you about the next step in the case. In our conversation in the train you insisted very strongly that I should conduct this investigation in such a way as not to let any persons in Her Majesty's confidence think they were suspected. I regret to say that I have now acquired a certain piece of evidence which reflects very strongly on one person, and before I can go further it has become necessary for me to put some questions to him which cannot fail to show him that he is to some extent under suspicion. I have come to ask your permission to put those questions in your presence."

The Secretary looked much disturbed.

"I am extremely sorry to hear this, Mr. Verriter," he answered. "I hoped that it would have been possible to avoid casting a slur upon any member of the Household. But I cannot take it upon myself to forbid you to follow up what you believe to be a clue. Who is the person you wish to question?"

"Captain William Paget."

Sir Henry started in his chair.

"No, I cannot believe it! What is the evidence you refer to?"

"This." He took out a small sovereign-purse attached to his watch-chain, opened it, and held up before the astonished eyes of the Secretary a tiny crumb of steel.

(To be continued.)

MUCH IN LITTLE.

"WHAT a bright vivacious girl Miss Lovett is! She seems to have an unlimited capacity for enjoyment."

"She has, indeed. I myself have seen her consume six consecutive plates of ice cream and then accept an invitation to go for soda-water."

JACK—Didn't Dolly Highfly give you a kiss last night?

Tom—She did not.

Jack—I'm afraid I'll have to call you a liar. I saw her.

Tom—My dear boy, sometimes there are cruel truths underlying the lovely surface of things. That kiss was not given to me. It cost me a £10 champagne supper.

FLORA—The Colonel must love you.

Maude—What leads you to think so?

Flora—He says he thinks of you every time he takes a drink.



JONES: "What poet wrote the line, 'Joy cometh in the morning'?"
BROWN: "I don't think any poet did, for all poets drink."

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, B.P.A.

XII.—“LINES IN THE FACE.”

THE face is the mirror of the mind. It is there only that our thoughts are engraven. It is useless to wear a mask before a physiognomist who studies character by the value of anatomy, as it becomes easier for such an individual to read when a character is assumed than when the face is placid and in its normal condition.

We cannot express our emotion except by facial signs and contortions, which are the result of the nerve agents of the brain acting on the facial muscles. Any disease of the nervous system, such as paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, palsy, etc., completely destroys all physiognomical judgment in character-reading, as then neither the nerves nor their action on the muscles are



FIG. 1A.
LINES, AUTHORITY.

worried by the mental power, but are in these cases subjects of the disease with which the individual is afflicted. Mirth and laughter are illustrated by an upward curve of the angles of the mouth, whilst with grief and weeping the corners of the mouth turn down.

People who habitually laugh or weep get fixed lines upon their faces, which greatly assist the physiognomist in reading character. There must be a cause for every line or wrinkle in the face, for why should those of the mouth only have any significance? People who command or use authority generally lower their eyebrows so as to emphasise their orders by appearing stern and harsh. This lowering of the eyebrows causes one, two, and sometimes three, transverse wrinkles between the eyes, over the top or root of the nose (Fig. 1a), which lines become permanently marked in the face of



FIG. 2A.
LINES, FOREHEAD, HOPE,
ENTHUSIASM.

the individual who habitually commands, so when you perceive these transverse wrinkles you will know that the subject is authoritative, and demands obedience, though this characteristic does not prevent him from being sympathetic and indulgent, should he have these signs in his face in addition to those of authority. Now, the lines of hope and enthusiasm are three or four wavy lines right across the forehead (Fig. 2a). Hope and despair are both the results of imagination. Excessively hopeful people generally raise their foreheads, causing these wavy lines. The organ of hope is located in the brain, at the top side of the head, on a line with veneration. Anatomists have not yet been able to trace the nerves so high in the brain, but there are ganglia, or branches, of nerve-fibre, which run all over the outside of the skull and are called nerves of the scalp. These must be off-shoots of the cranial nerves. There is great sympathy with the organ of hope and the liver. People with healthy, well-regulated livers have generally large hope, whilst those who suffer with liver and indigestion are irritable, desponding, and pessimistic. Two perpendicular lines between the eyes (Fig. 3a) show a love of justice. They are caused by a contraction of the muscles when a person wants to look at both sides of a question and judge fairly. They are the lines of criticism and comparison, and when this characteristic is very largely developed, then two or three more lines appear, and it becomes conscientiousness (Fig. 4a).



FIG. 3A.
LINES, LOVE OF JUSTICE.

denote a minuteness of detail in such small matters as wanting to return a borrowed stamp and being particular over little debts. Three or four straight lines in the forehead (Fig. 6a), denote benevolence and wisely thinking, also just sentiment; they always appear across the organs of causality, and the reflective faculties. These are not wrinkles but the lines of thought caused by the nerve action on the brain. When the lines come down

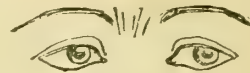


FIG. 4A.
LINES, CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

to a point in the centre of the forehead, they are indicative of genius (Fig. 7a), and are mostly seen in dull, stupid people—stupid because there is no reasoning power. A genius cannot reason; with him, it is inspiration, and the moment a genius can reason, the inspiration is gone. A genius cannot explain how he composes marvellous music, paints wonderful pictures, or writes eloquent poetry. A genius has no theory. It is as unaccountable to him whence his genius comes as is its interpretation to us. By genius you must not imagine that I mean talent, which is a totally different matter. A talent for anything is a special gift which can be cultivated and brought to perfection by study, theory, and practice. The lines of genius are similar

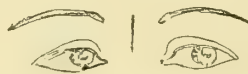


FIG. 5A.
STRICTNESS OVER SMALL
MATTERS.

to those of hope and enthusiasm, but they are sharper and more decided; instead of curving they come down to a point in the centre; they are the acme of hope, the sublimity of the imagination, the eyebrows being continually raised as

the vision comes from the brain instead of from the contemplation of external objects. The brain has a certain amount of power the same as the muscles have. If all the mind is devoted to one subject, the organ which denotes that characteristic will be abnormal in growth, but the other organs must necessarily suffer in consequence, and no organ suffers so much from the mind's absorption as the organ of causality or reasoning. The lines of mirth come down from the outer corner of the eyes and meet those which rise from the angles of the mouth. The love of admiration is indicated by the muscle which elevates the cheek, causing a fulness of flesh under the eyes. This must not be confounded with high cheek bones, which denote intensity

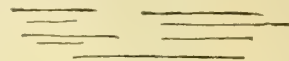


FIG. 6A.
LINES IN THE FOREHEAD, BENEVO-
LENCE, WISELY THINKING.

endurance. People that seek admiration have a perpetual amiable smile or smirk, and that causes a contraction of this muscle, but the expression is very different to that of an individual who is always laughing and joking. Hospitality is indicated by the broad muscle which draws the corners of the mouth directly backwards, causing perpendicular wrinkles or furrows in the cheek. All the features are sympathetic in expression and all evince the same emotions. For instance, when a person laughs all his features express mirth. He does not laugh with his eyes, and have the corners of his mouth turned down in sorrow. There are a number of facial expressions which I have not mentioned, but they are but fleeting and simply express the emotions of the moment. Surprise, wonder, scorn, malice, envy, jealousy, affectation, etc., seldom leave permanent lines.



FIG. 7A.
LINES IN THE FOREHEAD,
GENIUS.

DELIA—Don't you think Miss Gofast is just playing with Dicky Doolittle?

Susan—Not exactly; from what I can see she's just working him.

AUNT FAN'S LETTERS.—II.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—No, I am not "reactionary," but—I am afraid of the reaction. And it must come. It might have been postponed indefinitely if only Woman had been endowed by Providence with a sense of humour. But, the gift having been denied her by an eternal decree, she has used the opportunity afforded her by the fact that she has been "the fashion" lately, to "give herself away," as your brothers would say.

In the Early-Victorian era, before women aspired to sit on School-boards, or to become Poor-law guardians, when marriage gave the husband the control of his wife's property, even of his wife's earnings, the Cause of Woman was one well worthy the powers of a mighty champion.

But now that successive parliaments have freed them from all the bonds which were galling, and all the disabilities which were unjust, it may be questioned whether it would not be wise of the ladies to ask themselves if it is safe to manufacture imaginary grievances quite so fast, now that the real ones have been adjusted.

Could a parliament chosen by themselves do more for them than parliaments chosen by their fathers, their husbands and their brothers have done? No member of any House of Commons or House of Lords has ever recorded a vote, who was not at the time under female influence of one kind or another.

Members of Parliament have daughters as well as sons; and it would be well for those ladies who fill the air—and the magazines—with their howls on behalf of their sex, to remember that they have sons as well as daughters.

Let them remember that any enactment which tends to make woman more than a woman, tends also to make man less than a man; and that if they could succeed in the long run in making their own sex rise superior to common-sense and the laws of nature, they would rob man of his virility, woman of her sweetness, and life of its charm.

All this is by way of prelude, my dears, to a little warning I have had in my mind to give you since it came to my ears that you have all been seized with a rabid desire to go in for the local University Examination.

I hope you won't think, my dear girls, that I have any wish to restrain you from improving your minds. I know you feel that your parents' prejudices have prevented your being quite up to date in the matter of education, and that you are anxious to do what you can to remedy the supposed defect. And if you think that the swallowing of a text-book on a play of Shakespeare's, and of another text-book on a work of Bacon's, a smattering of mathematics, and a flirtation with old French literature will pass the next few months pleasantly go in for the examination by all means.

But do not call the business by the grand name "education." Do not flatter yourself that the performance will be of any use either in forming your minds, or in strengthening them. It will put you in possession of a few soon-forgotten facts, that is all, of a few of the results arrived at by the labour of cleverer brains than yours.

But the reading of a single great book, for the love of the thoughts it gave rise to, without commentary, without glossary, would be worth a couple of years of such "cramming."

For education is a slow process—a growth. And the best education is that which develops the best qualities, mental and physical, of the individual; so that the training which sharpens the keen intellect may be that which further blunts the dull one.

I am afraid, my poor dear little nieces, that you won't thank me for this discouragement. But I have a little bit of practical advice for you up my sleeve all the time.

Get the examination papers by all means. Read the list of the subjects you would have to "get up," and choose one only, any one you have a fancy for, and set yourself to that. Don't satisfy yourself with a snippet; this is the age of snippets, and there is no nourishment in them. But if the paper requires you to study a small selected portion of any writer's work, read and study and make notes upon the whole work from which the small selection was made. And read, in connection with it, as much as you can about the life and times of the writer, to help you to understand the influences which were about him when he lived and wrote.

When you have done this (and if you do it thoroughly, it will take some time, some patience), you will have done a small thing only, but one worth the doing. And, as you will be rewarded by no certificate, no misplaced eulogiums, you will be saved the danger into which the average high-school girl rushes blindly, of supposing yourself to be a person of vast information, and the mental superior of every girl who can darn her own stockings, but who cannot work out a problem in Euclid.

Mind, you *may* be her mental superior; but then, again, you may not.

Of course, you will say I want to go back to the good old times, when boys were taught everything, and girls nothing. But I don't. Learn as much as you like, girls; go in for what studies you please, as long as you can keep your balance, and not imagine that the world is moving the faster for the intellectual strides you are making.

Your brothers dilute their studies with cricket, and leave Homer to his repose while they are in the playground. They take their history and their science, their mathematics and their Greek, as a matter of course and it takes a great deal in the way of achievement in any direction to excite anybody's admiration or surprise.

But girls, women, take themselves more seriously. Young-lady students discuss their Xenophon in omnibuses and the Underground Railway, and believe they are making an impression upon their disgusted fellow-travellers. They are clever enough to become qualified medical practitioners, when they found religions without authority on the one hand, and puff the wares of advertising chemists on the other. Or they become "leaders of thought," and are found in the van of every fad.

Understand me, girls. I would not close to a woman a single path of knowledge that has once been opened to her. Why should not a woman be free to do what she is able to do well? Even if it is denied to her to think new thoughts, or to make discoveries, why should she not be a student, a modest worker on lines already laid down, if in such study, such work, she finds her happiness?

When she does this, I have nothing but congratulation, nothing but respect for her.

But when she re-founds an old sect under a new name, and claims to be regarded as a great teacher on the strength of it; when she propounds the astounding doctrine that man is born a vile and evil thing, woman a noble and holy one, and that it is the chief business of the legislature to protect the latter from the former; when she buzzes about from doctrine to doctrine, from religion to religion, till one wishes she would go over to Rome, submit her intellect to her priest, and be quiet; then it is that one heaves a sigh for the times of our pudding-making grandmothers, and asks oneself whether, in denying the gift of a sense of humour, Providence has not made it up to the superior woman by making her a joke in herself.—Your affectionate,

AUNT FAN.

CHOLLY CHUMPLEIGH—I wish you loved me as much as I do you.

Dolly Devilfish—I don't; you kiss me half of the time; just suppose I kissed you the other half, when would we eat?

A WOMAN'S TONGUE.



LITTLE BOY: "Papa, what part of speech is woman?"
 Father: "Woman, my son, is no part of speech; she's all of it."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TIME DRUNKARD.

BY

ARTHUR SPERRY.

Illustrated by HAL HURST.



DEAR MISS HOULTON,
—I scarcely know how to begin writing to you. I feel so sure that I shall be unable to prevent your misunderstanding me, and also that perhaps I deserve to be misunderstood by you, that only the false pluck that comes from desperation en-

ables me to begin. And, now that I have begun, I am at a loss how to go on. When I asked you to marry me, and you told me not to speak of the matter again for a month, I could not help thinking that it was very strange, because you are usually such a straightforward, outspoken girl. I was much hurt, too, by your refusing to even tell me why you said 'No' to my proposal. Then, when I called, you refused to see me, and, on top of it all, three days ago, when I got to the club, Irvine drawled out to me, 'I say, old boy, you know Miss Houlton?'

"I looked at him, wondering what was coming.

"Well," he said, 'the paper here announces her engagement to old Colonel Haynes.'

"Rubbish!" I said. But, when I looked at the paper, I felt as though I were growing twenty years older while I read the paragraph. Irvine saw that something was the matter with me, and as I put the paper down he drawled—

"I say, old boy, you are not interested in that quarter, are you?"

"I could have killed him for the way he said it. I had but one thought—to get away, away from London, where everyone I saw would remind me of you, and of the change that had come over me. It was early, and there was time to catch the mail for Queenstown and the New York boat. You know how alone in the world

I am, and how little any living person cares what I do or where I go. I put a few things in a bag, and caught the boat at Queenstown the next morning.

Two hours after we left Queenstown I saw Colonel Haynes on the promenade deck. His appearance is as striking as mine is commonplace, and it is no wonder that, though we had only met once, I should know him very well, while he entirely failed to remember me. Naturally, I did not care to make myself known to him, but his going away from you at such a time puzzled me. I thought there must be some mistake in what the paper said. Yet it is hardly possible. I don't know what to do. I feel that I shall go mad if I do not write this letter to you. Several times I have been on the point of making myself known to the Colonel and congratulating him on his engagement, but I feel that I should not be able to keep from making a fool of myself while I talked to him. At first I thought I would cable to you from New York as soon as I landed, and ask you to wire me at once whether the report in the paper was correct. But perhaps you would be offended. One cannot say everything in a cablegram. So I have decided to be as patient as I can, and wait for you to answer this by cable. If the report was wrong, and you will let me come back to London and try to tell you how I love you, the one word 'Yes' will mean more to me than all the literature in the world. But please wire me either 'Yes' or 'No' at once. The uncertainty is what I cannot bear. I do not know what I shall do with myself till I have your answer.

"Cable to 'Spencer, F Avenue, New York,' and your message will reach me at the hotel where I shall stop. We will get to New York Friday night or Saturday morning, and this letter will go by the same day's boat, so that you will have it a week later, and I shall expect your answer the same day.

"Be kind to me, Ethel, and end this agony of suspense. Even if you cannot say 'Yes,' wire something, so that I can know my fate. I shall not try now to tell you how much I love you, Ethel. I have tried before, and failed.—Ever yours fondly,

"GERALD SPENCER."

Painful as Spencer had found the uncertainty on shipboard, it was trifling to the suspense that followed his landing in New York. Before he posted the letter—and he did this at once—he had it to think about, to alter, and extend or shorten. But, after it was sent, there was only the dreary wait of a week. He could not interest himself in anything. He walked and drove, but saw nothing of what was about him. He rode from

end to end of New York on the overhead railways over and over again. The impatience that surged about him in the trains suited his mood, and he was more nearly at his ease there than anywhere else.

Spencer passed five days of the week in this feverish way, eating little and sleeping only when he dosed himself with bromide. On Friday morning, when he went to ask at the hotel office if any letters for him had come, he stopped to chat with the pleasant-mannered young fellow in the office.

"You don't seem to be enjoying your visit over-much," the hotel clerk said.

"I am not enjoying it at all," Spencer answered. "I am merely waiting for a very important cablegram, and I cannot get my mind from it long enough to enjoy anything."

"You should go about a little. Have you been down to Coney Island?"

Spencer said that he had no wish to go anywhere. The hotel clerk mentioned some of the points of

"Go down and make a tour of Chinatown—the Chinese quarter, you know," the clerk said. "That will surely interest you. I can get you a young Americanised Chinaman who will act as guide, and you will be sure to enjoy an afternoon in Chinatown with him."

At first Spencer demurred, but changed his mind, and said he would go. He felt that some diversion was absolutely necessary. After luncheon the hotel clerk introduced to him an intelligent-looking, bright-eyed, yellow-skinned young man, well-dressed and gentlemanly, whose slanting eyes alone bespoke the Celestial.

With his guide, Spencer went across town and took an overhead train for Chatham Square, where they got out. A few steps through Pell Street took them into the midst of Chinatown—that weirdest of weird dwelling-places, where the quaintness of the old changeless Chinese civilisation is engrafted on to the modern, ever-changing ways of New York.

Spencer went through it all like a man in a stupor. The tiny dens of the opium "joint" keepers, like toll-



"IT IS THERE, YOU CAN JUST SEE IT."

interest in and about New York, but Spencer shook his head wearily.

houses in their smallness and prettiness; the gambling rooms, where strange games, older than even the lan-

guages of the West, were proceeding—some of them in the midst of ceaseless chatter, others in silence; the grocery shops, where birds' nests and shark's fins were the least strange of the wares displayed for sale; the Chinese printer's establishment, where books and papers were being printed by exactly the same methods the proprietor's ancestors used on the other side of the world before any European nation had even a name—none of the strange things of Chinatown aroused even passing interest in Spencer's troubled mind.

At the Joss House, where an occasional worshipper was burning Joss-paper before the great, grotesque, painted Joss, Spencer was sufficiently interested to ask his guide what it all meant—this solemn worship of a painted thing by grown men.

The guide rapidly outlined some of the oddities of Chinese religion.

"These men you see burning Joss-sticks before the image," he said, "are not seekers of salvation or repentant sinners, as one would expect them to be if they were worshipping in a Christian church. They are simply asking Joss to give them luck in some particular undertaking—gambling, probably."

"And do you believe in that sort of thing?" Spencer asked, as the guide bought a little bundle of Joss-sticks at the counter beside the door from the ante-room through which they had entered.

"I am sure," said the guide, with a smile, "you do not care to have me discuss my religious views with you. It is expected that people who come here will invest something in Joss-sticks."

For a moment the troubled look had gone from Spencer's face, but it returned again as the guide talked. The young Chinaman noticed it, and seemed disappointed.

"I am afraid you do not find Chinatown interesting," he said. "I am sorry, for I had hoped you would be amused."

"You are no more sorry than I am for my indifference," Spencer returned. "At any other time I am sure I should have enjoyed the day very much. But, to tell you the truth, I am not able to interest myself in anything to-day. I am expecting a cablegram that will mean everything to me. It cannot reach me until to-morrow; but, meanwhile, I am almost insane with anxiety. If your Joss, now,"—Spencer looked at his guide with a weak smile—"if your Joss could make it to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the guide lightly, "you are not a Chinaman. But," he went on seriously, after a moment's thought, "I have heard that old Hop Wah, the philosopher, can teach anyone how to kill time—how to annihilate it. He is a strange man, Hop Wah. He will interest you, perhaps, even if he does not teach you how to kill time. Shall we go and see him?"

With the thought that to do so might pass an hour of the time that separated him from the morrow, Spencer assented, and in a few minutes they were in the little waiting-room of the Chinese philosopher's residence. The guide explained in Chinese to the servant who stood by the door to the inner room, that Spencer wished to consult Hop Wah. In a moment the servant returned and motioned that Spencer was to enter the inner room.

"You must go alone," the guide said. "It is a secret, I understand, this time-killing trick. Hop Wah knows English, so you will get on all right. I will wait for you here."

The large, square inner room was brightly lighted by large windows. The floor was covered with skins of all sorts and sizes. There were no chairs, but around the walls there were great wide divans, as large as beds, and between them stood strange-looking cabinets of lacquer. One of the walls was occupied by a cabinet divided into scores of narrow square holes, in each of which was a rolled Chinese rice-paper book.

Hop Wah stood in the centre of the room—a little wiry old Chinaman, whose queue was so long that its end rested on the ground at his heels. His black satin tunic was lavishly ornamented with strange gold and silver embroideries, the richly-worked sleeves falling over his hands and hiding them.

"And what may I have the pleasure of doing for you?" Hop Wah asked, in a pleasant, vigorous voice, that came strangely from so old a man.

The philosopher wore a pair of large, round, tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and through their lenses looked the calmest, most searching pair of eyes Spencer had ever gazed into. Any idea that he was going to enjoy a lark, or be amused, that the Englishman may have had before he looked into those eyes, vanished at once. His mind became serious under their silent mastery.

"I am tortured by uncertainty regarding a matter that is of the greatest possible importance to me," he said. "I expect a message to-morrow or Sunday that will end the uncertainty, but meanwhile the time drags so slowly that I feel as if it were endless. I have been told that you were able to teach people how to make time pass quickly."

"It must be that you are in love," said Hop Wah, with a smile. "Will you sit down?"

"Yes," Spencer answered, simply.

"All I can do," said the philosopher, "is to teach you to deceive yourself. Hypnotism, you call it in English. We Chinese think that what you call a hypnotist does not hypnotise his subject, but merely tells the subject how to hypnotise himself. We will try it if you like. But I must warn you not to do this sort of thing again after to-day. You must not get into the habit of killing time in this way. I should like you to promise this before we go on."

Spencer had become deeply interested. The old man's eyes, with their calm expression of limitless power, fascinated him. If the Chinese philosopher could but hurry the time when a message would come from the woman he loved, he would promise anything.

"Yes, I promise," he said quickly.

"Thank you," said the philosopher. "Listen to me now, please. Keep your eyes fixed steadily on mine. Can you bring yourself to imagine that, stretched straight before you, from between your eyes, is a hair, a single, slender hair? It is there; you can just see it. It is very long, as long as Eternity. It is Time. Yes, you see it now, slender and straight, and endless, as endless as Time. But it is unbroken, and you can follow it with your eye far, very far. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes," answered Spencer, eagerly, so readily had his mind followed the Chinese philosopher.

"Listen to me again. Inside your head is a reel, a tiny little reel, that winds in the thread of time that you see before you. Listen! You can hear the steady, clickety-click-click, clickety-click-click-click, clickety-click-click, clickety-click-click-click, of the mechanism as it draws in the hair. Now it has begun to go faster. Has it not? Listen! 'Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click,' more and more quickly. Is it not so?"

Spencer's face lost its look of anxiety. He smiled. He knew it was all foolishness; yet there was the pleasant sound of perfect mechanism in his head. He lost all sense of the duration of time. The morrow no longer seemed distant. It was rushing along toward him, as the hair wound into his head. It was coming quickly now, very quickly. "Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click!" It was all very vivid to his overwrought brain.

Hop Wah smiled as he saw what was passing through the younger man's mind.

"Yes," he said, "it will be to-morrow very quickly now. You must hurry back to your hotel and have dinner, so that you will be in time for the theatre to-night. You should go to the theatre to-night. You will enjoy it, for you will know that this reel in your head is

going all the time, faster and faster, bringing to-morrow to you. But listen to me a moment longer. Take out your watch, please. Ah, it is a keyless watch. Now, press the spring so that you can turn the hands of the

"Wonderful, wonderful," Spencer answered. "But we must hurry. I want to go to the theatre after dinner, and it must be getting late."

Through the evening the charm lasted, and Spencer's



SOMETIMES THERE WERE TRAINS TO BE WAITED FOR.

watch. Turn them backward, now, backward, backward. There! The sound in your head has stopped, you no longer hear the mechanism. It is going slowly, naturally, so that it makes no sound."

Slowly, scarcely knowing what he was doing, Spencer had taken his watch from his pocket and turned its hands backward, as the philosopher told him to do. The spell was broken. Again time dragged so slowly the morrow seemed an age off. He was angry with himself for having done as the Chinaman told him, and so lost the delightful delusion that had come to his relief.

"Now you are all right, my young friend; you are yourself again," said Hop Wah, pleasantly. "I have shown you how to withdraw yourself from the influence under which I placed you, so now you can kill time until you receive the message that you are expecting, and then you can stop the process. My fee is ten dollars. Thank you. Now, if you will keep your eyes fixed on mine, we will make another start in our fight with time."

Then, with a few words, more quickly and easily, because Spencer's mind was so eager to follow, the Chinese philosopher again conjured up the fancy of the hair and the reel that devoured it, and sent Spencer away with the "clickety-click, clickety-click" of the time wheels in his head.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked the guide, as Spencer came into the ante-room.

spirits rose as he felt the time slipping by. Events seemed to come and go with the rapidity of a hurried dream.

When he awoke the next morning he thought it was very late. His watch, he remembered, would not be right, for he had not set it after turning it backward at the Chinaman's. He wondered if he could stop the time-killer that was ticking away in his head all the time. He turned the hands of his watch backward. Suddenly the sound in his head ceased, and his normal perception of time returned. The fever of impatience again seized him, and he dressed hastily and hurried down to the hotel office to see if Ethel's message had come. It was waiting for him.

"Come. Must explain," the message read simply.

Spencer booked homeward on the steamer sailing the same day, the one he had come over in. During the hours he sat alone with his thoughts, sheltered from the wind on the bench at the back of the engine-room, and watched the tossing waves glide past on either side, he could scarcely realise that anyone so happy as he could have been so miserable as he had been as he sat in that same spot little more than a week before. Now the whole future lay bright and smiling before him. Fate had but one favour, and that he had but to claim. He was happy; and if a thought of the trick the Chinaman had taught him came into his mind, he smiled at the idea that he would ever again be impatient at the slow-

ness with which time passed. That was all over now. He was on his way to the woman he loved, and the time flew with the sparkling wings of happiness.

Once, when the steamer's chaplain came and talked to him, failing to see that Spencer would rather be alone with his thoughts, he tried, as an experiment, to put himself under the influence of the Chinaman's fantasy. The endless hair, the reel in his head, the "clickety-click, clickety-click," all came back to his mind, as vivid as they had been under the old Chinaman's masterful eyes, and shortened his boredom, so that he readily forgave the chaplain. When the dinner call rang through the vessel, Spencer easily freed his mind from the Chinaman's chimera by turning the hands of his watch backward.

Spencer reached London early in the evening, and went at once to Ethel Houlton's home. She had gone to a dance, and left word that he was to follow her. As soon as he could dress, he went, and found that Ethel had refused all invitations to dance in anticipation of his coming. As they sat in the conservatory, she explained matters to him.

Colonel Haynes had been her father's most valued friend, and when Mr. Houlton died four years before, everything except the real estate had been left in the Colonel's hands. Before he died, Ethel's father asked her if she liked Colonel Haynes well enough to marry him. Ethel had known the Colonel all her life, and, after her father, thought him the finest and best gentleman in the world. She mistook her admiration for love, and she told her father that she loved Colonel Haynes. But Mr. Houlton would not allow Ethel to make any promise, except that she would not engage herself to anyone else before she was of age. She went on to tell Spencer how she had become interested in him, and her voice faltered, until Spencer took her hand and kissed it.

"Keep your story till another time, darling," he said. "All I want to know is, that you love me and will marry me."

"But you must listen," she said. "It is so sad. I feel so sorry for the poor Colonel. He invested the money poor papa left in shares or something of the sort that turned out very badly; he is a very poor man of business, and lost it, but he was too easy-going to know what was happening. He signed bills for other people, too, and had to pay them, and then began borrowing money. Everything he had, as well as what papa entrusted to him is gone, and, worst of all, the money-lenders closed in on him. He told me everything, how much he owed and all the rest, and then asked me if I cared enough for him to save him by marrying him. I had never seen you then, and had never thought of marrying anyone else. Of course, I said 'Yes.' A week later I met you, and within a month you asked me to marry you. I hardly knew what to say to you. I loved you, I know that now, and I was within a month of coming of age, and no longer bound by my promise to my father. So I asked you to wait a month for your answer."

"The very next day I told Colonel Haynes all about it. He said the money-lenders were pressing him so closely that his solicitor had thought best to let his engagement be announced in some of the papers. They would wait then and not take proceedings against him, in the hope that they would get more by waiting. Mamma and I offered to lend him what money we could, but he refused to take a penny and told us that he was going to clear out. That is how he happened to be on the steamer with you."

None of this was particularly interesting to Spencer. He wanted to talk of his love, the happiness he felt, and of the future. But Ethel wished to make him understand the reasons for her action. As he listened he could not help wishing that she would finish so that they might talk of other things. Then the thought came to his mind that the finish could easily be hastened.

"Dear me," said the girl, "you are turning your watch back. What do you do that for?"

"The time passes so quickly, now I am with you, my darling," he said. "I was thinking how glad I would be if I could turn the evening back as easily as I can my watch."

"You are a funny boy," she said lightly, more pleased than puzzled.

A few weeks later they were married, and were both very happy. But sometimes there were trains to be waited for during their honeymooning on the Continent, and sometimes there were shopping excursions to the shrines of fashion that the young bride had to undertake. At such times the fantasy of the thread and its reel recurred to the bridegroom's mind, and he found that it never failed to hasten the leaden hours that separated him from his wife.

All things seemed to go well with Spencer. His wife wished him to be a great man as well as a good one, to shine in his reflected glory. To please her he succeeded in winning a seat in Parliament, and Ethel was happy. He succeeded in all he undertook, and there seemed no limit to his possibilities. The great factor in his success was the capacity for hard work. The disagreeable tasks were cheerfully undertaken, and enthusiastically worked through. The Chinese time-killer hastened the heavy hours that he gave to his work, and quickened the coming of his leisure with its pleasures. He was able to sit out the longest speeches in the House, and none of their weak points escaped him. He was often the only member who knew all that had been said during a sitting. He felt no impatience under any circumstances, and was that rare man who was always at his best.

But as he came to resort more and more to the Chinese fantasy to relieve him of what was disagreeable in his busy life, to shorten the time during which his pleasures remained in anticipation, a change came over him. The pleasures no longer being deferred, coming quickly to him at his bidding, their anticipation was brief and free from impatience, and their enjoyment tame, and without the thrill of satisfied longing. The absence of contrast left his life a flat succession of pleasant things that no longer had their full power of pleasing, having little or no foil in the shape of things not pleasant.

One of Spencer's chief delights had been his wife's singing. She was an accomplished musician, and Spencer used to bring home with him all the new music he could find, and spend hours listening to his wife's playing and singing, looking forward to these evenings with his two passions, Ethel and music, as ample rewards for the work and worries of his days. But as he came more and more to shorten the duration of what he did not enjoy, the keenness of his enjoyments failed. His wife's voice was no less musical nor her instrumentation less skilful, but he had made himself deaf to the discords that were needed to accentuate their harmony. Thoughts of the morrow and its bothers used to come to him as he listened. He turned to the things that had before been unpleasant, for relief from the pleasures that palled on him, because they seemed so uninterrupted. The evenings seemed long, and he was impatient for the morrow with its change. To things that had been wearisome he began to look forward for relief from the monotony of pleasure. He no longer resorted to the time-killer to relieve him from drudgery but, unconsciously at first, then systematically, availed himself of it to shorten the hours that were given to pleasures that no longer pleased. He undertook the compilation of vast masses of statistics to satisfy his craving for that which was disagreeable. He only recalled the Chinaman's fantasy now to shorten the duration of the time he, from habit, devoted to enjoyment. He had so effectively shielded himself from the tedium of work and worry, that this very tedium, long drawn out by stopping the time-killer, was his only pleasure.

But by shortening, obliterating his pleasures, Spencer deprived the unpleasant parts of his existence of the contrast that gave them their character, and they no

longer pleased him. He became impatient of both happiness and unhappiness. He found in life no pleasures and no pains. The possibility of being unhappy, and with it the possibility of being happy, were gone

from him. There were neither lights nor shades in his life and it grew unbearable.

They found him one wet night in a first-class compartment, with an ugly black hole in his head.

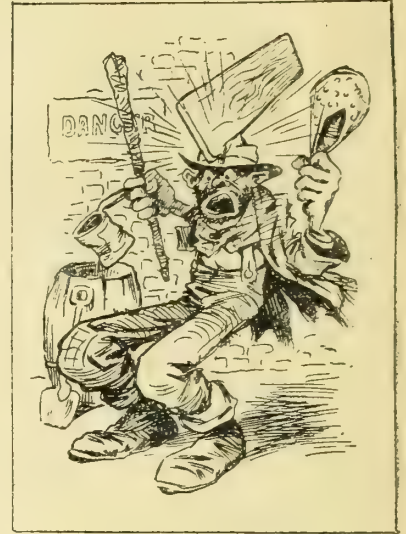
ON 'CHANGE.



Stocks firm.



With baited breath.



Bored to death.

AND NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.



MISS GASHER: "It was very good of you, Mr. Highroller, to name your yacht after me. What is she like?"

Mr. Highroller: "Well, she's not much to look at, dontcherknow, but she's very fast."

JANE HADING AT HOME.

A VISIT TO THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

ONE afternoon we drove out to a delightful little villa, hidden away like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, almost on the edge of the wood, where dwells, as the story-book says, one of the most charming and sympathetic of Frenchwomen—Mdlle. Jane Hading, the actress. In her private life nobody is less of an actress than Mdlle. Hading. Her mother and sister live with her; she receives no one outside of a carefully-chosen little circle of friends, and in her pretty, dainty house there is nothing to suggest the stage. She received us in a sort of conservatory—a cool-looking, restful place, in which the prevailing tone was pale green, with the light that came through the long windows that inclosed one end, falling through curtains of soft India muslin, on which quaint yellow flowers straggled over a white ground. Some palms stood here and there; there was a beautiful piano in light carved wood; there was a writing-table, covered with pretty silver things and an odd blotting-book; there were a few good pictures, and a few rare porcelains, and bits of bric-à-brac; and there was a little English tea-table, at which Mdlle. Hading herself served us tea à l'anglaise. "I've been pouring tea every evening lately in the Princesse de Bagdad," she said, laughingly, "and so I'm in practice." Mdlle. Hading's manner is the perfection of simplicity and grace, and her conversation is brilliant, witty, and sympathetic, without a particle of pose. She said not one word of her profession. We talked of books, of old curiosity shops, of the Salons and pictures in general, and of the United States, which she dearly loves. She showed us the chairs in her dining-room, which she told us were all souvenirs of America—old Chippendale that she had picked up in Philadelphia.

In her drawing-room, on the other side of the hall, are some fine portraits of the mistress of the house, including the celebrated pastel by Rolshoven, one of the best things he has ever done. A beautiful, old-fashioned garden surrounds the place, and, when we came away, Mdlle. Hading gave us each a handful of flowers that she had picked herself, with the quotation from the Princesse de Bagdad: "La plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a." Those were the only words during our entire visit through which we could have told that we were in the presence of one of the greatest artistes on the French stage. But, since then, through friends who have known intimately both the artistic and private sides of Mdlle. Hading's life, I have learned a great deal about her career, which I give you, and which is absolutely accurate. In the first place, Mlle. Jane Hading, the actress, must not be confounded with Mme. Jane Harding, the singer. Jane Hading is a very distinguished woman, whose whole carriage is absolutely dignified and above reproach. Her name, originally Jeanne Hadingue, was anglicised as a "*nom de guerre*" when she went on the stage. She sang first in operetta, then at the Palais Royal, and finally took an engagement at the Gymnase, and married the director, M. Victor Köning. Up to this point, M. Francisque Sarcey's story of her life is true. Here his prejudices, or, rather, his traditions, carry him away. M. Sarcey is a little, fat, round-headed, red-faced, old man, who writes old-fashioned theatrical criticisms for the *Temps*, and considers his main business in life to serve as caryatid to hold up the traditions of the French Conservatoire. Mdlle. Jane Hading has never been to the Conservatoire. Mdlle. Jane Hading may be one of the most original and creative of actresses, but she does not exist for M. Sarcey. I saw him the other evening at the first night of her new play at the Gymnase. He slept through most of it. But, as his mind was probably entirely made up beforehand about the piece and the acting, this was a matter of small consequence, for he had his critique already written in his mind.

Mdlle. Jane Hading has never been through the Conservatoire. Therefore, when differences arose between her and her husband, from M. Sarcey's point of view it was Mdlle. Hading who was in the wrong, while everybody in Paris knows that M. Köning was an impossible sort of person in private life, and that the sympathy of the public was entirely on the side of his wife, who got a divorce and took her maiden name. Köning, as director of a theatre, had the Press with him, and Mdlle. Hading, young and radiantly beautiful, had to begin life over again, entirely unprotected, except by her devoted mother. It was a year before the divorce was finally granted, and during that time M. Köning prevented her from playing on any Paris stage. It was at that time that she made her first visit to America with Coquelin. When she came back, she went to the Vaudeville, and from there to the Français. One does not need to have a very deep knowledge of the green-room life at the Théâtre Français to understand why a woman with such extraordinary beauty and such an unusual amount of talent was not allowed to play there. "My daughter wanted to be an actress while she could act," her mother said to me. Mdlle. Hading quietly told the director that she had entered the Français principally to work, and since she was given so little opportunity of doing that, she preferred to go somewhere where she had more.

There never was a harder student than Mdlle. Hading. She lives simply for her art, which she makes the most exacting of masters. She studies her rôles nearly always from twelve to four in the morning, after she comes home from the theatre and while she is waiting for the excitement of the evening to pass away. She is very fond of Lamartine, and often reads herself to sleep to the music of his verses. She lives the simplest possible life, and shuns notoriety to such an extent that she never drives in the Bois at the fashionable hours, and is never seen at varnishing days nor show-places of any description. She is noted for her beautiful gowns, and while Laferrière makes them, she herself designs them, and half Laferrière's models come from suggestions they have got from Mdlle. Hading. She has a thoroughly refined and delicate nature, and is generous and tender-hearted in the largest sense of the words.

COOKING IN AN ELECTRIC OVEN.

ENGLISH electricians deserve much credit for the practical way in which they have solved many of the problems arising out of developments in electrical cookery. A well-known writer on the chemistry of cookery has given it as his opinion that the perfect arrangement for an oven would be the radiation of its heat from all sides. This is now done in an electric oven which is having a large sale in London. The process is said to produce a cooked meat absolutely wholesome and extremely appetising. There is no combustion whatever in the oven, and the food, being cooked in a pure atmosphere, cannot possibly be tainted. The heat is turned on at any part merely by the movement of a switch. It is produced inside the oven, and it is so conserved that, after the oven is once made hot, what is required to carry on the process is little more than sufficient to make up for slight leakages. The electric oven can be put on the kitchen dresser when needed, and it throws practically neither heat nor smell. Tabulated lists are provided, from which, the weight and description of the joint being given, full instructions are derived as to the time and temperature of the required cooking. Roast mutton takes a temperature of 330 degrees Fahrenheit, beef 340 degrees, and veal 350 degrees; and a heat of 370 degrees is needed to give puff pastry its desirable tint and consistency. The comparative coolness of the outside of the oven is a singular feature. As the chef remarked at a recent dinner, "You could sit down on the oven while you roast inside."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—I am glad you are stationed at dear old Gib. How well I remember it when we were there for a month with Aunt Pen. Where does Will think the regiment will go afterwards?

I am sending you all the fashion plates I can get hold of, as well as patterns of winter coats and capes and costumes. You need not be a bit afraid to choose a woollen crêpon in some of the two-coloured varieties, such as green and violet, green and red, brown and pink, and so on. Old and seasoned as the name of crêpon is, its phases, like those of the moon, are ever fresh and beautiful.

At last I've made my choice of a winter coat. It is a darling, though not excessively wintry. You know, I cannot wear heavy things. The material is a matelassé cloth, very silky in effect. The sleeves are large, but not excessively so. The lining is plain black silk, but very thick and good and lasting. The collar and lapels, the latter high in the neck, showing only a peep of collar, are faced with Persian lamb, the best of its kind. So I think I have done very well with Uncle Jim's five pounds.

Shall I tell you a secret about that? The coat has cost me only the price of the cloth! The silk lining is the skirt of one of mother's good old gowns. The fur is what trimmed a red cloth hussar coat of mine in the old days, when I had a dress allowance of a comfortable figure. Now, do write in your next and tell me how clever you think me. I dearly love to be praised, and people sometimes seem so very grudging of the kindly, appreciative words that are so wonderfully encouraging.

Mother is not. She looked at the smart coat, looked at me, and said, "You would never have found out how clever you are, if we had not been poor."

We had a fleeting glimpse of the Lady Mayoress's lovely dress for the installation banquet, at Messrs.

Russell and Allen's, where the dresses for the great civic ceremony were made. It was made of white satin trimmed with beautiful embroideries of burnished steel. A girdle of the same finished the pretty bodice at the waist. The train was in turquoise velvet, a very bright, soft tone of colour, lined with pale yellow satin and trimmed down the sides with clusters of white ostrich feathers. The white, yellow, and bright pale blue formed a combination worthy of Mr. Augustine Jozre's reputation as an artist in colour-tones. The maids of honour had dresses in satin of the same pale yellow as that which lined their liege lady's train. Groups of yellow roses shaded to pink trimmed them down each side of the front. The bodices were made alike, with a very quaint

and effective little fold beginning at the waist in front and waving itself up in flutes to the right shoulder, where it formed a large, open loop. The sleeves were very pretty indeed, being composed of full frills of white tulle, with roses tucked into the fulness.

Tulle is to be largely worn in evening gowns for girls and young married women this winter. To my thinking, there is nothing prettier. It is a poetic kind of material.

At the theatre the other evening I noticed some most remarkable and eccentric "heads

of hair," to use old nurse's lovely expression. Many of the smart women wore their hair waved loosely over the ears, covering all but the lobes of them, and then drawn back into a small, loose knot behind. Others had entirely covered the ears, a fashion of which we thoroughly disapprove, both mother and I. It derives the face of life and sparkle in a wonderful way. The most accepted fashion seemed to be that of parting the hair down the centre from the crown to the forehead, waving it on either side in large crimps, in a direction parallel with the parting, and then, having drawn it all back and tied it rather loosely, disposing it in small burnished curls and rolls.

By the way, there is an art in making these. When



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the strand of hair for a little rolled curl is combed out straight, it should be ruffled up lightly on the under side with the comb. This makes it look twice as thick as it otherwise would, and the ruffings come out quite easily when gently combed afterwards.

Some girls still perpetrate the atrocity of the "bun" coiffure. Not only was it always ugly and inartistic, looking like a small head added on to a larger one, but it is now old-fashioned and dowdy; and, besides, it does not "go" in the least with the new Paris hats, toques, and bonnets. These are all made for the waved hair low on the ears, and abundantly waved at the sides and back as well. Some of the new toques made for this style have long ears coming well down, and covering the head most becomingly.

Are you not glad that the engagement of Princess Maud of Wales is announced? It will put a stop to all the rumours that have been set afloat during the last few years about the pretty "youngest" of the Heir-Apparent. So bent was everybody on marrying her to somebody, that, after having exhausted the available list, they actually betrothed her to her own uncle. A little study of the Almanach de Gotha would have prevented that small mistake.

I hope you will like the Christmas cards I am sending you and the dear children. You will notice that they are all by Raphael Tuck and C. W. Faulkner and Co. The latter firm have a splendid assortment of cards in black and white. Don't you like them much better than the very gaudy ones? Of course, Raphael Tuck's are always good.

The sable boa sketched shows the latest fashion in this useful little article. Our country readers may be glad of the opportunity of observing its latest development.—Your affectionate

SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

RECHAUFFÉ OF FISH. Allow a perfectly clean frying-pan to become hot over a clear slow fire. Throw in about half an ounce of butter, and, when this has melted, the remains of any cold fish and its accompanying sauce; add pepper and salt sufficient for the seasoning, then cover the frying-pan with a dish. When the fish is quite hot turn it out on the hot dish, and serve on devilled toast.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

A PRETTY sort of affair that Lor' Meer's Show were last week. If yer awsts me, I thinks nutthink on it. I dunno whort it's fur egsep' ter give a lot o' young and inegsperienced coppers a chawnce ter think as they're somebody. Some on 'em must 'a bin brought up from the country, judgin' from the looks on 'em and the wyes of 'em. Ho yess, I was ther. There were a man 'ad brought a bench, near where I were, and 'e were chawgin' sixpence ter stand on thet bench. Just as the show come in sight, e'd gort 'is bench full and all pidge their money.

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Hup comes one o' them coppers, as busy as a bloomin' bee. "Ere," says 'e, "whort's this? Come darn off that bench all the lot of yer." "Why," says they, "whort fur? We've pidge sixpence ter stand 'ere." "Cawnt 'elp it," says 'e, "no stands allard," and 'e fetched 'em all darn so as they never seed thet show and lost their money inter the bawgin. It worn't nutthink ter do with me really. I worn't stannin' on the bench, not bein' one o' them as throws sixpences abart promiscus. But, thinks I ter myself, if that copper wornted thet bench shifted, why couldn't 'e 'ave done it afore anybody 'ad pidge, an' in time fur 'em to git another pidge ter see the show? The onjustice of it struck me ter thet egstent that I up and give thet copper one over 'is 'elmick ter teach 'im ter mind 'isself. Then I did a bunk inter the thick o' the crard. Blimey, 'e looked fur me same as if I were sutthink precious! But 'e didn't git me though.

* * * *

Well, nar, tikin thet show as a 'ole. Theer was bands—they ain't much art of the common. Theer was firemen—yer mye see 'em any dye in the street. One car looked like a frooterer's winder, no better and no wus, and frooterer's winders ain't such a bloomin' merricle thet yer wornt's ter storp the traffic 'awf a dye ter look at one. As fur ornery men mikin' ornery boots, and fur stuffed animiles—which were on tew other cars—I says agin, "Wheer's the treat?" We kin see these things any dye fur less trouble. The on'y thing as was any clauss was the sojers, and theer worn't enough of 'em—I'm pawshal ter sojers. Nar, I've bin told as theer feerly bustin' with money in the City—all them rich comp'nies eatin' of 'ot turtle soup, at a guinea the dollup, art of gold plites. Well let 'em club tergither, an' pull art theer pusses, and give us a show as reely is a show. More 'orses, more sojers, more ev'rythink, and done better. And at the same time let 'em sort those coppers art a bit—they were a foo of 'em as were goin' a shide too strong lawst Sat'dy. Coppers is put 'ere fur us: we aint put 'ere as a kind of amoosement fur the bloomin' coppers. Corntreriwise, if the comp'nies don't keer ter pye fur a show as is wuth seein'—an' I dunno why the Lor' Meer shud stan' it on 's own—let's drop it haltergither. Tike it or leave it. Do the thing respeckerble or don't do it at all. Thinkin' it over, thet's whort I comes to.

* * * *

The prospicks of 'Ankin leavin' this country is gettin more and more distunt. It ain't thet 'e likes this country—'e lites it. 'E says as 'e cud mike a better nyshun art of a bit of chood string. But 'e's goin' to storp, I fancy. 'E's chynge'd 'is point o' voo. 'E says thet when a country's rotten theer's all the more reasing fur a awdunt reverloosherner like 'isself ter storp in it an' put it right. 'Ow 'e's goin' to put it right and when, I ain't suttin at present. I shud think it ain't unlikely as 'e mentioned ter 'is ole missus as 'e thought of emigritin', an' she told 'im ter shut it. Thet wud chynge 'is point o' voo, thet wud. 'E's gort parfil talints, yer know, and 'e did ought ter be in Pawlimunt—no dart of it, but all the same when 'is ole missus tells 'im ter shut it 'e mostly does shut it. O, wummim, wummim! We thinks a deal of arselves, but yer as the ole lot of us on a string.

"OVERHEARD AT A DINNER-TABLE."

Characters: A SMART WOMAN—A DEEP MAN.

S. W. Come, now, I will put you to the test. You say you are a great playgoer, and never miss a new play. Tell me quickly what are the best things to be seen in art at the London theatres to-night? Now don't hesitate—the man who hesitates is lost!

D. M. Somerset's performance of the cross-examined doctor in *Her Advocate*; Miss Rosina Philippi's Madame Vinard in *Trilby*; Charles Wyndham's Man of the World, and the American Girl, by Fay Davis, at the Criterion; the burlesque of Gecko, by Eric Thorne, in the sketch of *Trilby*, by Arthur Roberts and Co.; and, notably, the Professor of Mr. E. S. Willard, and the Pete of Mr. Tyler, in the Scotch Barrie's incomparable stage idyll at the Garrick.

S. W. You wretch, you astound me! You have scarcely mentioned one name of the dozens that people are raving about!

D. M. And which may they be?

S. W. As if you did not know, you very deeply innocent man. Why, look here! I can count them off on my fingers. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet; the Romeo of Mr. Forbes-Robertson; the Svengali of Mr. Beerbohm Tree; the discontented and well-dressed woman, by Miss Mary Moore, at the Criterion; and, you heretic of heretics, the Trilby of Miss Dorothea Baird.

D. M. I will take the last first, if you please. And mark this important fact, not known to you but very familiar to me; the managers are all trying to draw a red herring across the track of the playgoer, and knowing nothing whatever about acting he is conveniently taken in.

S. W. Well, start with Dorothea Baird.

D. M. A charming young lady who has never been taught to act; whose feet are very unnecessarily advertised; who has decidedly more beauty than brains; who has clearly no idea of the effects of hypnotism; who never squirms at the touch of Svengali; who is a funny but not a sentimental actress, and who, to my mind, destroys every trace of romance that Paul Potter of the U.S.A. has preserved from Du Maurier's novel.

S. W. But surely Du Maurier was satisfied with Miss Baird, was he not? Did he not write to the papers and say so?

D. M. Boom! boom! boom! My dear lady, eternal boom! He wrote also to the papers and said he was satisfied with Little Billee, his Hampstead Heath model, who would not be allowed even a small part in the Hampstead Amateur Dramatic Club. But satisfied or not, Little Billee, the artist's model, is to go. It is found that actors and actresses are better appreciated in plays than girls and boys who resemble black and white sketches.

S. W. How intensely interesting! But who is to be the Little Billee?

D. M. Why, young Esmond, of course, an idea! Little Billee; the boy author who played so admirably in *The Masqueraders*, but who made a mess of *Bogey*, because he took a leap off the spring board, and came down—well—not exactly head first in the troubled waters of the drama. No! no! Trilby and Little Billee were herrings deliberately drawn across the path of the playgoer, you take my word for it. They were the first fruits of the booming of the amateur.

S. W. Well, surely Beerbohm Tree is not a herring or an amateur, is he?

D. M. Decidedly not! His Svengali is a fine performance—artistic, as is everything that Tree does, but inclined to exaggeration and caricature. In the book he was a conceivable man, in the play he is a monster. I don't like all those kicks, smacks, and burlesqued gestures. Yes, a fine performance on the whole, but not so good as his Macari. In "Called Back" Tree was in the picture; now he is out of it. Bother those illus-

trations! If it had not been for them we might have had a really good play! They have ruined everything!

S. W. Well, leave Trilby alone now, I am getting somewhat sick of her. As I heard a man say yesterday, whenever the name is mentioned, I begin to grind my teeth, and I feel I am dangerous. Let us go on to dear little Mary Moore at the Criterion.

D. M. Another herring! Don't you know they are making all possible excuses why Mary Moore cannot do justice to herself in the *Squire of Dames*? The plot has been altered, the character has been changed, Carton has departed from Dumas, the necessary difference has affected the great rôle created by Marie Delaporte, and so on.

S. W. Well, what have you to say to that, Mr. Cynic?

D. M. Say! Why, that is all rubbish! The part, as it stands, is a superb one to play—quite good enough for any actress who understands her business. I don't suppose that Miss Granville would turn up her nose at it if it were offered to her. But this, my dear lady, is what managers always do. They cast a part badly, and it is always the fault of the characters or of the authors—never, by any chance, of the actor or the actress. In my humble opinion, Miss Mary Moore and Mr. Bernard Gould, excellent in their own line, are just as out of place in the characters given them as Charles Wyndham and Fay Davis are in their place as the man of the world and the American girl from out West.

S. W. Yes, isn't Charles Wyndham splendid?

D. M. It is the best bit of acting to be seen to night in London of its kind, save and except Charles W. Somerset in the witness box, which is the best thing playgoers have delighted in for years past.

S. W. Come now, I have got you on the hip!

D. M. What do you mean?

S. W. Isn't Fay Davis a novice, an amateur, or whatever you like to call her?

D. M. I believe she has never acted before on any stage. Done nothing but recite American poems on platforms.

S. W. Then why should you be so down on poor Dorothea Baird and Mary Moore, and so enthusiastic about Fay Davis?

D. M. For the simple reason that Fay Davis does not show a trace of inexperience in the part for which she is cast. Now, if she had been allotted the rôle of Trilby, doubtless my opinion would have been different. She was a little nervous at first, and did not let herself go, but I think that scene between Wyndham and Fay Davis, where the proud American girl proposes to the blasé Englishman, is one of the best acted scenes that has been presented in high comedy for some time.

S. W. Why are the critics so down on *L'Ami des Femmes*? Why do they keep on telling us that Dumas' beautiful play failed in Paris in 1864, and ought to fail now on its merits?

D. M. Because the majority of them have no opinions of their own whatever. They take down from the bookshelves a clever but bilious book, by the American critic, Brander Matthews, called "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century," and quote him as an infallible authority, whereas he is a crank. They have not the skill or the experience to point out what an admirable English version Mr. Carton has given us of the French original, and they have not the candour to state that though Paris disliked *L'Ami des Femmes* in 1864, they turned and applauded it in 1894. Thirty years make a little difference in the public opinion. The despised *L'Ami des Femmes* and *La Princesse de Bagdad*, on recent revival, were the greatest successes in all Paris. And we are not so very far off from Paris, are we?

S. W. But why, then, do the critics tell us that Ibsen created the problem play?

D. M. I really cannot be answerable for these

gentlemen of the new school. I daresay they have never heard of *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, a comedy born before its time, but with better work in it than ever came from Scandinavia.

S. W. Do you think that the ordinary paying public care one brass farthing where plays come from, so long as they are interesting, and well acted? It never worries me to know that the *Lady of Lyons*, and *Box and Cox*, and the *Ticket of Leave Man*, and *Camille*, and *Diplomacy*, and the *Squire of Dames* were taken from the French. It does not disturb my happiness in the least, and make me either sick or sorry.

D. M. Of course not! And what is more, nine-tenths of the audience do not know or care who has written the play they are looking at.

S. W. One word. Why on earth is Gilbert so malicious with critics who wrote plays?

D. M. Because he did it himself for many years. As someone has justly said, he criticised others severely, and when he got it a little hot in return, he threatened actions for libel. But, "C'est comme ça que ça va dans ce monde!"

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—This week our attention is focussed on City magnates and other guys, whilst the air is filled with the crackle of fireworks—social and financial. To begin with, Barney Barnato has dined with the outgoing Lord Mayor, and the hosts of Israel, who acclaimed him as the Saviour of the City, the Averter of Crises, the Halyard that Upholds the Boom, the Fundamental and Eternal Bed Rock of Financial Stability.

Within forty-eight hours there was a panic in the City, and a "slump" of colossal dimensions in the Kaffir Circus. This was the unkind commentary of Fate upon the after-dinner eloquence of Sir Joseph Renals.

For the life of me, I cannot see why any particular fuss should be made about Barney Barnato one way or the other. Like Albert Grant, Colonel North, and other conspicuous speculators, he has made a great deal of money. Being a shrewd man rather than a gambler he will probably keep it, or, at any rate, most of it. But he is not infallible, neither is he omnipotent. The collapse of the African gold-mining "boom" commenced some weeks ago. Barney is credited with having spent over £150,000 in trying to stem the tide. But apparently he wasted his money, for the final "bust up" has been worse than anybody ever anticipated. This being so, it is evident that Barney is not so clever as some people imagined, or else that his chivalry exceeds his wisdom, a fact which some day may lead him to ruin himself in pursuit of a sentimental idea.

That he is sensitive, I gather from an interview, in which he is represented as angrily resenting the rumour that credits him with having started life in Africa as a conjurer and acrobat. I don't see why he should mind. A conjurer can extract a plum-pudding from an empty hat. Barney is supposed to have made a fortune out of nothing. An acrobat stands on his head. Barney can hardly take his stand on a more assured foundation. Anyhow, Barney is a member of the Legislative Assembly out at the Cape, which entitles him to put the letters M.L.A. after his name. Some wag probably suggested that they signified "Millionaire, Late Acrobat"—hence the origin of the offending "wheeze."

Barney has, at Spencer House, amongst other interesting things, an exceedingly interesting parrot. Directly you get near it the bird commences to chuckle, and exclaims gaily, "All right, boys, the bank's all right!" Which would seem to show that it is a bull as well as a bird. On a recent occasion, when Barney's latest infant had undergone the formality of its faith, which is equivalent to baptism, the anxious father came home rather

earlier than usual from the City to see how the child was getting on. He was promptly greeted by the parrot with "All right, boys—the boy's all right!" Which was at once a fact, and a splendid tribute to the sympathetic interest taken by the bird in the family affairs of its proprietor.

I presume that you have noticed the withdrawal of Grein from the Independent Theatre, of which I do not expect we shall hear much more in the future. Grein worked hard for it, and wasted on it both time and money. But it was doomed at the start. After the celebrated performance of *Ghosts* at the Royalty Theatre, the metropolitan and provincial Press rang with the Independent Theatre. It was blessed and damned up hill and down dale. If there had been any real interest in it, Grein ought to have got a thousand subscribers in a month. I don't believe he ever got a fourth of that number. Then his supply of plays failed him. He could not secure a monopoly of Ibsen, and the other new realists turned out a sorry lot. Still, the endeavour was remarkable, and had its uses as an object-lesson. It was part and parcel of the Ibsen boom, and died with it. Curiously enough, Mrs. Wright, who was supposed to have been the great artistic discovery of the Independents, has never succeeded in achieving anything away from them.

The Mikado has, you know, been successfully revived at the Savoy, where Gilbert has introduced a controversial "snack" into one of the songs. Originally the Lord High Executioner sang:—

"That curious anomaly, the lady novelist,
She never will be missed!"

And great was the wrath of the ladies. They were, I think, justified in asking why a lady novelist was an anomaly: I can see no earthly reason for the assertion. Now, however, the lines have been changed to—

"That curious anomaly, the Critic-Dramatist,
He never will be missed."

Well, Gilbert ought to know. He was a critic-dramatist himself, and when he gave up the critic part of the business his literary achievements had not been such as to excite any considerable comment on his retirement from journalism. "He never has been missed!"

As you are a member of the Playgoers' Club, I want you to read the *Era* of last Saturday, where you will find a three-column letter from the hon. sec., Percy House. It sets forth the facts concerning certain statements which have recently been made about the Club, calculated to injure its reputation. Members of the Playgoers' Club, like members of every other club, occasionally do indiscreet things; but, because the member of a given club does an indiscreet thing or writes an ill-considered article, it is rather rough on the club as a whole to exclaim: "See how the Club behaves!" or "Look how the Club attacks So-and-so!" If, for some reason of his own, the Prince of Wales refused to visit a particular theatre, you might as well assert that the manager had "quarrelled with the Marlborough Club." The Playgoers' Club, as a body, does hold some rather strong views; but these are not expressed by a few individuals. In the course of certain recent and regrettable events, I am convinced that the voice of the Club has never been heard, except as represented by its Committee when that body disclaimed the connection of the Club in any way with the circumstances to which I allude.

At the same time, the Playgoers' Club holds a position intimately associated with theatrical affairs, of which its members are justly proud. This being so, it perhaps behoves individual members to remember how readily things may be misapprehended and misconstrued in moments of heat and excitement, and that when anything, however trifling, affecting the interests of their Club arises, they should sink their personal feelings or seek more complete freedom by resigning membership.—Your affectionate cousin, RANDOLPH.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

The List of Subscriptions CLOSES on or before Wednesday, November 13th, at 4 p.m. for London, and on Thursday, November 14th, for the country.

'OCTOPUS' LIMITED

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1890.)

CAPITAL £60,000,

Divided into 60,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 10,000 fully paid Shares will be allotted to the Vendor, and 20,000 Shares will be held in reserve.

Issue of 30,000 Shares of £1 each. Payable as follows:—10s. on application, and 10s. on allotment.

NO PROMOTION MONEY HAS BEEN OR WILL BE PAID.

DIRECTORS.

CAPT. AUGUSTUS CHARLES MURRAY, R.N.R., 12, St. Mary's Road, Harlesden, London, N.W.
ALFRED EADE, Esq., "Crowhurst," Worsley Road, Hampstead, N.W. (Director of Messrs. Mather & Crowther, Limited, 10, 11 and 12, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.)
• HENRY DANIEL PECKOVER, Esq. (Managing Director), Russell Mansions, Russell Square, W.C.
* Will join the Board after allotment.

Bankers.—London and County Banking Company, Limited, 109 and 111, New Oxford Street, W.C., and at the Chief Office, 21, Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches

Solicitor.—EDWARD BETTELEY, Esq., 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C. Auditor.—EDWARD MESNARD, Esq., 5, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.
Broker.—HERBERT W. WALMSLEY, Esq., 18, Austin Friars, E.C., and Stock Exchange. Secretary.—Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM BATES (pro tem.).

Registered Offices.—19, 21 and 25, Bury Street, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and extend the business of Manufacturers of the Patent "Octopus" Anti-Incrustators, at present carried on under the style or firm of Langstaffe, Banks and Peckover, the Sole Proprietors, at Nos. 19, 21, and 25, Bury Street, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

The "Octopus" is the subject matter of an invention which, in a very compact and convenient form, collects the "fur" and prevents incrustation, which would otherwise be deposited in kettles, kitchen and other boilers and pipes, and so obviates the injury and consequent expense occasioned by such deposit, and by keeping the boiler pipes free from incrustation, reduces the risk of boiler explosion to a minimum. By its use the inconvenience caused by the necessity of frequent cleaning or scaling of boilers is materially reduced, while in districts where the water is very hard or heavily charged with lime or similar material, the resulting purifying and softening of the water is of great benefit, especially when used for drinking purposes. It is made in various sizes, so as to be adaptable to all requirements.

The "Octopus" is well known to the public, and to ironmongers and similar traders throughout the kingdom, and is considered a great commercial success; and it is believed that with a sufficient working capital the business is capable of very great extension.

Among leading wholesale houses, the following well-known firms are large buyers of the "Octopus"—

Messrs. Benham & Froud, Limited, Chandos Street, W.C.
" Baxendale & Co., Manchester.
" Crowden & Garrod, Southwark Street, S.E.
" Connell, John T., & Co., Glasgow.
" Fordham, W. B. & Sons, Limited, York Road, Kings Cross, N.
" Goodall, H. A. & Co., Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus.
" Harding & Sons, Long Lane, Borough.
" Hudson, R. (Executors of), Manchester.
" Keeves & Son, Shoreditch.
" McLean Bros. & Rigg, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.
" Millard Bros., Houndsditch.
" Osmond & Matthews, Hearn Street, Curtain Road.
" Proctor Bros., Leeds.
" Ramsey, S., & Co., St. John Street, E.C.
" Treiving & Smith, Minories, E.

The patent under which the "Octopus" is manufactured, was granted on the 1st day of June, 1888, to Messrs. John Langstaffe and Henry Daniel Peckover. In addition to the British Patent, the invention was patented in the United States of America on the 30th December, 1890, and in France, on the 23rd November, 1888, and it is proposed to include these, which are believed to be very valuable, together with the Registered Trade Mark, in the sale to the Company.

The validity of the Patent was contested in an action instituted by the Vendor to protect his rights, and on the 27th February, 1893, the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice granted an Injunction restraining the infringement of the Patent. This judgment was, on an appeal by the defendant, confirmed by the unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeal, on the 2nd May, 1893. The validity of the Patent is therefore fully established.

The business will be taken over as a going concern as from the 7th day of November, 1895, from which date the profits will belong to the Company. The Vendor will discharge all outgoings and liabilities down to the 7th day of November, 1895, and will also defray all the preliminary and legal expenses connected with the formation of the Company.

Mr. Henry Daniel Peckover, the Vendor, the sole member of the firm of Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks and Peckover, has agreed to act as Managing Director for three years, so that the Company will have the benefit of his experience and assistance.

As is usual in the case of a patented article, the profits are considerable, the cost of the material and construction being comparatively small. The profits of the business are certified by Mr. Edward Mesnard, Chartered Accountant, to have amounted to £3,523 13s. during the year 1894, and the sum of £3,590 16s. 6d. for the proportion of the year 1895, from 1st January to 7th October, which would at the same rate show a profit for the entire year, 1895, of £4,680 17s. 6d. This rate of profit would produce a substantial surplus after the payment of a Dividend of 10 per cent. on the Shares now offered for subscription. The Accountant's certificate addressed to the Directors is as follows:—

"5, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.,
"October 23rd, 1895.

"To the Directors of 'Octopus,' Limited,

"GENTLEMEN,—

"After a careful audit of the accounts of the business of Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks and Peckover, relating to the 'Octopus' Anti-Incrustator, I am able to certify that the net profits thereof for the twelve months ending December 31st, 1894, were £3,523 13s., and for the period from that date to October 7th, 1895, were £3,590 16s. 6d.

"Yours faithfully,

"Edward Mesnard, Chartered Accountant."

By virtue of two Agreements, dated 6th March, 1894, and 31st December, 1894, the well-known Company, Messrs. W. B. Fordham and Sons, Limited, Merchants and Manufacturers, of York Road, King's Cross, N., were appointed the sole selling agents of the "Octopus" for the United Kingdom, for a term which expires on 31st December, 1895.

The Vendor has also sold another patented article called the "Patent Sanitary Sink Basket," which is well known to the public and the ironmongery trade, which was patented on June 3rd, 1891, and the Company

will have the option of acquiring this patent within three months from the registration of the Company, for the nominal sum of £2,500.

The premises Nos. 19, 21, and 25, Bury Street, where the business is carried on, and the "Octopus" manufactured, are well adapted alike in position and arrangement for the purposes of the Company. They are held under leases for terms of 21 years, determinable at lessee's option at the dates therein mentioned, and the Vendor will, subject to his obtaining the lessor's license to do so, assign the said leases to the Company.

The Purchase-price for the British, French, and American Patents, together with the Registered Trade Mark and the Goodwill, Stock-in-trade, Book-debts, Tools, Fixtures, Fittings, and Furniture, has been fixed by the Vendor at £16,500 in cash, and £10,000 in fully-paid Shares, thus providing £13,500 for Working Capital, and leaving 20,000 Shares in reserve for future issue if required. The Contract of Sale is dated 8th of November, 1895, and made between the Vendor, of the one part, and this Company of the other part.

The business will be taken over subject to the above-mentioned, and all other existing contracts. Such other contracts are believed to be solely of the ordinary trade character, but including, as they do, numerous contracts with employés, agents, customers, and others, cannot be specified, and there are or may be also other contracts which may technically fall within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares will be deemed to have had notice of all these contracts, and to have waived their right to be supplied with particulars of such contracts or any of them, whether under the said section or otherwise. Copies of the Contract and the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the Agreements with Messrs. W. B. Fordham and Sons, Limited, and any account or note of the said proceedings in the High Court and Court of Appeal, with a copy of the said Specification for the said Patent, may be inspected at the offices of the Company's solicitor.

The "Octopus" Anti-Incrustators may be seen at the following addresses, where specimens before and after use are being specially exhibited at the present time:

In the Show-room of Messrs. Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, E.C.; in the Show-room (Ironmongery Dept.), Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, Tottenham Court Road; in the Show-room (Ironmongery Dept.), Messrs. J. Shoolbred and Co., Tottenham Court Road.

A whole window display is now being made by the following firms:—

Messrs. R. H. and J. Pearson, Limited, Ironmongers, Notting Hill Gate, W.;
Mr. G. Clarke, Ironmonger, 1, Coburg Place, Bayswater, W.;
Messrs. Harrod's Stores, Limited, Brompton Road, S.W.;
Messrs. John Barker and Co., Limited, Kensington, W.;
The Kensington Stores, Limited, Hanover Street, W.;
Messrs. J. R. Roberts, Limited, Broadway, Stratford, E.;
Messrs. Jones Bros., Holloway, N.
Mr. F. Passmore, 125, Cheapside, E.C.;
And at 19, 21, and 25, Bury Street, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.
Special displays are also being made by leading Ironmongers in—

Birmingham,	Edinburgh,	Newcastle-on-	Bournemouth,
Manchester,	Dublin,	Tyne,	Poynmouth,
Liverpool,	Belfast,	Bristol,	Brighton,
Glasgow,	Leeds,	Bath,	Dover.

And in many other places.

The "Octopus" is regularly exhibited in the windows of all leading Ironmongers.

Applications for Shares should be sent to the Company's Bankers, Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the remaining payments. The failure to pay any future instalment on Shares allotted when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers, or at the Offices of the Company.

London, November 9th, 1895.

Further particulars of the Manufacturers' Testimonials from all parts, and a list of several thousand traders stocking and selling the "Octopus," and the Patent "Sanitary Sink Basket," are included with each Prospectus.

TESTIMONIAL.

From Messrs. J. and H. Nevill, Nevill's Turkish Baths, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross,
October 18th, 1895.

Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks, and Peckover.

Gentlemen,—We have sent you this day an Anti-Incrustator which has just been removed from one of our hot-water tanks. It now weighs, we find, 15 lb., so must have collected over 14 lb. of "fur," which but for it would have become incrustated on the sides of tank and the pipes connected thereto. We might also say, we have used your Anti-Incrustator in our boiler and connecting tanks for some years, and have formed the very highest opinion of them. The amount they have saved us in fuel and wear and tear of boilers and pipes it is not possible to estimate, but must amount to a considerable sum, besides rendering the periodical "clean out" to be taken at longer intervals than would have been possible without their use.

Yours faithfully,
J. and H. NEVILL

IN THE CITY.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

SINCE our last issue there has been continuous shrinkage in the value of Stock Exchange securities, and on Saturday there was something like a panic in the mining market. Shares were practically unsaleable. The fall in prices may be gathered from the effect of the panic upon the following representative shares:—

	Nov. 4.	Nov. 11.	Fall.
Jubilee	9	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
New Primrose	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Nigel	6	4 $\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$
Rand Mines	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	27 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wolhata	10	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Johannesburg Cons. Invest.	4 $\frac{7}{8}$	3 $\frac{7}{8}$	1
Chartered B. S. A.	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Associated G. M.	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Black Flags	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
Hampton Lass	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
London and W. A. Expl. ...	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	5	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
W. A. Gold Fields	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	5 $\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$

West Australians, which are represented in the second division, have resisted the panic better than South Africans, but even here there have been heavy shrinkages. Nor are they confined to mining shares. If we take prices on October 1 and compare them with quotations at the close of last week, we find the following shrinkages in representative stocks:—

Stock.	Fall.	Stock.	Fall.
Consols	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	Caledonian Deferred	6
Indian Threes	4 $\frac{1}{8}$	Midlands	6 $\frac{3}{4}$
Argentine Funding	6	North-Easterns	7
Brazilians	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	Brighton "A"	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mexican Sixes	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	Dover "A"	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Peru Debentures	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	Denver Preferred	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Uruguays	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	Milwaukeees	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Egyptian Unified	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	Louisvilles	12 $\frac{5}{8}$
Italians	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	New York Centrals	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ottoman Banks	9	Canadian Pacifics	9
Rio Tintos	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	Trunk Guaranteed	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
Spanish	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	Central Argentines	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Turkish Conversion	5	Mexican Railway 1st	5

There does not seem to be any sufficient ground for the "slump." The Paris Settlement was got over with less difficulty than was expected; and though the outlook in the East gives cause for concern, Lord Salisbury assures us that the Powers are working in concert, and whilst that is the case peace is not endangered. Probably before these lines are seen there will be some recovery in prices, though it is not likely to be considerable. We hope our readers will not sacrifice their holdings by selling at present prices.

THE BARNATO BANQUET.

It is related in Holy Writ that a certain man made a great supper and bade many, and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden—Come, for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

The parable of the marriage feast must have been recalled to the late Lord Mayor when he contrasted his invitations to the banquet that was to do honour to Mr. Barney Barnato with the acceptances. Here is the letter in which Sir Joseph Renals, acting as Lord Mayor, invited the leading men of the City to honour his friend:—

I am anxious to felicitate Mr. B. I. Barnato upon his recent courageous, honourable, and successful efforts to avert what threatened to be a serious financial crisis, and in order worthily to do so, I am inviting a few leading citizens and members of the banking and mercantile community to meet him at dinner at the Mansion House on Thursday evening next, at a quarter to eight for eight o'clock. I should much like you to honour me with your company on the occasion.

And how did the "leading citizens" respond? Even as the men invited to the marriage feast. All with one consent began to make excuse. Sir Albert Rollit was indeed there, and a Radical knight who has made money in the North, and Mr. Meyer, and one or two others of respectable commercial standing; but the rest—well, the rest represented a good many things, but they have as much claim to be considered "leading citizens" of London as Mr. Barney Barnato to honour at their hands.

Let us take note of one or two of these worthies. There were

Messrs. Rantzen and Schwabe, the first a brother-in-law of Mr. Barnato, and both at one time engaged—in a way—in the diamond trade. They took the risk—and others took the profit. Then there was a nephew, Mr. J. Joel, and a brother, the leger-demain man, Henry Barnato. We must not omit Isaac Lewis, sometime glazier of Kimberley, now millionaire. And an Admiral was landed in the person of Admiral Macdonald, whose son was Mr. Barnato's secretary. Nor must we forget Mr. John Stroyan—honest John, as he is called—who has the credit of being the only man who ever got the better of the guest of the evening. They were partners in the Eagle Company business. Some of our readers will remember that Promotion, with the exhibits of gold in tin cases, and the trouble that came of it. Not long ago there was a big deal in Largaate Royals between Stroyan and Barnato, when the former sold some 40,000 Shares at £3 10s. "Slippery Jack," too, was at the banquet, and others like him. But as for the "leading citizens"—!

The speech in which Sir Joseph Renals proposed the health of the guest of the evening was worthy of the man who made it. It was sickening in its fulsome adulation. We cull a sentence or two from it:

Gentlemen, it is not only because of his truly British part—and knowing something of the City I say of the truly British part—that Mr. Barnato has played in the City forming the last link in a continuity of incidents in his useful life, not only here, but in South Africa, that I consider it was the duty and the privilege not only of Joseph Renals but the Lord Mayor to invite him here to-night. And, Mr. Barnato, remember these are not vain words, nor words of the Lord Mayor only, but also of Joseph Renals, when I declare with all sincerity and honesty I congratulate you on your most successful career.

Pheugh! When fifteen months ago we opposed, and nearly prevented, Sir Joseph Renals's election as Lord Mayor we did not think he would stoop quite as low as that. Lower he could hardly go.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.

ON Wednesday last a meeting was held at this office, at which Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gamage were present, for the purpose of settling the conditions under which the proposed trial of the Lever Chain shall be made. What happened at the meeting will be gathered from the following extract from the report of it taken from the *Sportsman* of November 7th:—

The principal point at issue was as to whether the series of races (six in number, and ranging from one mile to 24 hours), should be merely a question of man against man, or man (with pacemakers) against the watch. Other matters were satisfactorily arranged, and with the exception of this one question, as to whether the match shall be solely against the watch or man against man, the "trial" may be considered as good as decided upon. It will take place before Christmas. It was arranged, owing to the improbability of the N.C.U. granting a special permit for the meeting of amateurs in an event wherein a "staked bet" is at issue, that the machine, on each side, shall be ridden by professionals.

We have to-day (Monday) received from Mr. Gamage copy of a letter he has addressed to Mr. Simpson, and which runs:—

Having fully considered the point left over from the meeting on Wednesday last, I have definitely decided to adhere to your first challenge, for a series of "Races," and cannot accept your subsequent alteration to "Time Tests." As already stated, I am willing to conclude the arrangements on the original basis.

Experts of acknowledged authority inform us that the Time Test is the better, if the one object is to ascertain the value of the chain; but it will be for Mr. Simpson to decide whether he will insist upon it. The letter of the challenge supports Mr. Gamage's reference to it.

A DUBLIN SYNDICATE.

WE mentioned last week that Mr. O'Driscoll will be one of the principal shareholders in the company Mr. Timothy Healy is forming for the purpose of running a daily paper in Dublin. We have since heard that some of Mr. O'Driscoll's political opponents are saying that he behaved very scurvily, and even dishonestly, towards the men on whose behalf he went out to Australia last year, and as there is no truth whatever in the allegation it may be as well to give the facts.

In the course of last year a syndicate of some four or five Dublin men was formed for the purpose of prospecting in Western Australia. About £600 was subscribed, and Mr. O'Driscoll was sent out to see what could be done in the way of getting claims that could be sold to companies on this side. Months passed and the members of the Syndicate at home heard nothing, or next to nothing, from Mr. O'Driscoll. At last, however, he telegraphed to them to say that he had had the offer of a very valuable option, but that if it was to be secured he must have £500 by wire. The Syndicate met to consider the message, and after a good deal of discussion it was decided not to send the money, and Mr.

O'Driscoll was so informed by wire. Thereupon he wired to his friend, Mr. Chance, who got him the £500, which secured the claims that were the basis of the fortune that he and Mr. Chance have since made from their West Australian dealings.

When the Syndicate found that they had made a huge mistake in not sending the money asked for some of them said nasty things about Mr. O'Driscoll, and charged him with not acting straight in his relations with the Syndicate. In course of time the quarrel was submitted to a sort of Court of Honour, with the result that Mr. O'Driscoll was completely vindicated, and the members of the Syndicate frankly admitted that they had done him injustice.

THE JEWELLERS AND "TO-DAY."

The Hon. Secretary of this association, Mr. Thomas Field, writes to us under date November 5, as follows:—

I am desired by the executive to forward to you the enclosed resolution, passed at the annual general meeting of the National Retail Jewellers' Association, held at St. James' Hotel, Derby, on Thursday, October 31st, 1895, and trust the same will meet with your approval.

The resolution referred to is as below:—

That this the annual general meeting of the National Retail Jewellers' Association accords its best thanks to Jerome K. Jerome, Esq., Editor of TO-DAY, for the cordial and valuable assistance given to this Association by exposing the ways of tallymen and watch-club agencies.

We are glad to know that in the opinion of the Association we have been of some service to the very important trade it represents.

A VANISHING REPUTATION.

The Primitiva meeting held on Wednesday at Liverpool can have been satisfactory to nobody concerned in it. The shareholders did their duty in refusing to proceed without the report and accounts, and that was the only satisfactory feature of the meeting. For the rest the Primitiva record is worthy to rank with the Londonderry.

Some six years ago the shares of the Primitiva Company were selling at £36, and Colonel North was telling his friends that they would be cheap at £40. They are now hardly saleable at 5s. There had been a dividend of 80 per cent., and since then there has been nothing. Why? It is a question that has never been answered.

We do not hesitate to say that Colonel North is responsible for a series of statements about this company of a grossly misleading character; and now that the glamour of success is wearing off, and the responsibility for these statements is coming home to him, he tries to "bluff it out," as he did with the Londonderry. He was asked on Wednesday a very proper question as to the reserve, the Reserve Fund of £40,000. And what was his answer? "He did not know; he had not got it." A pretty answer for the chairman of a company to make! If Colonel North does not know what has become of this Reserve Fund he cannot be taught too soon that mere repudiation of responsibility does not relieve him of it.

Colonel North did not know, but another director, Mr. Lockett, said that it was invested in machinery, stores, etc. If that be so, what has become of the £30,000 got from the sale of half the machinery of the company to the Lagunas Company? Again, what about Colonel North's statement, made in the days of prosperity, that the grounds would last out the lifetime of the youngest man in the room? At that time the company was producing about three million quintals per annum. But on Wednesday Colonel North read a cablegram to the effect that there are only eight million quintals of nitrate left in the grounds. How is the discrepancy explained?

It is to be hoped that these, and many similar questions, will be answered at the adjourned meeting. Colonel North is fond of talking about his reputation, but Primitiva upon Londonderry!—it looks very much as if this reputation will have been mightily shorn when these two accounts are closed.

WATER TRAMS.

We think shareholders of the London Tramways Company would do well to veto the proposed scheme for running a Thames Steamboat service. A sufficient objection to this very risky new departure is that the time is approaching when the London County Council may exercise its power of pre-emption. But, apart from that, the scheme is of a highly speculative character. We are all agreed that the Thames River Steamboat service has been very poor. Most of us are acquainted with the Clyde service, and many of us know that of the Hudson and the Seine. But because the Scotch, and the French, and the American Services pay it does not follow that a Thames River Service, however efficiently managed, would give

dividends to the shareholders of a company that worked it. We think such profitable working extremely doubtful, but be that as it may it is not, in our judgment, an enterprise fitting to a Tramway Company, and a Tramway Company with only a few years to live.

NEW ISSUES.

Octopus, Limited. Capital £60,000 in £1 shares.—Formed to acquire the business of the manufacturers of the patent "Octopus" Anti-Incrustators, carried on by Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks and Peckover. The profits of the business for 1894 are certified by Mr. E. Mesnard to have amounted to £3,523, and for the current year they have been—taking the period up to October 7th—at the rate of £4,681. The purchase price for the British, French and American patents, with goodwill, stock-in-trade, book debts, etc., has been fixed at £16,500 in cash and £10,000 in fully-paid shares, which leaves £13,500 for working capital, and 20,000 shares in reserve for future issue. The present issue is of 30,000 shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Ebbw Vale Shares. COMET (Middlesbrough).—1. We do not think so. 2. The recommendations of the print you send us are quite untrustworthy. **Moore and Burgess.** SHAREHOLDER (Bath).—Hold. At present you could only get a very small price, and there is every reason to believe that the shares will improve considerably in value. As we said two or three weeks ago, the show has been making money for some months past, both in London and the country, and though there is much lee-way to make up, the outlook under the present able management, is much more hopeful. **F. K. T. (Whitehaven).**—Noted, but if you gave 2s. 6d.; you might have got them somewhat cheaper. **Sundry Shares.** SLATE. (Pontypridd).—1. No. 2. We know nothing about it. 3. No. (4) West Australian Gold Fields. (5) Yes. (6) Outsiders of no standing. (7) No. **London Pavilion.** W. S. (Nottingham).—(1) There is not much to complain of. (2) We don't much like them, but you will probably find it to your advantage to hold for a time. **Power of Attorney.** E. T. R. (Lee).—Pay the 14s., and have done with it. **Salt Union Ordinary.** HARPURHEY (Manchester).—(1) We should prefer another investment. (2) The Brewery shares are worth their price. **Rand Roodeport.** COAL (Newport).—Better hold for the time. **Willoughby Cons. Co. MAYO (Swindon).**—No. **J. Gray and Co's Preference.** W. D. (Glasgow).—We do not know them. **Two Mining Shares.** G. A. L. (Fishguard). Yes; you had better hold them for the present. **Sundry Shares.** CONSTANT READER (Cardiff).—We must apologise for not answering your earlier question. The present is not a good time to sell any of the shares you hold, and you could not get the prices you mention at the moment. When things mend again we should sell all except the Black Flags and West Australian Gold Fields, both of which are good to hold. **The Metropolitan and Provincial Direct Fish Supply Association, Limited.** H. S. J. H. We fear there is no chance of your getting back any of your money. **Four Shares.** S. W. (Dundee).—They are all very speculative, and we cannot advise you to purchase any. **Balkis Esterling.** F. J. L. (Hastings).—No, we have no objection to your reminding us of the opinion we gave early in the year, but we do object to the underlying insinuation. For once in a way we were mistaken. We do not pretend to be infallible. **Great Eastern Ordinary.** F. K. (Ludlow).—It would be a rather small sum to put into railway stock. **Five Shares.** J. McD. (Glasgow).—You will have to hold them for some time if you are to get out without loss but you had better hold them, anyway, for the present. **Tanqueray Portrait Company.** G. S. (New, Wandsworth). We know of no way. You were foolish to have anything to do with them. **Imperial Western Australian Corporation.** E. B. (Birmingham).—Upon the facts, so far as they are known to us, your complaint is just. There is legitimate ground for exception to the method of allotment, and this experience affords fresh proof, if that were needed, that the law should require allotments to be *pro rata*. We agree, too, that shareholders who wished to pay up in full should have been allowed to do so. **The Joint Stock Issuing Expenses Syndicate.** J. E. (Amble).—The waste-paper basket is the proper place for the papers you send us. Several of our contemporaries have referred to this syndicate, and given the necessary words of warning. The letter you send us from the Walbrook people should also go into the fire. **Ottoman Bonds.** RECENT READER (Windsor).—You can get them at the current market rate from Messrs. Gerald, Quin, and Co., 29, Royal Exchange, E.C. You will pay about thirty per cent. more for them if you go to Cunliffe, Russell and Co. **Reading Biscuit Firm.** C. A. J. S. (Leighton Buzzard).—It is impossible for us to answer your question unless you give us the proper name of the firm. **Two Mining Shares.** J. L. S. (Aldgate).—Such shares are much too risky. Look at home for some sound industrial undertaking. **North of England Assets, Limited.** J. J. W. (Keswick).—Hardly. **Touting Circular.** J. S. (Rotheray).—We are obliged to you for the papers. They are very misleading and worthless.

INSURANCE.

THE NATIONAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY have issued a prospectus for the insurance of women. It is no doubt worth the attention of women, but it seems to us that women must, if women are to know and comprehend the system, be the instruments for its propagation.

CAREFUL.—We are not prepared to recommend it.

J. J. R.—Taking all things into account there is not much difference, both being excellent offices. We cannot say more of the special system than is contained on the prospectus, a copy of which you should write to the office for.

J. SMITH.—The office you are assured in is a office splendid in all respects.

A. L. (Glasgow). Have not the attacks you refer to been made chiefly upon an institution of similar name, but of a very dissimilar description. No serious attacks have been made upon the company you are assured in. You may dismiss all fears from your mind, for it is quite sound. Allow the policy to come to maturity. And when it matures invest the sum assured in its annuities, if at that time they would serve your purpose best.

F. J. B.—You do not mention in your letter the name of any company. The company whose prospectus happens to be with your letter at the time of answering is perfectly trustworthy.

R. H. P.—See our issue of last week.

H. F. T.—One of the very best. We do not know that it is behind the Scottish Company in its return to policy holders.

NORTH COUNTRY.—1. The company you inquire about is quite sound, and its conditions are fair, but it is not so good and profitable to policy holders as the one you are already assured in. The expenses of the former are high, but those of the latter company are small. 2. No. 3, Circus Place, E.C.

A. E.—One of the best. It is hardly possible for you to join a better.

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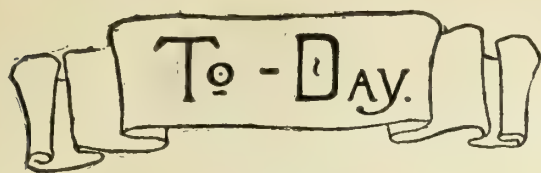
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

THE biggest wars of the last three centuries have generally been heralded into Europe by the trumpets of peace, and there would be nothing surprising should the present concert of the six powers with regard to Turkey have for its *finale* the thunder of the guns. Every nation has made up its mind that the time has come for Turkey to go. Liberals and Conservatives, Socialists and Monarchists in every state—the whole chorus of civilisation—speaks as with one voice. For the last hundred years Turkey has cursed Europe merely to please England. It has been the opinion of our statesmen that our road to the East depended upon the continuation of this European plague spot, but with the pushing forward of the Slavonic groups in South-East Europe towards nationdom, a Mahomedan buffer between us and Russia is no longer needed, and never again will British steel be employed to galvanise into mischievous activity this carcase of decaying evil.

BUT it is one thing to be in agreement as to the eviction of an owner, and another to settle amicably the division of the property. Turkish power will disappear without the firing of a rifle, but the real crisis will not begin until her feet have passed out of Europe. All matters may be settled amicably round a table in Vienna or Berlin, and the agreement come to may last, but, if so, human nature has undergone a radical change within the last century. No lasting settlement of human affairs has ever yet been achieved without the assistance of the sword, and the probabilities are that the withdrawal of Turkey from Europe will be followed by the rushing in of war. So far as England is concerned, I entertain the heretical opinion that a stirring of its soul by the long dead music of the drum would not be an unmixed evil. "Give peace in our time, O Lord" is a very popular prayer, but it comes from the heart of a tradesman. What is good in man, what is generous, what is self-sacrificing, what is noble, what is great, springs from the fighting instinct.

It may have been a mistake of the Creator's to fashion us after this method. By doing so He has brought Himself under the censure of innumerable peace

societies and exposed Himself to the fulminations of most pulpits throughout civilisation; but the thing has been done, and that is how we are made. Too long a peace breeds the decay of national ideals, of national ambition. To what a pass it has brought England one may show by passing notice of the fact that at the present moment its chief hero is Barney Barnato. In times of peace a nation comes, as a well-fed citizen, to think merely of its stomach. Trade, which, after all said and done, is merely the business of filling and refilling our bellies—becomes glorified into the chief aim of man's existence. But man, we are told, was not meant to live by bread alone. There are appetites within him that Trade -- even when it has spelt Commerce with a capital C.—is unable to satisfy. The fighting instinct, so far as the body of a man is concerned, is his curse. It brings him sorrow and hurt. It lays waste his fields, it closes his stock exchanges. It brings him starvation, and misery and death. But it is the part of him that makes him different from the beasts of the field. What is great, what is eternal in mankind is fed by it. His hopes, his ideals, his enthusiasms, gain no strength from the soft air of peace.

THE Forest of Dean tragedy affords another example, if more were needed, of the class of men that professionalism has introduced into English sport. The two men who were charged with the brutal murder of a policeman and the vital injury of another man were both members of the Whitecroft football team. They played Blakeney team on Saturday afternoon, and must have gone almost straight from the ground to their poaching expedition. If sport has any serious purpose it is to teach men self-control, good nature, and good citizenship. When you begin to pay a man to play a rough game you introduce the gladiatorial spirit. The better class players are being slowly driven out of the football field by the introduction of hired roughs, who are paid to afford excitement to a brutalised mob of spectators. A vicious scrimmage is what a modern football crowd asks for its money, and unless one or two of the players are injured in the course of the game it feels that it has been defrauded. Men who will serve the spectators on such terms and understanding cannot be expected to be of a very nice class. In Lancashire the other day one of them was summoned for gross brutality to his wife. A few hours' unhealthy excitement may be afforded to the onlookers by the new football, but all that is best about the game is being killed.

At Newcastle they understand how to treat brutes. A man named Harkus was charged with brutally kicking his children. Both boys were one mass of bruises. The Chairman, Mr. John Philipson, sentenced him to six months' hard labour. The sentence created a sensation in court, I am told, which shows how little used a police-court audience is to justice. Upon the other side we have the case of the cruel driving to death of a gallant little pony by William Wooding, master builder, and Thomas Haines, master builder, both of Derby. Both deserved the cat. They were merely fined five pounds each. Before Messrs. William Jackson, J. Elliott Colonel Stitt, and J. Hoyce, at Birkenhead, a savage carter was proved to have flogged a mare until the skin was cut through and she was bleeding. These magistrates disgraced themselves and showed their love

of cruelty by cheerfully letting the man off with a five-shilling fine. By Messrs. E. H. Harrison, Edward Evans, and Alderman George B. Crow, of Hoylake, various cases of cruelty to horses were met with fines of half-a-crown and five shillings. The magistrates in the Birkenhead district seem to take a pleasure in bringing the law and themselves into utter contempt. It seems that they are indignant at cruelty cases being brought before them at all.

At the Leicester Police-Court, before the Mayor (G. Green), T. Canner, A. Else, J. Stafford, T. F. Johnson, C. Crossley, A. Baines, and C. H. Marriott, two lads were charged with horrible cruelty to a younger boy. With the help of others they held him down to a bench, injured him in a shocking and disgusting manner, and then, heating an iron, branded him in four places. Terrible wounds were the result, and the boy could not get his clothes on for a fortnight. The Mayor, who seems to be one of the biggest fools on the Bench—and that is saying a good deal—inflicted a paltry sentence of twenty-one days' hard labour. The same Bench, a very little while ago, sentenced a man to penal servitude for ten years for loitering about a railway station with supposed intent to pick pockets! A stipendiary is certainly needed in Leicester.

At the Middlesborough Police-Court Richard Huskenns, coal dealer, was charged with working a horse, knowing it to be full of sores. He was fined ten shillings. Men of the Huskenns type buy worn-out old horses for a song and deliberately work them to death. At the Moot Hall Police-Court, Robert Woodhouse, for thrashing a horse until it bled, was fined a shilling; and Charles Turnbull, for cruelty to a horse, was also fined a shilling. I should like to know who is the magistrate at Moot Hall Police-Court. These two cases are reported in the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

BEFORE Alderman E. Hallam (in the chair), the ex-Mayor (Councillor J. Turner), Mr. C. Earnshaw, and Mr. Nelstrop, at the Stockborough Police-Court, a carman named Booth was charged with gross cruelty to a horse. The animal had to be subsequently killed. Booth had been fined before for a similar offence. A fine of five shillings was inflicted, the announcement of which was received with a murmur of indignation in the court. It is no use saying that Alderman Hallam and the rest of his gang ought to be thoroughly well ashamed of themselves, because such men have not sufficient intelligence to know what shame means. At Gainsborough, before Messrs. F. Gamble and James Marshall, a man was charged with brutal assault upon his wife. The Bench also considered that he was indirectly responsible for the death of his child. As a mark of their displeasure, they bound him over in the sum of ten pounds to keep the peace!

I PROMISED to keep my teetotal friends informed concerning the career of that prop and mainstay of the temperance party, Mr. William Gentle Huckle, of Exeter and Liverpool. Mr. William Gentle Huckle was a gentleman employed by the teetotal party to spy upon publicans. His duty was to go into bar parlours disguised, and to see if he could not discover something which might be used as an excuse to deprive the publican of his living. Mr. William Gentle Huckle did good

service for his party. It was really terrible the wickedness that he saw going on around him. Of this wickedness he made notes in a neat little notebook, and licensing boards listened with respectful attention to his evidence; and the friends of Mr. Caine and Lady Henry Somerset would shake him warmly by the hand, and thank him for his assistance in the good cause—and pay him his little account! He was a good, prayerful man, Mr. Gentle Huckle, and the sins of common-worldly drinkers grieved him. At Exeter he would spy into people's houses through the windows, and when he saw them drinking a glass of beer, he would denounce them publicly.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. William Gentle Huckle was indicted for publishing a false and scandalous libel concerning a widow woman living in Manchester. The case was adjourned, and bail was allowed. Upon the adjourned hearing at the Manchester Assizes the other day, William Gentle Huckle was not to be found. The counsel for the police "understood that Huckle had absconded." The recognisances were estreated, and a warrant was issued for the apprehension of Huckle. I take some pleasure in referring to the case as the man Huckle was a type that figured prominently in the long teetotal campaign that happily collapsed some six months ago. The most prominent plank in the teetotal crusade was not persuasion, but persecution. A jesuitical conviction ran among them that the end justified any and every means. There is not the slightest doubt that, even among the worthiest of the fanatics, deliberate false statement, exaggeration, and invention was used to bolster up the cause. To bear false witness in the cause of teetotalism was considered by these folk more meritorious than the speaking of the truth, where the truth told against their policy. No great moral cause ever won its way by such methods, and when next the teetotal party come into the field they will do well to abandon many of their old weapons,

I AM sending one of our Pluck Fund silver medals to Walter Sykes, of Lofthouse, near Wakefield, for his bravery in saving a little boy from drowning. The occurrence took place at the bottom of a disused quarry, and the water in which Sykes risked his life was thirty feet deep. Not only did Sykes rescue the boy from the water, but it was mainly owing to his endeavours that animation was restored. I have received a letter of thanks from the Honorary Secretary of the Stockton and Thornaby Trades and Labour Council for the medal awarded to Michael Devine. I am glad to hear that Devine's fellow workmen presented him with a silver watch and chain, suitably inscribed, and a purse of £11.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

E. W. B.—In case I do not see it myself, would you forward me the result of the adjourned cruelty case? J. M.—Thank you for your kind note accompanying the subscription.

J. A. M. sends me a cutting from *Scottish Sport*. The cycling Press, I know, is very angry with me for wanting to give a fair trial to the Simpson chain. It must be remembered that the cycling Press is almost entirely in the hands of interested manufacturers, and its policy in this matter is, generally speaking, dictated to them by its proprietors. If the Simpson chain is no improvement, a test would soon decide the matter; if it is an improvement, then every cyclist should surely welcome it. Similar interested attacks were made on the Dunlop tyre, and an attempt was made to hoot them off the race-course. The chain looks to me like a great improvement. I may be mistaken, I may not. The manufacturers, whose business would be interfered with were the chain to become general, are naturally

anxious that it shall not be afforded a chance, and they are working the cycling Press very successfully with this object.

P. T. J.—The War Office has always been the curse of the army. Perhaps the new Chief may infuse a little more sense into it. On this chance I should write again, urgently, and be sure that they do get the letters. A little pegging away and worrying of people is often very useful.

R. W.—To a certain extent England is responsible for Turkey's continued existence as a European power. But for England, Turkey would have been wiped out of Europe long ago. She remains to suit our trade and financial purposes. We are therefore responsible for her decent behaviour.

E. T. S.—A child would belong to the same nation as his father. If the American father has not been naturalised in England, the child would be an American.

H. C.—I thank you for enclosure, but the affair does not seem of much public interest.

J. I., Junr.—I have often expressed my view, both on the Local Veto Bill and on Socialism. You will not find any literature to assist you on the veto question. Socialism is a large subject. You would have to begin with Voltaire and Rousseau.

J. E. S. wishes to know how to eat the kola nut. I confess I cannot help him. Perhaps any of my correspondents who are in the habit of eating kola nut will inform him.

J. R. F. wishes to point out to Mr. Herbert Manley that doctors do not receive a fee for giving death certificates. He also thinks that Mr. Manley's suggestion of a skilled certifier, publicly appointed, would be a heavy tax upon the ratepayers.

POLLO writes to tell "Chicken Breeder" that he would find a poultry farm near Mexico city pay well. It seems that in everything—richness of land, warmth, needful shade, and altitude, it answers the requirements of "Chicken Breeder." The only difficulty seems to be to keep the fowls when reared, as they are so greatly in demand that Pollo states that six savage mongrels and a breechloader are required to look after them.

W. W.—I must keep to my rule of not criticising any literary work sent me. I was very interested in the paper. I. J. K. wishes to know what great musical artist and virtuoso is domiciled at Weimar. Perhaps some correspondent can inform her. W. B.—It is customary to put the prefix "Mr." on a visiting card, but it may be omitted, of course. With regard to your second question, I can only refer you to my reply to Medicus in a recent issue. C. P. C. is also referred to the answer to Medicus. MISS TYLER.—Many thanks for your letter. J. W. M.—You should apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

J. H.—I am afraid your verses would not be accepted by any magazine. There is nothing new in your treatment of the subject, and the lines do not always scan.

IGNORANT.—Webster's dictionary, or Nuttall's, would settle the matter. The words mentioned are pronounced as follows: Devórse, Aungcóre, Lávatúree, Eksquezit, the stress being laid on the accented syllables. T. P.—Your surmise is correct. An article with regard to the eyes has already been published.

V. H. R.—I do not see anything to call for comment in the case you refer to. E. E.—Thank you for your kind opinion of *The Idler*. Our experience of Christmas numbers, however, is that there are too many of them.

T. H.—I do not see anything very exceptionable in the methods of the "World Medical Electrical Company." In their advertisement they put forth plainly the sort of service that they require. As to the value of their electrical apparatus, that is another matter. I believe all such so-called cures have been asserted to be utterly worthless, but people continue to believe in them. They do no harm, and there is no reason why the public should not be supplied with them.

"J.C.H." writes me, "I thank you for your kindly, sound, and sympathetic feeling for, and advice to, young men. I am an old man myself, but I know the temptations and weakness (sometimes) of young men."

H.S.—The nation is a conglomeration of individuals. To talk about improving the nation by indifference to the individual is equivalent to saying, "Oh, bother the bricks; let us think about the house." As Mr. Nisbet himself points out, numbers are of little value. England has won and maintained her position not by her millions but by her minority of strong men. Now, character is not developed in overcrowded slums. It is stifled and dwarfed. A working man who brings up, say, two or three children, and can afford to feed them well, and give them a decent education, will do more good for posterity than a man who drags up a dozen amid dirt, disease and poverty. That there is any danger of a scarcity of population I cannot conceive. It is the natural instinct of every man and woman to have children of their own. A home without childish voices would never become popular as long as human nature is what it is. Common sense should suggest to people not to have more children than they can afford to bring up in decency. Population will increase until every corner of the world is filled; but it must increase by degrees, and in ratio to the development of the earth's resources.

MANUS.—I know of no cure, though I know the trouble is a common one. A skin doctor would be the man to apply to.

J. J., who writes on behalf of a survivor of the Balaclava heroes, wishes to know what has become of the money (my correspondent puts it at thousands) collected by the *St. James's Gazette* a few years ago on behalf of the remnant of

that gallant band. I am sure the *St. James's Gazette* will enable me to reply.

FAIRPLAY.—Your method would complicate the matter.

W. V.—I judge of child insurance from the facts which come under my notice.

A. H., P. H. B., J. J. M., A. W. C., Oxford M.A., and others.—I do not know the name of the firm to which reference is made in the article in question, but will make inquiries. Dr. A. W.—I thank you for your letter and have made a note of the contents. E. R. M. writes me a chatty letter in the happiest frame of mind, which is understandable, seeing that she has just returned from her honeymoon. I am delighted to find that *To-Day* has had its share in the prologue to what I am sure will be a pleasant comedy. My correspondent writes: "My lover (who is now my husband) became still more enamoured of me because he saw me so interested in *To-Day*, which is also his friend. As he tells me, he thought 'what a sensible girl to read so sensible a paper.'"

G. P.—If you had read the article more carefully you would see that the writer asserted nothing of which he was not certain.

W. V.—I can really hardly credit such ignorance as you set forth. Are you not joking, or were not the newspapers joking?

L. G. W.—If you will send the circular referred to I will have a look at it.

A STUDENT AND A VICTIM.—I am glad to gather that you are an Edinburgh student. If there is a professor of spelling in the University, you would do well to take a course.

J. C. informs me that, as a telegraph clerk, aged twenty-four, he receives a salary of only twenty-eight shillings a week. It seems sadly inadequate; but we have to remember that an increase of salary to telegraph clerks would mean an increased rate for telegrams, and what a to-do would be made by everybody were some Postmaster-General to suggest such an idea.

J. S.—I must decline to answer further correspondents upon the great postage stamp question. I finally give it as my opinion that anyone collecting a million postage stamps for any purpose is an ass, and that anyone who helps him is another ass. My friend, the *Sunday Telegraph*, tells me that forty years ago, one or two charities did make a million postage stamps the *entrée* to their portals. They must have done so with the idea of putting off applicants.

MR. J. HUTLEY NUNN, of Colchester, writes as follows: "It would seem that your caustic notes on cruelty to animals have had their effect in Colchester. To-day at the police-court a Ewington man, named Frederick Rice, was charged with cruelly beating a gelding, which the Cruelty Inspector stated was going all right at the time, but which twisted and writhed when its drunken master belaboured it most unmercifully with the thick part of the whip. When the man was eventually overtaken his animal was found to be badly cut upon the flanks and other parts of the body. Unlike most magistrates the Colchester Bench—composed this day of the young Mayor (Mr. Claude E. Egerton-Green) and Col. Holroyd—showed no sympathy with such brutal treatment, and sentenced Rice to three weeks' hard labour. The surprise the prisoner expressed at not being "able to get off by paying" is but a reflection of what such brutes expect when they treat their dumb charges so badly. I have sent the enclosed because I fully believe your action against cruelty to the kind is bringing about an improvement in the measure of justice meted out in such cases. I am but one of a large number of young fellows in Colchester who look forward to *To-Day* publication day with more than usual interest and pleasure. Your notes re football professionalism suit a place like Colchester—where we have over twenty flourishing amateur clubs—down to the ground."

BURIED ALIVE.—To those interested in this subject I would recommend a small sixpenny book, entitled "The Perils of Premature Burial," being an address delivered by Dr. Alexander Wilder, published by E. W. Allen, of Ave Maria Lane. Some of my country medical friends who are indignant at the suggestion that a doctor has ever been known to make a mistake of any kind from the days of *Æscapulus* to those of Koch will find it somewhat unpleasant reading.

TOMMY.—I know this young man. He finds his father's business uninteresting, and has made up his mind to go on the stage. I would advise him to hold back for a year or two, and think it over. The stage means three or four years' starvation and bitter trouble. If I had a son who wanted to go on the stage I should say to him, Go! But not a penny from me do you have to help you. Make your way, or give up the thing and come back. It looks very pretty from the other side of the footlights, Tommy, but it means living on an average of ten shillings a week and wearing your heart out through disappointment and hope deferred, and Miss Montessor, seen at the early morning rehearsal will disappoint you, my young friend.

D. W. R.—Many of us have to part with our ideals, but I do not see why you need. Some of the truest music the world has ever heard has been written in spare moments by men who have had to slave early and late for the bread and cheese of life. There is no reason why you should not work for the body and squeeze an extra hour or so from the night to satisfy your soul.

T. A. H.—I have read the account with care and find it somewhat difficult to arrive at a conclusion. I hardly see any reason why the jury should have returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

had not the evidence been weak. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in arguing against their verdict.

ALF and another young gentleman agreed to form a quartette party with two ladies. Accordingly they started practising singing and playing. But, alas! the two ladies became acquainted with two other gentlemen. Then the fun began. Gentlemen 3 and 4 fell in love with the ladies, and objected to quartette parties. Gentlemen 3 and 4 took a high tone, and said it was wrong to play or sing except in praise to the Lord. The ladies, however, appeared to have still gone on singing in quartettes with gentlemen 1 and 2, and showed the independence of the New Woman by forbidding gentlemen 3 and 4 the house. Now, when gentlemen 1 and 2 go there, they find gentlemen 3 and 4 waiting for them outside, and gentlemen 3 and 4 follow gentlemen 1 and 2, and blackguard them "right and left." Alf and the other gentleman wish to know how to stop this nuisance. Well, perhaps if I suggested the most obvious remedy I might be held to be using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace.

E. J. F.—I meant to politely imply that you were not an able opponent of the late Professor Huxley. I did not mean that I was too prejudiced to listen to anyone opposing his views.

A. W. L. L. writes me arguing that homeopathy is the only true medical science. ZERO.—I read the account of the case. It was a pity that the original sentence could not be maintained. I thank you for your kind expressions. T. L. draws my attention to an advertisement in which a converted, God-fearing, abstaining married man, a certificated master, able to sing and play the organ, and with a wife who will do needlework, is offered a salary of £100 a year. CORRESPONDENT tells me that the bandarillos of the Spanish bull-fighter are tipped not with steel but with cast iron.

A. K. L.—I agree with you that parents incur a great responsibility by not warning their children of the dangers that life has in store for them.

W. B. tells me that the Coventry magistrates are waking up to the necessity of inflicting justice upon brutes. They have sentenced a man named James Daft to three months' imprisonment for brutal conduct to his wife and children.

E. S. D. sends me an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of October 30th:—"Required immediately, two Ladies, experienced, competent, and educated, one to undertake nurse's duties, the other the duties of cook general. Four in family. Salary, £18." The New Woman's chances are looking up.

C. G. L.—Your friendly letter I found very pleasant reading. You should consult a good hospital specialist about the varicose veins. I think we might leave the ladies two pages out of the thirty.

MEDICAL.—I dare say, as you state, it is difficult to persuade examiners that medical diagnosis is guess-work, but, with the spread of intelligence, they will one day come to see it.

T. O. H. seems to think I ought to be shocked because the late Robert Louis Stevenson, in a published letter, spoke in praise of Wills' "Three Castle Tobacco." Says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, "We have allowed 'Three Castles' to insinuate itself into our lives." It is a very charming tobacco, and I like it myself. T. O. H. is one of those people who seem to consider that every tradesman who advertises is an enemy to humanity, and ought to be crushed, and that every paper ought to be ashamed of itself for inserting an advertisement, and that a man who speaks well of anything he has bought must of necessity be a villain. If Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson liked "Three Castles Tobacco," why on earth should he not say so? And why on earth should not Mr. Wills advertise his opinion? The manufacturer who sells a good article is a public benefactor.

C. W.—By all means meet and discuss TO-DAY. I am pleased and flattered, but for pity's sake do not write me long criticisms. A reader has the supreme criticism of a paper entirely in his own hands. He can either take it or leave it, and that is really the only criticism worth listening to. If I followed everybody's advice I should ruin the paper in a month.

CELT.—You exaggerate the effects of civilisation. There must be millions of Europeans who have not heard of the Bible or of Jesus Christ. You are also incorrect in your summary of theology. You will find very little difference, as far as morality is concerned, between Christianity and half-a-dozen other faiths. Then, again, are you quite sure you know what you mean by the word purity?

H. S. H. sends me the following, which is amusing:—"August Strindberg, the celebrated Swedish poet, in 1876, the year of his exile, wrote the following whilst passing through the Straits of Dover en route for the Port of Havre. I give here a translation:—

"The Eastern sun shines on white cliffs,
And I heard a voice from the South say:
Malediction!
A curse on thee, England,
As chalk-limed on the outside
As a white-washed grave,
But inside as black
As sooty black
As a colliery barge.
Anchored between the North and the Atlantic seas,
A curse on thee, thou merchant island,
And thy retail purchasing politic."

A curse on Lord Beaconsfield,
Who in the name of human love,
Attended his mediatorship
Between Asia and Europe
Like a veritable travelling commissioner.
A curse on thy holy church,
And thy truthful females,
Thy truthful stocking-sticking,
Tea-water-drinking females.
A curse on thy Tauchnitz-Edition novels,
Thy mission-houses and Salvation army.
But I answered from the North, and said:
Thou sooty-white Albion,
If thy sins were as blood red
As thy roast beef,
If thy heart was as black as thy coal,
I, the mighty exile,
Shall take a piece of thy own chalk,
And draw a line
Over thy great National debt.
Oh, thy great black slate!
Not because I am deceived
By thy excellent pale ale,
And thy splendid shaving knives.
I forgive thee,
Thy East Indian sins,
Thy African crimes,
And thy Irish outrages:
I forgive thee, England,
Not for thy own sake,
But for you,
Dickens, Darwin, Spencer, and Mill."

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

ELIZA AND MISS SAKERS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

ON Saturdays I always get back from the office early. This particular Saturday afternoon I looked at our chimneys as I came down the street. I thought it very queer, but, to make certain, as soon as I got into the house I opened the drawing-room door. It was just as I thought. I called upstairs to Eliza, rather sharply.

She came down and said, "Well, what's the matter?"

I said calmly, "The matter? Jane has apparently gone mad, that's all." (Jane is the name of our servant.)

Eliza said that she did not think so, and asked me what the girl had done.

I must say it made me feel rather sarcastic—it would have made any man feel sarcastic. I said, "Oh, nothing. Merely lit the fire in the drawing-room, and not only lit it, but piled coals on it. It is not Sunday, so far as I am aware." It is our rule to have the drawing-room fire lit on Sundays only. We are rather exclusive, and some other people seem to be rather stuck-up, and between the two we do not have many callers. If anyone comes, it is always perfectly easy for Eliza to say, "The housemaid has foolishly forgotten to light the fire here. Shall we not step into the dining-room?" I hate to see anything like waste.

"At this very moment," I added, "the drawing-room fire is flaming half-way up the chimney. It seems we can afford to burn half a ton of coals for nothing. I cannot say that I was aware of it."

"You are satirical!" said Eliza. "I always know when you are being satirical, because you move your eyebrows and say 'I am aware' instead of 'I know.' I told Jane to light the fire myself."

"May I ask why?"

"Miss Sakers is coming in. She sent me a note this morning to say so."

"That puts a different complexion on the affair. Very tactful of her to have announced the intention. I do not grudge a handful of firing when there is a reason. I only ask that there shall be a reason." Miss Sakers is the vicar's daughter. Strictly speaking, I suppose her social position is superior to our own. I know for

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a fact that she has been to county balls. She seemed anxious to cultivate an intimacy with us, so I gathered. I was not absurdly pleased about it. One has one's dignity. Besides, at the office we frequently see people far above Miss Sakers. A nobleman who had called to see one of the partners once remarked to me, "Your office is a devilish long way from everywhere!" There was no particular reason why he should have spoken to me, but he seemed to wish it. After that, it was no very great thing that Miss Sakers seemed anxious to know us better. At the same time, I do not pretend that I was displeased. I went into the drawing-room and put some more coal on.

"Is it to be a party?" I asked.

"Not at all. She is coming quite as a friend."

I went upstairs and changed all my clothes, and then purchased a few flowers, which I placed in vases in the drawing-room. Eliza had got two kinds of cake; I added a plate of mixed biscuits on my own responsibility. Beyond this, I did nothing in the way of preparation, wishing to keep the thing as simple and informal as possible.

The tea was quite a success. Miss Sakers was to have a stall at the bazaar in aid of the new church. I promised her five shillings at first, but afterwards made it seven-and-six. Though no longer young, Miss Sakers is very pleasant in her manner.

After tea Miss Sakers and Eliza both did needlework. Miss Sakers was doing a thing in crewels. I could not see what Eliza was doing. She kept it hidden, almost under the table.

To prevent the conversation from flagging, I said, "Eliza, dear, what are you making?"

She frowned hard at me, shook her head slightly, and asked Miss Sakers about the special preacher for Epiphany Sunday.

I at once guessed that Eliza was doing something for Miss Sakers' stall at the bazaar, and had intended to keep it secret.

"I smiled. "Miss Sakers," I said, "I do not know what Eliza is making, but I am quite sure it is for you."

There was a dead silence. Miss Sakers and Eliza both blushed. Then Miss Sakers said, without looking at me,

"I think you are mistaken."

I felt so sure that I was mistaken that I blushed, too. Eliza hurriedly hid her work in the work-basket, and said,

"It is very close in here. Let me show you round our little garden."

They both went out, without taking any notice of me. Not having had much tea, I cut myself another slice of cake. While I was in the middle of it, Miss Sakers and Eliza came back, and Miss Sakers said good-bye to me very coldly. I offered to raise my bazaar donation to ten shillings, but she did not seem to have heard me.

"How could you say that?" said Eliza, when Miss Sakers had gone. "It was most tactless—and not very nice."

"I thought you were doing something for the bazaar. What were you making, then?"

She did not actually tell me, but she implied it in a delicate way.

"Well," I said, "of course I wouldn't have called attention to it if I had known, but I don't think you ought to have been doing that work when Miss Sakers was here."

"I've no time to waste, and I always make mine myself. I was most careful to keep them hidden. You are very tactless."

"I don't think much of that Miss Sakers," I said. "Why should we go to this expense," pointing to the cakes, "for a woman of that kind?"

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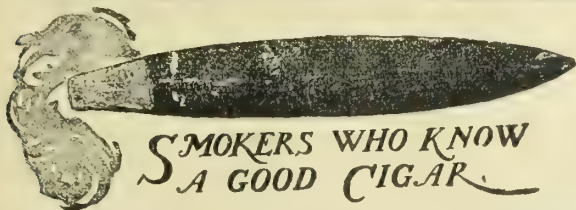
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skin. To keep your razor in good order be sure you dry it thoroughly after use, and strop it lightly.

I AM indebted to the kindness of an Australian correspondent for two newspaper cuttings, which serve as an example of what comical blunders newspapers can make, even in such a go-ahead country as Australia. The first is from the *Australian Star*, for September 24th: "The Indian Civil Service. Maori Candidates. London, September 23rd. In the examination of candidates to fill vacancies in the Indian Civil Service, sixteen Maoris from Wanganui, New Zealand, have passed with first place honours. The Maoris were a thousand marks ahead of the other candidates." This somewhat startling assertion is explained away by the note which appeared in the *Melbourne Argus* and other papers on the following day: "London, September 23rd. Mr. W. P. Morris, of Wanganui, New Zealand, has passed the examination for the Indian Civil Service in a brilliant manner. He was first on the list, being a thousand marks ahead of the next competitor."

ANOTHER curiosity from the Gold Coast has reached me this week. The other day Mr. J. P. Burns, of Glasgow, received a business letter from Axim. This is a correct copy: "Dear Sir,—As I am intending to carry my business with you in future, I shall be very glad if you can send me your illustrated catalogue and samples packet in your firm. Loose no chance to send my order as quick as possible. Trusting me that I shall forward it by the next opportunity. Not fail to reply this by the first returning boat." Now then, if any of my readers want a puzzle for the winter evenings, here is one ready to hand. By the way, the envelope was addressed: "J.

P. Burn's, Esq., Established 1830, Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, Glasgow."

It will be a new experience for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild to head the list of winning owners. His total winnings will not approach the mammoth sum of £37,674 credited to Mr. H. McCalmont last year, but nevertheless will be close on £20,000. The previous best made by Mr. L. de Rothschild's horses is £9,396, in 1890. Three years ago the sum was £1,156 only, and in 1893 it only just exceeded £2,000.

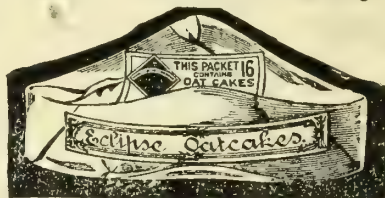
This will probably be the first year since 1887 that the principal winning owner has not gathered in over £20,000. Mr. McCalmont's winnings twelvemonths ago I have already referred to. The same gentleman headed the list in 1893 with £25,431. Baron de Hirsch's winnings in 1892 came to £33,383. Colonel North was first in 1891, with £20,118, whilst 1890 saw the Duke of Portland showing the way with £25,203.

1889 was a memorable season for the Duke of Portland, His Grace's horses piling up the enormous sum of £73,858. In 1888 Donovan, Ayrshire, etc., captured stakes to the value of £26,811. This year the Duke of Portland figures very low down in the list, but a better time is in store for his Grace, who owns some of the finest yearlings ever bred at the famous Welbeck stud.

For the second year in succession, Lord Rosebery figures high in the list. Sir Visto and Avilion have between them won over £10,000. Three years ago the ex-Prime Minister's return showed only £195, and his name is missing from the list of 1891.

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THERE seems now a probability of the Duke of Marlborough becoming a prominent patron of the Turf. His Grace has always evinced a great love for every branch of sport. That he cycles is well known to all who have read of his doings in America. At college he was master of the beagles, and he sits a horse in a style which is extremely pleasing to the eye. The two-year-olds selected to do duty for His Grace next season are very fashionably bred, and should make a name for themselves.

MR. R. C. VYNER appears to have in Alpheus and Malchus two young steeplechasers of the first water. On the flat both horses were failures, and their success over a country should induce many more owners to turn their attention to what is termed the illegitimate branch. With ordinary luck, Mr. Vyner should win a Grand National.

SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY, who is writing his reminiscences, has had a most remarkable career. He has excelled at every branch of sport, and even now thinks nothing of walking twenty miles in order to get into condition to ride in a steeplechase. Sir Claude has been war correspondent, sailor, aéronaut, and has even tried his hand at hanging. The story of his visit to Spain last year should prove very entertaining reading.

It is matter for congratulation that the secession of the Northern Union clubs, and the consequent reduction of the field whence the Yorkshire authorities can draw the players to represent the county in the struggle for the championship, has not prevented the formation of a very formidable Rugby football team to do battle for the champions during the present season. It would have been little short of a disaster had it been otherwise, for, although one need not suppose the promoters of the professional organisations in Yorkshire to be so petty

as to rejoice in the downfall of their county, any falling-off in form would have naturally led to the conclusion that the exceptional strength of Yorkshire football lay with the seceding clubs.

So far, indeed, from the team selected from Yorkshiremen who have remained loyal to the Rugby Union failing where their predecessors succeeded, their first appearance in the field was nothing short of a triumph. They had to meet Durham, and overcame them by a dropped goal and five tries to nothing—the performance, brilliant in itself, being the more noteworthy from the fact that Durham only a week or two previously had displayed highly creditable form in making a draw with Durham. The victory of last Saturday, it may further be noted, was appreciably more decisive than that which last season's Yorkshire fifteen gained over Durham. Lancashire, too, despite the defections which they have suffered by the formation of the Northern Union, are also doing well, having beaten both Cheshire and Westmoreland easily; so there should once more be a good struggle for the championship of the North—which will probably carry with it the championship of England—between Yorkshire and their Lancashire neighbours.

THE Cambridge Rugby fifteen have sustained a check in their victorious career, Newport beating them on Saturday by two goals and two tries to nothing. This was, of course, a severe reverse, but the Light Blues were much handicapped by losing the services of their full back after the first quarter of an hour, and, in opposing Newport, they were trying their strength with probably the strongest combination in the three kingdoms. Oxford engaged in a similarly formidable task in playing Blackheath on the Rectory Field, and, after holding their own fairly well for half the game, they were defeated quite as decisively by the crack London club as were their rivals by the leading team of the

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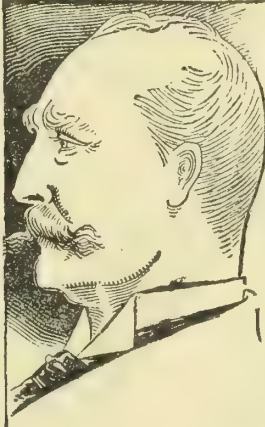
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am at my time of my life, if I
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sluggish, and my stomach not
quite the thing, I wear my HOLMAN LIVER PAD, and that soon
puts me right. It is purely vegetable, and cures by
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Principality. Saturday's games were full of promise for a big struggle when the two Universities meet at the Queen's Club next month.

THE inability of Association football teams to play up to form when engaged away from home is past all explanation. Here we have Aston Villa, who, on their own ground at Perry Barr, are quite invincible—Sunderland, Everton, Blackburn Rovers, and Derby County, as well as other League clubs, having in turn had to admit the superiority of the Birmingham eleven—playing in outmatches no better a game than any one of a dozen League clubs. Indeed, away from home the men who have won seven matches off the reel at Perry Barr possess the deplorable record of one victory, two defeats, and two drawn games.

THIS inability to play as well in the presence of a hostile crowd as before a gathering of supporters is the more remarkable because at cricket nothing of the kind obtains. On the contrary, cricket elevens, as a rule, play quite as well away as at home—presuming, of course, that the side is equally strong in each case. Some notable instances of this fact occurred last summer, when, out of seventeen victories obtained by Surrey in the contest for the championship, ten were gained away from the Oval, and, out of fourteen obtained by Yorkshire, eight were gained outside the borders of

the county. An even more striking case was that of Lancashire, who gained ten out of their fourteen victories away from home, and only four in the presence of their own supporters.

SUNDERLAND'S victory over Aston Villa might have led to the latter being dispossessed of the lead in the League competition; but on the same afternoon Bolton Wanderers—who, if victorious, would have taken their place—lost to Preston North End, and so still remain a point behind the Birmingham team. Derby County are two points behind Bolton Wanderers, and three in arrears of Aston Villa, but, inasmuch as they have engaged in two matches fewer than either of the other clubs mentioned, their record is really the best in the competition. Moreover, they succeeded in holding their own at Sunderland.

The new hotel on the Embankment—the Hotel Cecil—will be one of the finest in London. In fact, the most luxuriously-minded man in existence could not imagine more exquisite rooms than will be found in this hotel. Most of the decorating and furnishing is being carried out by Messrs. Waring and Sons, Limited, of Oxford Street, whose name is sufficient guarantee that the work will be done in a thoroughly efficient manner.

THE MAJOR.

RICHMOND GEM



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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A friend of the veteran James Payn looked in the other afternoon for a chat. It seems that one of James Payn's novels has been recently done into German. The translator got along brilliantly until he came to the phrase "Christy Minstrels." When the book appeared, "Christy Minstrels" had been rendered as "Minstrels of Jesus"!

* * * *

Have just seen Messrs. Virtue's "Art Annual for 1895." It contains an exquisite reproduction of "The Doctor," and devotes itself to a very complete account of Mr. Luke Fildes' artistic career.

* * * *

MR. ANDREW TUEER's long expected work on the "Horn Book," which, doubtless, will be sumptuously printed and illustrated, may shortly be looked for. Scholars and antiquaries ought to give it welcome, for although our grandparents carried horn books to school, they are as scarce now as the egg of the great auk. Only recently the head-master of a large London Board School told me he had no idea what a horn book was, and, so far as he knew, had never heard of such a thing till I mentioned it. People have sadly neglected the horn book, only an occasional writer here and there making any effort to keep its memory alive. And yet there is a strange charm in the quaint little relic of the old world school-room. It taught the doctrine of the Trinity with the alphabet in a direct fashion that might commend itself to Mr. Athelstan Riley; but it did so partly for the somewhat vulgar reason that the invocation of the Three Persons therein was held to be a sovereign remedy against the ghosts which village children expected to see in passing through churchyards in the gloaming. The horn book is so interesting and unique a relic that Mr. Tuer will deserve well of us for keeping it from being altogether forgotten.

* * * *

I KNOW from old experience that there are always two sides to a question. Here is Mr. Clive Holland's reply about the alleged resemblance between "My Japanese Wife," and "A Japanese Marriage." The matter must now drop.

"As I am a reader of TO-DAY I have naturally seen the note in 'The Diary of a Bookseller' concerning my recent novel 'My Japanese Wife,' and Mr. Douglas Sladen's 'A Japanese Marriage.' Mr. Sladen is 'aggrieved' at a supposed similarity of cover and title. I have only seen the back of his book on a bookseller's shelves, but it appeared to be a dun-coloured cloth. My book, being a small one, is in paper covers, the design being executed in three or more colours. It would seem that for there to be a misleading similarity (as Mr. Sladen appears to suggest) his book (three times the size of my own, by-the-way) must also be in a coloured paper wrapper. Is it?"

"As to the title. My MS. was in the hands of Messrs. A. Constable and Co., and provisionally accepted, *about this time last year*, the title being fixed on some considerable time before Mr. Sladen's novel was announced. As it accurately described my little idyll, I saw no reason for changing it. Mr. Sladen (to a contemporary) has confided the fact that his book treats of the marriage of two English people. If this is so, his title 'A Japanese Marriage' is surely likely to lead to misconception."

* * * *

Had a breathless call from Mr. Grant Allen the other day, who wanted some books to take with him to Italy. He is now publishing his new story "The British Barbarians," which follows up "The Woman Who Did," but is still more unconventional. It "goes for" all established British taboos—political, social, religious, and domestic. The book is the first of a new departure, which Mr. Grant Allen intends to call "The Hill-top Novels," and in which he means to say his say upon everything in his own fashion.

* * * *

Mr. Rider Haggard is now writing a one volume

book which will be out early next year, after it has run through the *African Review*. It is to be called "The Prophet," but the title may possibly be changed at the last moment. "The Prophet" will be published as Arrowsmith's Annual for 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. GIBSON.—William Watson would make a very good Laureate if he had a little more originality. He is sonorous, dignified, a master of technique, but—dull. The question, to my mind, is not to appoint the best poet, but the one who can most easily adapt himself to the exigencies of the occasion. As a rule, the poet-laureate's functions now strongly resemble those of an advance agent.

W. H. GULLIFORD.—My dear sir, it was kind of you to send me a patent suspender. As it happened, a button came off that very day. I tried your patent and found there was nothing to fasten it to. You are quite right about its uselessness. Thanks for the Lamb quotation, "There is nothing more touching in the annals of literary men than the simple recital of the walks from Little Queen Street, Holborn, across the fields to the Asylum when Miss Lamb felt that an attack was coming on." You say that your father accompanied Lamb and his sister several times on these mournful occasions. If so, he must have shed tears of blood. There is no more heartrending passage in English literature.

AN EVENING STUDENT says, "When one remembers that Grant Allen wrote a book a little while back, under the title of 'A Woman who Did,' which carries with it the very explanation in its title, of the character of the book, one is inclined to say that he believes not in 'do as I do' but in 'do as I say, and not as I do.' This, I'm afraid, will not be accepted in this age. Perhaps Mr. Grant Allen took, when he wrote the above book, what he thought to be a step nearer to annihilating a particular sin. Be that as it may, certain other authors have been inspired by his effort to a bolder and a madder one which has landed them in an impassable swamp. It is the only place fit for them, and perhaps 'The Woman who Did' has something to do with depositing them there." Mr. Grant Allen is a prophet crying in the wilderness. Surely he can be permitted to choose his own cry and his own wilderness. If he is wrong, his blood be on his own head. It is a question for his conscience whether he is writing from conviction or for bread and butter. A good many writers content themselves with a kind of compromise—a sort of literary oleomargarine.

E. M. RATCLIFFE.—I have not read it.

Miss Evelyn Sharp writes to me *à propos* of her "Elder Sister" article in *The Idler*: "A. W." has surely taken my little sketch too seriously. She complains that the eldest sister does not have a good time. All I intended to convey was that the youngest sister does not have a good time either. It would be a pity to force the natural conclusion—that nobody has a good time; yet the only alternative is to treat the whole matter humorously. I have no doubt that the eldest sister has a laugh on her side as well, but it is not to be expected that the youngest sister is going to point it out. But, at all events, let us be allowed to see the humour of our everyday lives and our everyday relations without laying ourselves open to an accusation of 'bitterness and unfairness.' For the world would be a very sad place if it were not sometimes funny as well."

J. A. W. (Leeds).—The passage you require will be found in the October number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1840, or in the published collection of Macaulay's Essays. The article is a review of Professor von Ranke's "History of the Popes," and the quotation is as follows:—"She" (the Roman Church) "may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." The author's use of the term "Catholic," as restricted to the Roman Church, is not likely to commend itself to modern English students of ecclesiastical history; but it should be remembered that Macaulay came of a Scotch Presbyterian family. His article on Milton is regarded as the starting-point of his literary career. Twenty years afterwards he speaks of it as being "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament."

M. H. G.—No value beyond a shilling or two. DIARY READER.—None of them of any value. Sixpence a volume at the most. A. H. PHELPS.—Try J. and M. L. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London. You should get about one quarter of published price for it. Shakespeares are too plentiful in the trade. RAILWAY.—No value whatever; there should be six volumes, and the complete set only sells at about 15s. DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE.—Booksellers ask about 15s. for it. It is not at all uncommon. W. G. CAPE.—None published yet. HASTLEIGH.—No name sent with list. "The Pantheon" is worth about 1s., "Johnson's Dictionary" 5s., "An Universal English Dictionary" 1s., "Hervey's Meditations" is quite valueless, although thoroughly quaint and interesting. R. Allan-Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London, would give you about 23s. for the two.—J. R. KENYON.—Try Mr. French, 79, Strand, London.

THE THEFT OF THE KÔH-I-NOOR.

BY

ALLEN UPWARD.

Illustrated by WALTER WILSON.

CHAPTER III.—THE CLUE OF THE CRUMB OF STEEL.

WITHOUT waiting for further questions from Sir Henry Ponsonby, Verriter proceeded to explain himself.

"You remember," he began, "leaving me in the gallery through which Captain Paget and the guard have to pass on their way from the Queen's corridor. The moment you were gone the idea occurred to me that I might learn something by secretly watching the transit of the supposed Kôh-i-noor to the Jewel Closet, and accordingly I concealed myself behind some drapery near the turning to the Plate-Room. I had not been there long before the two soldiers made their appearance at the far end of the gallery, where they stood waiting. Shortly afterwards Captain Paget emerged from the Plate-Room corridor, beckoned the two men to join him, and went towards the Queen's apartments. So far nothing had occurred to attract special notice. They all three returned a minute later, with the leather case you had described to me, in Captain Paget's hands. I observed one thing about this case which you had omitted to mention, but I will come to that presently. They proceeded together as far as the point where I was stationed. There the Captain gave a careless nod of his head, and the two soldiers promptly went off, evidently glad of the permission, while the Captain turned down the corridor by himself."

"That was irregular," interrupted Sir Henry Ponsonby. "The men ought to have accompanied him as far as the door of the Plate-Room."

"So I thought," returned Verriter, drily. "To proceed: I slipped out from behind my curtain, and watched the Captain disappear into the Plate-Room. He pushed the door to behind him, but did not latch it, and I was able, by creeping softly up, to hear what passed inside."

A look of some slight repugnance passed over Sir Henry's face.

"Is it necessary to repeat the conversation?" he inquired.

"No. The only thing that I thought worthy of note was the Keeper's first remark—'You are not so late to-night.' Beyond that, as a matter of fact, very little was said. I could hear them putting away the casket, and immediately afterwards the Captain said good-night, and came out, closing the door after him."

"And where were you by this time?"

"I had borne in mind your description of the different rooms in the corridor, and I slipped into the one which you correctly believed to be empty. The room was pitch dark, so I left the door slightly ajar, and was thus able to see where the Captain went."

"Did he go into his own room, or come away?"

"He did neither."

"What? I do not understand you."

"He tapped stealthily at the door of another room in the corridor. It was silently opened from inside, and the Captain went in."

Sir Henry gazed at the detective in consternation.

"And this room——?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Was the one you had described to me as occupied by the Countess von Arndorf?"

Sir Henry uttered a cry and fell back in his chair. For a minute neither spoke.

"This is, of course, very serious," observed the Royal Secretary at length, rousing himself to renew the conversation, "and I am sure you will see the importance of keeping the matter strictly secret. But excuse me

for saying that I do not quite see how it bears on the loss of the Kôh-i-noor."

"I think you will see that in a moment," was the reply. "As soon as the Captain had disappeared, I



I CONCEALED MYSELF BEHIND SOME DRAPERY.

stole out of my lurking-place and went and knocked at the door of the Plate-Room. The Keeper was naturally surprised and a little alarmed at seeing me, and I found myself obliged to produce a card, and let him know who I was."

"This is the first I have heard of that," he remarked. "Are you sure it is so?"

"The first question I put to the Keeper showed me I was right. As a matter of fact, the present casket has been in use barely a week."



THE OTHER TWO STOOD UP AS HE CAME IN.

"Then you have told him the secret of the robbery?" Verriter shook his head.

"No," he said; "fortunately that was unnecessary. A certain fact which I had observed in the gallery, as I mentioned just now, furnished me with an explanation of my presence in the Palace. To tell you at once, it struck me, from the appearance of the case containing the Kôh-i-noor, that it was a brand-new one. The leather was absolutely clean and unscratched."

Sir Henry pricked up his ears.

"You astonish me. I wonder Her Majesty did not tell me of this."

"It probably did not occur to her. That is where the real difficulty of detective work generally lies, in eliciting little points which those who know them do not think important enough to be worth mentioning. But that is not all. I was going to tell you that I accounted for my presence to the Keeper by saying that the Queen had lately felt a little nervous about the safety of the Kôh-i-noor, and had commanded me to

report on the precautions used to guard it. This gave me an opening to question him freely, and he told me all I wanted to know."

Sir Henry nodded approvingly.

"A very good idea, Mr. Verriter. I see you know how to manage these things better than I could tell you."

The detective concealed a smile.

"You are very good, Sir Henry. I was about to tell you of my next discovery. I asked the Keeper how the new case came to be provided, and he told me that it was because the lock of the old one had got out of order. As I happen to know something about locks, I inquired if the old casket was about. He produced it, and I took the lock to pieces there and then. The wards, as I suspected, proved to be in perfect order, but embedded among them I found this object."

And he again exhibited the small steel crumb.

"Of course I did not give the Keeper any hint of the importance of this. But I may tell you that this crumb is of entirely different steel to the lock itself. In other words, it is not the result of a fracture, but is a foreign substance which must have been deliberately dropped into the lock by some person with the intention of rendering it useless."

A look of intelligence came into the eyes of his listener.

"It may have been hoped by this person that the case would be allowed to remain unlocked long enough to give him an opportunity of abstracting the stone, or it may have been simply his aim to have the old case replaced by one provided by himself, and of which he had secured a duplicate key."

Sir Henry was now thoroughly alive.

"Who provided the new one?" he demanded eagerly. "Captain Paget."

Sir Henry arose from his seat with a stern look on his face.

"This is too serious for any further hesitation. I will send for the Captain at once." And he rang the bell.

While the attendant who answered it was on his way to fetch the Captain, Verriter concluded his case.

"I have one more thing to tell you, the bearing of which you will see at once. Acting on an idea suggested to me by the conduct of Captain Paget in dismissing the soldiers at the turning into the corridor, and by the subsequent remark of the Keeper, I asked him what hour it was last night when the Captain brought the casket into his room. He replied that it was nearly half-past eleven. I then went downstairs to the guard-room. I thought that the sergeant in charge would probably note the times at which the various men came off duty, and this turned out to be the case. Last night the escort of the Lieutenant of the Jewel Closet reported themselves in the guard-room at five minutes past eleven. In other words, at least twenty minutes must have elapsed between the time when the Captain parted from the guard and his appearance in the Plate-Room."

"Ah! And during that time you think he was——"

"I have not a shadow of doubt that he was in the company of the Countess von Arndorf."

Verriter had scarcely finished speaking when the Lieutenant of the Jewel Room entered the apartment. The other two stood up as he came in, and Sir Henry Ponsonby motioned to the detective to proceed.

Captain Paget was a fine, soldierly man, with an open countenance, and a bearing as little like that of a thief as could well be seen. Nevertheless, he was plainly uneasy at finding himself summoned to this mysterious interview, and when he caught the detective's searching eye fixed upon him, he shrank perceptibly beneath it.

Verriter at once overwhelmed him in a few trenchant words.

"My name is Verriter. I am a detective. The

Kôh-i-noor has been stolen; and by Her Majesty's command I am endeavouring to trace it. I want you to tell me how you spent your time last night between the hour of eleven, when you dismissed your escort, and half-past eleven, when you appeared in the Plate Room?"

The unfortunate Captain fairly staggered back under this crushing address. For a few seconds he seemed unable to speak. At length he faltered out—

"And what if I refuse to tell you?"

"Then I shall at once proceed to the apartment of the Countess von Arndorf and search everything it contains, including the Countess herself."

This knockdown blow had the desired effect. Captain Paget blushed crimson and exclaimed—

"Stop, sir! On my word as an officer, I swear that the Countess is innocent!"

Verriter gave him a moment to cool down, before he returned to the attack.

"Then you must tell us the whole of the circumstances. I quite understand your delicacy in admitting that you have been in the Countess's room, but you must see that this is too serious a matter for such scruples to prevail. Unless you can satisfy me that the Kôh-i-noor is not there, I must do my duty as I have said."

The Captain listened attentively to these remarks, and seemed to be considering what he had better do. At last he appeared to recognise that frankness was his best course.

"Sir," he said, "by what means you have arrived at the knowledge of my movements, I cannot even guess. But rather than allow the Countess to be insulted, I will tell you everything. Do I really understand you to say that the Kôh-i-noor has been stolen?"

He directed an inquiring glance at Sir Henry Ponsonby as he put the question. Sir Henry bowed.

"I am sorry to say that that is the case," he remarked coldly. "And unfortunately the circumstances point rather strongly to the Countess or yourself as knowing something about it."

The deep flush returned to the Captain's face. He gave the Royal Secretary an indignant glance.

"I am sorry you have not more confidence in one of Her Majesty's officers," he answered bitterly. "But I will not deny that I have been to blame, though I do deny that anything I have done has been in the least degree responsible for the robbery you tell of."

Sir Henry listened impressively with compressed lips. But not so the detective. He started, and leant forward, absorbing every word of the story which the Captain proceeded to tell.

(To be continued.)

STILL SPREADING.



BERRIGAN: "Be gobs! If there ain't Dooly comin' out in favour of the new woman movement!"

AUNT FAN'S LETTERS.—III.

MY DEAR NIECES,—What! What! What is this I hear? That Dorothy is going to break off her engagement with a man she loves, who loves her, and who has hitherto been supposed to be in every way worthy of her, because she has discovered that he has a hasty temper! Dear, dear! That isn't the sort of thing we called love when I was young! Does Dorothy suppose, pray, that by looking about and making very careful inquiries she will succeed in discovering a man who is absolutely without faults? And does she suppose, further, that if she were to succeed in such a singular quest, the paragon would be satisfied with her? And does she think, moreover, that if she found him, and if he condescended to love her, she would like him?

Ah me, no! There is too much human nature in Dorothy as well as in the rest of us, for that! A man's faults, to the woman who really loves him, are part of his attraction for her, just as hers are for him.

I do not say that there are no faults, no defects, which, if discovered before marriage, would justify a man or a woman in breaking off an engagement to marry. But I do say that unless the defects are very grave ones indeed the love of the engagement-breaker is a flabby and paltry sentiment, which betrays a microscopic soul.

That there are plenty of such souls about I know; men who discover that they are not worthy of the former object of their affections, and promptly get engaged to someone else, flattering themselves that they have got out of the entanglement rather neatly; girls who, like Dorothy, pounce upon some trivial blemish in the old lover as an excuse for being "off" with him, and "on with the new." The former course, naturally, is open to men who rank as gentlemen; the latter is, by the latitude in matters of common honour allowed to "the fair sex," permitted in ladies.

It is none the less wrong, and foolish. I am not speaking of the wrong done to the man, when the lady who has promised him her hand finds that she can, as they say in a class lower than hers (socially, not morally), "better herself." He generally has the sense to perceive very speedily that he is well out of his bargain. But the girl who thinks lightly of her engagement before marriage is not the one to be trusted after; and a woman stands a better chance of happiness if she sticks to her first choice in the face of a temptation to transfer her affections, than if she throws over an accepted lover for one apparently more eligible.

There are some disadvantages attendant upon our British plan of allowing our girls to choose their own husbands; and the greatest of all is the fact that it puts a mere girlish fancy on a lofty pedestal, and encourages a girl to think she is doing a rather noble thing in sacrificing her own prospects of comfort and happiness by marrying a man who is too poor to keep her, because she "loves" him.

A poor sort of love surely, if the child did but understand the matter, to be willing to bring the squalid miseries of a large family and a small income (for this sort of love-match prefers quantity to quality in its offspring) on to the shoulders of her lover.

But, as long as a girl's ignorant fancy is idealised at the expense of common-sense, so long will these everyday results continue to follow the first fatal folly.

Of course, there are plenty of young men and women in these days intelligent enough to look before they leap into misery, and to consider the welfare of the children they hope to have, as well as their own. But this class is still outnumbered by the foolish ones, and, indeed, looked down upon by them as sordid, selfish, and soulless.

It is so romantic, so interesting, such a daring, dashing, even endearing thing, to marry for love! And so it would be if the love were able to stand the trials in store for it. But it is just the fanciful souls that are

caught by the charms of "romantic" marriage that break down the soonest under the privations, the wearing, harassing details of the daily life that must follow. The man either loses his interest in the weary, nagging, baby-ridden wife, or has his heart torn by the privations he sees his family endure, and cannot save them from. The woman sinks into a drudge, a querulous, slipshod creature, with just spirit enough to protest against her life and that of her children, but without the sense to see that she was in any way to blame in the matter.

But the average public opinion, not very enlightened, still makes very little distinction between the mercenary marriage and the prudent marriage; between the horror of giving an innocent young girl in wedlock to a rich old reprobate, and the necessity of teaching girls to *think* as well as to *feel* for themselves, and to understand that there is nothing beautiful, nothing meritorious in egregious folly.

Of course, my dear girls, I know as well as you do that there is such a thing as love which conquers prudence and common-sense, and is victorious over them; the love, the really romantic love, which is neither blind nor stupid; which sees the dangers ahead, and still says "I love, I will have my love, or I will have none;" which sets its teeth, as it were, in the face of obstacles, and plunges into the future with its burden, with a courage which has in it a dash of despair.

That is the sort of love that gets some satisfaction for itself, even if the struggle is hard and the fight long; it is the love of a strong heart and of a strong mind, which must have its way, and which reckons with satisfied pride as part of its prize.

But that is a passion, a sentiment, which the multitude are incapable of feeling. The love which brings about the greater part of "romantic" marriages is a sentiment which is inspired by a handsome face, a winning manner, or even by the hazard of propinquity, and the charm of sex. And if not inspired by the individual who happened to be at hand, it would have been inspired by another of perhaps an entirely different pattern.

And so I would warn you, girls, not hastily to make up your minds that the man who first sends a thrill through your easily-touched little hearts is the one man in the world for you. Do not lose control over your own emotions—your own minds too quickly. Hold out a little, even if his eyes are very large, his glance very tender. Remember that he is only one among millions of men, among whom there are probably several hundred thousand who would suit you quite as well.

But if your heart decides for him, and if your head does not tell you that the decision is an idiotic one, then make up your mind to keep him, not to let your own fancy roam any more, and to do your best, after marriage as well as before, to prevent his fancy from roaming either.

And if this is the temper in which you start, the chances are ten to one that you will not find marriage a failure.—Ever, my dear Nieces, Your affectionate,

AUNT FAN.

THE SONNET.

As often in some old and gloomy fane
A devotee will kneel him down to pray
Before the self-same shrine day after day,
And to his guardian saint his woes complain.
There, while his fingers tell the beaded chain,
His soul in ecstasy drifts far away,
Till back returning with the vesper strain,
It enters 'once again its home of clay.
So in the cloistered corridors of song
There is one altar where I love to kneel,
Though humblest of the worshippers who throng
Its narrow space. Yet there I often steal,
And in the Sonnet's sacred chalice pour
My tears and sighs, until I weep no more.

LURLINE.

I HAD been appointed to the position of manager of the Judin's Trust Mining Company. Before going to the mines I was called to San Francisco to confer with the directorate. I was comparatively young at the time, and inclined to the pleasures of the world. For the purposes of my narrative I think I may say, without being accused of vanity, that I was possessed of a rather presentable person, and, moreover, of the power of making myself agreeable. The result was that I at once became a prime favourite with my employers, who showed me many social attentions.

This was particularly the case with the president of the company, a stout, jovial, high-living person, whose hospitality to me extended even beyond his own establishment, in fact so far, on one occasion, as an invitation to a supper-party at the house of a pretty grass-widow, whose name was a German one, common enough—so common, indeed, that at the time it made no impression upon me, and I soon quite overlooked it, as my genial employer continually addressing her as "Lurline" led, in the freedom of her Bohemianism, to my also calling her by that name, with the more ceremonious prefix of "Madame" added, however.

I do not wish to be misconstrued concerning Mme. Lurline. Notwithstanding what I have chosen to call her "Bohemianism," she was on visiting terms with the wife and family of the president, and, so far as I have ever known, she was a woman of unquestionable morality. Too much so, perhaps. She was bright and extremely handsome, and we were soon on terms of friendly intimacy. We sang German songs together, and were even quite sentimental in a very innocent way. I noted from her establishment that she was very well-to-do—there was no vulgar ostentation, but the house was elegantly appointed, there were well-trained servants and a tasteful equipage, to say nothing of her toilettes and jewels. Madame seemed to enjoy life to perfection—so perfectly, in fact, that she never by any chance referred to the past, and, of course, I never dreamed of doing so. But, as pleasure was not my only pursuit, I was obliged after a few days to go to other occupations, and so made my adieux and took my departure for the mountains and the mines.

The scene of my duties was not an agreeable one. It was, in fact, about as abominable a spot as could be hit upon. A dismal, uncomfortable camp, dependent upon one company. Hot in summer, cold in winter, without flowers, or grass, or trees; a background of rock-ribbed mountains, a foreground of sandy desert—the only beauty being in the wild blaze of colours in the sunset sky. The great bare hills, however, contained wonderful treasure, and large monthly dividends attested to the prosperity of the place.

It was in the old "high-pressure" days, and our salaries were commensurate with the profits of the company. We worked like horses and were paid like princes. "Come easy, go easy," the old adage was here verified. Everyone was lavish. Everything that money could procure was there. Everything for the man, but nothing for the soul. We were all profligate in our spending. All? Well, no. The old assayer, Herman Smitt, was the sole exception; he was a perfect miser. No one—nothing—could extract money from him. That the cajoling of the sirens of the concert halls had no effect upon him I could understand, for he was old. That the charms of keno, faro, and monte did not entice him was even clearer, for he was a man of wisdom. But he even stayed the hand of charity when the subscription list went the rounds in aid of someone who was ill or hurt. I was thoroughly indignant when I heard that he would not give a penny towards the building of the new, in fact, the only, church—something none of us particularly wanted, but which we all took a certain pride in having. He did not even belong to the mess formed by the officers of the company.

Still worse, he begrudged the expense of boarding with the men, and cooked his own meals over the furnaces in his office. There, too, he slept, making up a pallet upon the floor. There was no excuse for the meanness of the man, for he received a large salary, even for those days—no less than five hundred dollars monthly. Out of this he was supposed to employ two assistants, as his predecessor had done; but by working late and early the sordid fellow managed to dispense with these and do the work alone. The task was a prodigious one, and it could be seen that the old man was weakening under it. The only luxury he seemed to permit himself was tobacco, of which he smoked the cheapest grades in his huge porcelain pipe. His only diversion was music; he had an old wooden flute, wrapped here and there with linen thread where it had cracked through age and hard usage. It must be admitted that he was a master of this instrument. When the mill was shut down for repairs, he could be heard playing at night in the darkness of his room, improvising the most exquisite music. The soft, clear notes flowing out into silence like the voices of angels, were enough to carry one away, and—bah! to think of its being only old Smitt, after all.

Every pay day a cheque for four hundred and ninety dollars was made out to the order of Mrs. Herman Smitt; the remaining ten dollars he drew in coin. I say "every pay day"; that is inaccurate. Sometimes large cheques were drawn in the favour of well-known insurance companies. From this it was evident that he regarded their policies as a good form of investment. I could draw the mental picture of his fat, economical old spouse quietly depositing the remittances in some solid German savings bank, and eventually of the twain returning, by some cheap line, to their fatherland, there to live in great comfort upon half the interest of their hoard, to be courted and envied—perhaps hated—by neighbours and relatives. I also wondered if some day some fat-headed son or nephew would not spend it all, in a tithe of the getting, upon flaxen-haired *mädchens* and long-necked bottles.

It was none of my business and I did not care, except that I know I did not regard Smitt as a credit to the establishment. I did think of dismissing him, but he was so thoroughly competent in his art that it would have been as irrational as it would have been unjust. He worked hard and well, and, as I have said, it was none of my business what he did with his earnings.

As time passed I grew used to him, even rather partial, for one day, in a moment of weakness, seeing that he looked very tired and worn I employed a boy to help him with his work. At first he did not want him, but when I explained that the company would pay his wages he gratefully accepted the aid. As may be imagined, the old fellow had no companions, so he took wonderfully to the boy, instructing him not only in the mechanical part of his work, but taking especial trouble to teach him chemistry. He would scold as he lectured, but I fancy he and his pupil understood and liked each other all the better for that.

Boylike, the assistant was delighted with experiments which were a part of his education, and pursued them with the vigour of a Dalton or a Cavendish. Not confining himself to the text-books, he roamed freely into a field of original research which led to many noisome odours and some small explosions. His master lectured him, and ordered him to linger in the beaten paths, but he commanded in vain. One day, in passing through the laboratory, I heard Smitt dilating, in an admonitory way, upon a tin of cyanide of potassium.

"See you, my dunder-headed friend," he said, "I show you this that you shall know what it is better to avoid. In this tin lies the science of the most deadly poison known to man. In your way you may discover something worse. It is probable, if you insist upon running wild. But I warn you of this. If you take a piece of this white chemical and pour over it some diluted sulphuric acid—a thing which you may do some

time—you will learn something. It will be that which no distinguished chemist on earth knows—the mystery of the hereafter. You will generate hydrocyanic acid, and, my idiotic young friend, you will be dead. You will probably notice a delightful aromatic odour, as of peach blossoms; but, believe me, you will not live to enjoy it. So look you, my fool boy, and leave this tin alone."

I smiled at the old man's caution and realised the wisdom of it; for the chemical he referred to was in constant use in both the assay office and the mill, and just such a thing as would necessarily fall handy in the way of the boy's methodless experiments.

Time passed, and the pupil assistant fitted himself into a useful place. Smitt kept on in the even tenour of his way. Many monthly cheques had been sent to his wife, and several to the insurance companies. The life in the little camp was going on about as usual, although I was hard pressed with work, planning improvements and changes as the increasing depth of the mine required, making up reports and statements, and working out notes.

One day while thus busily engaged a messenger from the telegraph office came in with a despatch. Hastily receiving for it, I tore off the cover and read:

"Send money immediately. Creditors threaten. Cannot exist upon your paltry allowances. LURLINE."

"What the deuce is this?" I exclaimed, then looking at the address I saw that it was directed to "Herman Smitt." With apologies for the mistake I had made in opening it I handed the message over to the assayer.

I was very much embarrassed at my blunder, and for a while I did not think of the contents of the despatch. Then it came to me: "Lurline!" That was the name of my pretty grass widow. "Smitt," too, was the surname, now that I reflected. Was it possible that my brilliant hostess, my luxurious entertainer, my sentimental friend, was the spouse of the niggardly old fellow whose miserly habits were despised by everyone?

And—I saw it all in a flash; the poor old man was slaving that she might spend. Looking back, the recollection was not pleasant. It seemed, now, that there had been a bitter flavour in those elegant repasts, the wine was corked, aye, there were even false notes in the sweet German songs. "Poor old fool," I said to myself. I wanted to shake him by the hand and tell him I was sorry for him. In fact, it seemed as if there were a thousand things I ought to say to him. And yet, what was there to say? Nothing. So I was silent.

The following morning, when I went to the office at the usual hour, the metallurgist was in a fine state of fidgets and profanity. Smitt had not turned out yet, and he was waiting for a lot of important assays he had sent in the night before. The boy had tried the doors leading into the assay office—they were locked; knocks had not been responded to. The metallurgist was angry, but somehow my anxiety was at once aroused.

I rushed to one of the doors of the laboratory, gave it a hearty kick, which broke the lock, and threw it open. A pungent aroma assailed my nostrils.

"Back for your lives!" I cried to those who were standing behind me, and hastening around to another door, communicating with the open air from the same apartment, I kicked that open also. After waiting a few moments to allow the air to circulate, I covered my nose and mouth with a wet sponge and entered the apartment.

Then, as I feared, I found Smitt lying upon his back—dead. He was dressed in his usual working clothes. His daily preparations had all been made. The assay had been fluxed and were in their crucibles ready for the fires to fuse them. The laboratory table carried its usual display of beakers, wash-bottles, flasks, and evaporating dishes; a tin of cyanide of potassium also lay there upon its side, as if it had been carelessly upset, and a quantity of pieces of the salt lay scattered upon the floor. Smitt's hand clutched a portion of a broken

bottle, which had evidently contained sulphuric acid. It looked as if this bottle had been accidentally broken and its contents spilled upon the deadly re-agent. But I could conceive no determination in the needs of our works calling for the presence of the acid and the salt at the same time.

I explained to the coroner's jury that afternoon the effect of hydrocyanic acid, and also that distinguished chemists had before this been known to die by accidentally inhaling this poisonous gas. The coroner examined the old man's effects, which were few and of no value. I noticed that the unfortunate despatch received the day before was not in evidence. He had probably destroyed it.

The verdict of the inquest was that "the deceased had come to his death by the accidental inhalation of a poisonous gas while engaged in his usual occupations." The daily paper published a brief editorial obituary, dwelling more upon the abilities of the man than upon his virtues. He was given a decent interment at the expense of the company, and that was the end of it, so far as Smitt was concerned.

Some months later I received a personal letter from the president. Among other gossip, he said:

"The husband of your friend, Lurline, is dead, and she looks very charming in her mourning. By the way, there is a good chance for you to push your fortunes, for I understand the husband's life was insured for an unusually large sum of money."

But somehow I never had any desire to renew my acquaintance with the fair widow.

WHY THE LEAVES FALL.

It appears strange that the fall of the leaf may be sometimes connected with the approach of cold, and sometimes with hot weather; but it is very conclusively shown that this is the case. Heat and cold are only indirect causes, the primary cause being the danger threatened to the plant by the continuance of transpiration; and it is contended that the throwing off of the transpiring surface and the temporary stoppage of the sap current furnish one of the best protective measures, in plants surrounded by air, against excessive transpiration. Again, in autumn the absorbing activity of the roots is so reduced by the low temperature of the soil that the water which is lost by transpiration is no longer replaced. Frost hastens the fall of the leaf, but it was partially accomplished before the frost set in; and where the leaves still cling to the branches, preparations are already made for their detachment. Kerner is careful to point out that it must not be assumed that the plants foresee the approach of either the dry season or the winter, and he explains the phenomenon on the assumption that in a climate which renders a long cessation of transpiration necessary those plants flourish best whose natural characteristic is to follow a period of energetic working by a season of rest.

Plants differ materially in the time of their shedding their leaves, trees growing on mountains losing their foliage several weeks in advance of those in the plains, although much later in coming into leaves. Primarily, the stripping of the leaves depends upon the drying up of the sources from which they obtained their water, and the detachment is brought about by the formation of a special layer of cells known as the layer of separation. This consists of a parenchymatous tissue, and the walls are so constructed that they are easily separated by mechanical or chemical agents. As soon as restriction of transpiration commences, thin walled cells are formed in the lower part of the leaf or leaflet, and form a zone. When the layer has attained its proper thickness, its cells separate from each other, the so-called middle lamella of the cell wall is dissolved by organic acids, and continuity between the cells of the layer of separation destroyed, with the result that the most trifling cause will effect a fracture and bring the leaf to the ground.

HER STUDIES.



BELL: "What do you intend studying at college this year?"

Nell: "Oh, base-ball, bicycling, golf, football, and possibly billiards. Why?"

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A QUICK CHANGE.

BY

WELLESLEY PAIN.

Illustrated by A. S. FORREST.



“**T**ALKING about dogs,” said Medwick, “I heard of a very curious case the other day in——”

“I know that dog,” interrupted Slater. “Although the animal had only been brought to the place by train he was found at his home on the following morning, having travelled three hundred and sixty-five miles in——”

“No, he hadn’t done anything of the sort,” said Medwick. “The dog, or, rather, dogs, I’m thinking of didn’t do anything at

all—at least, not much—and yet the result was——er——”

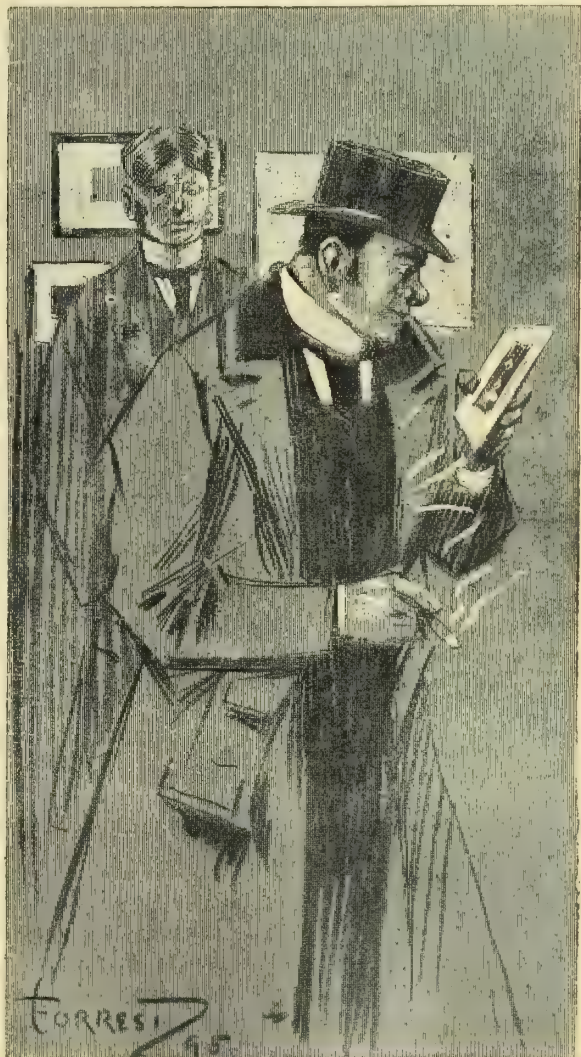
“Was another proof of the extraordinary sagacity of the——”

“Look here,” said Peters, “you shut up, Slater, and let Medwick tell his story.”

And Medwick began.

“It’s about a man I knew, and it’s all true. When he was quite a kid he forsook the company of his brothers and sisters for that of a fox-terrier. His brothers and sisters didn’t mind, and the dog was delighted. The little beggar was never happy unless he was with his dog. Being a pretty kid, of course he was photographed heaps of times, but he always insisted that the dog should be in the picture. They made a very pretty photo. Unfortunately, by the time the boy was thirteen the dog’s life was nearly over. That’s the worst of keeping dogs—they never live long enough. Shortly before the dog died he was photographed with

his master. A week or two afterwards a cattle-dealer called at the house. (The boy’s father was a butcher



THE CATTLE DEALER CROSSED OVER AND EXAMINED THE PHOTOGRAPH.

in a large way.) The boy was introduced as the probable successor to the business, and slipped out of the room as soon as he could manage to do so unnoticed

"You wouldn't think," said the father, pointing to a photograph on the wall, "that that was a picture of my boy, taken when he was four years old. He was a pretty child, which always means an ugly man, you know."

The cattle-dealer crossed over and examined the photograph.

"Don't be offended," he said, turning to the father, "but do you know who your boy reminded me of when he came in? I see it a little in that photo, too."

"Well?"

"A young calf I've got at home. Look at his eyes—almost big enough to be out of proportion to his head. Then he's got a soft-looking chin, and a broad, white forehead. Somehow it reminds me of that calf's face."

The father laughed the idea away, and forgot all about it until the last photograph of his boy, taken with the old dog, was put into his hands. The father was examining the photo carefully, when it suddenly occurred to him that there might be some truth in the cattle-dealer's suggestion. The next minute he solved the mystery. The boy's face certainly had the faintest trace of an animal look about it, but it wasn't a calfish expression at all—far too sharp and alert. In fact, it was a good bit more like the fox-terrier's.

The father called his wife, and asked her if she noticed it. She saw the resemblance as soon as it was pointed out to her, but the two agreed that nothing should be said about it to the boy.

Shortly afterwards the old fox-terrier died. Of course, the lad was very grieved, but in less than two months he had got another puppy, and from that time he went in for fox-terriers extensively. He exhibited at all the leading shows, and always went with the dogs himself.

Well, to cut a long story short, the likeness between that boy's face and a fox-terrier's grew more and more pronounced every day, until anyone in the street, meeting the man with his dogs, would detect it at once.

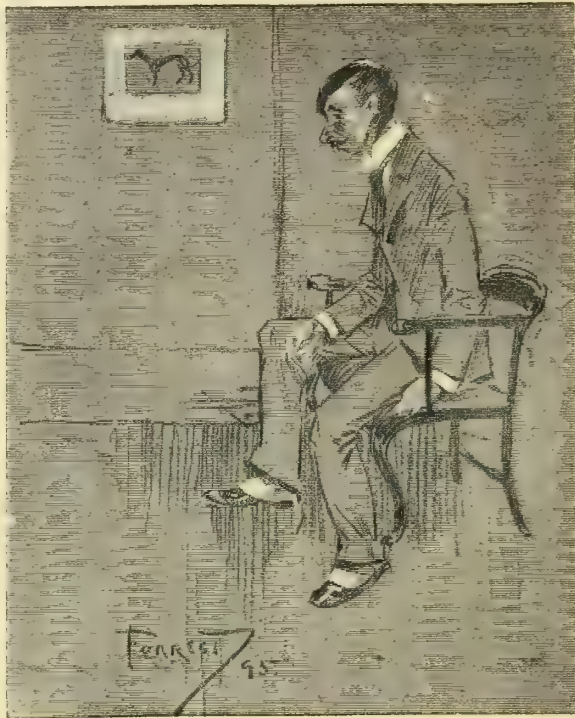
I've heard of wives catching little tricks of expression and mannerisms from their husbands, and vice-versa, but I never saw a man's expression so completely dominated, as it were, by his thoughts as that man's. By the time he was twenty-three, his face was exactly like a fox-terrier's. In manner, too, he resembled his favourites. He was always, keen, sharp, brisk, energetic—a splendid business man.

But one day he fell in love. His father had often chaffed him about going to so many dog shows, but it never occurred to the old man that there might be some other attraction besides the dogs. The lady was several years older than her *fiancé*, and a well-known breeder and exhibitor of Italian greyhounds.

They were married. A week before they were discussing future arrangements, and it was decided that as the fox-terriers and the Italian greyhounds could not both be kept, the kennel of fox-terriers should be sold. When a man is very much in love, you know, he'll do any mortal silly thing he's asked to do. At the same time, if a man is very keen on dogs, he isn't very particular as a rule about the breed, so long as it's a dog.

Well, naturally enough, the man paid a lot of attention to his wife's dogs—the Italian greyhounds. He took them round to all the big shows, just as he had done with his fox-terriers. Sometimes his wife went with him, but I fancy he was really far more fond of the little dogs than she was.

Now comes the strange part of the story. When the young man married, he left his native town, and did not see his parents for six months afterwards. But on the first day he returned there was quite a small sensation in the house. The young man's face, his expression, bearing, manner—all had slightly altered. The change was not very noticeable, of course, but the parental eyes detected it. Instead of being a smart looking, well-groomed man, he was sheepish and



THE MAN WAS A COMPLETE WRECK OF HIS FORMER SELF.

effeminate in appearance.

The father said nothing about it to his son. The young man returned to his own home, and did not see his father again for another year. The change was then entirely complete. There was a nervous sort of whimper in the way he spoke; he lifted one finger when talking, exactly as those Italian greyhounds will hold up one of their fore paws when they are sitting still, shivering. The man was a complete wreck of his former self, and it was entirely owing to his new passion for Italian greyhounds. That's all, and if you don't believe it, I can give you the man's name and address."

"I say, Medwick," said Slater, "don't you think you could have ended that story a little better? You might have killed the young man's first wife before the Italian greyhound expression had time to take full effect, and then married him off to a lady fancier of bull-dogs. You'd have had something wonderful in the way of faces then, and, besides——"

"Only it's a true story," interrupted Medwick.

"Well, if it comes to that," said Peters, "I know of several men whose expressions have altered very much since their marriage, and without the aid of any Italian greyhounds, and——"

"Never mind, old man," said Slater, "I'm glad you told us that story, because it's got such a beautiful moral, and I do like morals. The moral, my friends, in this case, is——"

"Quite evident," said Medwick, who was a married man himself.

PERILS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

"AND you English, you are again sending out missionaries to China," remarked a Frenchman to his neighbour at *table d'hôte*. "Do you know of the perils that await them?"

Having no desire for violent death ourselves, and disliking it for our friends, we promptly disclaimed any share in the transaction he referred to. In fact, we declined to share the responsibility of the society whose report the Frenchman had just finished reading.

"But it is terrible!" he persisted. "Go to our Mission here in Paris, and see for yourselves the relics, picture the tortures, and"—he shook his head significantly—"what has been done can be done again—in China."

To please him we proceeded next morning to visit the great establishment where a four years' course of study is given to would-be missionaries. The acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the language of the country in which their future work lies, forms an important part of their education.

Over the great archway of this "*Société des Missions-Etrangères*" we saw in plain letters the modest petition, *priez pour nous*. Extensive walls, gleaming white in the sunshine, surrounded the college, chapel, and grounds; but the large entrance-gate stood invitingly open, and workmen, engaged in repairs, supplemented their leisurely labours by civilly pointing out the way to the *concierge*. Thanking them, we proceeded along the paved path, through a cool hall, into a bare-looking waiting-room. After a few minutes' delay the door opened, and a very grave young student in a kind of cassock entered, who briefly requested us to follow him. We did so, overtaking him as he turned a key and admitted us to a small, lofty room, the upper part of the walls covered with pictures, and the lower filled with glass cases.

The guide appeared indifferent as to whether motives of devotion or curiosity had attracted us. That matter seemed beneath his attention, but he was terribly earnest himself. His manner began after a time to effect the rest of us, and we seemed to lose sight of the odd perspective, crude colours, and grotesque figures in the pictures, characteristic as they were of Chinese art and Chinese cruelty.

We listened only to the Frenchman's eloquent recitals of martyred fellow-Christians of Eastern and Western birth, until he called our attention himself to the barbarous scenes depicted on the walls. He told us that one of them had been copied that the mother of the slain priest might possess this most ghastly souvenir of her son's last hours.

Another picture showed the execution of one Pierre Tuy, kneeling on a carpet in the open air. He was beheaded only by the seventh stroke of the long-bladed sword. A strip of thin wood, shaped like, but much bigger than, a cricket bat, stood upright in front of him. This bore his death-sentence in strange characters, with a tiny cross outlined below. The actual piece of wood itself was also preserved in the museum.

Priestly vestments and other habiliments, strands of hair, fragments of cloth (stained with the blood of the martyrs), filled the glass cases, and all kinds of personal relics, labelled with the names of slaughtered Christians. Since 1813 hundreds of French missionaries and their converts had been killed by the Chinese, our guide told us; and of these, fifty-two were selected by the Church for special honours, amongst them natives of Annam and Tonquin, *mis à mort pour la foi*. The accounts of their deaths, given by eye-witnesses, teemed with horrors, and the ingenious tortures applied before the long-drawn-out death agony equalled, if they did not exceed, those of the Inquisition. Mutilation of the bodies after death were said to be followed by distributions of portions of liver—the Chinese, like other savages, believed that by eating this organ, freshly taken from a brave man, they absorbed some of his courage. Cages in

which the victims could not stand or lie down; yokes formed of heavy beams of wood, worn incessantly on the neck; nails, pinchers, etc., used to torture, have been immortalised by Chinese artists who were presumably on the spot. *On suit les pas de l'Eglise à la trace du sang de ses martyrs*, remarks a biographer, truly.

To justify their treatment of European missionaries, accusations of revolting crimes appear to have been often brought against them by the officials. With these fables they associated edicts in which thirty bars of silver were offered as the price of a Christian's head. Amongst the atrocious suggestions by which persecution was inflamed, it was said the Christians dishonoured the dead, ill-treated the dying, and carried out cruel superstitions.

Native Christians, more leniently dealt with, were seldom sentenced to death; but, on a refusal to renounce their faith, they were branded on the face, sent to unhealthy regions, or severely punished without banishment.

Before sentence of death was passed, the missionaries were tempted by their persecutors to save their lives by denying their faith, and their courage was then tested whilst they were environed with various instruments of torture. According to the chronicles sent home by contemporaries, these offers were, in nearly all cases, scornfully rejected. In one instance, where a priest and student were about to be executed, the inhabitants of an adjacent village flocked out in a body to insist that the deed should be carried out elsewhere; they feared it would bring ill-luck if Christians were slaughtered at their gates. Accordingly, an adjournment took place to a short distance, and there François Jaccard and Thomas Thien were strangled in 1838. Beheaded, strangled, or tortured by a hundred wounds, were the words with which each story, told us at the *Missions-Etrangères*, concluded. They rang in our ears like a dirge as we retired, our guide having first carefully drawn down the blinds again, and closed the door of this interesting exhibition of memorials of the fifty-two *Serviteurs de Dieu*. Looking at the student's serious face and spare figure, we wondered, with something of a shudder, what possibilities of suffering the future had in store for the aspiring young missionary.

H. F. G.

AND NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.



MISS SIXTEEN: "How old do you think I am?"
Mr. Thoughtless (counting): "Forty love."

THE ART OF BEING SYMPATHETIC.

A CHAT WITH MISS LENA ASHWELL.

"My ideal part?" asked Miss Ashwell. "Well, I've a notion—which I daresay is an erroneous one, as I really haven't been on the stage long enough to pose as an authority on theatrical affairs—that I should like a part in which humour and pathos are combined. That, of course, is only just my idea. I think one is apt to forget that the finest pathos has its humorous side too. Now, on the stage one is usually supposed to be either pathetic—I use the word in its widest sense—or humorous."

"You would prefer to be more natural?"

"I think so.

You know a very careful driver will always put as much distance as possible between his own vehicle and the one he is passing, but a man who understands his business properly is content with a couple of inches or so on each side of him. It is just the same with acting. If an actress knows exactly what she is doing, what she is trying after, she will manage to let her audience see that there is a certain grim humour in everything that is truly pathetic. When you hardly know whether to laugh or cry—that is, to me, true pathos, though by laughing I don't mean a rollicking, loud guffaw. But there, that's only just my idea."

"But supposing," I suggested, "you have a part that won't let you do this—what then?"

"I don't want to seem as though I knew all about it," said Miss Ashwell, "but I should say that in that case the play would be at fault. To tell you the truth, I think that's an error that some dramatists make. They want you to believe, perhaps, that a woman is as miserable as a woman can be for several days at a stretch—supposing the action of the play to extend over that time. Well, an ordinary woman—no matter how great the trouble may be—is incapable of such a thing. However sad her thoughts were, they would wander—possibly unconsciously—from the cause of their sadness long

before seven or even three days were up. She would console herself, almost instinctively, by thinking of other things."

"New clothes, perhaps?"

"No," said Miss Ashwell, "not necessarily; but she would find herself taking an interest in the ordinary events of life—things going on around her. It is for this reason that I think there is always a great danger of an actress being too pathetic. Then she gets gently reprimanded by a critic—as I was the other day—for being 'mournfully monotonous.' As a matter of fact, it's a thing I always try to guard against, only you may err on the wrong side, and not be earnest enough. It really isn't easy to get an audience to believe that the woman whose movements they are watching is in serious trouble."

"Then you don't believe in labelling one character 'serious' and another 'comic'?"

"No, I don't. Somehow, I can't believe that any human being is ever entirely humorous or entirely serious."

"And about this recent controversy about critics, Miss Ashwell?"

"Well, we won't go into that, but I may tell you that I love a fair notice—whether it slates or praises—and I always know when it is fair. When my acting deserves blame, no one is more conscious of the fact than I am myself, and I like to have my faults pointed out to me. But I am getting almost tired of pathetic parts; I want a change—something lighter. And that is another pitfall we poor actresses have to escape—if we can. We are always wanting to do the very thing we can't, and we are too apt to



MISS LENA ASHWELL.

Photo by]

[Alfred Ellis.

forget that the public are far better judges of our capabilities than we are ourselves."

"And after you've had your little change, Miss Ashwell, what is to come next? What are your ambitions?"

"There is no particular harm that I know of in having ambitions," said Miss Ashwell, "if one keeps them to one's self. Yes, I have plenty, but I don't think I should like just everyone to know them. Without an ambition of some sort we should never get on at all. But I am a strong believer in the advice that Schumann—it was Schumann, wasn't it?—gave to pianoforte students."

"Which was——"

"That 'it is much better to play easy pieces well than difficult pieces indifferently.' The same thing applies to acting."

"And do you know, Miss Ashwell, if the audience are not in touch with you?"

"Yes. I can feel it, and it isn't at all a nice sensation, I can tell you. On the other hand, you mustn't think me conceited when I say that I am also conscious of the fact when the audience like me—they really do sometimes, you know."

"And when you see their handkerchiefs coming out, and people——"

"Oh, I never see an audience so well as to notice that, and I've never heard them cry—as you say they do—except once."

"And that was——"

"When I was playing in *Sowing the Wind* in the provinces. They really made such a noise, I couldn't help hearing them."

With so much pessimism in the air it might be thought that the art of drawing tears from an audience would be a comparatively easy thing for any actress to accomplish. But the persecuted heroine of the stage is such a familiar figure to all playgoers that only an actress capable of getting clear away from the conventional methods of expressing emotion can ever hope to win the sympathies of an intelligent audience. That there are few actresses who can do this goes without saying, but it must be unreservedly admitted that Miss Lena Ashwell is certainly one of these few. And though perhaps her methods may be summed up in the two words "happy medium," the phrase, in this instance, is very far from being a synonym for dull mediocrity.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

ALTHOUGH India traces its civilisation back to the earliest time, and may be looked upon as the cradle of nations, to the European it represents the paradise of travellers. The ambition of many of those who visit India for pleasure is to taste the excitement of the chase after the wild game of the jungle. One of the most common methods of shooting is that by night, when a blue light is opportunely burned to give the sportsman an opportunity to take aim at a tiger which has been attracted to the spot by some form of bait, the sportsman being located above in a machan, or some other point of vantage. A correspondent in Calcutta, however, has employed a different and more advanced method of securing his prey, having resorted to the use of electricity to reach the desired result. He describes what he has accomplished as follows:—

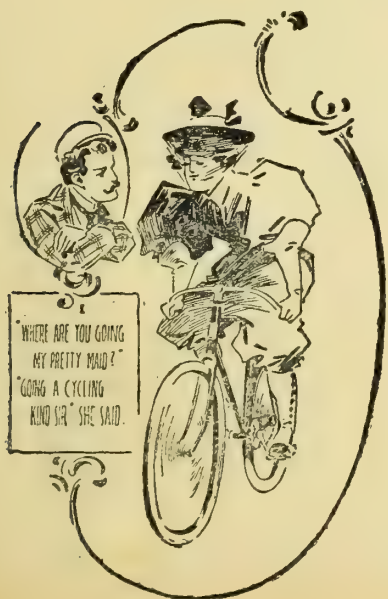
"I do a good deal of shooting, off and on, in the Sunderbunds and other parts of India, principally tiger. As the jungles are very thick, the only way is to sit up at night in a machan or platform over a cow, or over an animal he has killed. At present I use a battery of six large cells, filled with sal ammoniac. It is very heavy and cumbersome, and the light only a five-candle-power lamp. From the box containing the cells I have a line of wire (double, of course), say, thirty to forty feet long, slipped on each end of the box by butterfly-nuts; the lamp is tied to a branch of a tree immediately over, say twenty feet high, the bait being at the other end.

"At about two yards from the battery there is a con-

nection, I think, called a male switch. A short line of wire, about three or four feet long, makes the connection to the fore end of my rifle; at one end of this short length is a female switch to fit on above the male one, and at the other end two small rings are made of the wires. These rings are fastened by two big-headed screws to the bed of the connection. On hearing the tiger at the kill, I aim as nearly in the direction as I can; then a slight pressure of the thumb makes the electric connection, and the light opens right over the tiger. As the tiger is not in the habit of looking up, it is a second or two before he can make out where the sudden light has come from, and by that time he has a shell well into his ribs, and further proceedings interest him no more."

The difficulty with the system, however, was the great weight and size of the battery used, and the light was too feeble. This sportsman is now fitting himself out with the Capro-farad battery, which may be carried in the belt like cartridges. It is estimated that thirty of these batteries, carried in this way, would be sufficient to provide a sixteen candle-power light, which would burn a sufficiently long time for the purpose of shooting. It would seem as if such a system might also be adapted for big game shooting in the Rockies, where night-hunting for the wily grizzly is also resorted to on much the same plan as that employed in the Far East. The electric light, thus employed, would almost revolutionise hunting. Its appeal to the romantic would be strong in the white glare amidst the dim silences of the forest.

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.



SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

How the Indian Swindlers Work—Their Methods—Their Hidden Treasure—How a Wealthy Merchant was Duped—The Iron Safe Gang and How they were Caught.

It is a dishonest world. The longer we live in it, the further we travel over it, the more convinced must we become what a mean, dishonest world it is. No matter how clever we may be we cannot travel far abroad without experiencing the sweet sense of being swindled. It is practised in every trade, in every country under the sun. Even in this blessed land of ours we sometimes hear of swindling on a fairly extensive scale. But I think the palm may be given to that great and glorious country which is occasionally satirically alluded to as "the brightest gem in Britain's diadem"—I mean India—as possessing the cleverest, most artful, most scientific swindlers in the world.

The belief of the natives of India in the supernatural and the powers of genii and spirits, their reverence for fakirs or priests, and pirs, otherwise saints or miracle workers, are characteristics which lend themselves to the machinations of the professional cheats of India.

In order to be successful they must be skilled conjurers and magicians; they must, in order to play upon the credulity of their dupes, be able to produce startling illusions, and summon spirits to their aid. But those swindlers do not go about their business in a hurry. Slowly and deliberately do they work, carefully maturing their plans. To discover a suitable victim is their first object. Moreover, they try to find a man who they imagine would not be over-scrupulous for the sake of gain in acting a little dishonestly himself, the result being that when the event "comes off," the poor dupe, too much ashamed of the shady part he himself had played in the transaction, prefers to bear his loss and keep the matter quiet, rather than proclaim it to the world, and have his name dragged before the public through the police-court, where he would not himself pose as a paragon of virtue.

It is the various methods employed by those artful rogues which I propose explaining. Surprising and incredible though some of these tales of swindling may appear, they are nevertheless mere records of fact, and can be vouched for—most of them, at any rate—by the Sirdar Mir Abdul Ali Khan Bahadur, Chief of the Bombay Detective Department, to whom I am indebted for most of my material.

One ingenious method of cheating is by means of pretended lost or stolen property.

A wealthy English merchant was sitting in his office in Bombay one afternoon when there was shown into his presence a Hindoo, who, from his dress, was apparently a stranger to that part of the country. He told a tale of the discovery by himself and some friends of valuable hidden treasure, the property of a wealthy nobleman, who had died some years before, and he was anxious to dispose of it to the best advantage, and, of course, as speedily as possible. The English sahib they thought could aid them, and they would allow him any commission he chose to ask, if only he would assist them. There were gold belts set with large, costly stones, knives with richly chased and jewelled sheaths, neck ornaments studded with diamonds, some hundreds of valuable rings, and all kinds of the finest of precious stones. The merchant did know of a way to dispose of such articles, and when his visitor, in reply to a question as to the value of the jewels, said that he did not know, the merchant thought he had got a simpleton to deal with, and that he should be able to make a very profitable bar-

gain for himself. The merchant having asked to be shown some specimens, the Hindu produced a box from which he took some beautiful pieces of antique-looking jewellery, and further explained that he had hidden up-country a large iron safe, filled with even more valuable articles than the specimens shown. The merchant asked the Hindu to bring the treasure from its hiding-place, and he would undertake to have it all disposed of at a fair price. The Hindu agreed, and took his departure, reappearing in a few days with the news that the iron safe was now buried in a quiet spot in the jungle near Parel, a village near the city of Bombay. Then the bargaining began. The merchant was eager to obtain custody of the safe, but the Hindu wanted large security, and demanded first a lakh and then half a lakh of rupees. But the merchant was unwilling to part with so much money for what he had not had an opportunity of examining carefully. He offered ten thousand rupees in advance, which he thought the Hindu and his friends should be very glad of, especially as they were being relieved of all the risk. To that the Hindu, with seeming reluctance, agreed, and at night they drove in the merchant's carriage to Parel, stopping at a bungalow on the outskirts of the jungle. There they were joined by two of the Hindu's associates and a number of coolies armed with pick-axes and spades, one carrying an unlit lantern. After scrambling through the dark jungle a short distance they came to a halt, when the Hindu with whom the merchant had made the bargain, and who was apparently manager of the business, ordered the lamp to be lit. Digging operations then commenced, and in due course the coolies, with much grunting and groaning, lifted out of the pit a large square object, which the merchant carefully examined, and sure enough he found it to be an old iron safe, all mucky and rusty from being, to all appearance, long buried in the ground.

A coolie was then sent to fetch a bullock-cart which had been left on the road outside the jungle till required. Off the man went, and soon he could be heard shouting for the driver of the cart. Then the cart itself was heard rumbling through the jungle, the driver cracking his whip, and making so much noise that the merchant appealed to the Hindu to go himself and demand silence, but he appeared to be as much agitated as the Englishman himself. No doubt the noise was all part of the play, for no sooner had the cart come to a standstill than a new actor appeared on the scene. He introduced himself as the landowner, pretended to be much enraged, and threatened them all with arrest for trespassing. He also betrayed no little curiosity as to the contents of the iron safe, and the merchant in alarm asked the Hindu to try and bribe the intruder. The Hindu eagerly adopted the plan, and after much disputing the so-called landlord agreed to leave them in peace and tell nobody what he had seen for the small consideration of five thousand rupees. The merchant was horrified to find his money thrown away in such a fashion, but, afraid to make any demur, he took the notes from his pocket, counted out the sum demanded, and handed it over.

The land proprietor having been "squared" the merchant ordered the safe to be put in the cart, and directed how it should be covered to avoid suspicion.

Now another dispute arose between the Hindu and the English merchant. The former maintained that ten thousand rupees was the sum stipulated for, and, the merchant having already parted with half that sum, had only five thousand left. The Hindu was stubborn, and demanded that the merchant should return next night with the full sum agreed upon, till when the safe could remain where it was. The merchant could do no more than yield. He had already parted with a very large sum of money, and the only way he could recoup himself for his losses was to obtain possession of the jewellery in the safe. Accordingly next night he appeared again, got delivery of the safe all right, and

paid over the money. But his troubles were not yet over. He had just reached the outskirts of the jungle with the bullock-cart, when a havildar, or native police-sergeant appeared, and demanded to know what was in the cart. Irritated at being stopped in this fashion after all the trouble he had had, the merchant refused to answer, whereupon the havildar said something about an extensive jewel robbery, expressed an opinion that the stolen property was in the cart, and blew an alarm upon a whistle. Immediately the cart was surrounded by police-sepoys. The merchant, on being informed he was a prisoner, resented it, and used his fists to some effect, and ran off along the road to his carriage, leapt up, took the reins from his sleepy driver, lashed up his horses, and galloped home at full speed. He had lost fifteen thousand rupees, which, as exchange stood then, was equal to about £1,125 sterling, but he preferred to lose the money than be found in possession of stolen jewellery, and perhaps figure in court as well for having assaulted the police.

But Nemesis was at the heels of the iron-safe gang. It will readily be guessed that the Hindu and his associates, the pretended landowner, the coolies, the police-sepoys all belonged to the tribe of swindlers. Not

long after their success with the English merchant they tried the same game on with a shrewd old Brahmin. All went well for the swindlers till the pretended landowner appeared, but the Brahmin would have none of him. He considered him a scoundrel who had come there to levy blackmail and nothing more. As the fellow continued to be troublesome, the Brahmin seized him, and belaboured him till he shouted that he was being murdered, and the Brahmin soon found himself in the grasp of two yellow-turbaned police-sepoys. But they were real police this time, headed by the chief of detectives, the Sirdar Mir Abdul Ali.

It would appear that one of the gang had fallen out with his confederates regarding the division of some spoil, and determined on revenge, informed the police of the plan to swindle the Brahmin. The end was that at the next Bombay Criminal Sessions the whole gang, numbering some fifteen or sixteen members, were sentenced to long terms of rigorous imprisonment.

And what of the iron safe? It was, of course, carried to the police-office, where, on being opened, it was found to contain nothing but stones and mud.

(To be continued.)

MARVELS OF MODERN SURGERY.

PROVIDED that you can employ a skilful surgeon, you may have six inches of your jugular vein removed and live for years afterwards, without feeling the loss at all. A few persons have been thus distinguished, and their lives have been saved as a consequence. The operation is exceedingly difficult and delicate. To the lay mind it seems impossible, but we are fast learning that the modern great surgeon does not include this word in his vocabulary. The jugular vein has had more glory than any other blood-vessel. The most ignorant person knows its location, and that to cut it means certain death. "I'll hit him on the jugular," is a common expression among prize-fighters and roughs. When a man gets hit on the jugular he usually goes down and becomes speechless for a minute or two, but the jugular is no more responsible for that than the big toe. There is a littleshining cord—a nerve—just at the back of the jugular which controls speech and respiration. When a forceful blow is struck in the region of the jugular, this nerve is paralysed, and what is technically known as a knock-out results.

The jugular is nearly an inch in diameter, and it will be readily understood how easily one can bleed to death if it is suddenly opened. It lies directly underneath the great muscle on the side of the neck which shows up so prominently in an athlete when he turns his head. Except in a very fleshy person, a cut of half an inch in depth will readily reach it. The removal of a piece of the jugular is justifiable in case of a large abscess, tumour, or growth of any kind on the neck, or of inflammation of the walls of the vein and the tissue about it. The latter is very rare. Unlike the removal of the vermiform appendix, the removal of the jugular will never become a "fad." Seldom, indeed, is there any need of it. There are a great number of nerves in the region of the jugular. To cut one of them is serious. For instance, the nerve already mentioned, which lies next to the vein, controls the functions of speech and respiration. These nerves intersect each other like rivers, highways, and railroads on a very small map. To cut out a piece of the jugular is somewhat like putting your pencil down on this map when you are blindfolded without touching a river, a highway, or a railroad. But the surgeon knows the exact location of each little shining nerve, each little vein, from long study, and his scalpel is sharp and his touch is sure.

The flesh and tissue are cut away and the vein is lifted up clear of both, looking like a full hose when the water is turned on, while all the time the great muscle is held

apart by forked steel hooks something like sugar-tongs. A pair of clamps, shaped like blunt scissors, with rough surfaces, is fastened just above the point where the upper cut is to be made. Suddenly the tube collapses, just as the hose does when the water is turned off, for the output of blood from the brain has been shut off. A second pair of clamps is fastened just below where the cut is to be made. Next two strips of catgut or fine silk are tied tightly around just above the upper pair of clamps and just below the lower pair, and all that is left to do is to cut out the intervening piece. The whole operation is performed by the skilful hands of two or three surgeons more quickly than it is told.

In three months' time the catgut or the silk will have been assimilated into the system, a blood clot will have formed at the inlet of the vein at the base of the head, and what was once the walls of the vein will have become a useless tube, which will also be gradually assimilated, while tissue will form in its place. But how does the impure blood from the brain now find its way back to be purified? is the question that is naturally asked. Just here is where Nature asserts her versatility, adaptability, and resourcefulness. She makes the jugular on the other side of the neck and the numerous small veins do the work, and they do it so satisfactorily that the patient never knows the difference.

The first operation for the removal of the jugular was performed in India by an English surgeon, a Dr. Smith, on an East Indian, who had such a bad tumour on his neck that death was certain. To cut down and take out a piece of the famous old vein was simply a rash experiment in which Dr. Smith himself had very little confidence. As soon as the news of its success was distributed through the medical world the vein immediately lost some of its great prestige, and the tumour of the neck much of its horror. You may be sure that Dr. Smith did not tell the Indian what he was about to do, or the poor fellow would have probably died of fright on the spot, for the ignorant natives of India regard the jugular as the seat of all life. But the prestige of the jugular has received even a greater blow. A few weeks ago, in a case of inflammation of both sides of the neck and the resulting disease of the walls of both jugulars and the tissue around them, of a patient in a British hospital, another rash experiment was attempted—the removal of both jugulars. It succeeded. The patient is upon his feet again and lively as he ever was, and to be slashed in the jugular has now no terrors for him. In this instance it is shown, of course, that the smaller veins will so enlarge their capacity that they can do the work of both jugulars—something that has even made the wizards of surgery rub their eyes and wonder.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—I suppose you have got the patterns by this time. Are not the new crêpons lovely? And the mohairs? Choose one of the latter, if you can, because they are much newer than the crêpons, and will have an enormous vogue in the spring. The wool, of which the best are made, is exquisitely fine and silky, and looks like the softest and purest silk. It is, in fact, dearer than silk just now. I saw a mohair at Redmayne's that was a perfect material for gowns or capes. The pattern was a sort of frisé, not unlike that of astrakhan, and with an equal gloss. This was intensely black, and would wear for years without turning a hair. I love a good gown that wears well, don't you? It gets fitted so beautifully into the lines of the figure, and becomes so comfortable that gradually one regards it as only an outer cuticle, and is perfectly at ease.

One of the prettiest things I have seen for a long time is a tassel of pearls in a jeweller's window. The strands are pearls of about the size of hemp-seed, each being finished off with a larger one. The top was encrusted with diamonds. There was a pair of these, held together by a true lovers' knot in diamonds, and well suited for a shoulder ornament on an evening dress.

White satin is to be again the leading material for evening dress this winter. That is in smart society, of course. Humble folk who cannot afford such sumptuous fabrics do well to realise that fact, and content themselves with brochés, crêpons, tulle, or even muslin.

Cheap satin is a horrid thing, and, ah, how soon the cotton in it begins to tell! There is nothing so unpromisingly truthful as a fraud of this kind. Like murder, it will out.

I went in search of a cycling costume for Minna on one of the wettest afternoons I ever knew. She has become infatuated with this form of exercise, and entrusted to me the onerous task of choosing a sensible costume for her. As in duty bound, I examined them all. Some consist merely of jacket and skirt, leaving the rest to the discretion of the wearer. Others have skirt and knickerbockers cut in one. It must be rather a difficult business to get into them, I should fancy. The Jaeger knickerbockers are most delightfully warm, and light, weighing only a few ounces. The overskirt is proportionately free from weight. This is certainly the safest

costume, owing to the hygienic nature of the wool, which obviates any possible ill-effect of getting overheated. It is impossible to get a serious chill in Jaeger costume except in the most extraordinary circumstances, such as falling into a river and keeping the wet clothes on for hours after in a state of inaction.

An excellent cycling costume is made with an invisibly divided skirt. It hangs like a smart shooting dress, and no one could possibly discover that the skirt is divided. The advantage of this is that the wearer could easily mount and dismount from a tandem or any other machine where there is the bar on which one has to ride astride. This costume, called the Viola, is made with a smart coat, the basques of which are deep enough to fall below the saddle when the rider is seated. A great

advantage of the divided skirt lies in the fact that the fulness cannot be unequally distributed, as sometimes happens with the ordinary skirt.

In Hyde Park the other morning there was a lady riding with hardly any skirt at one side and several yards of it floating out in a balloon-like whirl at the other. It was a danger to passers-by.

Last winter we thought that sable boas were much worn, but this year the number appears to be trebled at least, and the wonder of it is that they all look so good. I suppose it is owing to the new way of colouring light sable to a deep, rich, dark tint, like that of the best Russian. One of these costs about a sixth of the real dark sable, and it looks so well that only an expert could detect the difference. You could get one for three guineas, if you like.

I have just made mother a lovely little collar out of some black satin she has had lying by for years. It is very rich and good. I cut it out with a high plain collar and a double cape, the lower one extending to the tips of the shoulders, the upper one shorter, and both of them moderately full. I lined them with white silk and bordered them with skunk about an inch and a-half in width—fur that once trimmed a blue velvet cape of mine. You have no notion how jolly that little cape-collar looks.

This comfortable and convenient form of Inverness cape, shown in the illustration, has a semi-fitting under-part, with a warm cape protecting the shoulders and arms. It is in reversible box-cloth, the inner side being in a tartan pattern.

There is a perfect rage for chinchilla, especially in



INVERNESS CAPE OF REVERSIBLE BOX CLOTH.

combination with black velvet. I saw a sweet little tight-fitting velvet coat the other day, with a high collar of chinchilla, lined with silver-grey satin, and extending in front into very small revers. The cuffs were finished with fur. When the jacket was thrown open in a hot concert-room I noticed that the blouse beneath was silver-grey satin with a pleat down the centre, fitted with very large cut-steel buttons. Think how delicious must have been the now Duchess of Marlborough's chinchilla theatre mantle, very wide and very long, and lined throughout with rose-petal pink silk—a garment fit for a princess. On a similar scale, but also very covetable, is a chinchilla cape lined with palest green brocade and finished at the neck with a ruche of pink cocks' feathers. Lovely for the theatre, wouldn't it be?—Ever your affectionate
SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALEXINE wants to know of some way by which she can manage to cook her dinner without being present at the process. Sounds impossible—doesn't it? but it can be done. I set about the problem some time ago, and, having successfully solved it, I offer her and all other lonely women living in rooms by themselves the solution.

ALEXINE says that she makes her own breakfast ready, eats it, and is out every morning at half-past nine, not getting back till half past one—four hours. Then, Alexine, you will have,

if you wish to follow my counsel, to supply yourself with a Wanzer lamp and a duplex boilerette. The former goes by clockwork, and consumes a very small quantity of oil; it will burn for six or seven hours without replenishing. Take care to wind it up fully. The duplex boilerette is a saucepan within a saucepan, on the principle of a bain-marie, but so contrived that both are in one, and with so slight an amount of evaporation that the water in the outer vessel need not be renewed for hours. With the boilerette there is no risk of overcooking the food in your four hours' absence. Put in the inner vessel half a dozen potatoes, a couple of carefully trimmed chops, a little pepper and salt, about a tablespoonful of water—more if you like gravy, and an onion if you like it. Put on the lid, light your lamp—see that there is plenty of wick and oil, set the boilerette on the top of the cooking ring. Place the whole where there is no risk of cat, dog, child or servant upsetting it; turn the wick half-way up, and set forth on your rounds; when you come back your dinner will be ready. You can cook a pigeon or fowl in the same way; a pillau of rabbit, or dish of jugged hare, will answer capitally. Now tell me what you think of the plan.

L. H. L.—If I were you I should make a full basque of the lace. It would look lovely, and would bring the dress up to date. Have white satin sleeves, finished with some of the lace falling from the elbows. This would make a smart and very pretty gown.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

A NURSERY DISH FOR AFTER DINNER.—Prepare a quart mould of Oswego or blanc mange, and serve it when firm with the contents of a tin of San José pears. These cost 10d. a tin, and are perfectly delicious. The list of these fruits is worth perusal. The apricots are excellent.

OYSTER SOUP (A NEW RECIPE).—Put on, in two quarts of cold water, three or four pounds of any odds and ends of uncooked beef, mutton, veal, and giblets. When it boils add to it a large bunch of pot herbs, sweet and savoury, one or two carrots and turnips, an onion, a leek, and any other vegetables approved. Allow all the above to simmer for three or four hours. Then strain it perfectly clear. Return to the fire, and when once again it reaches boiling point put in a dozen very small force-meat balls. Fifteen minutes previous to serving the soup add in twenty plump native oysters and their liquor. Serve the soup at once with soy.

SALT FISH RISsoles.—Soak one pound of salt fish for eight hours, then wash it very clean, put it in a pot with as much boiling water as will cover it; boil it quickly for a quarter of an hour, then take it out and put it in a basin and pour cold water on it. Take off the skin with a knife, and remove all the bones; put the remainder in a mortar with a quarter pound of boiled potatoes; pound well together, take it out, and put it in a large basin. Add a quarter of a pint of milk, two eggs, two ounces of butter, and a couple of shallots minced very fine. Add a little fresh red pepper, mix all well together, then take a tablespoonful at a time and drop them into a frying-pan half filled with boiling lard. Fry them light brown; serve them hot.

FOR THE COMPLEXION AND SKIN.

This pure and exquisite emollient preparation contains no poisonous or deleterious ingredients. It is liquid, absolutely colourless, and, as it is free from sediment, it does not clog the pores, but purifies them and assists their functions, nourishing and beautifying the skin. It prevents and SPECIAL NOTICE.—Take no imitations or substitutes for Creme-de-Violet. See that the signature Le Frere et Cie is on the label. All others are spurious. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, or sent by post free. Price 2/6 and 4/6; sample bottles 1s.



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Model 375.—Improved tailor-made Norfolk mode, full wide plain Godet Skirt, and skilfully cut bodice, with three perfect box-pleats back and front and detachable belt saddle, and sleeves lined.

Model 376, as Illustration, consisting of New Godet Skirt, trimmed round hem with bold silk cord; also smart bodice with pointed saddle back, trimmed cuffs, collar and saddle to match skirt.

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ESTABLISHED 1835.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

T'OTHER dye a lyedy gits up onter 'Ankin's bus, sets 'erself darn as carm as a cowcumber, and says she cawn't pye fur 'er tickit. Ho, yus, it were the sime hold, hold story—'ad left her pus at 'ome, and if Mister Conductor 'ud kindly pye fur 'er and give 'er 'is address she'd forrud 'im the money. I surpose I've throwed dozens on 'em horf my bus fur tryin' ter plye thet gime on with me. But yer know what 'Ankin is. 'E's a rever-looshuner and an abolisher and all that, but tike 'im in 'is privit life and 'e's sorft. And she were a booty, she were. Them lyedies whort is short o' cash axerdentul, and tells yer so, mostly is bootiful. They runs it on thet. Anyhow, 'Ankin swallers it 'ole; pyes darn 'is tuppence fur 'er as cornfidant as if 'e were pushin' of 'is money inter the sivin's benk. 'E tells me abart it arterwuds. "I 'ope I ain't mide no mistike," says 'e. "Mistike?" says I. "You awn't fit ter go art alone. Git yerself a nussmide ter look arter yer." Blimey if I thought as 'e'd 'ave give in ter sich silliness!

Nar, wite a minnit. Nex' dye hup comes 'Ankin. 'E's gort a postil horder fur a thick 'un, with a letter from Grovinner Squeer thenkin' 'im an' tellin' 'im ter kip the chynge. Bit of 'Ankin's speshul luck, thet were. Blest if it don't sim ter me as if yer might lose as much money through knowin' too much as throo knowin' too little. "Hall right," I says to 'im. "Yer mye 'ave pulled it off this time. But if yer tike my tip, yer don't go nap on four soots evry dye." "It were the wye she 'ad with 'er," says 'Ankin. "I'd sink the chynge fur the pleashir of pyin' fur 'er agin." "Be ashimed of yerself," says I. "If yer wornts ter saccerrifice anythink, I cud do with threepennuth a damp mornin' like this." 'E took the 'int, and a very feer ole drawft rum they 'as on tap at thet 'ouse. The hon'y thing is as yer needs ter keep an eye on yerself while you're a suckin' of it darn. Har yus! Ter tike ole rum as it ought ter be tuk needs a joodishus man.

But theer—it's allers the wye. Put a reg'lar raw green-headed juggins on ter bettin', and nar and agin 'e'll 'ave is finger on the winner hall the time—cawnt git awaye from it—while them as knows the form is a lumpin' of their money onter wrong 'uns. Some 'as luck and some 'asn't. But it do give yer the 'ump to see a man like 'Ankin rikin' of it in throo actin' foolish, and you mikin' no more than yooshal with all yer joodishusness. It's things like them whort drives chaps ter gamblin' and reg'lar rooinishun.

ELIZA AND HER MOTHER.

BY BARRY PAIN

I GENERALLY send Eliza to spend a day with her mother early in December, and try to cheer her up a little. I daresay the old lady is very lonely, and appreciates the kindly thought. The return ticket is four-and-two, and Eliza generally buys a few flowers to take with her. That does not leave much change out of five shillings when the day is over, but I don't grudge the money. Eliza's mother generally tries to find out, without precisely asking, what we should like for a Christmas present. Eliza does not actually tell her, or even hint it—she would not care to do anything of that sort. But she manages, in a tactful sort of way, to let her know.

For instance, the year before last Eliza's mother happened to say, "I wonder if you know what I am going to give you this Christmas?"

Eliza said, "I can see it in your eye, mother, and you shan't do it. It's much too expensive. If other people can do without silver salt-cellars, I suppose we can."

Well, we got them, so that was all right. But last year it was more difficult.

You see, early in last December I went over my accounts, and I could see that I was short. For one thing, Eliza had had the measles. Then I had bought a bicycle, and, though I sold it again, it did not, in that broken state, bring in enough to pay the compensation to the cabman. I was much annoyed about that. It was true I ran into the horse, but it was not my fault that it bolted and went into the lamp-post. As I said, rather sharply, to the man when I paid him, if his horse had been steady the thing would never have happened. He did not know what to answer, and made some silly remark about my not being fit to ride a mangle. Both then and at the time of the accident his language was disrespectful and profane.

However, I need not go further into that. It is enough to say that we had some unusual expenses, and were distinctly short.

"I don't blame you, Eliza," I said. "Anything you have had you are very welcome to."

"I haven't had anything, except the measles," she said; "and I don't see how you can blame me for that."

"But," I said, "I think it's high time you paid a visit to your mother, and showed her that we have not forgotten her. Take a few flowers—about sixpennyworth. Try to make things seem a little brighter to her. If she says anything about Christmas, and you saw your way to getting a cheque from her this year instead of her usual present, you might do that. But show her that we are really fond of her—remember she is your mother, and has few pleasures. A fiver just now would make a good deal of difference to me, and even a couple of sovereigns would be very handy."

When Eliza came back, I saw by her face that it was all right.

"I didn't have to say anything," she said. "Mother told me of her own accord that she knew that you had money troubles, and that she was going to take advantage of the Christmas season to relieve you from them in a way which at another time you might be too proud to accept."

"That," I said warmly, "is very thoughtful of her, and very delicate, and it can only mean one thing. It settles me. This year, Eliza, we will give your mother a present. Quite a trifle, of course—about two shillings. It will be a token, and she will value it."

When I returned from the City I found that Eliza had purchased a small white vase for one-and-ten. The man in the shop had told her that it was alabaster. I had my doubts about that, but it was quite in my own taste—rather severe and classical. I complimented Eliza on her choice.

Three days before Christmas I got a letter from Eliza's mother. She said that she had been afraid that I was worrying about my debt to her of £4 13s. 9d. She took advantage of the Christmas season to return my I.O.U.'s, and begged me to consider the debt as paid.

It was not at all what I had expected.

"No," I said to Eliza at breakfast, "I am not in the least like a bear with a sore head, and I will thank you not to use the expression. As for your mother's kindness, I am glad you think it kindness. I wouldn't have it otherwise. If you weren't a born idiot you wouldn't think so. My debt to your mother would have been discharged by—discharged in due course. By reminding me that I owed her money, she has practically dunned me for it, and forced me to pay her at a most inconvenient time. She comes badgering me for her dirty money at Christmas, and you call it 'kindness!' Kindness! Hah! Oh hah, hah!"

"Don't make those silly noises, and get on with your breakfast!" said Eliza.

Afterwards she asked me if I still meant to send her mother that little vase.

"Oh, yes!" I said. "We can afford it; it's nothing to us."

Eliza, entirely misunderstanding the word that I next used, got up and said that she would not stop in the room to hear her poor mother sworn at.

"The word I used," I said calmly, "was alabaster, and not what you suppose."

"You pronounced it just like the other thing."

"I pronounced it in an exclamatory manner," I replied, "from contempt! You seem to me very ready to think evil. This is not the first time!"

Eliza apologised. As a matter of fact, I really did say alabaster. But I said it emphatically, and I own that it relieved my feelings.

* * *

We keep the silver salt-cellars in the drawer of Eliza's wardrobe as a general rule. I should prefer to use them every day, or, at any rate, every Sunday. But Eliza says that they make work.

"Mother has written to me," she said on the following day, "to say that she will dine with us on Christmas Day. I had better get the silver salt-cellars down."

"You'd better *put them up*," I said, meaningly.

Well, it did not actually come to that—and seventeen-and-sixpence is all I could have got on them if it had. They allowed me to draw a couple of pounds in advance at the office. I suppose they know that when they have got a good man it is worth while to stretch a point to keep him. Not that I was at all dictatorial—apparently I asked it as a favour. But I fancy our manager saw that I was not a man to be played with.

Eliza's mother dined with us, and brought a couple of ducks. Conscience, I should say.

Well, I am glad that we shall have no repetition of these unpleasant occurrences this Christmas. My financial position is absolutely sound, and, even if Eliza's mother forced me to use her present to me to pay my debt to her (£7 19s. 5d.), though I might think it dishonourable on her part, I should not be seriously inconvenienced. However, Eliza is going early in December to suggest sauce-boats (plated). That is to say, she may possibly mention them if any occasion arises.

"A BUNDLE OF PLAYS."

OF the three burlesques of *Trilby* now running in London, I must own that I infinitely prefer that at the Opera Comique, produced under the management of our dear and much beloved Nelly Farren, who had a splendid "send off" from her "boys," and delivered one of the most pathetic little speeches I ever heard on any stage. That "lump in the throat" would come as we saw her, the immeasurable delight of other days, sitting half helpless in her chair, dressed in white satin, "mystic wonderful," and addressing her dear friends with that magnetic break in the voice that we all know so well. And then by a little impulse, as it was a *Trilby* night, the "twinkling tootsies" peeped out from under the dress, and seemed to ache with a "longing ache" to dance once more—those feet that had so often flashed so merrily before the enamoured gaze of her old friend Herr Meyer Lutz, who took his accustomed place in the new Nelly Farren orchestra. It was a wonderful night, and one long to be remembered.

Well, about these burlesques of the novel "Trilby." The Haymarket parody is perhaps the more serious. The Arthur Roberts travestie is the briefest; but the Nellie Farren version is by far the funniest. But it is not all rollicking fun I can assure you! I can detect here and there the delightfully acid flavours of Charles Brookfield's wit—the young Douglas Jerrold of our time.

It was he surely who suggested the chaff of George Du Maurier, artist and novelist, who had bowdlerised the frivolities of the Quartier Latin for a respectable middle-

class society. Could it be anyone else but Charley Brookfield who had such delightful digs at his "dear friend Tree," forcing him on the stage to make affected and half-conscious speeches, and bundling him off again by means of the strong right arm of "Taffy"?

Surely it was the clever son of witty "Parson Brookfield," the Theodore Hook of his day, who brought on Jimmy Whistler, with his white locks, as a "stranger guest," on the occasion of the Christmas party, and made the host ask the bellicose Jimmy why he had put in an appearance seeing that he had been "cut out" of the book, and refusing to allow him to remain unless he instantly altered his disguise! To a first night audience some of these jests might have a subtle, not to say an incomprehensible air, but they are well understood by all who are conversant with the details of the great craze of *Trilby*.

Of the three Svengalis, perhaps Robb Harwood is the funniest. Tree is more desperate and pantomimic. As the witty writers of the new book declare, "he is always in the limelight." He is very weird, and dreadfully in earnest, the only one, perhaps, who does not believe that Mr. Paul Potter's play is a huge jest. Arthur Roberts is, of course, brilliant. His chaff comes like flashes of lightning. But Robb Harwood is splendid, because we get a double shot—a burlesque of Du Maurier's Svengali, and a burlesque of Tree's Svengali too, standing in the limelight of Du Maurier's creation. And how the authors, and Robb Harwood, will work up the parody by-and-by! The real fun has only just begun.

Now, if I were asked to vote for a *Trilby*, I should go plump for delightful little Kate Cutler! What a charming actress she is! How unlike any burlesque actress of the present day! For she is bright and funny, and never loses the sight of "charm"! What on earth does it matter if she be shorter than the ideal *Trilby*? She is a sweet little *Trilby*, and she warbles dainty ditties, and her chaff is never vulgar, and she whistles to perfection, and, in fact, she is a true bit of miniature art. Look at Mr. Farren Soutar's dancing, his lightness, his facility, and his humour; there is no need to ask who is his gifted mother? It has been hastily assumed that because the rather feeble play *Nannie* is a poor imitation of the "David Copperfield" of Charles Dickens, that because we have under other names "Old Peggotty," the loving and distracted father; Steerforth, the handsome seducer; Ham Peggotty, the rough sailor-lover; and little Emily, the wounded sea-bird, that, therefore, such a play would have been received with approbation and acclamation at some remote period of dramatic history. I cannot see any evidence of such an assertion. Robsons and George Belmores and David Jameses were not fed on theatrical pap. They wanted something better than "Nannie" to guide their footsteps, and what is more, they got it. All the same, the acting of Miss Emma Gwynne, Miss Stella Leigh, and Miss F. Montgomery, who seem somehow to have strayed out of a little riverside story that Mrs. Bancroft once wrote for a *matinée* performance, is not at all to be despised, and I was delighted to see once more that well-seasoned and good actor, Mr. J. G. Taylor.

Go and see "The Rivals" by all means at the Court Theatre, and then you can decide for yourselves who is right and who is wrong in connection with this dispute between the actress and the amateur. Students of acting will acknowledge that for many years there has not been such a defeat of the weaklings as has been gained by Mrs. John Wood and Mr. William Farren. To use a vulgar phrase they put "all the rest to bed." Not only do these two great artists know how to wear their clothes of another century, but they seem to move and to live in it. I always understood that this was what the art of acting meant. We don't want young men and young women eternally reproducing

themselves, but we ask them occasionally to be some body else. And they never are.

Mrs. John Wood is not Mrs. John Wood, she is Mistress Malaprop. To say that she is the Sporting Duchess in Drury Lane drama, in hoop and powder, is not to be able to appreciate the rarity of her art. I doubt if Mr. William Farren, with all his vast experience, has ever seen a better Mrs. Malaprop, one whose comical ignorance of the niceties of language slips out so naturally, or one who though being Mrs. Malaprop, is not natural at all, but a vulgar and impossible old harridan! Some of the greatest artists of our time have refused Mrs. Malaprop, because "she was really a little too vulgar and coarse, don't you know," and "oh, dear no" they could not commit themselves to such obvious solecisms because "Society" would not like it. Mrs. Chippendale, an excellent actress in her way, exaggerated, and, to my mind, misread, Mrs. Malaprop altogether. Mrs. John Wood has given one of the very best readings of this great Sheridan character, and I cannot help owning that I like it better than the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Stirling.

Mr. William Farren's Sir Anthony Absolute is a performance every young actor should go and see, in order to convince himself that the decriers of tradition, and the upholders of feeble wishy-washy amateurism are utterly and entirely wrong.

The nearest approach after this incomparable pair to the manner of old comedy was the arch and merry waiting-maid of Miss Marie Hudspeth—the abigail who plays such an important part in all old plays and novels. Mr. Sydney Brough as Captain Absolute is also a very creditable and welcome performance. He is a dashing and handsome young officer, and only needs to be a little more distinct. By-the-way, I wish in his own interests that this promising young actor would get rid of the "nervous giggle" which he acquired in the "Pair of Spectacles," and refuses to abandon. The hesitation was all very well when the sham barrister was being bullied by his father from Sheffield. But a giggling Captain Absolute is an anachronism.

Should not Charles Sugden have played Fag? Sugden, the inimitable "Cool" of a later date—the inimitable representative of a "gentleman's gentleman." I never saw before the sentimental Faulkland played after the lines of Sir Peter Teazle. But we see such strange things now-a-days that I daresay it is right. When bright and clever "first chambermaids," as they used to be called, turn up as the heroines of Sheridan, perhaps an elderly Faulkland is admirable. But if the controversy of scholars against haphazard, experience against ignorance, art against amateurishness, is of the slightest consequence to anybody, let some impartial judge decide whether the style of Mrs. John Wood and of Mr. William Farren is not the style that our stage ought to preserve as a tradition. And let it also be remembered that in the now almost forgotten days of Haymarket Comedy, the youngsters caught the spirit and go of their contemporaries and predecessors. It is sometimes assumed that when "old comedy" is discussed, that it is necessary to have matrons and dowagers as Lydia Languishes and Lady Teazles. Not a bit of it!

MR. WILSON BARRETT AND "THE MANXMAN."

"Tsit, tsit, tsit," softly squeaked the quill, as it raced across a quarto sheet. I stood in Mr. Wilson Barrett's sanctum in the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, and for a moment watched the one and only actor-author-manager, working, as usual, against time. Another instant, and he had come out of his thoughts, thrown care to the winds, emerged from imposing fortifications of MSS., cablegrams, plays, letters, and books, and smilingly surrendered at the summons of To-DAY.

"Forgive me. The world won't stand still; and——" A gesture towards the groaning *escritoire* of this man of Imperial (stage) affairs implied a thousand distracting interests, vast schemes, and half-formed plans. Still, it was obvious that Mr. Barrett was in radiant spirits; and it was in a laughing tone that he inquired what it was he was to talk about.

"*The Manxman!*"

Mr. Barrett's eye gazed blankly into mine. His face grew grave. He said, as plainly as dumb lips and well-trained facial muscles can say a thing, "The Manxman! What is that?"

I became explicit. Why did not his name appear as author or part author on the Shaftesbury bills? Had he not written the first stage version of Hall Caine's romance? And was not the second version his work, too? All London was aware of his daily journeys from Bristol, Cardiff, Nottingham, to rehearse Mr. Lewis Waller's company in town. Why, then, this mystery?

For brief respite, Mr. Barrett took refuge behind a box of cigars, and as we silently went through the solemn process of selection, decapitation, immersion, and ignition meditated a counter movement to check this flank attack. Artillery fire, so to speak, continued some moments. Presently, a sigh of perplexity chased a dense cloud away and from behind the blue haze Mr. Barrett spoke.

"Collaboration means 'a working together,' doesn't it? Well, that is just what in the case of *The Manxman*, it has not meant, do you see? Hall Caine has been, almost from the start, in the States or Canada. I have been all the time over here. Up to a point, he would, no doubt, be very willing to father the play. Up to a point, I, for my part, should be delighted. But he has respected some scruples of mine; I have allowed for as many of his. And inasmuch as most of my work on the play has been done with 3,000 miles and more dividing the original author and me, and I had no means of learning his impression of its final shape; why, the just thing, just to Caine and just to me, seemed to be to leave it, nominally, authorless."

"Then, had you an objection to making Philip the central figure?"

"No, no, no!" Mr. Barrett's vociferous negative made the room ring. "Who, in his senses, would, or could? Philip, from the very first, stood out—by birth-right—as the hero of the story. He is the man who betrays, deceives, sins, and makes atonement. Such a man becomes inevitably the interesting figure. By a law of art; by the world-old law of human nature, he must be. Carry your mind back to your earliest readings. What are your vividest impressions? Aren't they of Judas Iscariot and the Prodigal Son? They illustrate my meaning. You remember something about the other disciples. But Judas you *know*; inside and out, right through his temptations, his struggles, his defeat, his remorse. The Prodigal had an immaculate brother. Do you think for one minute in the year about him? No. But you invent every detail in the life of the scapegrace. Of course. It is these men who are human; and more, it is these men who are the strong men. Strong to fall, as they are strong to rise again. It's only the lesson of Kipling's "Tomlinson"—wonderful piece of verse—over again. 'But look that ye win to worthier sin,' is a splendid sentiment to put into the mouth of the Devil. But better than devils may echo it. For it's out of the material that goes to the making of great sinners that the world has always got its great saints—from St. Augustine's time down to to-day."

"But to return to Man—with a big M. From the first, Caine and I both saw Philip was the hero. But Caine also thought Pete strong enough for a hero, too. He was very anxious that I should try it. And so it came about that the first *Manxman* was written. It was Pete's story from beginning to end—but it was not the book. It never pretended to be. To preserve the full flavour of Pete, I had perforce to sacrifice everything that wasn't Pete. To reproduce Philip from the

novel was to make him inevitably the central character, and defeat our purpose. So led and driven, both, in this direction, I wrote the first *Manxman* drama as the tragedy of Pete. It passed in his cottage, and among his friends. It was Pete's problem, and Pete solved it. But it was plain as a pikestaff to us both that it wasn't Hall Caine's book.

"The outcome at once disappointed and satisfied. Its voyage in America and here, too, was very gratifying, but—there was always the fact that this version did not reflect the spirit of Caine's Philippic. At last, on my return last summer, he brought me a scenario which he thought sufficiently comprehensive of his most memorable scenes. The novel, he argued, is remembered by the glen scene—well, here it is; and by the hole-and-corner intrigue between Philip and Kate, which is here; by the return of Kate for the child she has deserted—that, too, is here; and by the confession and humiliation of Philip at the crowning point of his career. I sympathised heartily with Caine, resigned my London rights of production, and set to work. I thought his plan excellent, but teeming with difficulties—the most perplexing, how to tell Pete's story with requisite emphasis. For now it was all the tragedy of Philip—Philip's surroundings, Philip's friends, Philip's problems, Philip's solution. Well, it is not for me to say if the difficulty has been overcome. To-night's verdict and to-morrow's judgments will settle that. But there is the story of why a second version was written. And how? Well, if it must be told, mostly in the silent watches of the night, when *The Sign of the Cross* had ceased from troubling, and all but my weary self were at rest."

"That reminds me. What is the history of this much-talked-of new play?"

"It sprang from a vague desire to combat the pessi-

mistic drama, the drama of immoral despair. This desire possessed me, and eventually set me racking my brains for a subject, and a period. One after another I considered and rejected. At last it occurred to me to treat the highest form of morality—the Christian Religion. At once the insuperable difficulty of sects and schisms arose. Then, I thought, how would it be to avoid all that by going back to the very source? The dread of a possible refusal to license warned me to desist. Then there suggested itself the persecution of the earlier followers of the Saviour. Period and locality were all that was wanted. The history of Claudian, Clito, Virginus, assured me that in Rome I was safe. Nero's reign followed, as a matter of course. And then, suddenly, as it were, before my eyes appeared the title, *The Sign of the Cross*. From that moment all was easy, and, so far, the play has enjoyed a success transcending anything I have ever produced. Almost incredible manifestations have been given of the power of fascination in America, and even still more here. And if London is going to echo the verdict of the country—well, 1896 will be spent in London. Directly it appears there, a French version will be done at the Châtelet in Paris, and offers for the Continent and the Colonies are almost a daily matter."

"And the explanation?"

"I can give none. The whole secret may be in the spiritual appeal of *The Sign of the Cross* being unusually direct and strong. However, the final, the crowning verdict will soon be given."

"You do come to London, then?"

"Yes—to the Lyric. But the well-informed paragraphs are not quite right. We shall not have to wait for Easter. We shall hope to present ourselves before the New Year."

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IN THE CITY.

SIR JOSEPH RENALS AND "TO-DAY."

On Thursday last the Common Council refused by a very substantial majority, to thank Sir Joseph Renals for his conduct as Lord Mayor. There is no other instance in the present century of the Council refusing a vote of thanks to the retiring Lord Mayor. On Thursday the previous question was moved by Mr. Price, who, in the course of his speech, said that he did not act upon To-DAY's advice to reject Sir Joseph Renals when he was a candidate for the Mayoralty because at the time he thought To-DAY had laid its charges too late in the day. That was a complaint we disposed of at the time, and Mr. Price now admits that he was mistaken. The unprecedented vote of the Common Council is the most striking proof of the correctness of the view taken up by To-DAY that can well be imagined.

There is one point in this painful matter to which, so far as we know, no reference has been made, but to which it is desirable that attention should be directed. Some weeks ago, Sir Joseph Renals was made a Baronet. Why? Custom insures that when the Sovereign visits the city the Lord Mayor of the day shall be given a baronetcy, and there are several other ceremonial occasions to which the rule applies. But we are not aware that custom can be cited in justification of the baronetcy given to Sir Joseph Renals. It was said at the time that it was promised by Lord Rosebery as far back as last June, and that Lord Salisbury simply gave effect to his predecessor's undertaking. That is likely enough, for Sir Joseph Renals is a Radical, and a Radical Lord Mayor is as rare a bird nowadays as an Irish politician who loves his colleague. But be it Lord Rosebery, or Lord Salisbury, who is responsible, plain men want to know why the honour was conferred. If Lord Rosebery promised it, what had Sir Joseph Renals done in the first six months of office to make the offer a proper one? If Lord Salisbury is responsible for it, what was there in Sir Joseph Renals's second six months of office that moved the Premier to advise the Queen to confer the honour? It would be interesting to have an authoritative answer to these questions.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN CHALLENGE.

SINCE our last issue we have had a visit from Mr. Simpson with respect to Mr. Gamage's refusal to agree to a Time Test race. Mr. Simpson is anxious that the race shall be run, and whilst he considers that the Time Test is the better and proper way to decide the value of his chain, and that the context of his letter to the *Sportsman* shows that though he spoke of "Races" he had Time-Tests in mind, he is willing that this, the one point of difference between him and Mr. Gamage, shall be left to the decision of the Editors of the *Sportsman*, *Sporting Life*, and *To-Day*. Under these circumstances we hope to be able to announce in our next issue that conditions have been agreed upon. What we want to see is the race run in a fair field and with no favour, and that, as matters stand, we hope and expect to see.

As to the merits of the Simpson machine, right or wrong, many laymen are enthusiastic. Thus Mr. Labouchere's Tory colleague in the representation of Northampton, Mr. Drucker, M.P., an enthusiastic cyclist, tells us that for a long time he had been thinking whether there was not a possibility of making the transmission power in cycling more effective than was the case with the old plain chain, and that when he was approached by a gentleman of unique standing and experience in the cycling world, who showed him Mr. Simpson's chain, he felt that, mechanical theory apart, he must put the invention to the test.

The result was more than favourable; it was convincing. Mr. Drucker at once had a machine fitted with an eighty-four inch gear, using the Simpson chain, though hitherto, even in races, he had never ridden higher than an eighty-two inch. He went for a spin in the pouring rain and thick mud, and he was so convinced of the superiority of the invention that he at once asked Mr. Simpson to convert the gear of his old Humber bicycle into a 96-inch Simpson chain gearing. Mr. Drucker has asked his old friend Mr. Kiderlen, ex-tricycle champion of the world, to come from Holland and stay with him in order to try the chain. Let us hope he will do so.

DEPRECIATION.

Taking the highest prices touched by the more active stocks this year, and the quotations after the "slump," we find a depreciation of £46,039,000. Here are some illustrations of the fall:—

	Nominal Capital £	Market Valuations.	
		End Sept. £	Nov. 9. £
Barnato Bank ...	2,500,000	8,250,000	4,375,000
Barnato Consols ...	1,250,000	6,875,000	3,437,000
British South Africa ...	2,500,000	21,250,000	11,250,000
Con. Goldfields Deferred	625,000	10,623,000	8,828,000
De Beers Diamond ...	3,950,000	24,885,000	19,750,000
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment ...	800,000	4,600,000	3,000,000
New Jagersfontein ...	1,000,000	2,300,000	1,500,000
Rand Mines ...	332,703	13,971,500	8,817,000
Robinson Bank ...	3,000,000	7,687,000	3,300,000
Totals ...	£15,957,703	£100,446,500	£64,257,000

Here we find a fall of £8,913,000 in three Barnato Stocks alone, from £19,725,000 to £10,812,000, and yet the lower figures are £6,262,000 in excess of the nominal capital of the three companies concerned.

How greatly the Rand and other Transvaal Companies were overvalued when they stood, as they did only three or four weeks ago, at £215,000,000, will be understood when it is remembered that these companies are at the present time paying less than £2,000,000 a year in dividends. It is true that they may, and probably will, improve upon that very much, but one cannot discount possibilities.

WATER TRAMS.

WE are glad to be able to say that the shareholders of the London Tramways Company have refused to give the necessary authorisation to their directors to run a Thames Steamboat Service. The shareholders concerned were assisted to this very sound decision by the idiotic estimates submitted by Mr. Sellar. Having prefaced his figures by the assurance that "the Board had endeavoured to be as nearly sure of success as estimate could make them," he had to admit that, in estimating the cost of the boats, they had made the triflings mistake of assuming that they would cost £8,000 when they would really cost £12,000. Having made this confession, Mr. Sellar went on to assure the meeting that the Directors estimated each boat's daily receipts on every day of the year at £21, and as he put the average fare at 1½d., it follows that, in Mr. Sellar's opinion, and that of his colleagues, each boat will carry, taking the daily average of the year, 3,500 passengers each day. That would be a sufficiently ridiculous estimate if the boats ran every day in the year; and as they would only run nine months out of the twelve this estimate was an absurdity.

Mr. Sellar thinks that if the boats are clean, quick, and punctual, a profitable passenger traffic may be safely relied upon; but we do not believe anything of the kind. We should be much surprised to find busy folk wasting time in walking to the piers and travelling slowly up to some point more or less distant from their offices by river steamers. But then we observe that under the Articles of Association of the New Company, the Chairman would have received the very substantial honorarium of £1,000 a year, and each director £400, as against £200 a year each now paid to the chairman and directors. There is such a thing as unconscious bias, and it looks as if Mr. Sellar and his co-directors were suffering from it when they put forward the scheme that has been so properly rejected by the shareholders of the London Tramways Company.

CANT IN HIGH PLACES.

ONE would suppose that a great lawyer, who must necessarily be a man of the world, would clear his mind of cant. But it is not always safe to assume it. Here is Lord Esher, for example. The Master of the Rolls is one of the greatest lawyers upon the Bench. More, he is a man whose caustic wit cultivates his Court and makes it a perpetual delight to those who are in it, and detest humbug. And yet Lord Esher delivers himself now and again of opinions that, excusable in a man who lives in the clouds, sound strange when coming from a lawyer of eighty, whose intellect is as unclouded as ever it was.

These observations are induced by Lord Esher's judgment in *Strachan v. The Universal Stock Exchange*. Some of our readers will remember the case. A captain in a marching regiment

opened a gambling account with the Universal Stock Exchange. At one time the captain was £22,000 in credit. It is not pretended that if he had closed the account then that he would not have been paid. But he was greedy, and went on, with the result that by-and-bye he had lost his £22,000, and was some £5,000 to the bad. Then the Brokers, who had in their hands "cover" of something less than the sum the captain had lost—our figures are not precise—said they must have more if the account was not to be closed. The "cover" was not forthcoming, and the account was closed. Thereupon the captain sued for recovery of cash and securities lodged with the Universal Stock Exchange, and Mr. Justice Matthew gave him back his securities, but not his cash. It was in the hope of recovering the cash that he went to the Court of Appeal.

Now to the plain man it will seem that, whatever the law might say on the point, both cash and securities were fairly forfeited. We are assuming, as the Court assumed, that there was no error in the accounts, that stocks had been bought and sold without "hanky-panky," in accordance with the directions of the captain. The gamble had gone against him, his cover was exhausted, and with over a million of stock open it was unreasonable to expect the brokers to go on without more cover. This cover not being forthcoming, the account was closed, as it would have been closed by any member of the Stock Exchange similarly placed. But instead of taking his punishment like a man, the Captain whines, threatens, and finally sues.

The law upon the subject seems plain to men who are not lawyers. The Gaming Act says that "No suit shall be brought, or maintained, in any Court of law or equity for the recovery of any sum of money or valuable thing alleged to be won upon any wager, or which shall have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event upon which any wager shall have been made." How the Court, in face of this Act, passed with the express intention of discouraging gambling, could rule, and be supported by the Court of Appeal in ruling, that Captain Strachan could get back his securities, we do not know, but our object here is to direct attention to the observations of the Master of the Rolls when deciding that though the Captain could recover his securities he could not recover his cash. Lord Esher spoke of his decision—the decision which the law compelled him to give—as "a disgusting decision." Why? Lord Esher is good enough to explain. It is disgusting it seems because "he (the Master of the Rolls) was unwilling that the plaintiff should not recover, for the Broker was a person who understood his business (that is, gambling upon the Stock Exchange), and persuaded people who betted with him to give these deposits."

And that is the opinion, the deliberate opinion, of the Master of the Rolls! We take leave to say that a more extraordinary opinion has seldom come from the Bench. If it was to be acted upon generally no Broker would be able to accept, or accepting to retain, "cover" to protect himself against loss by fall in values. It is open to Lord Esher, or to anybody else, to say that the man who gambles, whether upon the Stock Exchange, the race-course, or at the card-table is a fool. But what makes it disgusting that a middle-aged gambler, who had won £22,000, should pay up when he loses £5,000? If Lord Esher had had evidence before him to warrant the opinion that the Universal Stock Exchange did not play fair, did not buy at current prices, did not pay when it lost, did not plainly state the terms upon which it did business, we could understand Lord Esher's "disgust." But there was no evidence before him to justify any one of these suggestions, and all he could say was, that whilst the Exchange required security for the payment of losses, it did not give it. No; neither does the member of the Stock Exchange give it, or the banker when his customer leaves his valuables with him. To assume without proof of any kind that Captain Strachan's Broker would not pay if he lost does not suggest that judicial impartiality on the part of the Bench we are accustomed to expect. The truth is that some of the judges, like humbler folk, talk unmitigated nonsense when they have a Stock Exchange gambling case to deal with.

PRO RATA ALLOTMENTS.

Referring to an answer to a correspondent in last week's issue, we have received the following letter from Edinburgh:—

In your columns of To-Day of this date, under "Answers to Cor-

respondents," I notice the following:—"There is legitimate ground for exception to the method of allotment, and this experience affords fresh proof, if that were needed, that the law should require allotments to be *pro rata*." It would be interesting if you could find space in your columns to explain your reasons for thinking that a *pro rata* allotment should be made compulsory. Without the benefit of your assistance I am unable to see any reason why a vendor should not be allowed to make a choice of the persons who are to take up and carry on his business, or why the promoters of a company should not be allowed to choose the partners with whom they are to be associated—provided, of course, that the reservation of power is clearly stated in the prospectus. On the other hand, there are several reasons why a *pro rata* allotment would not be in all cases desirable. In the case in point, it would appear from the phrasing of your sentences that there is to be an uncalled liability on the shares. Whether or not that uncalled liability is to form the basis of borrowing is not stated, but in either event it is in the interest of each shareholder that his fellow shareholders should be men of substance and not men of straw. In the case of a going Company it is possible, if the articles of association are properly framed, to keep objectionable members off the register. In practice this is found to be a most useful and convenient provision, but it seems the natural corollary to your proposition that such a provision ought to be declared *ultra vires*; for it is no less unjust to refuse to place any person on the register of a going concern than to refuse to place him on the register of a company about to be formed.

You further say, "We agree, too, that shareholders who wished to pay up in full should have been allowed to do so." I apprehend that what is meant is that any shareholder who wished to do so might have been allowed to take advantage of Sec. 24 (Sub s. 2) of the Companies Act, 1867, and pay up the liability on his shares in advance of calls. If this is stated as a general proposition, I venture to take exception. From the point of view of the company it is much more convenient to borrow from the outside public any sums that may from time to time be required. The amount to be borrowed and the rate of interest are more easily adjusted, arrangements can be made for repayment when the money is no longer required, and (most important of all) the hard-worked secretary is spared the task of explaining to shareholders why they receive interest at a fixed rate on part of their holding, and dividend at a variable rate on the balance. From the point of view of the shareholders, it is of course a convenience to have a sink always standing ready into which to pour any money they cannot otherwise invest, but in the end they gain nothing by the weakening of the company. As an investment, the transaction is not altogether desirable. It has been questioned whether the interest is a fixed charge, payable irrespective of profits, and although there is little doubt that this is so, the interest can be stopped at any time by the simple expedient of making a call. On the whole, therefore, the company in question may have had some justification for refusing to accept such payments.

We refer our correspondent to the evidence taken by the Committee recently sitting for an answer to his objections to *pro rata* allotments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Ben Evans and Co. SEASIDE (Eastbourne).—We do not think you could go far wrong in buying at the present quotation. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia. SHAREHOLDER (Glasgow).**—We understand that the resignations can be explained without prejudice to the company. Mr. McTaggart's is due to changes in the London management which will effect a very considerable saving. Mr. Harman's resignation was decided upon some time ago, and is due to personal considerations. As to the value of the shares, we can express no opinion. Although the capital is very large, the properties of the Company are said to be very valuable. Everything of course depends upon whether they are so or not, and as to that we have no acquaintance with the properties. **Klerksdorp (Dursley).**—We should hold for the present, but do not increase your holding. **Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. X. Y. Z. (Birmingham).**—We do not advise you to buy the bonds recommended in the pamphlet "How Enormous Fortunes are often Made," but if you will buy them, do so through Messrs. Gerald Quin and Co., of 29, Royal Exchange, or some other firm of standing. You will get them about 30 per cent. cheaper than from Cunliffe, Russell and Co. **Three Shares. ST. JOHN (Blackheath).**—The shares of all three companies, Spratts Limited, Harrod's Stores, Babcock and Wilcox, represent very sound investments. **Joint Stock Mining Expenses Syndicate. J. S. (Rothery).**—In answering you we answer many similar letters we have received respecting this Syndicate. Have nothing to do with it. You are promised £60 in cash for every £50 you subscribe, and £50 in fully paid shares, or as the circular puts it, "£110 in all for your £50." But there is no guarantee that you will get back a penny price of your £50, and the probabilities are very considerably the other way. It ought not to be unnecessary to warn sane men against putting their money into so-called Syndicates of this sort. Unfortunately it is not. **Mining Information. W. P. R. (Bath).**—If you apply to Messrs. Wilson, Effingham and Co., 11, Royal Exchange, E.C., they will be able, we think, to send you what you want. **Three Mining Shares. TOUT-LE-GOWN (Broughton Ferry, N.B.).**—We should hold all for the present. **Meiter Syndicate. T. J. (Oxford).**—We cannot recommend you to put money into it. Let them get the money "from the outside source" the Secretary speaks of. **Purchase of Mining Shares. DEHABELLA (Liverpool).**—There would not be much difficulty in getting the shares in the way you suggest, but if you take our advice you will keep your "ordinary share in J. and P. Coats." **Investment of £5. ALPHA (North Shields).**—You say you have £5, and you want our advice as to which of six shares you shall invest it in, your list beginning with "Emma." Better give the £5 to some young woman of that name, if you happen to know one. You might, at least, get thanks. Seriously, do not fool away your savings in buying worthless mining shares. **Four Mining Shares. MAC (Glasgow).**—No. 4 may be worth buying. **Mining Information. A. T. (Willenhall).**—See answer to W. P. T. **Cunliffe, Russell and Co. CONGO BOND (Glasgow).**—See answer to X. Y. Z. **Outside Brokers. BEE BEE (Sleaford).**—We know nothing against them. **Pleiades. INVESTOR (Swansea).**—Better hold. We should sell the other shares. **Slater, Limited. J. G. (Bristol).**—We do not agree with the outside broker; whose circular letter you send us, as to these shares. We do not think they are likely to go to the quotation mentioned, or anywhere near it. **Rothery Block Gold Mine. G. B. (Glasgow).**—No. **East Kent Brickworks, Limited. INVESTOR (Guildford).**—We do not believe in 10 per cent. debenture bonds, anyway, upon such security as this company offers. **New Rubber Company, Limited. H. L. (Birmingham).**—We should doubt very much the soundness of Messrs. Preece and Co.'s prediction that "the shares, upon their merits, will in all probability go to a very high premium." We do not advise you to buy any of these shares at "par to one-fifth premium."

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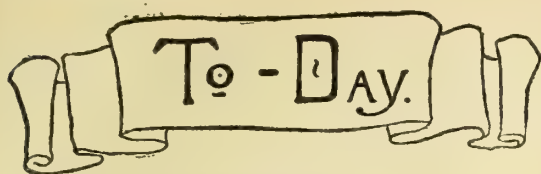
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

THE Clyde lock-out has afforded a not unuseful lesson, and I imagine that may be the object intended by the masters. When engineers, or dock labourers, or shoe operators strike for higher wages, or less hours, at one end of England (which they have every right to do), Frederic Harrison, the *Daily Chronicle*, and other philosophers, are always strongly of opinion that it is a noble and proper thing for engineers, dock labourers, and shoe operators all over the kingdom to strike in sympathy. When masters combine in a sympathetic lock-out, which is exactly on all fours with the sympathetic strike, then the injury to trade and the community at large is suddenly recollected by the very writers and speakers who entirely overlook these important items in the bill when it is presented to the nation by the workmen. A lock-out by Clyde masters, in sympathy with their Belfast rivals, is every bit as self-sacrificing as a strike of miners in Scotland to express agreement with a strike of miners in South Wales. That the same people should applaud the one and condemn the other affords an interesting example of the prejudice that most people bring to bear upon every question. If our side strike, it is a gallant blow; when the enemy hits back, it is a cowardly stab.

THIS inability of the average man to look at questions as a whole is at the root of all follies. When a labourer strikes for higher wages, and the employer replies that an increase in his expenses would mean ruin, and, as a consequence, the shutting up of the works, he is denounced by the Labour Party leaders as a bloodsucker, and a grinder of the faces of the poor. When, in consequence of unjust and ruinous trade competition, and of grasping greed on the part of masters, who already possess more wealth than they know how to spend, workmen are required to live upon starvation wages, their demand for fair treatment is shouted at by old-fashioned Toryism as an interference with the law of supply and demand. Bound together as we are in a civilised community, no wrong, no folly, can be committed by one section without injury to every other. Workmen can ask for impossible wages, can

ruin their employers, drive trade away from the country, and throw open the door to the foreign rival. The price they pay for it is the workhouse. When employers force down wages until the men can hardly live, competition, watching each opening, at once steps in and cuts down prices. Trade is injured, and the community pays in poor rates what in justice should have been paid in wages.

INJUSTICE, in the long run, is a dear commodity. Sooner or later somebody has to pay for it. Strikes and lock-outs are dangerous weapons in the hands of fools, but to talk about their being stopped by Act of Parliament, or being done away with by Round Table Conferences, shows lack of perception. You cannot by legal enactment prevent masters or men making fools of themselves. You cannot persuade people to listen to sweet reasonableness until they have learnt the bitter results of stupidity. A growing sense of justice and fair play between man and man is the only hope for the gradual extinction of these disputes. When the labourer sees that his interest is that of his employer; when he has learnt that he cannot strike at him without shattering his own arm; when the employer has learnt that those who work for him are not pawns to be gambled with on the board of speculation, that the workshop has its duties as well as its profits, strikes and lock-outs may become things of the past.

A HYDE PARK bicyclist is a nervous rider, and a small dog is his chief terror. I have been watching with some interest during the last few days the career—now happily ended—of one of the most active, one of the most daring, and one of the most unscrupulous wire-haired terriers that has ever dominated the passes of Rotten Row. At nine o'clock to the minute every morning this dog entered the ride by the passage that opens into the Park alongside Knightsbridge Barracks. Demurely and sedately he would sit upon his haunches at the edge of the curb and cast his eyes east and west. There was something about that eye which fascinated every bicyclist within half a mile. Ladies at Hyde Park Corner would catch sight of him in the far distance. They would attempt to ride on with a careless and indifferent air, but that dog's eye would draw them, and by the time they reached Albert Gate they were mere wobbling bags of indecision.

STRONG men would screw up their courage and endeavour to ride by it. At a hundred yards' distance or so their courage would ooze out. They commenced to describe involuntary circles. Looking up and down the Row one could see a whole line of bicyclists gradually becoming utterly demoralised. The dog never moved, but just looked. Men would get off and pretend that something had gone wrong with their chain. Ladies would dash into the curb, and giggle hysterically at people they did not know. At the exact psychological moment, when there was not sufficient nerve left among the whole crowd to face a blackbeetle, that demon dog would give one fiendish yelp and dash into the middle of the road. Then the collapse would be complete, and the police and the park keepers would be engaged for the next half-hour picking up cyclists and sorting them on to their respective machines.

THE dog became notorious. His fame went abroad

throughout bicycling land. Expert riders arrived upon the scene, expressing a determination to ride over him and kill him. But the dog had studied bicycling, and knew his work, and the experts rode over many things and injured many things, but they never touched the dog. Then Scotland Yard was communicated with, and the police came down in force to capture him. Two young constables, full of pride, in their inexperience thought they could manage it by themselves—with disastrous results. Each constable came provided with a piece of rope, and when the dog rushed into the road they both rushed after it. The few bicycles that the dog did not upset the policemen upset. A muddy and disreputable looking crowd, that had once been well-dressed and happy, cursed the policemen and everything else that was round about. The constables crept away to a quiet corner to scrape each other down. The dog, remembering an appointment, trotted off towards the Marble Arch.

BUT the resources of civilisation were not exhausted. An intelligent constable was found—where and how I am not prepared to say. He was a man of resource, and maybe in his happy youth he had been a cowboy. He came provided with a lasso, weighted with a bit of lead. It was a mean trick, and the dog was not prepared for it. Amid cheers he roped in the dog, together with a respectable old gentleman who had come down to ride in the Row for the first time that morning, having been told it was just the place for a beginner. The struggle that ensued was desperate, but the police was strongly reinforced, and the last I saw of that dog was his being led away by five policemen. I shall regret his absence, and so, I think, when they come to reflect upon the matter, will the Hyde Park bicyclists. Pedalling with grim seriousness up and down a long straight bit of muddy road for one hour must be unexciting work. That dog gave them something to think about. He leaves a blank behind him.

Cruelty cases reaching me this week are as follows:—A coal dealer of Gloucester was charged with working a lame horse. The magistrates, Messrs. J. Clay (in the chair) and W. Long, examined the mare and pronounced the case as a very bad one indeed. They fined the driver one pound and the owner one pound ten shillings. Bailie Swan seems to be one of the typical magistrates who sympathise with cruelty. He fined a beast named Allan M'Coll, carting contractor, of 23, Ann Street, Greenock, ten shillings and sixpence for most brutally kicking a donkey in the forelegs for no earthly reason but the pleasure of inflicting pain. The *Greenock Herald* fatuously observes that "it is to be hoped that this conviction will act as a deterrent to cruelty." I regard it as a direct encouragement.

I am glad to see that the Bridgend magistrate has a desire to do his duty. For working an old and worn-out horse in the Garth-Merthyr colliery, Henry Morgan was fined one pound, the master haulier (David Jones) two pounds, and the colliery manager (Mr. Thomas Lloyd) five pounds. I should prefer to have heard of these three men doing a month, but Cardiff public opinion is evidently moving in the right direction. Inspector Allen, of Cardiff, to whom the credit of bringing this case to a successful issue belongs, tells me that

great efforts were made on the part of the defence to throw all the blame upon the master haulier and the driver, so that the manager Lloyd, who, of course, was more guilty than the others, should get off scot free. Perhaps this case will afford a lesson to colliery managers that they cannot disgrace themselves in this way, and then get out of the consequences by the cowardly trick of throwing the blame upon their subordinates. At Belfast, before Mr. F. G. Hodder, R.M., Charles Quigley, for cruelly working a horse when lame, was fined half-a-crown.

The Monroe doctrine seems to be a very excellent one—for the United States. Cousin Jonathan practically says to Europe, "South America does not belong to me any more than it does to you, or to anybody else, but one of these days I may want to steal large portions of it for myself, and therefore I give you clear warning that nobody else is to come near it." Africa is rapidly filling up, and before many generations the surplus population of Europe, and especially of Britain, will be compelled to seek new fields of enterprise. For the United States to calmly warn us off South America, containing some quarter of the earth's surface, is a piece of cool impertinence that will be difficult to match. The Union Jack already covers as much of North America as does the Stars and Stripes. We might just as well turn round and say that we would not permit a Yankee foot in South America.

South America is practically no man's land. It lies fallow, waiting to be taken possession of by the pioneers of civilisation. In the world's history these pioneers have nearly always been Englishmen or Scotchmen, and the drift of civilisation is not going to be arranged by orders from Washington. Unless America drops her absurd pretensions of dictating to England her colonial policy, there is sure to be trouble between us and America during the next century. It is, of course, to be taken for granted that the Radical press will support America over this paltry Venezuela boundary question, for the simple reason that the Radical press of Great Britain hates England, and is always ready to beslave American politicians. Senator Lodge's precious Monroe doctrine may be useful to him for catching Irish-American votes, but he will need something more substantial than a notice board to drive Englishmen, when the time comes, from forcing their way into South America.

THE refusal of a vote of thanks to the late Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Renals, justifies me in referring to the attitude of To-DAY upon the matter twelve months ago. We did our very best to prevent the election of Sir Joseph Renals to the Mayoral chair, and were denounced for our pains, by the rest of the Press, as though we had been libellers and blackmailers. Papers of the standing of the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Daily Chronicle* defended Sir Joseph Renals as though he had been a martyred saint. To-DAY was accused of being in the pay of his enemies. We were called "a lying journal," "a calumniator of just men," "an insignificant notoriety-seeking print," and various other pleasant epithets. Sir Joseph Renals was elected, and there, so far as we were concerned, the question ended. Perhaps next time To-DAY goes out of its way, and risks expensive libel actions in a cause which can be of no personal

interest to itself whatever, our contemporaries will possibly give us credit for sincerity.

MESSRS. T. SMITH AND COMPANY, St. Helen's Gardens, are very indignant with me for my recent paragraphs concerning their methods of business. Messrs. Smith and Co., it may be remembered, are people who advertise "12s. 6d. a week salary, to 25s., can be earned in spare hours, by either sex anywhere." To those applying, a circular is sent, saying that "a specimen necessary for the work is of a shilling value, for which a deposit of a shilling is required, which amount will be returned to you with the first week's salary." The "work" to be done turns out to be the selling of rubber stamps and such-like articles. I took objection to Messrs. Smith's methods of advertising, on the ground that the advertisement was misleading. Messrs. Smith write me a letter which they say is meant as a "warning" to me. Messrs. Smith state that they have no desire to enter into litigation. Neither have I. They also say that unless I retract my statement they will be compelled to consult their legal advisers. It is always a good plan to consult legal advisers, and I would recommend such a course to Messrs. Smith and Company.

I do not think the general public quite grasp what a wonderful humorist we possess amongst us in Mr. Phil May. If they did, his *Annals* would sell by millions. You hardly want to read the letterpress beneath. An Australian aborigine would be bound to laugh at the drawings. There is a Rabelaisian breadth about his jokes which is refreshing also in this niminy-piminy age, when every touch of humour that is not fit for an old ladies' tea-party is howled at by the critics as vulgar. Any joke that raises a laugh is considered as childish and in bad taste just at present. The *Annual* also contains a delightful little skit by Violet Hunt, who possesses more humour than usually falls to the lot of women. Her idea ought surely to catch on in interviewing circles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

INVENTIONS.—Hundreds of correspondents are writing me on the subject of an invention for preventing a bottle being refilled. It is no use talking of inventions of this kind that have not been patented, and my readers must make up their minds as to whether it is worth their while to go to the cost of patenting—some four or five pounds—on the very slender chance of their invention being of the slightest use. The offer referred to in the article was made by an American firm, a fairly long while ago. America is the home of these inventions, and it is more than probable that the firm in question has already been supplied with what they require. In consequence of the interest taken in the matter I am making inquiries, but it will be weeks before I am likely to hear of anything definite. I cannot undertake to reply to correspondents by post.

E. K.—Advice, put as you put it, is always welcome. Leave me alone for a month or two, and you will see what I think you will consider improvements. In business matters one cannot act quickly.

H. B. is anxious to make an intelligent speech upon a public platform. If he ever does succeed in performing this feat it would be a record one, and I should love to be there. H. B. might read an interesting essay on the subject of "Voice delivery," by the late Samuel Brandram, M.A., in Brandram's "Speaker" (Routledge); and there is a practical paper on the subject of "speech-making" in a larger work, entitled, "Voice, Speech and Gesture," published by Charles William Deacon and Co.

W. H. L.—I am glad to hear that *TO-DAY* is such a favourite with commercial travellers. I see you have marked one paragraph in the Pasteur lecture. The lecturer says, "that, in the opinion of those best able to judge, the usefulness of the Pasteur method is considered as settled." In the beginning of his lecture Mr. Franklin pointed out how Pasteur's own discoveries had upset many of the hitherto accepted facts of medical science. Before Pasteur lived those same facts were called certain by those "best able to judge," so that present medical opinion proves nothing.

The Rev. Frederick Haslock, of All Saints, Grays, Essex, writes:—"It (*TO-DAY*) is one of the best, healthiest and outspoken of our weeklies. In my work as a clergyman amongst 7,000 of the poorest of dock labourers and others, I have been much helped by its various articles, and many of the ideas which it so ably suggests for the improvement of our people, I try to put into practice." I thank Mr. Haslock for his encouragement.

Lieut.-Col. W. Lisle Coulson writes me as follows:—"I am more than grateful to you for the splendid fashion you wire into the J.P.'s (I am one myself), for the idiotic sentences they inflict for gross cruelty to animals. Do, in Heaven's name, go on. Cruelty to dumb creatures is now about the cheapest method of ridding vile natures of their superfluous wickedness. But what can we expect when Lord Londonderry and his friends amuse (?) themselves in this style of slaughter, and fancy it is sport. 'Lord Londonderry's shooting party at Wynyard Park last week had excellent sport. Four of the principal coverts were shot over, and the total bag, about equally divided between pheasants and rabbits, amounted to upwards of 8,000 head. The first day's sport, in the Battle Hill covert, with eight guns, was a record one for Wynyard, reaching 4,000 head, 3,800 being rabbits. The second day, when the home covert was shot, was also a big one, yielding 2,000 pheasants.'—*Newcastle Daily Journal*, November 9th, 1895. I wish you would 'go for' such hideous shams of sportsmen (?) It is not only the slaughter of those that are picked up, it is the scores that are left wounded after such a 'shoot' as Lord Londonderry's. There are plenty who would be eternally grateful to you for rounding on these miserable semi-poultry-slaughters."

ACTOR.—I sincerely sympathise with you. Unfortunately, day-work is most difficult to obtain. Travelling about as you are, I don't see how you can hope for it. Literature would be your only chance, and that, I think, you are wise in not following. If you have no special gift it would only lead to further disappointment. I am sorry to be able to bring to you no better help than this.

S. H. P., who is resident in the United States, sends me a report of a speech by Senator Chandler, a leading Republican and an active politician. Senator Chandler, speaking at Concord, on October 28th, is reported as saying:—"War between the United States and England is inevitable. It will be fought by us, having Russia as a European ally. It should be welcome. A sure result would be the capture and acquisition of Canada. We will restrain the brutality and bloody avarice of Great Britain. We ought to begin if it is necessary to save to Venezuela the mouth of the Orinoco."

MEMO.—Phrenology is all humbug. For goodness sake do not think of founding your career upon the advice of one of those travelling quacks. If you think you have any talent for acting join an amateur club, and work at that for a year or two. No manager would pay any attention to you unless you came to him with some credentials.

F. G. T.—I thank you for your kind letter.

Y.—It is generally customary for railways to charge a less rate to naval and military officers and men, and their legal rights entitle them to do this:

A. W. (Briton Ferry).—See answer to "E. K." One of your paragraphs shows excellent English, and is good epigram. I quote it for the benefit of other readers. "Your views are refreshing to one living in a chapel-ridden country, where religion is a business and Christianity hardly exists."

J. C. P.—I am glad you think so well of *TO-DAY* and the *Idler*. The "Bus Conductor" is sure to consider you a "judishus person."

M. S.—I have never said anything half strong enough on the subject of child insurance. It is a vile business. No honest inquiry has ever been allowed into the matter. The vast pecuniary interests concerned have hitherto proved sufficiently powerful to crush all opposition. The trade done in child murder in this country is a disgrace to civilisation. I do not attach any importance to the figures concocted and issued by interested parties. F. M.—I thank you for your kind and encouraging letter. C. F.—You will see many changes in the February number.

A. F. WINKS, who describes himself as a personal friend of Mr. Hyndman, writes with respect to my remarks upon that gentleman. To say that Mr. Winks is angry with me is a feeble expression. He calls me a vulgar gossip, says I am untruthful and dishonourable. He asks me if I know anything. He says I pose, that I am arrogant, that I am ignorant and malicious, also insolent, cocksure and egotistical. He proves, quite to his own satisfaction, that *TO-DAY* can always be bought for a few pounds. He tells me that I bolster up privilege and licences, and he tells me that men of my stamp are always wrong. He also wonders if there is going to be a special hell for me and people like me. If not, he thinks there ought to be. I shall certainly, when the time comes, stipulate for one to myself, away from Mr. Winks. I feel confident that Mr. Winks and myself will never agree, and we shall be better apart. Mr. Winks is very anxious that I should publish his letter, but as it contains five closely-written pages all about myself it might seem egotistical for me

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

to do so. I really think, however, that I have extracted all the essential points—I beg pardon. On reading it over again I find that Mr. Winks hints that I am no gentleman. I had overlooked it. But this is feeble for Mr. Winks. I feel that Mr. Winks is also illogical. I always understood it to be a socialistic creed that all men were equal. Now according to an axiom of Euclid, things that are equal to the same thing are equal to another. Therefore, if I am equal to an unmitigated scoundrel, what about Mr. Winks and Mr. Hyndman? And if Mr. Winks and Mr. Hyndman are perfectly honourable and upright people, and they are equal to me, I must be equal to them. Therefore I cannot be a scoundrel. I wish Mr. Winks would think over this matter.

D. M. A.—The production of an important play is an item of important news. It would be absurd for the newspapers to wait. I am glad to find you have so wise an uncle.

A. W. B.—The advertisement was bound up, I suppose, by mistake. H. T. B.—I cannot pass criticism on work. You will discover by the usual methods whether you have any literary ability or not.

WOMAN writes thanking Aunt Fan for her letters. She is delighted that young women as well as young men are receiving attention. My correspondent also expresses a desire that H. G. Wells would write for the *Idler* or *TO-DAY*. I am pleased to announce that he is going to write for both in the coming year.

W. S. H.—I am glad to find you like *TO-DAY* so much. W. G. Grace has not been knighted.

E. E.—I thank you for your letter, the information contained in which will much assist me in my arguments respecting child insurance. I shall shortly deal with the matter in another column. You thoroughly misunderstand my attitude towards the medical profession. No one has a greater respect for that profession or for its disciples, but surely you would not argue that both are above criticism? Certain of your brethren wrote me indignantly, denying that such a thing as a premature burial had ever taken place in the history of the world. Such talk, I confess, makes one angry. Your own letter goes to prove that doctors sometimes act unwisely. Your last few paragraphs contain a much stronger criticism than any I have ever directed against the medical profession. I think it unwise of doctors, as a class, to be so extremely sensitive at the slightest hint that they could ever make mistakes or that there is anything further to be discovered in medical science. If no criticism is to be allowed upon the subject of medicine, why on the subject of law, or finance, or any other matter? One would simply shut up all healthy discussion.

G. W. D. draws my attention to the methods of "Ye Knick-nack Company," Stoke-on-Trent, who insert advertisements for home work. Their plan seems to be similar to that of Messrs. Smith and Company, about whom I had something to say the other week.

S. C. W.—It is a great pity for both of you that you could not have discovered your unsuitability before. There are two sides to marriage, the romantic and the practical. From the practical point of view, which is by no means to be sneered at, it would certainly be doing a great injury to the girl to break off with her, after having occupied her attentions for a period of three years. On the other hand, I cannot conceive a greater injury that a man could inflict upon a woman than to marry her, not caring for her. A mild dislike before marriage, when you see her occasionally, and that always at her best, is likely to develop into something like repulsion, when you feel that you are bound to her for life. The result will probably be misery for both of you. Men have a habit of drifting into these engagements, and this is the cause of half the unhappy marriages. Without giving themselves time to discover their real feelings lads rush into engagements that three months after they regret, and then, from a false sense of shame or cowardice, they will hesitate to break it off. The girl grows older and loses her "chance" as it is called. The marriage is insisted upon by the relatives, and a wretched existence of bickerings, reproaches and quarrellings ensues. Parents never ought to permit an engagement that has not received the foundation of at least two years intimate knowledge. It is certainly illegal for you to break off the engagement now. As to whether it is dishonourable or not, you are the only person who can answer that question. If you have laid yourself out to induce her to marry you, if you have done your best to make her care for you, then your duty would be to marry her if she still wished it, and if she cannot adapt herself to you, you must adapt yourself to her. If the engagement were a passing folly and your feeling is such that you are not likely to make her happy, your duty might be to risk legal consequences, and the bad opinion of friends. But an engagement of this sort is a serious thing not to be lightly entered into and not to be lightly broken off. Do not confound feelings with moods and whims. Try and understand yourself and then act like a gentleman, thinking as much of her as of yourself.

J. H. R.—Pope Alexander VI., known to fame or infamy as Borgia. You would find a full account of him and his crimes in any good biographical dictionary. L. M.—Thank you very much for your letter. I am glad your plucky friend succeeded.

TREVOR.—Life isn't a thing to be taught; it is a thing to be lived. No one can teach you it but yourself. As for neglected opportunities of education, that matter is easily remedied at twenty. You are at the very age when study should come easy to you. You will learn more in six months now than you would have learnt in two years at school. Keep your ideals, you need not talk about them; on the other hand, do not be ashamed of them; they will always be a bit ahead of you. Do not despair because you cannot get close to them. Do not lose sight of them, that is the great thing.

J. P.—Don't be quite so sensitive. I am sure the writer meant nothing unkind to the Roman Catholics. One would hardly ever put pen to paper if one had to stop to consider at every sentence whether there was anything in it to give offence to anybody. These little things cannot hurt.

A. S.—Your request is flattering, I admit, but it would be absurd for me to pose as the president of a sketching club. An artist is the man you want.

J. B. says that I told a correspondent he could get noses in the Strand. I have no recollection of having said anything of the kind, and I should advise J. B. to go elsewhere for his noses. There are plenty in the Strand, of course, but they are, generally speaking, attached, and there would only be trouble were he to attempt collecting any. I should advise J. B. to be content with his own nose, or to wait until somebody puts their's into his business.

S. E. H. wishes us to inform "Chicken Breeder" that for a variety of climates suitable both to chicken-breeding and weak lungs she would recommend New Zealand, where "Chicken Breeder" can choose between the bracing air of the mountains or the warm dry air of the plains. Our correspondent particularly recommends Napier, in the north, which she compares with the Riviera, and also states that she believes there is a good opening in New Zealand for poultry farming. A. L. R.—The quotation appeared in the daily papers about a fortnight before the paragraph alluding to it appeared in *TO-DAY*. C. E. F.—There is no opening now in the Cape Mounted Police. When there is a vacancy preference is given to those living there, and the only thing you could do would be to go out to the Cape and take your chance with the rest.

A. M. M.—Books can teach you very little that you have not already learnt, or will not quickly learn in the school of experience. You might find the following handbooks, which are fairly practical, of some use to you: "Reporting Hints and Practice" (1s. Pitman), "The Shorthand Writer," by T. A. Reed (2s. 6d. Pitman), and "Practical Journalism" (2s. 6d. Upcott Gill), and you should possess yourself of Morris's Grammar, unabridged. You will want a little reference library by you, including a good standard dictionary, Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, a good gazetteer, and Chamber's Encyclopædia will be found exceedingly useful. If I might give you a word of advice it would be to avoid, and not to permit in others, the use of slang journalistic expression. When you find a fire has become a conflagration, and is alluded to as the "devouring element," use the blue pencil. Accustom yourself to the use of good Saxon English, and good style will come to you by hard thinking and practice.

PRIMROSE WAY thinks that some action ought to be taken by the Home Secretary to remove from the Bench magistrates who persistently refuse to support the law against cruelty.

W. B.—Am delighted to hear of the good work which Mr. Christian seems to be doing, and in which you are so unselfishly assisting him.

Z. H. K.—I read the Maybrick pamphlet with care. It left me strongly prejudiced against Mrs. Maybrick. Mr. McDougall is certainly a very bad friend to her. His gross unfairness, his cheap claptrap, and his special pleading is bound to do her cause more harm than good.

F. T. C.—I thank you for your kind letter. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the working of the Boys' Brigade scheme to pass any opinion upon it, but the inculcation of the habits of reverence, discipline, and self-respect in the boys is a fine programme. M. K.—I am sending your letter to the author.

E. T. C.—Each generation of scientific workers is generally occupied with exposing the fallacies of their predecessors, and, in proving to its own satisfaction that its own dogmas are final. Science, like theology, is mere groping in the dark. It is simply useful as a mental exercise. I do not object to our reasoning about these outside matters, but I object to our thinking that what we say is of necessity reason. The only refuge of the intelligent man seems to me to be infinite doubt, tempered by infinite readiness to accept whatever may be revealed to him.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

WANTED TO BUY, Old Life Insurance Bonus Policies at prices exceeding the Office surrender value.—Apply J. L. SHERRIN, 40, Old Broad St., London.

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

SPA, BELGIUM, twelve hours from London. Cercle des Etrangers, with Roulette and all Monte Carlo attractions. For details address Secretary. Racing, Pigeon-Shooting, and Lawn Tennis, Concerts and Theatre. Waters unrivalled in cases of anaemia, &c. Resident English Physician.

CLUB CHATTER.


THE better class Americans are not at all contented with the way in which the officials of the Yacht Club have met the charges of Lord Dunraven. I was talking the other day to a man who is intimately connected with the Club and its workings. With regard to the crowding of the excursion steamers my friend seemed to think that this could have been easily avoided in the interests of sport, and he told me that the great majority of Americans were anxious that the race should come off in the waters suggested by Lord Dunraven, where, being a day's journey from New York, the trouble about the excursion steamers would never have arisen. The fact is, two or three of the most influential members of the Club are also owners of excursion steamers. They did not seem to care much about the sport, their idea being to have the race in such water that passengers on board the steamers should be able to have a good view of the proceedings. The boats were crammed with cheap trippers, and the captains' instructions were to get as near as they could to the yachts, and, if possible, to allow their passengers a glimpse of Lord Dunraven—the American democrat being always anxious to see a real live lord. Genuine sportsmen of America are quite as disappointed as Englishmen at the collapse of the race.

SEVERAL correspondents have written to me lately, asking on what occasions a dinner jacket is allowable in place of the ordinary dress coat. Generally speaking, I should say that a jacket may be worn at any small dinner where those present are either related or are on very intimate terms with each other, *i.e.*, when the party is not in the slightest degree a formal one. A jacket is often seen now at the theatres, even when the man has ladies with him; in fact, it is rapidly superseding the tailed coat. But a jacket cannot be worn at a ball, any public gathering,

or at a dinner, the hostess of which is only a slight acquaintance. White waistcoats are still very popular, and they can be worn on all occasions.

THE changes in the fashion of men's evening clothes are so slight as to be almost unnoticeable. This season the dress waistcoat is being made less open than formerly, though it is a long way off from anything approaching the old-fashioned V-shape. The newest material for evening dress is a very rough unfinished cloth. When the faced broadcloth went out of fashion some years ago its place was taken by a fairly rough material that was, however, perfectly smooth to the touch. It has been found that this stuff is apt to wear very shiny, which is not surprising, seeing that it is really a very rough cloth with the roughness clipped off. Now, evening clothes are being made in the plain, unfinished material, and there is every likelihood that this cloth will remain popular for many years. It wears better than any other, and does not show the creases. Trousers, whether for evening or ordinary wear, are being made smaller round the foot and tapering from the hips. To be exact, I believe the usual measurement round the foot is now seventeen inches, in place of eighteen or eighteen and a-half, as formerly.

THE Royal Aquarium is going very strong just now. This week the ladies' bicycle races are attracting everybody's attention, and as the competitors include the leading English and Continental riders I have no doubt that the Aquarium will be packed for the next fortnight, at the end of which time the meeting concludes. When you get tired of the races, go and see the talking horse, who can play both "Nap" and "God Save the Queen"—the latter on a harmonium. Although the bicycle track extends the full length of the Aquarium the afternoon and evening entertainments still take place on the central stage. I dropped in the other night and heard the




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MITCHELL'S "COMPASS" BRAND FLAKED HONEY DEW.

"An Ideal Tobacco for the Pipe."

MANUFACTURED FROM THE FINEST LEAF.
IMPORTED BY US DIRECT FROM VIRGINIA.

To be had from the leading Tobacconists in
1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins.

STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,
GLASGOW.
ESTABLISHED 1723.

Amphion Glee men sing a couple of quartets. Their voices are well balanced and their phrasing and enunciation give evidence of careful training.

With reference to the curious letter I published in these columns last week, a correspondent writes:—"This is an old West Coast dodge." Scores of such letters are received yearly by firms in this country, notifying that the writer has some shop, or is an agent, on the West Coast, would like to do business with an English firm, and asking at the same time for samples from the said firm. As a rule, the postage is not prepaid, but when it is, and the letter is properly strung together, as sometimes happens, it has often led to the firm addressed sending out samples of goods. Needless to say, nothing further is heard from the West Coast 'agent.' I have often been asked by people who had received such letters, and didn't know the dodge, whether *bonâ fide* business was meant. Probably this is all stale news, but I write it on the bare chance of being able to give To-DAY trivial information in return for the many pleasant hours To-DAY has given me."

CADZOW FOREST (part of Hamilton Estate) is famous for its wild cattle, and Mr. Keith, of Hamilton, has adopted "Cadzow" as trade mark for his very old Scotch whiskey, which we can vouch for is of fine quality. Those who are in want of inexpensive wines, should write Mr. Keith for his price list.

For many years past the metropolitan counties—Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey—have been quite out of the running for the Rugby County championship. Three seasons ago Middlesex put a fine side into the field against Yorkshire, but without success, and the reverse that was sustained on that occasion has seemingly had a disastrous influence on Southern county football. London Rugby players are less keen on county than club football, and the difficulties of getting together a fifteen are only thoroughly understood by the county secretaries. The fact of the matter is that men are not particularly keen about meeting club colleagues in opposition, and games between the three counties named are not invested with that spirit of rivalry which is so dominant in encounters between the teams in the north and the west.

No doubt there would be grave objections to merging Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey into a London county, but there are two excellent precedents in the formation of

the Midland Counties and Eastern Counties Unions. Something is undoubtedly needed to give a stimulus to Rugby County football in the south, and if only called upon to provide one team instead of three, as at present, the London clubs could certainly put a powerful combination into the field. Now, however, not one of the metropolitan counties can muster a really good side, and with the difficulty of inducing the best players to turn out, have, for the most part, to be content with moderate fifteens.

It was the inability of the Surrey executive to get together their presumably best team that induced most people to anticipate a victory for Kent last week. The latter had the assistance of six of the famous Blackheath club, but the presence of these players proved of no avail. The Surrey men played much better than the side that defeated Middlesex, and it would appear that the executive were not thoroughly conversant with the relative merits of the players in the county. The Surrey backs certainly gave as admirable a display of football as has been witnessed in London this season, and A. P. Patey, of the Croydon team, astonished all save his club mates by the clever manner in which he discharged the duties of centre three-quarter.

STILL it is hardly likely that Surrey will have any share in the later stages of the competition. The Midland Counties bid fair to be the winners of the south-eastern division, and will probably have to contest with Devon for the right to play in the final match. In the north the question of supremacy clearly rests between Lancashire and Yorkshire. Both of these counties gained another success last Saturday, and if one may judge from results, there can be but little to choose between them. Though one would like to see the superiority of these great northern counties a little less pronounced, no one at the present juncture can regret that this season, at all events, the county championship will be decided when they meet.

It is now tolerably certain that the severe defeat the Cambridge Rugby team received at the hands of Newport was not quite correct form. Last week Cardiff, who are quite the equals of Newport, could do no more than draw with the Light Blues, while last Saturday Blackheath, who had previously won all their matches, had to be content with a draw at Cambridge. It was a great triumph for the Cantabs to hold in check the famous Blackheath forwards, who had quite routed the Oxonians the week previous, and they are clearly entitled to con-

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CRAVEN. MILD. HANKEYS. GUARDS. FULL.

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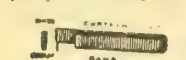
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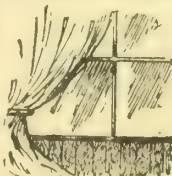
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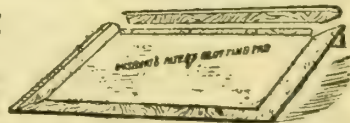
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This blotting pad consists of a light frame of mahogany or oak (light or dark) into which a supply of blotting paper can be easily slipped, and prevents the edges from being torn or curled.



To hold Blotting Paper 11 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches, 7/6, or with Pen Tray, 8/6 each.

Do. 13 1/2 x 17 1/2 " 10/6 " 11/6 "

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HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, &c. &c. to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at bumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (700 in number) of All Saints Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

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ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.
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Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4d. extra. Sample 2ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from



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PRICES:
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"THREE BELLS"

CIGARETTES.

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Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.



TRADE MARK

siderable respect. While their great rivals have succeeded in restoring the confidence of their friends, the Oxford men have sustained another reverse, Richmond beating them by two goals to nothing. Strengthened by the coalition with the old Middlesex Wanderers, the Richmond club possess a strong side this season, but it must be borne in mind that they went down before Cambridge University.

DURING the past week the Cambridge Association team suffered their first defeat of the season, Mr. Jackson's side beating them by four goals to three. As this was the third match played by the Light Blues in five days, it was hardly surprising that they came to grief before the strong combination got together by Mr. Jackson, and it would be unwise to attach too much importance to the result. Two days previous the University had beaten the West Bromwich Albion, after a hard struggle, and they finished up the week by defeating the Crusaders at Wembley Park. To win three matches out of four in eight days is a highly creditable performance, and it may be assumed that Cambridge have a strong Association team this season.

Of all the meetings held at Manchester, none claim so much attention as the November gathering. The flat racing season is always wound up in brilliant style, and the November Handicap, as a long distance race, ranks second only to the Cesarewitch. The stakes was established in 1876, and included in the list of winners are some of the greatest handicap horses of the last 20 years. Three years after its institution, the race was won by Delphoebe, under the record burden of 9st. 5lb. Five years later, Corrie Roy got home with 9st. 10lb. in the saddle.

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"ECLIPSE"
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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS!

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KEITH'S PURE LIGHT CLARET. 14s. per doz.

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Wine Lists, with Prices of 200 Varieties, on application, post free.

WE SPECIALLY RECOMMEND THE FOLLOWING:—

KEITH'S OLD DESSERT PORT. 48s. per doz.

KEITH'S SELECTED CHATEAUX CLARET. 24s. per doz.

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KEITH'S 10 YEARS OLD "CADZOW" WHISKY. 43s. per doz.

NOTE.—This is our "Special" Blend of the finest selected Scotch Stills, guaranteed not less than 10 years old. Some of the Whiskies composing it are 11 and 12 years old. It is possibly the oldest Whisky in the world offered at the price.

KEITH'S "CADZOW" NO. 2 WHISKY, at 39s. per doz.,
Averages 7 years old.

Assorted Orders for Wines or Whisky are sent Carriage Paid. On 14s. Claret half carriage is paid. Cash with Order, or References.

CIGARS. We beg to draw attention to our **THREE SPECIAL BRANDS OF CIGARS**, which we claim to be the best of their kind made at the money. Being desirous of making them more widely known, we offer them at a small margin of profit, feeling assured that Connoisseurs will pronounce them equal to their reputation, and will make them known to their friends.

"ESTRELLAS de OROS" Perfectionados.

One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.

70s. per 100. 36s. per 50 box. Sample 1s.

"CELESTE IMPERIO" Camelias.

A beautiful cigar.

35s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

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Made from the purest tobacco.

20s. per 100. 10s. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

Samples sent, boxed, post free, if not less than 1s. 6d. ordered.

Boxes post free on receipt of remittance.

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Blend of Specially Selected
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One Dozen Case sent free to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque for **40s.**

MATTHEW HENDRIE,
78, Wellington Street, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.
Established 1860.

THE idea of heating a racecourse seems on the face of it a very doubtful possibility. But it is done—and successfully done. At Auteuil the other day a bleak winterly wind swept across the course, but none of us noticed it. The fact is that the executive of this most neck-breaking track in the world have erected in all directions huge coke stoves—something like the frames put up to protect young trees—and the air is warmed in a remarkable manner. I commend the idea to Plumpton, and more especially to Lingfield, where a draught in London becomes a gale down there.

It is impossible for anyone in England to imagine the extraordinary popularity enjoyed in Paris by the cycle. It has usurped the interest taken in horse-racing, and seems likely to oust the horse itself as a means of fashionable locomotion. It has its daily journals, its weekly illustrated magazines, its humorous prints, and its fashion literature. It provides the hoardings of Paris with its most artistic posters, and swathes the advertisement kiosques with the announcements of coming races. It has done more than this—it has regenerated the French joust. Less than a dozen years ago your coming Frenchman was content when he could play a decent game of billiards, had mastered *écarté*, and had a general notion of boxing with his feet. To-day this is changed. He is taking to field sports in a manner that bewilders even his elder brother.

Not a Sunday passes when there are not at least four football matches, and although the White Rovers and the Standard, which are composed of the English colony, can always hold their own, the Cercle Pedeste d'Asnieres can give a good account of themselves. Still, the national characteristic will, I believe, always prevent a Frenchman from becoming a first-class player. He does not see the force of being a simple unit. He always wants a little match to himself, and against the solid front presented by the English he goes to pieces.

Or the doings of the French in polo nothing need be said, for English teams have found them quite their equals, and I believe that the example of the wealthier English in introducing golf will lead to the introduction of yet another of our national sports. Cricket will never be popular. "There is too much of the same thing in it," a French athlete once remarked to me, after we had seen a dozen maiden overs sent down at Lords. And his view is a reasonable one from a Parisian standpoint. That reminds me that, only a few weeks ago, when I was talking to Mr. Richard K. Fox, he made a somewhat similar remark in regard to cricket's future in America.

BUT to return to cycling. I was present a week ago at the Velodrome d'Hiver, remembered by Englishmen as the Palais des Arts Liberaux at the Exhibition. It was Sunday, and it was wet, foggy, and cold. Still, that huge building was packed, at prices ranging from seven francs. In the races, in which England, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy were represented, the excitement that prevailed can be put down as equal to that at Epsom on a Derby Day. The rich and the poor were shouting themselves hoarse, and women of the two worlds stood on the benches and waved fans and programmes. It was a sight one does not easily forget, and one that would have been impossible in Paris if the cycle had never been invented. By the way, the Parisian is now convinced that a Frenchman did invent the machine. But we won't discuss that.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER has bought, and will produce this season, a new original play, in one act, entitled *Monsieur de Paris*, by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de

Cordova. Miss Violet Vanbrugh will play the principal part—that of a strange romantic girl.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. H. A.—Apply to the Secretary of the Playgoers' Club, Mr. Percy House, 409, Strand, W.C.

A. S. T.—I have already had my say about overcoats for this season. You cannot do better than get a Chesterfield. Have the back made fairly loose, not an exaggerated "sack," and don't have the coat too long—say, down to the knees. As for colour, there is nothing more useful than black, with a velvet collar. The buttons should be hidden. Be sure and avoid a coat of bright blue faced cloth, with large, prominent buttons. These garments have quite gone out.

A. H. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—With regard to trouserings, cashmere is the material most fashionable just now. This is a cloth with a smooth surface. I should recommend you to stick to narrow stripes; one never sees loud patterns or even small checks. The morning coat is still worn very long and fairly high in the collar. The waistcoat for this coat is usually single-breasted, with a neat V-shaped opening at the neck. Don't have yours cut low. An opening just large enough to show a little shirt-front on each side of the tie is all that is necessary. I think this answers all your queries. Don't be afraid of asking anything else if you don't quite understand. I shall always be pleased to assist you.

INQUIRER.—I have already replied to your query, but see answer to A. S. T.

K. L. P.—There are very few novelties in the way of winter gloves this year. White woollen ones are still being worn. Should you want a more expensive article get lined buckskin. If by lounge coats you mean the ordinary jacket, your surmise is correct, but the two slits in the side-seams of the back are not necessary. It is really a matter of taste. You won't do wrong either way.

C. E. W. (Manchester).—Nothing of the sort. You surely do not suppose that it is possible to procure good clothes for the prices named. There is no economy in buying rubbish, and you will soon find this out for yourself if you attempt the task you mention.

AN ELECTRIC HEATING PAD.

THE fact that asbestos plays a remarkably useful part in electrical work is not generally recognised. For purposes of insulation this unique material meets the most exacting requirements, and its use by electricians is daily increasing. Its latest application is in the "electrotherm," the new device which has already begun to take the place of hot-water bottles in hospitals and invalid chambers. The electrotherm is a flexible sheet or pad, composed of asbestos, in which electric wires are embedded. When these wires are connected to any source of electric current a constant and uniform degree of heat is generated. For this connection the socket of an electric lamp is ordinarily found most convenient, but where the lighting current is not available batteries can be used. The pad is found a great convenience in the relief of chilliness, cold feet, etc., as well as in cramps and other local pains, and in general hospital practice. By its use the risk and discomfort of frequent changes of temperature incident to the renewal of ordinary hot applications are entirely obviated, without discomfort.

It can be moistened without any injury, and it can be made to give the effect of a poultice or moist heat by being applied over one or more thicknesses of wet flannel. It can be used by anyone with perfect safety, and its simplicity and convenience wherever the application of artificial heat is desired render it especially valuable for medical use. The regulation of the temperature is effected by a conveniently placed switch. Pads can thus be maintained at approximately 130 degrees, 170 degrees, and 220 degrees Fahrenheit, when covered with ordinary bed-clothing; but these temperatures can be modified by the interposition of a blanket or raised by additional covering. This new adaptation of the principle of electric heating is made in various forms, from the simple pad, which lends itself to all ordinary uses, and the wicker-covered mat or foot-warmer, to a cape-like covering, which will completely enwrap the neck and the upper part of the body.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I came across a story about Matthew Prior the other day that will bear re-telling. I was spending a brief holiday at Bournemouth, when, growing weary of the everlasting nigger, I silently stole away for a long day's ramble in the Dorsetshire lanes. The leaves falling in golden showers about my path, the glittering, glorioussunshine, and the defiant winds, made my pulses throb with gladness and my blood to course through my veins as it did in the days of long ago. I forgot my years; forgot there was any sorrow or sin in the world; forgot everything, but that all nature was beautiful, and given to me to enjoy; and then, before I knew it, I was standing by the walls of the old minster at Wimborne.

All the world knows that Matthew Prior was born at Wimborne, and a good many book-lovers know that Wimborne Minster boasts of possessing the first free library in England. It is a vain boast, for the library only dates from Puritan times, and many of the monastic libraries in the middle ages were, for all practical purposes, free. In the library there is a splendid copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," apparently a first edition, a number of the leaves of which have been burnt through, and carefully mended again, the burnt-out words being re-written to correspond with the rest of the page. Tradition has it that Matthew Prior, then a youth of nineteen, was reading this book on a dark afternoon, went to sleep, knocked his candle over, and set fire to the precious volume. Afterwards, says the story, Matt., to save himself from getting into trouble, mended the leaves with his own hands. It is a pretty legend, but it is not true—at least as to the mending. There is art in mending paper, as there is in mending Venetian glass; and if a careless youth burnt the leaves, they were mended by a careful craftsman, who knew his work and did it well.

Lovers of Dickens will find an interest in Wimborne Minster, for away in a corner in the west end of the church are a couple of tombstones bearing the names "Wardell" and "Snodgrass." Dickens loved old churches. Did he visit Wimborne while he was writing the "Pickwick Papers?"

One often hears of the impossibility of certain plots. I remember once chatting with the late Wilkie Collins, who told me that he had a whole drawerful of cuttings that he would have liked to use but could not do so on account of their improbability. They were most of them selected from police-court and other cases!

Ah, me! Just handed a customer a sixpenny copy of Charles Reade's magnificent classic, "The Cloister and The Hearth" (Chatto and Windus). That is the worst of handling books written by dead friends. I can see poor Reade now in his room papered with cuttings. Reade's favourite song was "The Vicar of Bray," to which he would always play his own accompaniment. He was very simple in his tastes, a warm friend, and a vituperative hater. His favourite wine was a really good claret, which he generally mixed with a little water. The Terry sisters (Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Arthur Lewis) were great friends of his. What struck me as his chief characteristic, apart from his dislike to posing as a great author, was his immense grasp of minute detail. Nothing escaped his notice.

Joseph Hatton began "the yellow craze" with his striking covers of "By Order of the Czar" which, for a time, stood alone on my shelves yellow and not ashamed; but success soon dethroned the single yellow covers, though Mr. Hatton has gone on with what he must have regarded as a kind of trade-mark. His publisher this week, however, showed me the cover for his forthcoming novel, "When Greek Meets Greek;" it is

not yellow, but it has a very suggestive design by young Margetson—Cupid in armour riding a wild Pegasus and bending his bow with a fine energy.

* * * *

A correspondent wants to know if the following is good verse and who wrote it? I should say that it bears internal evidence of having been written by Mr. Gilbert Parker. To the irreverent parodist it might afford golden opportunities:—

Keeper, O Keeper of the Kimash Hills!
I am as a dog in the North Sea,
I am as a bat in a cave,
As a lizard am I on a prison wall,
As a tent with no pole,
As a bird with one wing;
I am as a seal in the desert,
I am as a wild horse alone.
O Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills!
Thou hast an arm like a shooting star,
Thou hast an eye like the North Sky fires,
Thou hast a pouch for the hungry,
Thou hast a tent for the lost,
Hear me, O Keeper of the Kimash Hills!

IN THE SHOP.

"'Lilith,' Madam? It's rather weird and uncomfortable, but, like all George Macdonald's stories, it grips one. Mr. Bret Harte's 'Clarence,' sir? You haven't been reading your To-DAY carefully or you would have seen it there. It finishes up the trilogy, and is wonderfully fresh. I met Mr. Bret Harte at the last Vagabond Dinner; his hair is quite white. Some idiot has been trying to make trouble between him and Mark Twain. I ——— Coming, sir, coming. 'By Thrasna River'? (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) The story of a townland, by Shan F. Bullock. Any books by Mr. Headon Hill, sir? Oh, yes. Here's 'The Divinations of Kala Persad,' a sort of Eastern Sherlock Holmes. (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) Something patriotic, sir? Well, here's Mr. Fred T. Jane's 'Blake of the Rattlesnake.' (Tower Publishing Company, 6s.) The idea is that between England and ruin there is but one bulwark—the British navy. Our fleet destroyed no power on earth can save us. But we're not going to let it be destroyed. Yes, madam; the next volume of 'Public Men of the Day' is 'The German Emperor.' (Bliss, Sands and Co., 3s. 6d.) He's a great man, madam, but thinks himself a greater. A story of adventure, Master Smith? Well, now, here's Ernest Glanville's 'Golden Rock.' (Chatto, 3s. 6d.) It is as good as anything he's done yet, and I ought to know for I once lived next door to him. Some nice, soothing poetry, madam? Here's Mr. Tavey's 'Shiloh.' (Elliot Stock.)

Perfect the calm of yonder hills,
Peace breathing to the sky above;
With perfect calm the sky o'erfills,
And peace reflects in answering love.

Not a headache in the whole volume, madam. 'The Dowager Lady Tremaine,' sir? Do I know it? I should think I do. Have just done a little book myself, and a brute on 'Black and White' 'slated' the pair of us. Mrs. Allott's book is published by Elliot Stock. 'Good Words' and 'Sunday at Home' volumes, madam? 'Good Words' is a handsome volume, but hasn't so many short stories as it used to have. You'll find 'Men of the Moss-Hags' in it. Seven-and-six each, please, less discount. Good-night, sir."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. JANSON. —Mr. Frederick Rogers' address is Toynbee Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.

H. S. C. —There is a book just out, "Tommy and other poems for recitation" (Jas. Clarke and Co., 1s.). Mr. Jerome tells me that he is far too busy to undertake a work of the kind you suggest. I hear that "Uncle Podger's Picture" has been done into French.

H. E. W. —Better write direct to Mr. Anstey, c/o Punch Office. It is probably in some collection of his shorter pieces.

DOLLY. —I give "candid" opinions about verse, because I am "CrUEL only to be kind." A young man's verses are very precious to him, but, as a rule, they are far too personal to interest other people. There are such millions of mites on the earth's surface that the other mites can't stop to listen to every tiny voice.

THE THEFT OF THE KÔH-I-NOOR.

BY

ALLEN UPWARD.

Illustrated by WALTER WILSON.

CHAPTER IV.—WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE GREEN PARK

"I MADE the acquaintance of the Countess von Arndorf for the first time on her arrival in the suite of the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe, a fortnight ago. We met in the corridor, in which our rooms are situated next to each other, and rapidly became intimate. From the first moment that she learnt the nature of my duties, she showed the keenest anxiety for the sight of the Kôh-i-noor. She told me that if she were allowed to handle it, and place it on her neck, were it but for a moment, the greatest happiness of her life would be attained. At first I strongly resisted her inclination; and, in fact, as I told her, it was impossible to gratify it, owing to the fact that the only key of the steel case in which it was kept was in the possession of the Mistress of the Robes. But unfortunately for me a few days ago, the lock of the old case became broken, and I was entrusted with the task of procuring a new one. The Countess got to know of this, and redoubled her entreaties. In the end I weakly gave way, and before delivering

the key of the new case to the Duchess of Westmoreland, I took an impression of it from which a duplicate was made. The only difficulty now was to bring the case into the Countess's apartment without being perceived. For this purpose I took to dismissing the guard a few yards further off from the door of the Plate Room every night, till at last I succeeded in starting them off at the entrance of the corridor. I crept down it on tiptoe, so as not to be overheard by the Keeper, who was waiting for me inside his room, and slipped into the Countess's. There I unlocked the case, and allowed her to take out the Kôh-i-noor, and suspend it round her neck. Once on I thought she would never take it off, but with the greatest difficulty I at last persuaded her to give it back, and I restored it to the casket and locked it safely away. The moment I got by myself I took the duplicate key and destroyed

it by breaking the wards with a hammer, and throwing the pieces down a drain."

He paused, and looked at his listeners as if to see whether they believed his story. Verriter slipped in a question.

"Is there not one thing you have forgotten, Captain Paget? How did the lock of the other case get out of order?"

"I have not an idea. It was a most unfortunate thing for me."

"Then this is the first you have seen of this little contrivance?" And he held up the particle of steel.

The Captain stared at it with what appeared genuine surprise.

"Certainly it is. Is that what interfered with the lock?"

Verriter restored the crumb to his purse, without answering. Then he put a second question.

"I should like you to tell us one thing more. During the time that the Countess was in possession of the diamond I suppose you watched pretty closely what she did with it?"

"Yes. I never took my eyes off it an instant."

"Naturally. Did you observe whether she took it off the velvet necklet or not?"

"Necklet?" The other stared at him. "There was no necklet. The Countess hung it on her own."

"Ah!"

The detective drew a long, deep breath, and then turned a look of quiet reproach at Sir Henry Ponsonby.

"There has been a little misunderstanding between us, I am afraid," he said.

"I understood from you that the jewel was taken out of its case threaded on the velvet."

Sir Henry was taken aback.

"Did I say that?" he responded in apologetic tones. "I confess I did not know whether it was placed in the casket, band and all, or not."

Verriter turned to the Captain, who had listened with mingled anxiety and astonishment to this dialogue.

"That will do, thank you, Captain Paget. Kindly give me your word of honour not to breathe a word of this to the lady we have been speaking about, or to anybody else, and in return I will give you my word that she shall not be disturbed for the present."

So ended the interview. Immediately afterwards Verriter departed, leaving Sir Henry Ponsonby to pass a sleepless night.

His anxiety was not relieved the next morning when



DREW HER SKIRTS SCORNFULLY AROUND HER, AND WALKED OFF.

he found that the detective had not returned. He made the best excuse he could to his Royal mistress, and promised to bring Verriter before her the moment he arrived.

Returning to his room, the Royal Secretary busied himself for the next few hours in opening letters addressed to Her Majesty from all sorts of persons, on all sorts of subjects, some of them demanding money, others asking for appointments to various offices, from the Premiership down to the position of village postman, and others enclosing literary works for Her Majesty's approval. To all of them it was Sir Henry's duty to return a courteous answer. When the requests for money came from the secretaries of public institutions of established reputation the answer frequently enclosed a cheque; the begging letters of private individuals met with a polite refusal. The petitioners for office were in each case referred to the Minister in whose gift the appointment lay. The literary works, if in manuscript, were returned to their owners; if printed their receipt was acknowledged in a gracious communication which carefully refrained from committing Her Majesty to a perusal of their contents. Many of these latter communications were destined to find their way into the provincial Press, where they conveyed to the fellow-citizens of the proud recipient the impression that he was basking in the sunshine of Royal favour, and was well on the road to the Laureateship.

At the end of a morning of this fatiguing work the Royal Secretary thought he would refresh himself by a stroll in the Green Park, which stretches in front of Buckingham Palace. Accordingly he slipped on a light overcoat, and strolled out among the trees.

As he was sauntering down a deserted path he was astonished to catch sight suddenly of the missing detective. Mr. Verriter appeared to be picking his way idly among the shrubberies which bordered the path; but to the observant eye of Sir Henry, alive to the character of the man he was watching, a certain stealthy purposefulness presently showed itself in the detective's movements. It was not long before Sir Henry thought he had discovered the object of these studied manoeuvres. A tall, stooping man, clad in rusty, ill-fitting clothes, was slouching along at some distance in front. It was this man whom Verriter seemed to be in pursuit of.

Not having the same reason for concealing himself as the detective, Sir Henry pushed forward, keeping both men in view. A turning in the path was presently reached, and here the tall, slouching man stopped for a moment, as if hesitating in which direction to go. He pulled out a watch, consulted it, and then commenced pacing aimlessly to and fro on the grass, as if the time hung heavy on his hands.

Step by step his pursuer crept up towards the same point, all the time contriving to keep some screen between himself and the other man. Sir Henry, feeling assured that something worth seeing was about to take place, availed himself of the first bench he came to on the path to sit down.

There was another seat about thirty yards farther on, to which a lady closely veiled came up about the same time. She placed herself upon it without looking round, or taking any notice of the tall man pacing the grass near by, and took out an old-fashioned prayer-book bound in stout leather and secured with a clasp. Opening the volume with ut lifting her veil, she seemed for some minutes engrossed in its contents.

As soon as Sir Henry had done observing her, he turned his attention to the tall man with the stoop, who was now altering the direction of his steps and gradually coming nearer to the seat on which the lady was reading. At the same time Sir Henry saw that Verriter was cautiously but swiftly making a circuit of the bushes, and approaching the same seat from behind.

Keenly expectant, Sir Henry kept his eyes upon the group. Presently he saw the reader close and lay down her book, and glance round, as if realising that her privacy was being disturbed. The tall man, undeterred by her action, slouched up to the seat and planted

himself upon it, at the other end. The moment he did so the lady got up, drew her skirts scornfully around her, and walked off in the opposite direction.

Hardly was she out of sight round the corner when the intruder stretched out his hand and seized the book, which the lady had omitted to pick up as she departed. At the same instant Sir Henry saw Verriter dart out from behind the last shrub and run swiftly towards the seat. The tall man was in the act of slipping the prayer-book into his pocket, when the detective laid a firm clutch upon his arm.

The thief uttered a harsh cry.

"Who are you?" he demanded in low tones, which just reached Sir Henry's ears. He had himself risen by this time, and was hurrying up to assist the detective, if necessary, in rescuing the stolen property and restoring it to its owner.

"Come! no nonsense," said Verriter, sternly. "Give it up."

Looking round as he spoke, he saw Sir Henry's approaching form, and added—

"This gentleman has been there all the time, and saw the lady leave her book."



IT WAS THE KÖH-I-NOOR!

The other man looked round too, and saw the hopelessness of resistance. Scowling at the detective as if he would have liked to murder him, he rose up, saying sullenly—

"I was going to take it after her myself. You shall come with me and see me give it her."

"That won't do for me. Leave go of it at once, or I shall call the police."

The man reluctantly unclosed his fingers, and allowed Verriter to drag away the book, which he at once slipped into his pocket.

"Now, sir," he said, turning to Sir Henry, "we will go after her and give it back."

As he spoke he recognised whom it was for the first time. They exchanged greetings, and hastened after the lady, leaving the baffled ruffian to slink away.

They caught sight of the lady just as she was nearing

the gate. She was walking swiftly, and Verriter ran on in front and handed her the book, which she accepted with confusion. Without waiting to be thanked the detective returned to Sir Henry.

"I couldn't understand what you were following that fellow for," observed the Secretary; "but though, of course, you were quite right to interfere, I cannot help wondering that you should spare time to watch pick-pockets when Her Majesty has entrusted you with the task of recovering the Kôh-i-noor."

"I must apologise," answered Verriter, meekly. "By the way, Sir Henry, is not that coat you have on the same you were wearing last night when you came for me?"

"What! Yes, it is," returned Sir Henry, in surprise.

"I thought so. Do you remember my saying to you in the train that the Kôh-i-noor might be in your own pocket?"

Sir Henry was bewildered.

"Yes, I remember," he said, curtly.

"Will you oblige me by feeling in the left-hand pocket, just to see if it really is there?"

Sir Henry drew back indignantly, at the same time thrusting his hand impatiently into the pocket referred to. His fingers encountered a small, hard object, which he drew forth into the light.

"Good God!"

It was the Kôh-i-noor!

(*To be concluded.*)

WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST HYPNOTIST.

DR. LUY'S AND HIS WORK.

It impressed me as a strange coincidence that my pilgrimage in search of the private workshop of the greatest hypnotist in the world should take me to the same part of Paris which I had already searched in gathering photographs of the localities in which Trilby, that romance of hypnotism, was born. Du Maurier's old studio and the home of Professor Luys, of the Charity Hospital, are on the same street—the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. And the hypnotic facts which have come out of the one are infinitely more amazing than is the hypnotic romance which came out of the other. Dr. Luys is one of the most remarkable men in Paris. He is the only man who ever lived who could throw even the most susceptible hypnotic subject into a deep trance with one quickly-spoken word of command. He dominates his surroundings, whatever they are. Even the men who disagree with his scientific theories exclaim that he is a most agreeable and admirable man. His private workshop in the Charity Hospital, of which he is the head, is a part of his home. His study is a little room full of books. That is where he receives his private patients. It opens on a big courtyard, and at the other side of the courtyard is a little building apart. The courtyard which surrounds it is, on pleasant days, gay with the music of songbirds in cages, which are suspended everywhere. Dr. Luys took up hypnotism about twelve years ago. That was about the time of the beginning of its revival in France. He has devoted almost all his time to it and to the study of the human brain ever since. The results of the latter are to be seen by the favoured visitor in a cabinet in the little building. There are more than three hundred mummified human brains in that cabinet, and each one of them has taught the world a lesson under the investigations of Dr. Luys. Most of the doctor's discoveries have been brought about by his work with two especially good hypnotic subjects named Gabrielle and Esther. Both came to him at the hospital to be cured of nervous diseases. Esther was cured, Gabrielle was not. Esther had been suffering from convulsions. The doctor placed her in a hypnotic trance. It was necessary for him to do this many times, but he eventually succeeded in driving them away. Six brothers and sisters of this girl had died of them. But Esther still lives, and is now entirely well.

One of the first things which the doctor discovered through his work with Esther was that, to the hypnotised subject, each human being is separated into two parts. These are identified by colours. While the subject is in the state known technically as "lucid somnambulism," the person whom she looks at is marked by a yellow line, which begins at the top of the head and runs down the middle, dividing the individual in half. Then, if this person be in good health, the right side is distinguished by blue flames issuing from the right nostril,

the right ear, the right eye; while the left side is similarly marked by red flames. Thus, in the parlance of hypnotism, people are now said to have their red and their blue sides. What this strange phenomenon meant was for a long time a most puzzling question. Then it was discovered that if the person was in bad health the colours varied. A consumptive, for instance, showed green flame. A man who had been wounded in the eye was distinguished in the sight of Esther and other hypnotised watchers by a little orange flame issuing from that member. A woman badly affected by hysteria showed purple on the side which would have been red in a healthful person, and so on. Dr. Luys was as greatly surprised as anyone. He did not then, and does not now, know why these things are true. They form one of the most baffling of the mysteries of the science which promises to bring at once the greatest of benefits and the greatest of dangers into modern society. But the usefulness of the discovery was at once apparent. No one thing is more important in the practice of medicine than diagnosis. Until a doctor finds out what is really the matter with a person, it is, of course, impossible for him to properly treat that person. There are certain diseases—especially some of the obscure nervous complaints which seem to be the outgrowth of the present century—which are very difficult to diagnose. Mistakes in diagnosis are made by the most careful physicians. But here, apparently, is a method which cannot fail. Apparently, diseases may be expected in future to identify themselves to the person who is in a certain hypnotic state. Even the Academy of Medicine is investigating it, and that means that the most conservative medical body in the world recognises its importance.

And French scientists are looking into this matter also very gravely, discussing it as if it were one of the most important things of the time, as it doubtless is. It, too, has been considered by the Academy of Medicine, and, while that body has not yet sanctioned it as a useful discovery, it still admits that it may become one, and has by no means relegated it to the limbo to which most affairs not commonplace and thoroughly accepted by all the rest of the world first are sent by this distinguished but exasperatingly deliberate group of scientists. Professor Luys has found a way of hypnotically administering medicines—that is, he is on a path which he thinks will end in his being able to administer the "influence" of a drug without administering the drug itself. Dr. Luys more than a year ago found that certain substances, placed in glass tubes, affected hypnotised subjects strangely, even when they were held at a distance. Just exactly what the physiological effect amounts to is one of the things which remain to be learned, but there is no question of the physiological effect. For instance, take the subject Esther. It may be well to deal with her alone in this article, although the experiments have been tried on many subjects. Dr. Luys places some pure water in a glass tube—covered or uncovered, it seems to make small difference—and approaches her with it from the right, or "blue" side.

Of course, she is in the somnambulistic stage of hypnotic trance. There is at once an expression of exaggerated anxiety on her face which could not be simulated by the most accomplished actress in the world. Approached with the same tube from the other side, the effect is shown in a contortion of face and figure, as if from pain. When shown a tube containing ten grammes of cognac, the subject became as evidently intoxicated as she would be if she had drunk ten times that quantity of the liquor. A tube of ordinary pepper, when held to the red side of her face, made her smile. When applied to the blue side, the pepper brought the expression of a frightened woman. One of the most extraordinary of the many effects which Dr. Luys has obtained by this impersonal presentation of drugs was shown where the essence of thyme is the drug used. This caused extreme fear, and added a strange swelling of the thyroid gland of the neck to a size more than three inches above the normal. Extreme anger is caused by a tube of chlorhydrate of morphine. When presented to the other side of the subject the same tube caused a pleasant sleep. Extravagant fear was caused by the action of a tube of sulphate of sparteine. Another variety of fear was caused by sulphate of strychnine. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. What all this means has not yet been determined. Just as the hypnotised person can hear sounds and see sights which the normal human being cannot, so it seems to be true that the hypnotised human being can feel influences of drugs which do not exist to the person in a normal state.

And now we come to what I have already referred to when I said that in this article would be made the announcement of one of the most amazing scientific discoveries of the time. The doctor lifted from the shelves a piece of iron curved into the shape of a horse-shoe big enough to fit over a human head, and fitted with straps adjusted so that when it is in place they let it fall about as low as the temples, and no lower. He placed this on his own head and came forward. "This," said he, "is a wonderful tank. It is a tank for the storage of temperament. Yet you see it is very simple. It is merely a big horse-shoe magnet. Yet I can anger you and draw your anger from you to lock it up in this bit of curved iron. I can please you, and then steal your pleasure away to store it in this queer thing. I can find you melancholy, and with this I can relieve your melancholy. I can find you an optimist, and in half an hour can filch your good nature, transferring it instead to this inanimate piece of metal. But that is not the most wonderful thing about it. After I have made you angry, and have drawn your anger out and into this magnet, I can transfer it from the magnet into the first person who happens to come in. Your melancholy can be shifted to other shoulders wholly irresponsible for it, and ignorant of its cause, by the simple use of this headpiece. Your pessimism can be turned over to some jolly fellow never anything but happily hopeful before in his life.

"In other words," continued the doctor, "it is now quite possible to remove mental energy from one person, store it up, and then transfer it to another person after the lapse of as much or as little time as you choose. If the energy is that of happiness, then the person to whom it is transferred becomes happy. The discovery is in its infancy yet, but it is destined, I think, to be one of the most wonderful things in the world. See what it means? You are a sufferer from that strange disease, melancholia. And if the world could be rid of that one affection of the nerves and brain, a greater good would be done than most people realise. You go to your physician for treatment. He has in his cabinet the mental energy of a happy person—one of those persons who are naturally happy. He gives it to you as simply as he would give you an ordinary electrical treatment. You have now the temperament of the happy person. The discovery came about in a strange way. I had under treatment a young woman

who was in no sense insane, but who was suffering from one species of melancholia. She felt an aversion for the persons whom nature and her life ought to have made her care most for. She met her mother and her father, her sisters and her brother, with feelings of displeasure. Finally she came to me and asked me to see if I could not do something for her. I tried hypnotic treatment without avail. I did everything I could to get her into a healthful physical condition, so that her brain would have good influences to feed on. But it did not change her strange dislike for her family and friends, until I tried the horse-shoe."

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

King Edward in the Vaulted Hall
At Windsor gave a Royal ball;
No ball was ever smarter:
And Lady Salisbury, they say,
In some extremely curious way
Contrived to lose her garter.
'Twas found and picked up by the King—
A dainty little jewelled thing.
In fashion then prevailing:
And all the ladies of the Court
Tittered and laughed to see such sport;
They knew his little failing.

But Royal Edward raised his head;
With quiet dignity he said—
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

"Evil to him who evil thinks!"
The titter ceased; so did the winks,
In manner quite surprising.
On all the Court there fell a hush,
And here and there a rosy flush
Was presently seen rising.
But Edward smiled, and looked around:
"An order," said the King, "I'll found
"At once by Royal Charter;
And of all orders this shall be
The very pink of chivalry—
The Order of the Garter."

Again King Edward raised his head:
"Our motto shall be this," he said—
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

This is the way in which, you see,
King Edward's witty repartee
Has been perpetuated.
(The words are in a strange old tongue,
And consequently for the young
They need to be translated.)
And so, whenever things are said
That make you blush a rosy red,
This motto comes in neatly;
And it will please you much to find
How persons of a vulgar mind
Are crushed by it completely.

Meanwhile, if you've the luck to see
Some little way above the knee—
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

G. P. H.

LOUD ENOUGH.

"KISSAM's man never wakes him up in the morning,"
remarked Bloobumper.
"No?" replied Spatts, interrogatively.
"It isn't necessary. All the man does is to take
Kissam's new trousers into the room."

AUNT FAN'S LETTERS.—IV.

MY DEAR NIECES,—“Say a few words to you about marriage!” The question is, when one gets on that subject, to stop at the few words and not go maundering on into many!

And yet, on the other hand, how very little there is to say on that momentous matter which it is worth anybody's while to read!

For weeks and weeks, a few years ago, the columns of a daily paper were filled with the outpourings of allied minds on this matter. All that sane and sound middle-class, the backbone of our country, the heart of the people, through which the life-blood of our nation flows (I hope I am describing the members of that stupendous circulation with proper respect) thrilled and glowed with excitement at the chance of expanding itself upon a subject about which each individual member flattered himself that he knew something worth knowing.

And what was the sum of it all?

Floods of undiluted nonsense, poured forth with the innocent ingenuousness of childhood, with innumerable side-channels of vulgarity, obscenity, morbid garburity, and maudlin extravagance; and in the whole course of the “discussion” hardly a lucid interval of thought, hardly a reference to the pivot upon which the marriage question turns—the children.

It is just the same with the so-called “problem plays” and “problem novels.” The only part of the subject which presents any real difficulty, which affords no scope for idle vapouring, is always carefully avoided; and the grand problem, about which so much fuss is made, resolves itself into the simple question whether a lady and gentleman, “without encumbrances,” who have taken vows towards each other which, for some reason or other, they find themselves unable or unwilling to fulfil, should frankly cry off from their bargain, or put a brave face on the matter and make the best of it.

Which, after all, is a matter which chiefly concerns themselves.

But once realise the fact (and who can deny it?) that the safeguards and precautions, the laws and the restrictions, with which the institution of marriage is hedged around, are framed in the interest not so much of the husband and wife as of the children who may be born to them, and there remains of the great “marriage a failure” question hardly motive enough for a play, hardly padding enough for a novel.

I am afraid, my dears, that this is hardly the sort of thing you wanted me to say to you. You would have liked some remarks a little more flowery, more sentimental, something more suggestive of the white veil and the satin gown, and the ridiculously ugly wedding-cake, than of the serious responsibilities which are assumed with that rather silly display.

And yet, my dears, I would not have you grow too serious, too solemn, over the new duties, the new responsibilities, which marriage brings. In spite of all that we hear about the tyranny of the more muscular sex, and the iniquity of demanding of us that chastity and modesty which are innate in all but the worst of us, we married women continue, on the whole, not only to be as happy as single ones, but to be as happy as those male wretches, our masters, who enjoy all those privileges for which we are supposed to sigh.

There is still an overwhelming majority of women who prefer the needle to the cigarette, and gossip about the fashions to the discussion of politics; whose minds do not feel the cramping effects supposed to accrue from the care of babies, do not consider the care of their husbands' households more degrading than he finds the driving of a pen in a City office, or the dull routine of a doctor's, a solicitor's, or a merchant's life.

Some are even mean-spirited enough to think that their powers of endurance, admirably fitted as they are to bear certain strains which nature puts upon the child-

bearer, would be unequal to those of the other sex in the long run, in all careers but a very few, and in all but exceptional women.

And now, my dear girls, if you expect a neat little set of rules for the management of a husband, such as you can find in any of the ladies' magazines, sandwiched between a chatty article on Cosy Corners and Notes on Canaries, why, I must disappoint you.

I take it for granted that you will become the wives of ordinary, decent men, of average intelligence, in which case you will find it wiser and safer to study your husband than to take any outsider's hints and advice about husbands in general and their ways.

And this applies to every sort of marriage, from a love-match to a marriage of necessity or convenience.

Although so strong a preference is felt, or assumed, in England for the love-match pure and simple, where two young people obstinately maintain and believe that they cannot be happy without each other, it is doubtful whether their chances of happiness in the married state are greater than those of people who enter on the life-long engagement with cooler feelings.

For if, in the former case, there is the belief that one has not only “got what one wanted,” but secured the partnership for life of the creature who came the nearest to one's ideal, there is, on the other hand, the tendency to expect too much from the new life, and too much from the loved companion. And there is, sometimes, the danger that the man or woman who “marries on” an overwhelming passion may exhibit a proneness to fresh and equally overwhelming passions when the first has worn itself out.

When, on the other hand, a man or a woman marries in cold blood, or from another motive than devoted love for the individual selected, the one great risk of expecting too much happiness from marriage is avoided. And in such a case, if it is the man whose feelings are warm, and if the woman is wise, there is perhaps a greater prospect of happiness for both than if they had both been inspired by a great passion for each other. For the average woman can learn to love more easily than the man, and the chances are ten to one that the man who gives her her home will, sooner or later, become master of her heart.

But the case of a man who marries a woman who loves him but whom he does not love, is less hopeful; and such a woman will need to have brains in her head as well as love in her heart, if she means to turn her husband's indifference into a warmer feeling.

But, however you begin, whether by passion, sentiment, indifference, there is no doubt that, to be happy, you must keep watch over your own feelings, as well as over your husband's. You must not expect him to be faultless, nor your life to be without trials; you must not think you have a right to grumble at him, while he has no right to complain of you.

This seems self-evident enough, but it is the neglect of this obvious truth which sows the seeds of estrangement between half the couples whose marriages turn out ill.

On the other hand, the happiness, the comfort, afforded by the knowledge that there is one person in the world whose interests are identical with yours, whose troubles are your troubles, whose successes are your pride; these are feelings which increase with years, which are so strong, and so natural, that it almost requires a special ingenuity to avoid the influence of them.

And perhaps the best confirmation of this opinion of mine lies in the fact that when an old man or woman dies, the survivor, even if in good health, and even when by no means specially devoted, seldom outlives very long the partner whose dropping out of the ranks has left the other exposed to the welcome shaft of death.

And you see, my dear girls, it is as I told you it would be; I have talked a great deal about marriage, and I have told you—nothing. And I don't know of anybody who could tell you much more! Ever your affectionate

AUNT FAN.



OLD BOY: "When are you going to get a horse, Charlie?"

CHARLIE: "Oh, perhaps later on; but by wearing these gaiters a fellow gets all the glory without the risk!"

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

ACROSS THE FRONTIER.

BY

ALAN MOY THOMAS.

Illustrated by HAL HURST.



telegraph wires had been busy all day scattering the news, and before sunset every sheriff for miles round knew of the murder. To the east and west the frontier was patrolled for miles. None could pass unseen, for the country where Dakota joins Manitoba is flat, and the monumental cairns that mark the boundary are visible a good six

miles away, so that three of them can be embraced in the vision. But, in spite of all, the murderer passed the frontier in broad daylight, under the very eyes of the sheriff. He came sauntering along on his ambling pony, reading a novel, with his slouch hat drawn over his eyes to shade them from the sun. The sheriff was out in a buggy with a posse, thinking of nothing but the capture; but it never occurred to him to suspect the young man who nodded him a "Good-day," hardly looking from his book. And so the man passed safely into Canada, and none thought to hinder him.

His figure had become but a speck far away across the prairie when the same thought seem to strike everyone in the buggy simultaneously. The men saw each other looking across the frontier after the horseman: They read each other's thoughts.

"Say, boss," said a policeman, pointing with his rifle, "that's our man."

"And we've let him go. After him, boys! I guess we'll have him yet."

The driver whipped up the pony, and the buggy rattled away over the flat ground.

"It's all right, boys, we're bound to have him to-night. He'll sleep at the hotel. Bill always liked to do the thing when he was in funds, Bill did," said the sheriff.

The murderer was well-known to the police, and this was not the first crime he had committed. Bill had been a cowboy years ago, and, like most cowboys, was a marksman with the revolver—an accomplishment which had served him well in the career of bravado and bully which he had latterly adopted. The policemen knew that it would be a difficult and dangerous business to take him alive. But the pursuit in the buggy aroused their natural instincts for the chase, and they followed, thrilled and nerved by the thought of danger.

They overtook the fugitive before he reached the hotel. He was still reading his book, ambling along on his pony. The men in the buggy nodded to him, and passed some hundred yards in front. Suddenly the car swung sharply round with a heavy jolt, and came abruptly to a standstill. The sheriff got out to examine the wheel, for there was evidently something wrong with it.

"What's up, boss?" asked Bill, as he came abreast of them.

"The wheel got stuck, somehow," replied the sheriff.

"Guess you'll have some fuss in getting to the hotel."

"Guess not."

The sheriff laid his hand leisurely on the cowboy's rein. His revolver was out in an instant.

"No you don't," he cried, pointing to his weapon. "Hands off!"

"Better come along quietly to the hotel with us."

"Drop that!" said the cowboy threateningly.

"It's no good, Bill. Look behind you."

He looked round, straight into the barrel of a police rifle. His revolver dropped from his hand.

"All right, boss. I think I'll have to come along with you. I'll get in the buggy; I'm about tired of riding."

And so the murderer got into the buggy with the posse, and the party quietly resumed their way to the Canadian Hotel, for the sun was nearing the horizon, and the ponies were too tired to do the journey back on

the same day. Besides, the railway passed by the hotel and this offered a far safer means of transporting the criminal, for Bill had agreed to waive his extradition.

The sheriff's party and their prisoner were waiting for the midnight train in the bar of the hotel. The day had been warm, and their work exciting, and now they were glad to rest in the cool of the evening. Bill showed no animosity towards his captors. He sat smoking at a window, looking out over the prairie, chatting with the sheriff gaily enough—in fact, he was by far the less sombre of the two. The sheriff had become absent-minded and preoccupied, and the cowboy railed him for it.

"Look!" said the sheriff, pointing towards the setting sun. The other looked. The plain was dotted with black specks, scattered wide. As the two sat watching, the specks increased in size. Gradually they took form. They were converging towards the hotel.

"Reckon they want me," said Bill, coolly.

The other men came round and looked. There was no doubt about it now. The figures stood out silhouetted against the sky, for the light was behind them, and every man had a rifle.

"They'll be on us in ten minutes," said the sheriff. "Get the door shut, boys!"

"It's no use, boss; I reckon you'd best give me up. I'm bound to be took. But I'd have liked to have had a go at 'em with a six-shooter."

The sheriff took no heed, but continued giving orders. There was no time and no materials to barricade the windows, and defence seemed hopeless. But the sheriff was a determined man. Bill was sent to a room upstairs, and a man was told off to guard him. Then there was a pause. They could hear the horses' unshod hoofs pattering on the prairie, louder and louder.

Presently there was a banging at the door. The sheriff stood at an open window on the ground floor.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I reckon you know that, boss. We want Bill, and he's inside here."

"Well, boys, I shan't give him up."

The crowd was increasing outside as the stragglers arrived.

"Then we'll have to take him. Ay, boys?" said the spokesman, turning to the others for support. The men nodded, and some cocked their rifles. The sheriff saw they were determined. It was a critical moment,

and he knew well that once they began to fire it would be all over.

"Look at the windows," he said, boldly playing his last card. The men outside looked instinctively, and from each window a rifle pointed at them. The sheriff was quick to follow up his advantage.

"Now, boys, I've got to land my man in Dakota, and if you don't clear right away, I'll shoot."

It was a bold game, and it answered well. Outside there was a movement of restless horses, and the men swore to have the murderer. But the sheriff knew his victory was won. For presently a rumour got abroad among the crowd; it passed from one to another, and

each as he heard it became good-humoured and commended the sheriff's wisdom. For the rumour said that the posse would start when the moon rose, and would get back to Dakota. In the States a lynching was not taken so seriously as in Canada.

An hour later, just before the rising of the moon the sheriff's party left the hotel mounted on ponies. The lynchers were waiting for them outside the town. The policemen passed them quite close, but no words were exchanged, and no rifles cocked. The men had seen the hand-cuffed figure between two policemen, with his arms tied behind his back.

"There he is," says one. "Sheriff knows his business. He don't want no bother made



HIS REVOLVER WAS OUT IN AN INSTANT.

about it."

"I knew he wouldn't turn on us. Guess we haven't had this darned ride for nothing."

"But sheriff's quite right. They don't make no fuss in 'Cota. Why, you can't shoot a darned nigger over 'ere in 'Toba."

The lynchers were riding in a half-circle behind the posse, quite close, but the others took no heed of them, riding quietly along for all the world as if they had not noticed that they were followed. Presently the moon shone out brightly from above a distant bank of cloud, showing up the stooping figure, awkwardly jolting in the saddle.

"Guess they've tied him on."

"Yes; they know Bill. He's too artful to ride loose."

"Looks as if he was asleep."

"He do ride queer. How 'e jolts!"

At length a boundary cairn showed up in the distance, shining white from the light of the moon. It soon became clear that the sheriff was making straight for it. This pleased the men immensely.

"He don't want there to be no mistake, sheriff don't.
"There can't be no mistake now."

So they rode on at the same monotonous pace until the boundary was reached. The sheriff had taken his men within a few yards of the great white cairn, and

The others applauded.

"Halt!" cried the sheriff; and then, shouting to the men in front, "Come back, boys! It's no good, they're going to shoot!"

The rifles were already pointed, and they hastened to



THE RIFLES WERE ALREADY POINTED.

now they were in the States. The lynchers had quickened their pace. They forced their bronchos through the readily yielding posse, cocking their rifles, breathless with expectation.

"We're not in Canada now, boss," said the spokesman to the sheriff. "Guess you and your lot had best clear off."

"You can do as you like now," answered the other.

"Right, boss. We knew you was square."

The handcuffed figure between the two policemen rode a little in advance, and as the others conversed they slackened their pace so that the distance increased imperceptibly.

"Now, boss, just clear off those two and we'll begin. Eh, boys?"

obey. Then the end came. The lynchers fired a volley, but the figure still kept the saddle. They paused in bewilderment.

"What's up?" asked one.

Another shot rang out. The bullet flew high, and tore off the great cowboy hat. And then all became clear.

"It's a durn'd dummy! We've been done, boys!" cried one.

"And Bill's got safe away by the midnight train, curse him!"

They rode furiously at the dummy, swearing and shrieking for revenge. They tore it to atoms, littering the straw with wanton fury, seeking in vain to satiate their burning hunger for revenge.

THE STORM STAR.

THERE was a wintry storm abroad to-night
That massed the sky in inky waves of black;
The skies were rent by steely shafts of light;
The drenched earth trembled at the thunder's crack.
The wind went howling through the gaunt, bare trees
Like some remorseless demon's angry cry;
The surge shone white upon the angry seas;
All nature seemed to be about to die.

And the wind and the rain and the scurrying clouds
And the wild sea's clamorous ire,
With their thunderous roll seem to speak to my soul
Of a cold heart's lost desire.

There was a single star gleamed forth to-night,
That twinkles like a jewel o'er the sea;
In solitary splendor, calm and bright,
It shone upon the storm-swept earth and me.
The wind and waves their roaring ceased, the rain
Fell soft and gentle on the hill-sides green;
The elements all slept in peace again
Beneath that one star's silver-shedding sheen.

And that star that shone out of the storm-driven clouds
Makes me think of the maid that I know,
In whose arms—little thief!—I have found sweet relief
From the sorrow of long ago.

THE ART OF BEING VERY YOUNG.

A CHAT WITH MISS BEATRICE FERRAR.

"Is this interview to be serious or frivolous?" I asked.

"Not too serious, thank you," said Miss Ferrar, "if you want it to be truthful, and I suppose interviews always are truthful, aren't they?"

"It depends entirely on the victim. But as a little girl you shouldn't——"

"I'm not a little girl," interrupted Miss Ferrar, "I'm——"

"Yes, but I wanted you to make a big effort, and imagine that you were playing your little fifteen-year old girl's part in *The Squire of Damers*, then——"

"Well, it wouldn't be such a very big effort. I'm only nineteen now, and I've been on the stage seven years and a-half."

"How did you like your first performance? Were you imbued with a proper sense of the importance of your profession?"

"I don't think I minded very much either way. I had to do something, and I had a good opportunity of going on the stage, so I went. The audience certainly didn't frighten me. I liked it, possibly because I was not so nervous as I am now. My first part was 'Peasblossom' in *Midsummer Night's Dream*."

"That was with——"

"Mr. Benson's company in the provinces. I was over a year with him—splendid training. Then I had two years with Mr. John Hare, a long engagement with Miss Fortescue, and lots of others, including several in London at the Comedy, Globe, Lyric, and Royalty."

"All sorts of parts?"

"Yes, a little bit of everything almost."

"And how do you like being a little school-girl again?"

"Oh, I enjoy it. You know that green apple I carry about with me? That's a property apple. I dropped it the other night, and it bounced! I have a real one now—nothing like having everything on the stage as true to life as possible, you know."

"But about your part. Do you think it possible for a little girl of fifteen to fall in love as you have to do?"

"Rather. Why, I have known plenty of girls who were in love at that age, but it's not always lasting."

"Do you have a reaction every night after being a trifle sentimental?"

"Oh, yes, and I'm very fond of outdoor exercises—rowing, tennis, cycling, walking. I think tennis and rowing are the best. I haven't done much cycling yet, only in the country."

"You've only just caught the fashionable craze?"

"No, no! I don't ride just because it's fashionable, but for the sake of exercise. I shall soon start in town. No, I hate the rational costume, and as for the New Woman——"

"Well?"

"I've only come across one in my life, and I don't believe she was genuine. The rational costume is too ugly for words, and it isn't a bit more comfortable than a fairly short skirt. I'm quite sure a woman was never

intended to wear knickerbockers; they don't suit her. Still, there's no doubt that cycling does good if you don't ride too hard."

"You don't make up much, do you?"

"On the stage, you mean?"

"Of course. It wouldn't be necessary. . . ."

"No, only a very little—just enough to counteract the glare from the foot-lights, that's all."

"How did you like playing in the provinces?"

"In the summer it was jolly. You see you are nearly always at the seaside, or some good place where there are lots of people. Of course, a London theatre is always a paradise after playing for a long time in the country, and I sincerely hope to stay in London now. Touring in the winter isn't particularly lovable sort of work. You never seem to get warm enough. And then the morning

rehearsals! I've often played in six different pieces in one week, and that means a rehearsal nearly every morning."

"What was your favourite part?"

"I think 'Fuchsia Leech' in *Moths*, 'Polly Eccles' in *Caste*, and 'Nan' in *Good for Nothing*; all of which I would like so much to play again. I played 'Fuchsia Leech' some hundreds of times, and I enjoyed my last performance just as much as I did the first."

"And what would you like to do in the future?"

"Well, next time I hope to play a grown-up part, but that is looking a long way ahead. How did I manage to secure my first engagement? You see, I have a sister, Miss Ada Ferrar, who was already on the stage, so that my path was made more or less easy for me."

It was the photo of Miss Ferrar as "Fuchsia Leech"



MISS BEATRICE FERRAR AS "FUCHSIA LEECH IN *Moths*."
[Photo by the Royal Studio, Liverpool.]

that I selected for reproduction in *To-Day*. The mere fact that Miss Ferrar can play such a part, and follow it by her present one, is in itself an overwhelming proof of her capabilities, for there could scarcely be two parts more utterly unlike each other. For the rest, there are many things which Miss Ferrar did not tell me in so many words, but which are, nevertheless, very clearly impressed on my memory. She is young and

she is successful. This is, as a rule, a dangerous combination; but, so far, Miss Ferrar has escaped that complaint which, in males, is called "swelled head." For Miss Beatrice Ferrar is quite unspoiled by her recent success, and she is as charming now as she ever was. The cause of this happy effect is not far to seek; there can only be one reason for it. Miss Beatrice Ferrar is

—Miss Beatrice Ferrar.

THE WATCHMAN AND THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

A REMARKABLE instance of misdirected skill was discovered recently by the owner of a large factory. The watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the building during the night, was equipped with a patent watchman's clock to check his movements, and let his employers know how he performed his duty.

There are many different styles of watchmen's clocks. The one in question, however, consisted of a small clock strapped to the man's body and having a number of keys kept at various separate stations throughout the building. In his rounds the man was supposed to insert a key at each station, and the clock would automatically record the hour and minute when the record was made. The keys were of different shapes, and were chained to their respective stations.

During the silent watches of many nights the man devoted considerable thought to inventing some scheme for beating the clock, and finally he hit upon the device of a skeleton key that would answer for all the stations.

Night after night he sat and smoked in the little sentry-box on the ground floor, using his skeleton key at the proper hours, and all went well.

The regularity of the records, however, was such that the firm suspected that something was wrong, so they took away his clock and gave him a pedometer instead.

The pedometer troubled the watchman greatly, because it was hermetically sealed, and he found himself unable to tamper with it. So he made his rounds like a man, but he kept thinking.

One night, while he was passing through the engine-room, where the small night pump was at work filling the big tank on the roof, an inspiration came.

He tested the scheme, and it worked. The rest of the night he spent in the engine-room mentally patting himself on the back and marvelling at the ingenuity of his brain. The next night he brought down his old pipe and a new bottle of whisky to celebrate the event.

It was warm in the engine-room, and towards morning he fell asleep. He was found there by the engineer, who exhibited the snoring watchman to a member of the firm. He was sprawled, unconscious of everything, in the engineer's chair. His pipe and the empty bottle were beside him on the floor, and the pedometer was securely tied to the piston-rod of the pump, marking off the miles at the rate of four an hour. According to the record he had walked thirty-two and one-half miles.

THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

At 17
I loved Irene,
Though she, I knew, was 32;
At 28
I courted Kate,
Who was not more than 24;
At 42
I sighed for Sue,
Who could not boast 18 at most;
At 63
It is Marie,
Just sweet 16, who is my queen!

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

AMONG the adventures which befell John Gladwyn Jebb, the hero of "A Strange Career," was the perilous one of falling down a mine shaft. The shaft was not in use during the winter, but as it was necessary to have it in order before spring, the young Englishman determined to examine it. There were no ladders to this particular shaft, and Mr. Jebb elected to be lowered by the windlass. There was no cage, and it was necessary to hold on tightly to the rope, keeping one foot in a loop at the end. He settled himself firmly and swung off, the rope in his right hand and a candle in his left. The shaft was about three hundred feet deep, and Mr. Jebb was halfway down when he leaned forward to examine the wall of the shaft, and as he did so his foot shot out from the noose. It was coated with ice. The candle was jerked out of his left hand, while his right slipped down the icy rope like lightning and closed on it with a death grip. Then he felt himself swinging by one hand to the end of the rope and instinctively reaching up to the loop with the other, only to find it a smooth coat of ice which gave scarcely any hold. He could never cling there long enough to be hauled back to the mouth of the shaft, even if he should succeed in making the men hear his cry for help. The shaft was pitch dark, and it was therefore impossible to judge whether he were being lowered fast or slow, as he hung—literally between life and death—with every faculty strained to the one act of clinging to the rope. His hands were numb with cold, and little by little he felt them slipping. Another moment, and he went. But not far; for when he let go he was not three feet from the bottom of the shaft. All the same, he felt decidedly shaky, as he groped about for his lost candle, which he found, and then coolly completed the exploration for which he had descended.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT OXFORD.

WHEN Lord Randolph Churchill was at Oxford, he was constantly in conflict with his Dean at Merton on the subject of compulsory chapels, and on one occasion he was sent for to listen to a grand remonstrance. It was a chilly day, and the Dean was standing with his back to the fire, when Lord Randolph entered. After about ten minutes another delinquent was ushered in, and found Lord Randolph standing with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails comfortably upraised, while the unfortunate Dean was arguing away out in the cold, near the door.

Another time, he told me, he had a grudge against a Don, whose mania was gardening, and who had made himself a laughing-stock by his exaggerated solicitude for his shrubs and bulbs. So Lord Randolph and his friends climbed over the wall by night, and uprooted every growing thing, broke every pane of glass, and made a wilderness of the beds. Lord Randolph said he would have given anything to see his victim's face when he looked out of window in the morning. There was a great row about it, but the culprits were never discovered.

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

CHAPTER II.

SAINT AND MIRACLE WORKER—A PRINCE'S CURIOSITY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—WEALTHY VICTIMS—IN THE LABORATORY—FROM MERCURY TO GOLD—TREACHERY—FLIGHT.

It is extraordinary what a multitude of saints or miracle-workers are to be found in India. I daresay the miracle business is profitable. Judging from what I have seen of some of those saintly, miracle-working gentlemen and their families, I should say the proof is conclusive that it is a very profitable business. No doubt the great faith which the natives of India have in the power of the miracle-worker, their belief in the marvels that genii are supposed to be able to perform, the delight they seem to feel in prying into anything that partakes of what is called the supernatural, all help towards that end. It is natural, therefore, that a great many professional swindlers should assume the rôle of saint or priest in order to prey upon the credulity of their fellows.

It is rather a daring thing for even an accomplished swindler to play off a number of shrewd merchants against a native prince. But, when a large sum of money is involved, the impudence of those rascals is unbounded.

Intense was the excitement created in a city in Guzerat, the capital of a native chief, when the news was circulated that the great Mahommedan saint and wonderful physician, Piala Shah, had arrived, and had taken up his abode amongst them. A rudely-constructed hut was his dwelling, and there, surrounded by a small band of disciples, he lived. Thousands visited the great saint, and, strange to say, the fellow did seem to have some skill in curing ailments. Money he would take from no one, preferring to live off the sale of caps which he employed himself in making.

When the chief heard of the stranger's arrival his curiosity was naturally aroused. He could not command the saint to come to him, for it is a rule that is seldom or never broken, that even princes should go and pay their respects to saints and fakirs, not summoning the holy men to their presence. His Highness therefore visited old Piala, and, while interviewing him in front of the hut, several poor people came and received sums of money as alms from the saint, while others came running and leaping, falling down before him, worshipping and praising him for the marvellous cures he had wrought in them. Convinced of the power of the saint, the Prince became a frequent visitor to the hut, and on every occasion he saw much money given away in alms. His Highness marvelled that a man who refused all offers of money, and who apparently had no source of income, could give away daily such large sums to the poor, and one day, his curiosity overcoming him, he asked to know the secret. That was the question for which the patient old Piala Shah was waiting. He had the lie ready. When but a child, he said, the Prophet Mahomet appeared to him in a vision, and said he had selected him to be one of his fakirs for the diffusion of the Mahommedan faith through India. But it had pleased the mighty Prophet, Piala said, to bestow on him powers beyond many who were looked upon as saints. He was an alchemist, and, by the power gifted to him, he could convert mercury into fine gold, selling which, he had always at his command much money to give away to the poor and needy.

The Chief asked if he might know the secret, and the Piala replied that, as his time in the city was almost spent, he would reveal the secret on certain conditions.

The Chief was ready to promise anything, and the conditions were that the Prince should not use the riches so obtained for his own private needs, but only in cases of emergency, to provide himself with necessities in case of war, or to stay threatening disaster to the State, to relieve distress in times of famine, and, further, only to his successor should he reveal the divine secret.

That being satisfactorily settled, the saint told His Highness to procure a maund (about 28 lb.) of mercury and lock it up in a private room. He also invited the Prince to meet him next night at moonrise. He was to come dressed in plain raiment, so that he should not be recognised, and was to bring a large basket, as he would have a load to carry. The Prince demurred at the basket-carrying, but, being anxious to learn the wonderful secret, he agreed to all that the holy man asked him.

That same evening Piala Shah called at a bungalow in the city, where he met a party of wealthy merchants, and told them the Chief had fallen into the trap; but he demanded from the merchants that they should provide him early on the morrow with a maund of gold filings. The men refused at first, but, on the holy one impressing upon them the necessity of making a good show to begin with, they consented. But there was one of the party who declined to proceed any further with the venture. He was not rich enough to provide his share of such a large quantity of gold, and so washed his hands of the whole business.

The moon had just made its appearance in the heavens the following evening when the Prince, disguised as one of the commonest of his subjects, and carrying a large wicker basket, made his way to the hut of the man of miracles, and together the two men set off for the jungle, the *protégé* of Mahomet explaining that they were going to gather a large quantity of a certain material called *matti*.

The Prince was beginning to stagger under his load when Piala suggested that they had enough, and proposed that they should return to the Palace. Thither they accordingly went, and locked themselves in the private room. The saintly one set up a crucible, into which he poured the mercury that the Chief had provided. Then he asked His Highness to bring the *matti* he had collected, which was the best fuel they could possibly get for the purpose, and pack it over the crucible, while the Piala Shah built the material he had gathered round the sides.

Now, it must be explained that the *matti* which the Chief had collected, and which had been carefully pointed out to him by Piala, had been mixed with the gold filings and placed in the jungle, while that which Piala himself had gathered was dry material that would burn readily as fuel. Therefore, when the Prince's *Matti* became red-hot the melted gold ran into the crucible, from which the mercury, by the heat, evaporated. As the fire gradually died out the Priest muttered some incantations, and performed some curious rites which the Chief could not understand. Then, clearing away the ashes, he revealed to His Highness's astonished gaze the crucible almost filled with a mass of pure gold.

The saint left the Prince to ponder over the result, test the gold if he pleased, and did not appear till next morning. Then he told His Highness that his supply of *aksir* (the root of a plant supposed to have magical properties) was finished, and he would require to set out on a pilgrimage for more. Then he would return, and they would together make crores and crores' worth of gold, by which His Highness would be able to build such institutions and so improve the condition of his people, that beggars would disappear, everybody would live in comfort, and the State would become the richest and happiest in all India.

The Chief was delighted, whereupon Piala Shah, following up his advantage, said that if His Highness wished to show his gratitude to the great Prophet from

whom came this marvellous power for doing good, now was his opportunity. He reminded the Prince that he (the Saint) had come as a benefactor, and had given away very large sums of money during his stay in the city.

He was a most accomplished cheat. He had indeed given away large sums of money in full view of His Highness. But the apparently distressed people were not poor at all. They all belonged to the gang of swindlers of whom the Saint Piala Shah was the head.

The Prince expressed his readiness to grant Piala whatever sum he wished.

At that moment a servant appeared and informed His Highness that a certain Hoosein Ali had come, and wanted to see His Highness on a matter of very great importance.

The Prince showed some irritation at being disturbed, but, nevertheless, went to hear what was the matter of importance.

The name of Hoosein Ali must have startled the good Saint Piala Shah, for Hoosein Ali was the man who had disputed with the other merchants about the gold filings, and refused to proceed with the swindle.

Could Piala have known Hoosein Ali's business—could he have heard him speak—Piala would have heard himself being denounced as an impostor, and his secret of converting mercury into gold revealed. The probability is that he did stealthily follow the Prince, and that he found—much to his chagrin, no doubt—that the game was lost, as well as the maund of gold. At any rate, the saint Piala Shah disappeared as mysteriously as he came. As for the dishonest merchants, they thought it best, on receiving a quiet hint from the Chief that it would not be to their advantage to remain in the city—to take their departure also, leaving behind them, as a compulsory contribution to the Treasury, their 28lb. of gold.

(To be continued.)

SMALL MATTERS.



1. OWNER (to prospective buyer): "I'm goin' to be perfectly honest with you, and tell you that the horse has one little trick, although it really isn't worth mentioning."



2. BUYER: "Oh, no! Certainly not! Very small matter indeed."

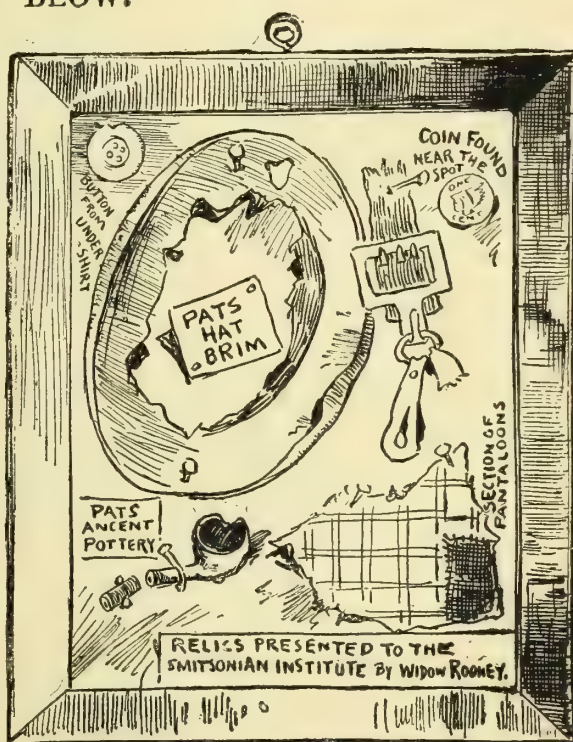


3. "And of course that's not worth mentioning either."

AFTER THE BLOW.



1. ROONEY: "Lind me the sledge, O'Hara. Th' dinnenite cartridge is too large for th' hole."



2. And this is all that was left.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—I wish you were here to see the cyclists in Hyde Park every morning. They are allowed to wheel there up to twelve o'clock, and a little before noon crowds assemble at Hyde Park Corner and Stanhope Gate to see them come out. Those who look best are those who hold themselves most erect, and when they are expert riders they really look wonderfully graceful and well. The costumes are of the most varied description, some smart, others very much the reverse. There are hardly any "rational" costumes, so-called, to be seen. Almost every rider of our sex wears a skirt. Two pretty sisters wear navy blue coats and skirts, the latter evidently divided, as they hang so evenly at both sides; the former turned back with revers of white silk edged with silver braid. One of the prettiest dresses I have seen was in cloth of the colour of a clematis Harisii. The bodice was in velvet of the same shade, made with a basque at the back and sides, but none in front. It was very pretty. Felt hats in sailor shape are the usual wear, with the simplest trimming and an eagle's or crow's feather tucked into the crown ribbon at one side.

To see the riders fly along with such apparent ease makes one wish to imitate them. I really think I must learn.

There is a lovely show of old embroideries on just now at one of the large firms, and they make a speciality of little bits, many of which are suitable for vests, neckbands, or cuffs. You cannot think what a rich effect a little bit of old brocade has upon a gown, especially if bordered with a line of fur. I got for three shillings a strip of Turkish embroidery in lovely tones of pink, which made a vest for a brown costume. It is only two narrow lines, of course, but edged with a line of beaver they set off my quiet gown to much advantage. Make a note of it, for the idea may come in usefully some day. Would not a grey cloth dress look lovely with a rose-pink or forget-me-not blue vest, bordered with a half-inch line of chinchilla?

Quantities of lilac, purple and prune, are seen in dresses and capes. They look remarkably well when smartly made. I met a four-tier girl dressed in purple woollen *crêpon* in Grosvenor Square the other day. Her skirt stood out with great width at the hem, and an upper

skirt hung like a bell over it, ending at the knees. The cape was something less in width than this latter, and it, too, had an over-cape of further reduced dimensions. So you see why I call her a four-tier girl. Her round hat completed the diminishing radii described by her costume.

I saw a very pretty woman last week sitting in a victoria behind a delightful pair of grey roan cobs, and I must describe her dress to you, for it was so perfect. The skirt and coat were of dark navy blue serge; a high collar and wide revers on the latter were faced with chinchilla of the softest and costliest kind. Under the coat was a sort of waistcoat made of plumbago blue silk, a tint, which, as you know, has more than a touch of lilac in it. This was finished with a trimming which also formed an inner collar, made of insertions of valenciennes and small puffings of the finest lawn. You cannot imagine what a dainty and delicate effect this had, as contrasted with the lovely fur. A large chinchilla muff occasionally hid the white gloves, sewn with black. The accompanying head-gear was a white felt hat with a round, flat brim, almost covered with bunches of violets and green leaves. Now is not that a pretty picture? Add to it, under the shade of the hat-brim, a pair of violet eyes and a lovely complexion of pink and white.

You asked me in your last about theatre coats, and I cannot better answer the question than by describing one or two pretty ones I have lately seen. The first, worn by the handsome wife of a well-known statesman, was composed of a pale grey brocade, strewn with small flowers in palest pink and turquoise blue, the foliage in sage-green and ruddy brown. This brocade composed the back, the large, long sleeves, and a portion of the front. There was a rather wide vest, narrowing to the waist, of pleated rose-petal pink chiffon, bordered on either side with graduated revers of leaf-green velvet. Many diamond ornaments were fastened in the pleats of the pink vest, and some also glittered in the beautiful white hair of the wearer. Another dainty theatre jacket was made of black brocade with the front of pleated white chiffon, bordered with bands of jewelled galloon. The collar stood out in large pleats at the back of the neck, these pleats being upheld by a similar band of the jewelled galloon. The sleeves were in the richest brocade, the flowers on which were raised in relief in bril-



A JACKET COAT.

liant tints of emerald and ruby, repeating the colours of the jewels in the gallow. The basque of this bodice consisted entirely of graduated strands of cut jet edged with the pointed sort known as shark's teeth.

A third dainty little jacket is made of printed velvet in tones of blue, green, amber, and rose. The sleeves are of white satin, veiled with lovely old lace, and there is also a vest of white satin fastened with diamond buttons, frills of the old lace just meeting the buttons on either side.

Some of the bonnets seen at Niagara are the maddest and most fantastic headgear that one could imagine, suggestive rather of a North American Indian chief than a cultivated British lady. One of them, worn by a smart woman, well-known in society, had a trimming at the back consisting of a *chevaux-de-frise*, of what appeared to be the wing-feathers of a crow. This stood up in the

most rampantly aggressive manner at the back of the bonnet, giving a startling appearance of sudden fright to the wearer. Another was trimmed with pigeon's wings dyed green and yellow, and with each feather deployed, so to speak, as if it were doing its very best to make the most of an opportunity for display. If some humble inhabitant of St. Giles's were to appear in such a bonnet, she would, to a dead certainty, be followed by a crowd of hooting street-boys, and most probably would be "run in" to the nearest police-station on the strength of her martial and eccentric headgear. I only wish I could send you a sketch of them.

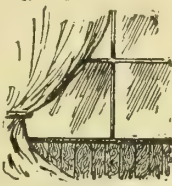
This warm and smart little jacket is made of tan-coloured cloth, with a fleecy lining woven in. It is cut with a very full basque, and is made double-breasted, fastening with eight large and handsome buttons. The sleeves are very full to the elbow, and from thence tight to the wrist, where they are bordered with black fox. The rolled collar is in similar fur.—Your affectionate

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—I do not know whether the theatrical "boom" is going to be followed by a theatrical "slump," but the tremendously keen competition that has prevailed of late is beginning to tell its tale. *Her Advocate* did splendid business to commence with at the Duke of York's, but suddenly the run has petered out, and Saturday will see the end of it. The announcement has taken us all by surprise. The theatre will close for ten days, when *Tommy Atkins*, by Arthur Shirley and B. Landeck, will be produced. It is a definite melodrama, of the Adelphi pattern, and recently played for some time to crowded houses at the Pavilion, Whitechapel. One of the big scenes is the relief of a beleaguered British garrison in Egypt. Cartwright will play the part originally undertaken by Murray Carson, and Robert Pateman will be included in the cast. Later on, Cartwright will produce *The Family Fool*, by Fergus Hume, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

At the Shaftesbury there is hesitation and doubt. If *The Manxman* proves to be a failure—as I personally anticipate—the theatre will be let for a short season of about six weeks to Mrs. Langtry, who will play *Gossip*, until Waller and Morrell can get ready their new play by Victor Widness and Green Carnation Hitchens. London will not have to wait long for more Wilson Barrett, however. Despite the accession of charming Florence St John to the cast of *The Bric-à-Brac Will*, the piece is doomed, and Barrett will produce *The Sign of the Cross* at the Lyric early in January. I don't like the title, as I have a rooted objection to paltering with sacred subjects on the stage; but great accounts of the play come to London from the provinces. Ahem! So they did of *The Manxman*.

I am very much afraid that young Esmond will find that *The Divided Way* will not prove remunerative. It would have suited the Ibsen epoch, but just now it appears gloomy and unsatisfactory. The next piece at the St. James's will, I expect, be *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which is playing to magnificent business at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. The play lends itself to scenic display, and Alexander will make a big production of it. Of course, Godfrey or Carton ought to have had the next show, but neither of them are ready. Carton has only just finished working at the Criterion, and Godfrey wants more time, for, though his work is always highly polished, he takes a heap of time over it.

The Swordsman's Daughter will finish its successful run at the Adelphi next month, and it will be followed, as I told you, by the Edwardes-Hicks military drama. In it Miss Jessie Milward will be seen in a new line. She has selected what is technically known as the "heavy part," leaving the juvenile heroine to Miss Edith Ostlere, the wife of a clever actor, Ashley Page, and the daughter of "May Ostlere," with the musical compositions of whom you are familiar.

Only one *matinée* a week, instead of two, will be the rule at the Comedy on and after next week, and already there is a talk of something new at the Court. It is rumoured that *All Abroad* will go there. If this is true, all I can say is that if Mrs. John Wood could not draw as Mrs. Malaprop, "Here Endeth Old Comedy!" Personally, as you know, Old Comedy is a thing that I detest, and it drives me furious to hear it praised, because I always feel that if a modern author wrote a farce in six acts and a dozen scenes, he would be cursed from one end of criticism to the other. Why, then, should these curious survivals be treated so leniently? What is more, they are unfair competitors in the dramatic market—their authors don't draw fees. This, you may say, is an absurd argument. But it isn't. How much do you suppose Sir Henry Irving saves by playing Shakespeare? It would not pay to run a piece at the Lyceum if it did not

draw at least £200 a night. A success that runs, say, twenty weeks, plays to much more. Take the average at £1,800 a week. Any modern author who could write a play to do this, would certainly get 10 per cent. of the gross—that is, £180 per week. Multiply this by twenty weeks, and you find £3,600. In the course of ten years, instead of paying over £40,000 to authors, Sir Henry saves the money for himself. It is obvious that you cannot have a drama without authors to write it. Authors, like other people, must live. If they can't earn fees they die, or become critics. If a contemporary drama is desirable it should be fostered, not hindered; and old comedy is a hindrance as well as a bore.

Preparations are going on rapidly for the opening of Olympia. The tank will be drained, and an arena will take its place. The seating accommodation will be enlarged, and the show will be on a vast and extraordinary scale.

Another long closed place of entertainment will, I hear, be revived in the shape of Alexandra Palace. Mr. Hwfa Williams, secretary of Sandown Park, and Lord Marcus Beresford, at one time starter to the Jockey Club, have taken the matter in hand, and are forming a syndicate to put it through. London, and especially North London, has increased vastly since the Palace closed, and there ought to be plenty of patronage for it, if a good and attractive entertainment can be devised. The difficulty of getting away from a recital on the grand organ at 6 and 10, and some performing dogs and a troupe of acrobats in the centre transept, is considerable.

The Aquarium has given a hint and a lead to caterers who want to fill large buildings. The Fishless Fisheries at Westminster has been packed for the last ten days by large crowds eager to see the racing between the French and English lady bicyclists. I went myself last week, and got wildly excited over it. Some of the French girls are very smart and pretty, but our Miss Lane had, I thought, the best figure of the lot. Miss Harwood, the winner of last week, is also a very nice-looking, well-made girl, while Mrs. Grace is not only sweet to gaze upon, but is likewise the most graceful rider I have ever seen. She met with an accident, and could not ride at all one day, otherwise I have a strong impression that she would have won. She certainly would have been close up. Perhaps this week she will retrieve her fallen fortunes. Anyhow the show is certainly one to see, and if you are in town next week, take my advice and go to it.

On the 4th of December, the Fancy Dress Balls will commence at Covent Garden, when the usual prizes will be given, and we shall be all racking our heads for original costumes to go and win them with.

The new Lyric Club in Coventry Street has opened auspiciously. The lax traditions of the defunct Prince of Wales's Club are a thing of the past, and to the New Lyric you can take your wife or sister. There will be high-class concerts on Sundays, and the catering is in the hands of Christopher Wheeler, formerly of the House of Commons, one of the very best stewards I ever came across. He has all the grand manner of a great director of affairs. He smiles courteously, but dubiously, when you say you would like so-and-so. He knows much better. But if you resign yourself unreservedly to his tender mercies, you will have no cause to regret it. Above all, let him choose your wine. He is an unequalled judge of character, temperament, and taste. When he has done with you, you can say truly, "I have dined."—Your affectionate cousin, RANDOLPH.

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NEW PLAYS.

A MODERN manager is sincerely to be pitied who judges of the success or failure of a new play by the applause heard behind the scenes. The cheers, shouts, bravos, calls for actors, actresses, and author must delight his managerial heart. He plumes out his feathers and looks forward to a splendid booking-sheet; but, when he arrives at his club to get a bit of supper, he finds to his consternation that nobody cares one penny for his play—in fact, that it looks ominously like a failure. For instance, how was Mr. George Alexander to know on Saturday night last that he had not struck oil with clever young Esmond's new play? They cheered the play, and they shouted for Esmond as lustily as they did on the famous night of *Bogey*—a play that ran about ten days, and then promptly expired. Once upon a time the verdict on a new play could be felt instantly. But now, when the greater part of the boxes and stalls audience is summoned to supper on the stage after the performance, to stuff sandwiches and tell taradiddles, and the rest are naturally slow to condemn rising talent—well, it is only by a side-wind that you can ever hear the truth. I have often heard men and women applauding lustily in the stalls, but, by the time that they have arrived at the top of the staircase, they are all abusing the poor play sky-high. By-the-way, whilst on the subject of the audience in the stalls on a first-night, I wonder how long the quieter section will allow the floor of a theatre to be turned into a forum or a debating society. Nowadays, people—and mostly women—don't debate a scene, character, or situation under their breath, but shout out their comments at the top of their voices, and very often bawl their criticism to friends two or three rows away. Now, these remarks may be vastly interesting, but there are playgoers who would not be averse to a little peace, and I often wonder how the poor critics who have to write directly the curtain is down can collect their thoughts with all this chattering and shouting. The stalls of a London theatre are getting as noisy as the London Stock Exchange or the Parisian Bourse.

The Divided Way is a vastly better play than *Bogey*, and Mr. Esmond evidently has the right stuff in him, if, indeed, he can be persuaded to follow the Carton lead and the old Pinero school, and throw the poison-bottle out of the window. Let me ask when, with the exception of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, have these distressful women plays ever drawn a farthing? The new Pinero was not a success at the Garrick. Mrs. Ebbsmith was a mere success of esteem, and such as it was came mostly from the well-advertised personality of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The speculators in Ibsen never saw the stock rise in the market, and the founder of the Independent Theatre Society, who was going to revolutionise the theatrical world, and reform us all, whether we wanted it or not, has gone back, a wiser man, to his counting-house in the City. At the present moment I would sooner back the Carton school than the new Pinero school for a success.

We have seen some curious women on the stage, but Mr. Esmond's Lois is an out-and-outer. Mrs. Potiphar is an angel to her. She absolutely refuses to take "No" for an answer, when a very estimable young man does not want to covet his neighbour's wife—particularly when that same neighbour happens to be his father's son. It is a case of "pull devil, pull baker." In this case the man who hesitates is lost, particularly when a Lois is in the field. When poor Alexander argues, Lois rushes at him. When he runs away, off she goes after him. Honestly, no one is particularly sorry when this very disagreeable specimen of the fair sex rushes into the garden with her mouth full of prussic acid, or whatever the convenient drug may be. The acting of Mr. Esmond's play is on the whole very admirable. George Alexander was even better than in *The Masqueraders*, and Miss Evelyn Millard was very much admired as the over-persistent wife, who repeats with such ceaseless iteration, "Whither thou goest I will go; thy heart shall be my heart, and thy home my home, whether you like it or not,

dear boy." Mr. Vernon once more proves himself to be a very admirable actor, and makes a welcome return to London, whilst all over the house on Saturday people were speculating as to the particular language that the pretty young lady who played the lighter character was talking.

Now that dear old Mrs. Keeley, at the age of ninety, has taught the younger generation how to speak, perhaps "sweet nineteen" will take the hint, or, better still go to Miss Genevieve Ward or Mrs. Billington, or Mrs. Crowe for a few elementary lessons in elocution. It would save the poor audience a great deal of trouble, I am certain.

It may be my bad taste, but I do not care very much to see George Alexander play an old man, though it is very nice and kind of him to start the programme with the manager in a little play. The pit and gallery, who have to be in their seats early, will be extremely thankful for this kind attention. Old men are in the fashion nowadays. Henry Irving has been playing a very doddering old gentleman, the gallant Terriss has been having a turn with a paralytic, and we all hope that America will take very kindly to our best old man—John Hare—who visits that country for the first time. However, there is little doubt that Mr. G. W. Godfrey's new little play will find favour with enthusiastic amateurs who are always on the look-out for something good.

The dramatic version of *The Manxman* is not quite right even now. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett seem to have differed on the subject, as I fear collaborators often do. The first play was Wilson Barrett's, and Hall Caine did not like it. The second play is Hall Caine's, and it does not commend itself to the dramatic instinct of Wilson Barrett. However, the public seem to like the play, which is a good thing for the young managers of the Shaftesbury—Lewis Waller and H. H. Morell. Lewis Waller is a sound actor without very much variety of expression, but the sad Philip suits his style, and he is a fine elocutionist. Miss Florence West looks pretty, but has perhaps not quite experience enough for Kate, who I take to be a serious and not a very frivolous young person. But Hall Caine approved the Minnie-Palmer sun-bonnet scene that opens the play, so I conclude it is all right. Who shall say nay when an author issues his pronunciamento?"

The other day did not George du Maurier sign his *imprimatur* to the Haymarket *Trilby*, throwing scorn at his critics, and was not Little Billie changed the next week? So possibly when Hall Caine has issued his *fiat* of approval and said the Kate is the best conceivable, we may have a new one the next day. The time is rapidly coming on when managers and authors will write their own criticisms, and then we shall all be satisfied. Bearbohm Tree on his own Svengali would be good reading, and doubtless it would be announced in every paper that Mr. James Knowles had secured the precious document for the *Nineteenth Century*. They act themselves, they lecture about themselves, oh, dear! they do talk about themselves, why should they not criticise themselves? They gather the toady to the managerial heart, they leave the independent out in the cold, and they pose on a pedestal.

Mr. Cockburn, who plays Pete in *The Manxman* is a very promising actor, and when was not Kate Phillips AI?

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I SHUD think as the 'atters was injyin' 'emselves lawst Sunday. Theer were a wind blowin' enough ter knock yer horf of the top o' the bus, 'an 'ats was flyin' ev'rywhere. I seed one gent with a noo stove-pipe on; the wind just lifted it gently horf 'is 'ead and darned it in a bloomin' puddle, and then a bus went over it. I don't sye I didn't lawf; I lawfed fit ter kill myself.

But, hall the sime, I thinks ter myself, 'ere's a pretty stite of affairs! 'Ow many 'undrids of silk 'ats does yer see goin' darn ter the City in the mornin', and whort the dickens is the yoose on 'em? Why, they ain't mide ter wear; they're mide ter spile. Yer planks darn yer thick 'un fur a 'at, and arterwuds it costs yer a tanner ev'ry time it rines. If thet don't spell rooin, I don't know whort does. We torks abart woming bein' the slive o' fashing, but blimey if men ain't wus. I ain't wore a 'at o' that sort but once in the 'ole of my life; thet were when I were merried, and I lukked like nutthink in it, fur the missus told me so arterwuds.

* * * *

Well dew I remember thet dye. I was younger then nor I am nar nor ever shall be agin, and so were the missus. Theer were a bit o' style abart it, I can tell yer, and we'd a week at Mawgit awterwuds. If there is a time ter put it on a bit, it is at your merridge and likewise at your buryin'. Them is the two occishuns when hev'ry man comes before the public, so ter speak. I've seed foonerils as I'd be ashimed ter be mixed up in—ah, and foonerils of richer men nor I am. I won't 'ave none such. 'Ere am I riding be'ind two 'orses all my life. It's a pore thing if I cawnt ride be'ind a pair once more whin I'm a stiff 'un. Yuss, and I've got the cash put by fur ter do it. I don't mean nutthink ostentitious. Them as knows me knows as I'm a joodishus man. But I won't 'ave none o' your one-orse foonerils. Pline, if yer like, but respectable. Yur on'y git buried once and I 'olds yer mye jist as well git buried in comfut.

'Ankin ain't goin' ter be buried. 'E's goin' ter be cremited. Thet's 'Ankin all over—anythink fur a novelty.

No, as I says, I don't wornt no ostentition. Theer was a fam'ly darn ar street goin by the nime o' Murphy. The man, 'e bust 'is crust in a rilewye axdunt. Well, they wasn't nutthink, but I surpose they carnted on whort they'd mike art o' the rilewye comp'ny; anywee, they buried 'im like a Dook. I dunno 'ow many coaches there weren't, and all on 'em two-orse. Then they'd a reg'lar banquit awterwuds, and no stint. Ho yuss, I dessay them as went enjyed theirselves, but theer were a deal o' talk besides. Why, it were commingly said darn ar street that they'd 'ad to pawn the corpse ter pye fur the 'earse. Nar, I don't want none of that; moderation an' joddishusness is my motter; what I wornts is enough foonerul, but not too much. But there, it's a glumy subje, an' I leaves it. I dunno as if I should 'ave gort onder it, if I 'adn't along of a axerdunt missed my reg'lar threepenn'uth this arternoon. But 'arrever, that's easy put right, and I'll tike it with a drop o' 'ot water, seein' as the dye's a bit raw. Thank yer, miss.

Foo eruls! Time enough to talk abart 'em when they comes, and I'm good fur another twenty year.

* * * *

Christmas is comin' on and no errer about it, when yer sees all them pretty coloured plites stuck up on the book-stalls, you knows as aforelong yer pipes 'ull be froze, and you'll 'ave a cold in yer 'ead, and 'urt yerself comin' darn on a slide, and lose a shillin' in a raffle fur a tukkey, and git yur sleep bruk of nights with the blcomin' wites. 'Appy, 'appy Chrismus! Per'aps things mye git a bit rosier afore then. Let's 'ope so. But when I thinks of the wye things don't 'appen ter me whort does 'appen ter other men, I gits low-sperritid and don't deny it.

Well, joodishusness is judishusness, but blest if I don't ave just one more three-penn'uth fur ter put a little cart inter me.

A CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

(From AUGUSTUS BILKLEY, of Laburnham Villa, Clapham, to PATRICK O'MALLEY, of Shamrock House, in the same suburb. Dated Oct. 1st.)

SIR,—While I was passing your house yesterday afternoon, a large spaniel came out of the gate and flew at me. If I had not had a stick with me, I should certainly have been bitten. If you must keep a dangerous dog, it is imperative that you should keep him under proper control. I trust that I may receive your assurance that this will not happen again.

Faithfully yours, etc.

II.

(From PATRICK O'MALLEY to AUGUSTUS BILKLEY. Dated Oct. 3rd.)

SIR,—I am astonished at your presumption. The dog is a lady-dog, and her name is Kathleen, which shows that your politeness is only equalled by your accuracy, or even worse. Firstly, Kathleen is not mine. Secondly, she was three miles away on the afternoon you mention. Thirdly, she is not vicious, and you must have provoked her. Fourthly, she has been trained to fly at any tramps or low characters that loiter about my premises. I could say more, but I trust that this explanation will suffice. Any further communication from you, of any kind whatever, will be taken as a personal affront, and resented accordingly.

Yours very respectfully, etc.,

P.S.—Apologise by return of post.

III.

(From AUGUSTUS BILKLEY to PATRICK O'MALLEY. Dated Oct. 5th.)

SIR,—I entirely decline to exchange vulgar recriminations with you. Your letter proves you to be a liar, a coward, and an Irishman; the greater part of it is libellous, and the explanations are unsatisfactory. Unless your dirty cur (and I care absolutely nothing what its sex may be) is kept properly chained, I shall most certainly shoot it and prosecute you. I have now warned you, and this correspondence may cease.

Yours, etc.

IV.

(From PATRICK O'MALLEY to AUGUSTUS BILKLEY. Dated Oct. 7th.)

SIR,—By calling me an Irishman you insult my country. Such, at least, is your intention. I can afford to despise you; when I implied in my last letter that you were a low character, I evidently fitted the cap on to the right foot, and it matters very little what you say as to myself or my country. I utterly refuse to spoil Kathleen's sweet temper by keeping her on the chain. You can prosecute until you're tired. But I may inform you that on the afternoon that Kathleen attacked you she was unfortunately under the influence of liquor, and unconscious of her actions. I have, therefore, a perfectly adequate defence, and you are simply running your head into the jaws of a brick wall.

Yours very respectfully, etc.

P.S.—Do not disgrace yourself and defile my letter-box by writing any further.

V.

(From AUGUSTUS BILKLEY to PATRICK O'MALLEY. Dated Oct. 9th.)

SIR,—It is apparently useless to continue to treat an offensive blackguard like yourself with the punctilious courtesy that I have hitherto shown. As I am reluctant to dirty my hands by adopting the weapons of warfare that you yourself use, I only write to tell you that it has come to my knowledge that your mangy mongrel has attacked three other persons besides myself. I must now insist that the brute shall be destroyed; nothing less will do. If you wish to avoid serious trouble for

yourself, you will kill it at once, and let me know that you have done so.

Faithfully yours, etc.

VI.

(From the same to the same, dated Oct. 15th.)

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand why I have not heard from you. Have you destroyed that dog or not? It will be to your advantage to answer this as briefly and promptly as possible.

Yours, etc.

VII.

(FROM PATRICK O'MALLEY TO AUGUSTUS BILKLEY. Dated Oct. 16th.)

DEAR SIR,—Go to the devil!

Your obedient servant, etc.

VIII.

(FROM AUGUSTUS BILKLEY TO PATRICK O'MALLEY. Dated Oct. 17th.)

SIR,—Your last blasphemous and impertinent communication has left me no other alternative. I have now written to my solicitor. I am reluctant to appear vindictive, and by destroying that cur you can still stay proceedings, but it must be done *immediately*.

Faithfully yours, etc.

IX.

(FROM PATRICK O'MALLEY TO AUGUSTUS BILKLEY. Dated Oct. 18th.)

SIR,—I will not destroy the dog. Firstly, because you have not approached me in a proper spirit. Secondly, because the dog is an heirloom, and, as such, protected by law. Thirdly, because she was run over by a horse and cart and killed instantaneously a fortnight ago. Had she lived to witness your brutal attacks on her poor, dead corpse, she would never have survived it. Be ashamed of yourself!

Your humble servant, etc.

(Reprinted by arrangement with "The Granta.")

WOMEN ON WHEELS.

A TALK WITH MISS HARWOOD.

I HAD seen ladies at football, and learnt therefrom that football may be as safe as marbles if you like to play it that way. So when I heard that there was to be a ladies' cycle race at the Aquarium I had visions of a few adventurous damsels in flowing skirts gently meandering round and round, and asking one another to "get out of the way, dear." The reality was far otherwise; and though I went to scoff, I remained to pray that none of the fair competitors who came flashing round the corners of the track every few seconds, would lose control of her machine and plunge headlong into my arms. For there was no nonsense about it. The ladies rode the ordinary, uncompromising men's racing cycle, and their dress showed all degrees of rationality, from the ample knickerbockers, which were mostly favoured by the Englishwomen, to the skin-tight hose of a dainty French rider, who looked as though she had stepped straight from the Alhambra ballet. And as Miss Harwood, the winner, covered a little over 371 miles in twenty-three hours, and Mdlle. Lisette, the French champion, only about three miles less than that, you may gather that it was good, steady, head-down racing all the time. An enormous crowd filled the Aquarium on Saturday afternoon and evening, to see the final struggle between the French and English riders. The crowd consisted mostly of men, hanging over the barriers of the course, and swarming over the gallery railings. As the finish drew near, and the men in their enthusiasm took their cigars from their mouths and shouted "Go it, Harwood!" and "Put it on, Lisette!" you began to realise that the equality of the sexes was within hailing distance.

It was just before the final bout that I found Miss Harwood, sitting with some of her fellow-competitors in her dressing-room. She was quite calm. You would never have imagined that she held Britain's honour in her keeping, and that in a short hour or two she was practically certain of winning the prize for which two mighty nations had sent out their fairest and fastest. It had been difficult to estimate her physique as she flashed by on her bicycle. Now I could see that she was a slim, fragile-looking girl, with small delicate hands and ankles. I did not ask her age. But she might have passed for sixteen. It was aggravating to think that such a bit of a chit could go so much faster and so much further than I could. For I could have picked her up under one arm and run round the course with her without noticing the weight.

I suggested that she might be feeling too tired to talk.

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired," said Miss Harwood, cheerfully. "My only trouble is that the tobacco smoke and the dust of the Aquarium take away my appetite. And, of course, I ought to eat. As it is, I only want to drink, and I mustn't."

"I suppose you were brought up on a bicycle?" I said. "No doubt they took you out on a bicycle instead of in a perambulator."

"No, I was never on a bicycle until—I think it was the last week in July. I was staying with my brother at Hounslow, and he was buying his wife a machine. So I thought I would try. I got on my brother's bicycle one evening, and found I could balance myself all right. The next evening I went for a ride with some friends. But I quite forgot to steer. I thought everything would get out of my way. So I ran straight into a milk-cart. Then I decided that it was better to guide my machine. That was the only accident I ever had."

"And did you take up riding with a view to racing?"

"Oh! no. I never thought of such a thing. But I liked riding fast; and the more I rode fast, the faster I rode. You see what I mean? And one day I saw an advertisement in the paper for lady cyclists to ride in races; so I answered it. We went on a sort of racing tour, and rode at Hull, at Scarborough, and at Woolwich. That was on the August Bank Holiday, only about a week after I had first mounted a machine."

"It is inspiration," I murmured, as I reflected on my own prolonged struggle with a bicycle.

"And do you train carefully for a race?" I asked.

"Oh, I ride every day; but I should do that, anyhow. It seems such a natural exercise that I could ride all day in the open air without tiring myself."

"You don't diet yourself carefully—raw steak, and oatmeal porridge, and bottled stout, and so forth?"

"No, I don't think so," said Miss Harwood, a little vaguely. "I don't eat pork during a race."

"The Aquarium track looks rather dangerous. Don't you find those corners rather difficult?"

"They are easy enough now we are used to them. But we only had a few minutes last Monday before the race to try the track; and every rider but two had a spill. Miss Lane hurt herself a good bit."

"And, now that you have the world at your feet, Miss Harwood, what are you going to do? Start a bicycle school, go on a lecture tour, to the music-halls, or what?"

"Oh, I haven't thought about it. I only started riding as a sort of joke."

And then we fell to talking of dress—rational and otherwise. The lady cyclists of the Aquarium are unanimous in condemnation of skirts. Miss Harwood always rides in knickerbockers, and always will. A lady's bicycle she thinks an abomination, and skirts a snare. Miss Lane, another competitor, who also was waiting the prompter's call, hoped that the Aquarium exhibition would induce lady bicyclists to adopt the rational dress, and would light a candle in England which would never be put out. Then we all went off downstairs—I to see Miss Harwood lead the woman's movement round the cycle-track, Miss Harwood to ride the last stage to her apotheosis.

IN THE CITY.

THE BARNATO BUBBLES.

A CORRESPONDENT wanted to see the Barnato Bank registers and accordingly went to the office of the "Bank," as it is called, and this is what came of it:—

They told me that they had no copy of the register. I insisted, and was informed that the company was floated under South African laws. This, I suppose is the case, and it would be necessary to send over there for a copy.

Precisely. That is the way with the worthies who started this so-called bank. Their companies are always floated under South African laws, and under conditions which make the shareholders, as we showed last year in the case of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, hopelessly at the mercy of the Barnatos. And yet, such is human folly, crowds of men otherwise sane, were willing to pay, and did pay, an enormous premium for these shares. They knew that the man who created the bank was without character, and without scruple, but if he had been a Lidderdale they could not have been more eager to stuff his pockets with their money.

That was in the "boom," when Philip was drunk. Now Philip is sober, or perhaps we should say "stale drunk," and idiotic credulity is giving place to suspicion. With opinion veering in this way, Mr. Barney Barnato has thought it desirable to play a little comedy. Men who bought Barnato Bank shares when they were nearer £5 than £4—as we write they are quoted about £1 14s., which is a good deal more than they are worth—have been inquiring for some time past as to the character of the assets of the Bank. The inquiry comes late in the day, but better late than never. If these assets were anywhere near as valuable as the Barnatos would have them supposed to be, it is pretty safe to say that they would have been disclosed long ago. As it is they remain shrouded in mystery. But during the week Messrs. Barnato Brothers have written to the Barnato Bank Mining and Estate Corporation, Limited,—that is to say have written to themselves—referring to "unjustifiable imputations in the guise of criticism—with reference to the assets" of the company, and—what? Do they meet the "unjustifiable criticism" by the one satisfactory answer, the publication of a list of assets of an unimpeachable character? No. They offer "to re-purchase the securities at any time within six months from this date at cost price for cash."

The Directors of the Bank accept "the option" so "generously offered." They could do nothing else. But what the 5,000 shareholders want, and should insist upon getting, is not a promise of the Messrs. Barnato that at some future time they may do a certain thing, but a plain statement of the assets of the Bank. If that continues to be withheld only one interpretation is possible, and that an interpretation which no honourable man would consent to sit under.

Meantime the Messrs. Barnato have disclosed the assets of the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited, and we wish shareholders—especially those of them who gave between £5 and £6 for the shares—the publication of the list of assets sent them down to £2 6s.—joy of the disclosure. It is doubtful whether some of the interests belong to the company, and most of the rest are improved deep level properties of the Main Reef, which may or may not be of considerable value. This schedule of assets is not calculated to lessen the anxiety of the shareholders of the "Bank," or stay the demand for disclosure of assets.

We do not pretend to have much sympathy for the people who have lost their money by putting it into blind pools on the invitation of the impudent charlatan of whom we have heard so much, in one way and another, during the last few months. They have lost and deserve to lose. But their gullibility proves once more that fools are never wanting for—well, Barnatos—to fatten upon.

WESTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS.

WE are not surprised that the shareholders in Western Australian Gold Mining Companies are beginning to ask for better proof than is forthcoming of the value of Westralian Mining properties. We do not forget that the active development of these properties is of very recent date. It would be unfair and absurd to complain because the majority of the Gold Mining companies formed to work Western Australia have, as yet, given shareholders nothing more substantial than reports. These companies are only a few

months old. But whilst this is true, it is also true that we are not getting satisfactory returns. As a correspondent puts it:—

Further publication of marvellous discoveries—information that "the mine looks splendid," that the "reef improves in value and thickness as depth is attained," or of assays of 10, 15, 50 or more ounces to a ton—will, in the present disappointed tone of the investors' mind, be quite disregarded, and the expense of cabling may just as well be saved. Take Hannan's Brown Hill Mine, for example; what the public says, and market men as well, is this: Why don't you make returns? If what your manager says is true, there should be no difficulty in doing so. Returns, indeed, were promised weeks and weeks ago." The manager, in a visit of inspection to the stopes, tells us he climbed out of the mine with £50 worth of nuggets in his pocket. If he were to put a man on to do nothing else, it would give a return which would startle the market. If he has two hundred feet of drives in 50 ounces ore which is being bagged underground, why does he not send these bags by return teams to Southern Cross for treatment, or even to England? Why wait for completion of machinery which has already been nearly twelve months in hand, and does not seem yet completed?

The amount of British capital invested in Westralian mining companies is already very large. Even last month thirty-eight companies were floated with a nominal capital of close upon £5,500,000. In the ten months ended October, 207 companies, with an aggregate capital of £25,654,200, have been put upon the market, and there are scores of other companies ready for issue directly the outlook is brighter. But whilst the appeals to the British investor continue, and grow, we see no sensible increase in the Westralian Gold output. On the contrary, in many cases there is a serious falling off. The early crushings at Bayley's Reward did much to help the Westralian "boom," but whilst in February 548 oz. of gold were got out, and in March and April 441, the returns have since steadily dwindled until the October return was only 294 oz., and the total output for the year only amounts to 2,427 oz. When Bayley's Reward collapsed the Great Boulder came to the rescue. In April last the return was only 331 ozs., but in May it had jumped to 1,289, and in September to 2,212 oz., and 2,295 oz. Last month it was down to much smaller figures, and there are ugly rumours. If we turn to less well-known properties we see much the same result. There is no steady progress.

There can be no doubt that there is a great deal of gold to be got from Westralia, but the ground is "pockety," and, with the scarcity of wood and water, makes mining enterprise more than ordinarily speculative. It may be that when machinery is up, and things in full swing, the returns will confound the sceptics. We sincerely hope it may be so. But, meantime, there are heavy calls upon faith, and new issues should be scanned very jealously before the public answers to appeals for capital for new enterprises.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN CHALLENGE.

IN our last issue we said that whilst Mr. Simpson considers that the time test is the better and proper way to decide the value of his chain, and that his letter to the *Sportsman* shows that though he spoke of "races" he had time tests in mind, he was willing that this, the main point of difference between him and the acceptor of his challenge, should be left to the decision of the editors of the *Sportsman*, *Sporting Life*, and *To-Day*.

Having made the necessary references, the Editor of the *Sportsman* wrote in reply:—

I am bound to say that, according to its terms, Mr. Gamage is within his right in demanding that the proposed contests shall be Man v. Man, and not Man v. Time. Moreover, my own view is that races between man and man are, as a rule, more satisfactory than time tests, specially when long distances have to be traversed.

Upon reading this letter, and without waiting for the opinion of the other gentlemen named, Mr. Simpson authorised us to say that, whilst his opinion, as given above, was unaltered he agreed to the Man v. Man test. We have communicated Mr. Simpson's decision to Mr. Gamage, and inasmuch as the only other point at issue between Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gamage was the question of gate-money, which Mr. Simpson bars, and Mr. Gamage informed Mr. Jerome on the 18th inst. that he would not insist upon gate-money if representatives of the Press, the leading clubs, and the N.C.U. were admitted, only minor details remain to be arranged. Whatever may be the result of the races, Mr. Simpson, whose stake in the result is a very heavy one, has, by his action throughout the negotiations, shown how unjust are the insinuations of some of our cycling contemporaries that he would take advantage of the difference of opinion as to how the test was to be made to burke the trials he had challenged.

Upon the question of the best method of ascertaining the value of the chain, we have received the following letter, which seems to us to be eminently sensible:—

I have never seen the "Simpson chain," and I know nothing about it. I am not a cyclist, and I read nothing of the controversy regarding

the merits of this chain other than the few notices I have seen from time to time in your columns; but, I take an engineer's interest in anything connected with gearing, and this appears to me to be simply a question of efficiency. The makers of the Simpson chain say: "With our chain a bicycle may be driven at a greater speed—with the same expenditure of energy—than a bicycle fitted with ordinary chain," which may be stated in other words—viz.: With a given amount of energy applied to the pedal, a larger proportion of it is available for useful work on the driving-wheel, when the power is transmitted by a "Simpson" chain than when transmitted by ordinary chain gearing; and to prove this statement, I understand that certain races are to take place between different men mounted upon different machines fitted respectively with Simpson chains and ordinary chains. If, under these conditions, the Simpson chain were uniformly successful, or successful in a large proportion of cases, there would no doubt be strong reasons for the assumption that the Simpson is the better. But I would respectfully point out that where the personal element is involved so greatly these tests cannot be taken as absolute or conclusive. And I beg to suggest a test, which—though not of the dramatic interest of the other—would, at least, have the advantage of comparing the different chains under the same conditions, and of yielding test figures which might be taken as conclusive. The test I would propose is as follows:—

Take two small dynamo electric machines and gear them together, first by ordinary bicycle chain, and then by "Simpson" chain; separately excite both machines, and run one as a motor, driving (by the chain) the other as a dynamo; let the load on the dynamo be about equivalent to the horse-power required to propel a bicycle and average man, at average racing speed; note the power absorbed by motor; now replace the ordinary chain and wheels by "Simpson" chain and wheels, again run the dynamo with exactly the same load, and note the second power required by motor, which should, of course, be less than the first, if the statements made by the Simpson Company are correct. By attending carefully to having identical conditions in both tests, very accurate results and figures of percentage difference can be attained. Should my test meet with your approval, I can undertake to find the necessary power, motors, and measuring instruments (on my return to town in a few days) for making the test complete, and also supervise the actual testing, if necessary.

We understand that Mr. Simpson is arranging for a series of experiment to be carried out on the lines proposed by our correspondent.

PROTECTION.

In his reply to the hop growers, Lord Salisbury gave two reasons why he cannot hold out to them any hope of Protection for their particular industry. If, said the Premier, we protected you, "the wheat growers would never endure to be left out," and the consumer would never consent to "any import duty being imposed on any article of foreign production which is generally used in this country." Lord Salisbury is right when he says that you could not give the hop growers protection without giving it to the wheat growers, but it is by no means as certain that he is right when he assumes that the consumer will never consent to the imposition of duties on imports, even food imports. The consumer, says Lord Salisbury, means the whole population of the country. True, but so it is everywhere, and in every country in the world save our own, in countries where the people rule, as elsewhere, the consumers prefer Protection to Free Trade. Why should the English workman remain the one exception to the general rule? As a matter of fact, there is a strong and growing movement amongst English workmen for Protection of some sort. They are not convinced that putting a small tax on certain "articles of foreign production" would necessarily mean any loss in the purchasing power of the shilling, and they do know that in the absence of Protection scores of English industries are languishing, and some are dying, or dead. It is the common belief that we owe it to Free Trade, more than anything else, that the past forty years represent a period of great prosperity in this country. Perhaps we do; but it is not always remembered that our Continental rivals, clinging closely to Protection, can point, especially in recent years, to rapid and great commercial development.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Adler's Consols. J. F. L. (Birmingham).—It is quite possible that by waiting you would get them at even a lower price than the present quotation; but, in our opinion, they are a sound purchase at their present price. The issued capital is £205,000, the reserved capital £245,000, the working capital £125,000 cash in hand. The Board is a very strong one, consisting, as it does, of Mr. H. J. Nerman, a Director of the London and Westminster Bank; Mr. J. Brinton, a Director of the London and Yorkshire Bank, Ltd.; Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Clarke, late Agent General for Victoria, and London Chairman of the Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society; and Mr. Brinley Nixon, Director of the South African Gold Trust, Limited. The chief assets of the company are (1) a two-fifths interest in Gray's Mynpacht of 249 claims on the Farm Witpoortje, Witwatersrand Goldfields, (2) 130 deep level claims on the farms Langlaate, Vogelstruisfontein, and Klippoorjie, (3) a three-fifth interest in the Orion Belt, Limited. The present value of the first item is £80,000, of the second £350,000, of the third £135,000—together £565,000. Add the cash in hand, £125,000, and we have a total of £690,000. Apart from these chief assets, there are various minor interests in farms in the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal, and the option to float Gray's Mynpacht, a fully-developed block of 249 claims, with the reef going over one ounce to the ton. The flotation of this ground is being energetically taken in hand, and the shareholders in Adler's Consols will be large gainers. Substantial profits, too, may be expected from the flotation of the claims held by the Barnato Consols, and in which Adler's shareholders are preferentially interested. Assuming the assets in hand to be, as we give them above, £690,000, the value of Adler's shares is close upon £3 10s. each. They stand at £1 3s. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** SHAREHOLDER (Glasgow).—You could not get more than 10s., if you got that. We think you had better hold. As to whether we think "they will be over par again before Christmas," we do not. We are informed that favourable reports are being received from the Company's mines, but it is time for crushings. **Great Boulders.** F. N. (Perth).—If you read TO-DAY—that is this page of it—you must know that we have no belief in the continuance of the returns that sent up the shares to the premium they reached in September, and astonished no one, we will venture to say, more than

the persons who put the property upon this market. **Sir Joseph Reals.** M. C. C. (Bromley).—We are obliged to you for the cutting from the *Draper's Record*, but we have said our say. **Simpson Lever Chain.** N. W. J. G. (Stratford).—If you will communicate with the inventor at 16, King Street, St. James, your wish will be met. **British South African Chartered Company.** G. H. L. (Dublin).—Our opinion is that the present position of the company does not warrant even the present quotation for its shares. The company has an immense tract of land, and it has parted with portions of it on terms highly advantageous to itself if they are fulfilled, but with enormous possibilities the future of the company, from the shareholders point of view, is by no means clear. **Anglo-African Gold Properties, Limited.** W. C. W. (Manchester).—You had better leave them alone for the present. **Our Own Investment System.** J. F. M. (Glasgow).—We have no belief in "systems" that promise a royal road to wealth. **The Boudard Gear Cycle Company.** J. S. (Manchester).—Our information is that the company is doing little or no business. We note that the secretary has not replied to your inquiry as to what is being done. We regret you did not read TO-DAY at the time you applied for shares in this company. **The Bristol Hotel and Palmerston Company, Limited.** RIDLEY ROBINSON (London).—The shares are not easily saleable. The company's record has been somewhat chequered. **South African Saltpetre Fields.** H. N. (London).—With the facts in your possession with which you make us acquainted, it is surely a waste of your time, to say nothing of ours, to ask us our opinion of this company. **Slaters', Limited.** MAX (Stratford-on-Avon).—We do not know that we can usefully add to what we said last week in reply to a Bristol correspondent. The business originally taken over by the company was a sound one, and good dividends have been paid, but the capital has been largely increased, and our information is that the company is branching out in a rather venturesome way. These shares are quoted, and we do not think you would have any great difficulty in selling. **Various Investments.** SUBSCRIBER (Reading).—Hold the Chartered, but sell whenever you can do so without loss, and hold the other shares for recovery. As for the money in Consols, the Savings Bank, and Private Bank, don't be in a hurry to move it. It is safe where it is. Anyway, don't move it for the purpose of buying "Brennaes," or "Eastleigh Deep, Eastleigh, and Westleigh." **Dawkins and Co., Limited.** F. P. (Birmingham).—For aught we know Dawkins and Co., Limited, may fulfil the promise of the prospectus you are good enough to send us, but as for your £2 10s. which has been left you by a relative, buy your good woman a dress with it. It is silly to think of putting so small a sum into £1 shares of a joint stock company. **Montanas.** GRIP (Castle Douglas N.B.).—No, not even at 7s. 6d. It is one of the mines that have been. **Jackson's Goldfields.** RADLEY (Thirsk).—(1) Not at any price. (2) We know nothing of the person you name. **Investment of £100.** (King's Langley).—We do not think Consolidated South Africans would be the best selection you could make. We would rather stay at home and put the £100 into the shares of some good home industrial company. **Bank Account.** H. S. A. (Arundel).—There is no hard and fast rule as to the minimum sum which will open a current account with a bank. Probably you would find it more convenient to go to one of your local banks, but the Cheque Bank, about which you ask, is quite sound, and its cheques are negotiable anywhere. There is, too, the Birkbeck Bank, which is accustomed to small accounts. **Three Mining Shares.** GOLD SHARES (Leven, N.B.).—We cannot advise you to buy any of the shares of the three companies you name. They are all of very doubtful value, and the same remark applies to the recommendations given by the three so-called newspapers you name. **Port Talbot Railway and Docks Company.** ENQUIRER (Cardiff).—Keep your shares. We are not aware that we have ever condemned, in the unqualified way you put it, the payment of interest out of capital during construction. **Cunliffe, Russell and Co. X. Y. Z.** (Balsall Heath).—The bonds mentioned in the pamphlet are genuine enough, but if you buy them from Cunliffe, Russell and Co. you will pay about 30 per cent. more for them than if you buy them in the ordinary way. **Dolcoath Shares.** TRE (Maidenhead).—We should rather advise investment in something less speculative than mining shares, but informed opinion supports the view that this mine has still a prosperous future before it. **"Our Own Investment System."** A. T. H. (Keighley).—We think not. **New Chums.** Hewitson (Birmingham).—Hold for the time. **United Gold Fields of Manica.** W. (Stockport). We do not think so, and some of the directors seem to be equally sceptical. **Moore and Burgess.** SUBSCRIBER (Edinburgh).—At present the company is doing well, and it has been doing well for some time past. The shares can be bought at or about 3s., without further liability. A purchase of these shares would probably turn out well, but it would be something of a gamble. If the company had a larger reserve of capital to fall back upon, we should recommend purchase more hesitatingly than we do having regard to its present slender reserves, and the chances to which the show business is subject. **"Peter Robinson's."** CAUTIOUS (Bury).—(1) We cannot tell you when this business is to be converted into a joint stock company, nor do we know that conversion has been decided upon. (2) We remain of the opinion that Louise shares are worth their present quotation. The business is doing well. (3) We cannot advise purchase of either of the two other shares you name. In each case the quotation is, in our opinion, still too high. **Charterland Consolidated.** S. (Sheffield). The answer to both your questions is in the negative. **Four Mining Shares.** A. B. (Orkney).—All four represent very risky investments. **The Land and House Property Corporation.** F. R. A. (Walthamstow).—We have no information to lead us to suppose that it will be. **The West Australian Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation.** OLICANA (Bradford).—(1) Prudently managed it should do. (2) We see no likelihood of any early improvement in Bulawayo Gold Reefs. **Chartered.** CHEMCUS (Clapham).—We should hold. They will probably go better again before long. The Westralian shares you mention are fair speculative purchases at their present price. J. C. (Southsea).—The first part of the previous answer applies to your question. We should not hold for a higher price than you gave. **George and May.** S. P. (Chelsea).—(1) We do not like the outlook. (2) We think Anglo-French Exploration shares quite high enough at the present quotation. (3) We do not recommend the purchase of Mashonaland Agency shares at the figure you name.

INSURANCE.

A. B. MANCHESTER.—Your wife is a sensible woman. What is more uncertain than life? Insure by all means, as you are a young man, in the manner you suggest; and why not for two years' income at the least? You cannot go to a better office than the older one you mention. The bonuses will be large, and, as an investment, will prove very satisfactory. The younger company is honestly managed, but it is almost without advantages as compared with the older office.

TENAX.—We are disposed to consider your impressions as to the larger office to be correct. You will get quite as good a return for your money from the smaller office.

BARNEY.—We shall be glad to assist you, but would prefer that you mention a few offices, of which we would give you our opinion.

BOOMERANG.—The office is well managed and strong. We know the plan you describe, and recommend you to continue your policy and dismiss your doubts.

J.—The application of bonuses to make a whole life policy payable in lifetime seldom gives satisfaction. As you are a young man we recommend an endowment assurance. You will not do better with any company than with No. 2.

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"THE IDLER"

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THE SNOW QUEEN ... PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF—
RUDYARD KIPLING

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MR. DU MAURIER AT HOME ... ADDISON BRIGHT

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"Mr. George Du Maurier."—"Mr. Du Maurier's Residence."—"The Studio."—"A Cosy Corner."—"The Drawing Room."

TALKS WITH A NURSE—PART II. ... G. B. BURGIN

Nine Illustrations by LOUIS WAIN, SYDNEY COWELL and G. HUTCHINSON.

"How much longer do you think he'll last?"—"Number 24 had 'gone home.'"—"Preceded the family."—"Her chief pet."—"The family kettle."—"Wot a blessed thing 'e's insured?"—"Lying on the bed."—"Leggo my kinks."—"Good-night, Jim."

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL... WALLACE LAWLER

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Landscape, by Corot.—Landscape, by Corot.—An old bridge, by Rousseau.—Children fishing, by Diaz.—An Allegory, by Diaz.—A Shepherdess, by Millet.—Sheep shearers, by Millet.—The Mill, by Dupre.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS AT HOME—MARIE A. BELLOC

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Sir Augustus Harris.—Lady Harris and Daughter.—The Elms.—Presentation Album.—Vase presented by Her Majesty.—The Drawing Room.—Ship presented by Edmund Lawson.—The Lounge.

GODIVA OF HURST ... ARTHUR W. BECKETT

Three Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

"Will come to himself at their voices."—"Hastily drew his knife and cut the cords."—"He drew a pistol from his belt and fired at it full in the face."

A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XXIII., XXIV., XXV. ... ROBERT BARR

"He rose to his feet and came round to where she sat."

AN INCONVENIENT KEEPSAKE—WELLESLEY PAIN

SOME ABSURDITIES OF ETIQUETTE—
MRS. HUMPHRY

A TABLE ENTERTAINMENT ... H. T. JOHNSON

LADY SHOPKEEPERS ... IGNOTA

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—
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THE PARIAH ... ALEXANDER BAIRD

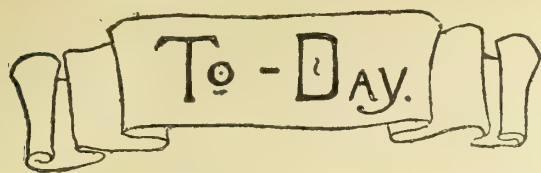
THE IDLER'S CLUB:—ARE INTERVIEWEES A BLESSING OR A CURSE? By the Interviewed

Mrs. Luna Linton, Barry Pain, W. F. Stead, John Storrar-Wooten, and W. L. Alden.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

OWING to the greatly to be lamented death of Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Secretary, Mr. Allen Upward has brought his story, "The Theft of the Koh-i-Noor," to a conclusion this week. Mr. Allen Upward and myself discussed the advisability of introducing Sir Henry Ponsonby by name into the story, which, as Mr. Allen Upward explains in a note, is a mere *jeu d'esprit*—though a certain number of newspapers seem to have taken the whole thing as actual fact—and came to the conclusion that, as Sir Henry was only to be referred to in the most courteous terms, there could be no legitimate objection to the plan. Editors, especially, who have had occasion to approach the Court for information at various times will particularly regret the decease of Sir Henry, and, if only out of pure gratitude, no newspaper man would dream of publishing a word that could have brought pain to him, or that would bring pain to his family.

I have the usual calendar of cruelty cases, aggravated by magisterial stupidity, to comment upon this week. One of the worst comes from Southport. John Culshaw, one of those blackguards who buy horses cheap and work them to death, was charged, together with his brutal driver, John Bearman, for working his horse in a public 'bus. It was terribly lame, and suffering from numerous severe sores. Day after day this horse was driven, while suffering agony. The driver, when remonstrated with, only laughed and applied his whip with still greater force. The veterinary evidence was conclusive. Culshaw and Bearman must have known the wretched condition of the horse. With deliberate intention they still worked it. The poor creature had to be flogged all the way to make it go. About the Board before whom the case came it is difficult to speak. It comprised Councillor G. Eastwood, the Mayor, Mr. E. J. Rimmer, Mr. R. Nicholson, and Mr. G. Hacking. I can say that these four men must have been brutes. I can say that they are a disgrace to the Bench. But what do English magistrates care for such criticisms as that? The Southport mayor will only chuckle at the indigna-

tion that his action must arouse in the heart of every decent man and woman. They fined Bearman, the driver, two-and-six, and Culshaw, the owner, who makes his living by torturing animals to their death, twenty shillings!

As a rule the London Magistrates are possessed of a sense of humanity, but Mr. Mead is injuring their reputation. The other day, at Hackney, he fined a man only ten shillings for cruelly torturing a horse by working it in an unfit state. To make the animal move the prisoner had to thrash the animal with a heavy whip, and to stab it with an iron spike. With reference to the Garth Merthyr Colliery case, upon which I commented last week, I find that the facts are much worse than I was aware of at the time. The colliery manager, Mr. Thomas Lloyd, certainly ought to have had six months' imprisonment. The unfortunate pony, left in the hands of this brute, was found to have wounds eight inches by nine inches on each side of its shoulders, and it was admitted in Court that the animal's collar was never taken off day or night. The five pounds, I daresay, was eagerly paid by the managers of the Garth-Merthyr Colliery, and Thomas Lloyd praised for his economy in using horses that any decent owner would have had slaughtered.

At Liverpool before Messrs. H. B. Gilmour, W. H. Anderson, and E. J. Grimshaw, a woman named Bold was charged with cruelty to a little servant, aged thirteen. The evidence showed a long course of brutal overwork, and of savage and systematic cruelty. This precious bench of magistrates inflicted a fine of ten shillings! At the Manchester City Police Court a fine of only three pounds was inflicted for cruelty to three horses made to work a Manchester 'bus when they should have been at the knacker's yard. The defendant had been previously convicted for the same crime. At Kirkby Stephen, before Captain Chamley (chairman) Messrs. T. Atkinson Gibson, W. Harker, and R. B. Thompson, a man, for working a pony lame in both legs, after being cautioned not to do so by the police, was fined only sixteen shillings and sixpence, including costs. At Burnley a step-mother, for shocking cruelty to a little three-year-old mite, was fined twenty shillings. There were fifty-one bruises upon the child and ten burns. Its teeth had been knocked out, it had been whipped, beaten, and its hair pulled out.

And now I am glad to be able to write more cheerfully. From Devonshire comes news that humanity is not quite dead upon the magisterial bench in England. At Wonford, before Mr. Trehawke Kekewich (in the chair), the manager of the Exeter Tramway Company, John J. Woodrow, was summoned for causing two horses to be worked when in an unfit state. The animals were described as almost skeletons, full of wounds and sores. After being driven up the hill they stood trembling all over with their pain. Blood was running from them. When taken into the stable one of the horses rolled about and refused food. It was utterly exhausted. There was difficulty in dragging the animals up to the court. Woodrow had seen them with his own eyes and had ordered them out for two journeys on the very day they

were stopped. The magistrates sentenced Woodrow to a month's imprisonment.

Woodrow has, however, raised a technical point and intends to appeal, and is now out on bail. It is, therefore, impossible for me to say a word concerning him at present. I shall, however, be glad if some Exeter correspondent will keep me informed of the result, that I may refer again to the matter when the appeal has been heard. The Bench, in this case, very pertinently asked for the names of the directors of this Exeter Tramway Company. I should like their names myself. Church and chapel-going men, every one of them, I bet, praising God, and puffing out their fat bellies with delight at the money they are making out of the blood and pain of dumb animals. It is at the actual responsible people that one must get in these cases. Drivers, yard men, stable boys are often enough dull senseless creatures, perfectly incapable of imagining the sufferings they are causing. It is the directors and the shareholders who live and batten upon such villiany that the real sin lies.

And there is also a word to be said to the public. Upon the Southport 'bus and upon this Exeter tram passengers were being carried. There they sat, behind these poor agonised brutes, perfectly indifferent, perfectly callous. I have seen the same thing over and over again myself, twenty to thirty people crowding upon a 'bus, and calmly watching a half-starved, dying horse being flogged along the road for their benefit. I consider every man and every woman who gets upon a 'bus or tram, driven under such conditions, every bit as big a blackguard as the owner, who is making his money out of the system, as the manager who is assisting his chief, or as the driver, who is following the manager's instructions.

THE bigoted Lewis magistrates are dropping back into their old bad ways. Last year I called attention to their method of dealing with the licensing question. Only three public houses exist in the whole island, which contains a population varying between thirty and forty thousand people. Every year, for years past, this bench of ignorant and tyrannical bigots have refused a licence to any of the hotels, necessitating appeals to the Dingwall Quarter Sessions. In defiance of the law, these magistrates used to announce their intention to never grant licences. The majority of the bench were rabid teetotallers, of that class which has done so much to injure the Temperance cause, though one of the most active of them, I am told, made his money out of drink.

Owing to the action of To-DAY, and the matter being taken up in Parliament, the bench climbed down last year, and granted the licences without opposition; but this year, fancying that the matter is now forgotten, and that they can return to their old discreditable tactics, Sheriff Campbell and his crew have refused the licence to one of the hotels. Appeal has been made to the Dingwall Quarter Sessions, and, of course, the absurd veto will be removed. The fault lies with the people of Lewis, who seem to be a poor-spirited and tame collection of individuals. They express themselves as greatly indignant at the injury inflicted upon them, but take no active steps to remedy the evil.

JUDGE KISBEY, at the recent Armagh Assizes, made some strong remarks upon insurance societies. A man named M'Kinney sued the Refuge Assurance Company for the return of the premiums he had paid upon a policy. The plaintiff was persuaded by an insurance agent to insure the life of a girl in whose existence or non-existence he had no interest whatever. The plaintiff said that the agent filled up the policy, and that he signed it. When some £5 18s. 6d. had been paid in premiums, it occurred to the Company's agent that it was illegal for M'Kinney to effect an insurance on the life of somebody not related to him. Judge Kisbey strongly condemned such traffic in policies. The whole effort of a certain class of insurance agents, said his lordship, was to get their commission, without any regard to the honesty of the transaction. He had been compelled, from what had come before him here and elsewhere, to warn poor people from having anything to do with these small insurance companies. "People not only squander money, but *risk the lives of others.*"

His Lordship could see nothing worse than people insuring others without the people insured knowing of it. But in the case of a grown-up person, at all events the person who insures does not possess the power of life and death over the person insured. In the case of child insurance it is a matter of good-feeling upon the part of the parents as to whether they shall let the child live and continue to pay the useless premiums, or whether they shall let the child die and collect the policy money. As a comment upon the whole wretched business, a case reaches me from Dewsbury. Frank Bennett, a night-watchman, and his wife were charged with neglecting their children. An inspector of the Society found two of the children at school, wretchedly clad, and in a fearful state. On visiting the home he found two other children in the same state, whilst a baby lying in a cradle was in a hardly better condition. *The children were insured.*

ANOTHER case comes from Dartmouth. A woman named Pengilly was indicted for causing the death of her child through criminal neglect. An inspector found the child in a very emaciated condition. Its knees were drawn up close to the body, it was moaning piteously, and seemed too weak to cry. Three months before the child's death a doctor had warned the mother that she was neglecting it, and that if it died she would get into trouble. Three weeks before its death the same doctor saw it, and described it as in a state of semi-starvation. With its clothing it weighed only seven-and-a-half pounds, whereas a baby of its age should have weighed from fourteen to sixteen pounds. A day or two after he saw the child again. A feeding-bottle was by it, but the doctor found that the milk was sour. As the result of a post-mortem examination, he came to the conclusion that the child died from starvation. The husband had a pension, and, independently of that, earned a pound a week. The child was insured at a penny a week, and all the other children of the same parents were also insured. The woman was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

A CERTAIN number of correspondents consider that I am growing tiresome upon this matter. They evidently imagine that I mention such cases as these with an idea of entertaining and amusing the British public. I do nothing of the kind. I continue to harp upon this sun-

ject because it is only by perpetually pegging away that one can make any effect upon public opinion. People read, say "How shocking!" and forget. If they are made to read the same thing week after week for a few years it dawns upon them that by their voices they may be able to do something to help to remedy the bad state of things. There will come a time, I am confident, when the British public will look back with indignation at a period when parents were allowed to put a price on their children's lives and to make an occasional five-pound note by killing off the helpless mites that they have brought into an overcrowded world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

J. MENPES, of Edinburgh, twenty-seven years secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and a director of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, informs me that the cruel practice of dishorning cattle which is illegal in England, is not illegal in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Menpes says: "The only way in which the horrible cruelty can be put a stop to here is through the press setting public opinion against it, and I hope you will lend your valuable assistance to furthering such a good object." I suppose it is necessary that cattle should be dishorned, particularly the small, fierce animal bred in the Scottish highlands, but the most painless method ought to be discovered and insisted upon, and it should be made penal for anyone but an experienced man to perform the operation.

J. M.—There are Socialists and Socialists. There are gentlemen like yourself whose Socialism is merely a dream of an impossible Utopia, from which human nature with its sin, folly and selfishness will be absent. There is no harm in this dream. In some future state of being on some other planet it will, perhaps, be realised. But there is also the actual Socialist who makes the air hideous with denunciations of everything that he does not understand, who would bring about his wild reforms with wilder violence. Would build up certain misery, because of his belief that the world could climb over it to happiness. It is such men that one has in one's mind when one attacks Socialism.

G. H. M.—You should obtain the book "Fruits of Philosophy" (6d.), from Robert Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, E. C.

J. W. L.—I cannot bring myself to reply to a "Constant Reader," so I put your initials instead. If the man whom the woman married had an undivorced wife at the time, his second marriage would be null and void, and, therefore, she would never have been his wife at all and is free to marry again though I am advised her strict course is to apply to the Divorce Court for a decree of nullity of marriage.

PERPLEXED AND RAD.—Your plan will be to get a copy of the pamphlet (price 6d.), recommended to G. H. M.

M. K.—I have forwarded your letter to Mr. Morley Roberts. "HARDWORKED LAWYER."—I could not from what I know of the subject recommend any other system than phonography. There is nothing difficult about the system, and it is daily used by 99 and a fraction per cent. of practical shorthand writers.

R. A. S.—I think your suggested method of testing the lever chain against an ordinary chain is an excellent one. I am sending your letter on to Mr. Simpson.

J. F. J.—You evidently agree with professionalism in football. I do not. I argue from my point of view, you argue from yours. I do not ask you to agree with me, and you must allow me to disagree with you.

G. H. F.—Of course the *Athletic News* is angry with me for denouncing professionalism in football. The *Athletic News* and such-like papers are supported by professionals.

A. C. B. sends me a cutting from the *Sunday Chronicle*, abusing me for attacking professionalism in connection with sport. These sporting papers would be ruined were our young men all eager to play the game, instead of reading the latest news in the football papers. They naturally defend the interest out of which they get their living.

H. W.—Female clerks are being extensively employed, and are generally expected to know something of shorthand and to be competent typists. They are not paid a very high wage. I should say about fifteen to thirty shillings a week is the average.

A. S. K.—I think you will find that Messrs. Gee and Co., of 34, Moorgate Street, publish works on the subject, and that they will be pleased to give you advice in the matter.

A. F. writes me: "I have been exceptionally interested of late in your articles on the football question, and as an old football player, I am entirely with you as regards professionalism ruining the sport." I never came across a real lover of the game who had two opinions upon this question.

T. C.—I am obliged to you for your letter and enclosure, but I prefer to reserve the Pluck Fund for those cases which have escaped attention elsewhere. The matter referred to in your letter seems to have been taken up in a very spirited way.

R. W. A.—I am sorry I cannot comply with your request.

C. C. C. (Birmingham).—I have made application to the Admiralty with respect to the man Neale, whose case you have brought under my notice, and I have received the following communication:—"I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that, in accordance with the Regulations, Neale's Pension has been renewed from year to year on the report of a medical officer. The award now in force will not expire until the 15th proximo, when Neale should apply for a further renewal. 2. I am to add that Neale has not replied to a letter addressed to him on November 7th, in which he was asked if he desired medical treatment in a naval hospital.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, (signed) Evan Macgregor." Neale should certainly apply for the renewal of his pension. It is small enough, goodness knows (£13 12s. a year), for a man whose life has been shattered in the service. As the *Birmingham Daily Mail* says, "Surely Neale is entitled to part of the £70,000, collected for the benefit of the victims of the Victoria accident." Has he no friends in Birmingham who could take up his case?

INVENTIONS.—Many more letters have arrived since last week. I can only refer my correspondents to my answer in last week's issue, and reiterate that I cannot reply to correspondents through the post.

DIPHONG is a young lady who wishes my advice. She tells me she is seventeen, nice looking, but vulgar. Her mother wants her to read poetry, and suggests that she should gaze at the beauties of nature instead of at the looking-glass. My fair correspondent tells me that she possesses a sordid mind, no imagination, and no desire to improve, but she is fond of art. She also enjoys all I write, but after her description of herself I am compelled to regard this as a studied insult. She wishes me to tell her how to overcome her vulgar nature. She evidently regards me as an authority on the subject. She thinks that poetry won't do her any good. I am inclined to agree with her. She possesses a certain power of analysis. I expect to meet her later on as a famous lady novelist. She seems to possess all the attributes of one, including a certain want of self-respect, and a large absence of reserve. I suppose seventeen is too late. Her mother should have taken her in hand ten years ago, and given her less poetry and more slipper. A frank nature is admirable, but when all you have to be frank about are the qualities my correspondent imagines she possesses artifice becomes a virtue. I fear the young lady has been reading too much modern literature, and has been developing to an undue degree a morbid self-consciousness. Maybe she is not such a little idiot as she writes herself down.

CORRY.—You will find a list of officers in the "Army List." I am afraid I cannot answer the second question.

H. P. P. tells me that more than once, when reading my remarks, he has said to himself, "This man is a blithering idiot." He adds that had he not been such a busy man he should have written to me on the subject; but he admits that, probably, it would have been a waste of ink. I am so glad that H. P. P. is a busy man. Were he a gentleman with much spare time upon his hands it would evidently be unfortunate for me.

E. W. P. tells me that he thinks To-DAY's remarks upon the cruelty to children cases at Bath have had a good effect. Another cruelty case which came before the same magistrates a week or two later was treated in a very different spirit.

A MEMBER.—A club is like a family. You cannot have rules for running it. Get a meeting of the men you think likely to become members, and let them agree as to the rules they need for the proper formation of their club. The only thing which could help you would be a copy of the rules of a similar club, which can easily be obtained.

H. G.—Any good patent agent would assist you.

A.—My opinion would be quite worthless to you. I might not like your style, and so discourage you, while to other editors your methods might appeal. Writing is not a science, it is a question of taste. I fear there is very little money to be made in the way you suggest. Are there not enough really well-to-do people interested in your work to give you the needful assistance.

NOGARRA.—I thank you for your kind letter. The city queries I am handing to my city Editor. I am glad to find that the Bristol art dealer was not to be frightened by the Vigilance Paul Prys.

KOLA NUT.—A few week ago somebody asked me how to eat kola nut. A kind friend now comes forward and tells my correspondent to take it in the form of lozenges, which he can get from the chemist.

G. T. G.—I quite agree with you, but then each nation always does consider it is fighting in the defence of right and justice. Yes, I do consider the universal brotherhood of man to be an idle dream, as far as this world is concerned. This world is a school, and its lessons are learnt through striving and contention. You seem to have forgotten that Christ came "not to bring peace, but a sword." Christ was heart and soul a fighter.

E. C.—I thank you for your very kind and sympathetic letter. The Simpson chain is simplicity itself. If you could see it, —and it is now on exhibition at the Stanley Show—I should say, you as an engineer, would be able to form a very quick opinion upon its merits. I have every hope of bringing

the race off, although, of course, that will not decide the matter finally. Time and experience will have to do that.

AMBITIOUS.—I cannot take any notice of anonymous correspondents.

MAJOR is of opinion that *To-Day's* criticism of *Tribby* was fairly representative, so far as he can judge, of the opinion of the non-professional critic.

J. W. C.—As a matter of personal taste, I agree with you in not much caring for interviews, but a paper that did not publish interviews would have to shut up shop in a month. I also agree with you in your affection for the late lamented Princess Osra. You will be pleased to know that I have arranged with Mr. Jacobs for a series of stories both for *The Idler* and *To-Day*.

J. P. writes me: "I enclose you a cutting from a paper called *The Sunday Chronicle*. It would be a pity if you lost an opportunity of hitting out in the interests of manly sports played in the truly healthy manner you advocate, and which I'm afraid is getting less with every game of football that is played." I thank J. P., but I prefer to fight for a cause than to argue with individual opponents, who protect themselves under anonymity.

L. P. kindly informs me in reply to a question put to me by **I. J. K.** in a recent issue as to celebrated musicians living at Weimar, that amongst others might be mentioned Herr Halir, a violinist of great repute; Herr Lassen, one of the most popular of modern German song writers; and Herr Stavehagen, the celebrated pianist, and a pupil of Liszt.

J. G. S.—The case seems to have been adequately dealt with by the judge.

C. A. J.—Thank you for cutting. I am glad to find that at Wolverhampton you have a stipendiary so just in his sentences upon brutes. It is the Great Unpaid who make justice so ridiculous in the disposal of the children.

W. A.—I thank you for cutting. The Sheriff seems to be a slight improvement upon most of his class.

J. T. J. draws my attention to the case of Mrs. Winifred Richards, of Whitchurch, near Landaff, who, having obtained a child from the Home at Cardiff, systematically ill-treated her. A good many of these charities for orphans appear to exercise no care whatever in the disposal of the children.

ANGLICAN PRIEST writes me a letter in great praise of Wilson Barrett's play, *The Sign of the Cross*. "It points its lesson more eloquently than a hundred sermons," says my correspondent, who encloses his card.

E. T. C.—I thank you for your letter. We evidently agree on the essential points, and differ chiefly in the way we explain to ourselves our own attitude.

W. E. N.—Of course, game must be kept down. It is merely a question of whether you call wholesale slaughter sport.

T. W. R. G., writing me from Queensland, assures me that not even in the old country is loyalty more general than in Australia, and is convinced that correspondents who have led me to believe otherwise are not to be relied upon. I should be only too delighted to believe **T. W. R. G.** in preference. I expect, as over here in England, some are loyal and some are not, and the disloyal everywhere make the most noise.

F. W. B.—The whole thing looks like a joke on the part of the American Press.

"**SALLIE**" writes me a very sympathetic letter, and I am glad to find that "*Feminine Affairs*" are so useful to her. I am handing her book queries to the Bookseller.

H. P. writes me a charming letter, but wishes to argue with Miss Oppenheim. He says he *does* feel with his ears. Personally I find my hands more useful for this department of life.

E. L.—a delightful young lady—writes me as follows:—"I think we shall like '*Aunt Fan's Letters*' immensely. We find, living in the country, as we do, that *To-Day* keeps us abreast of the times, and in touch with what is going on in the world better than any other paper."

R. B. T.—The papers have been sent. A narrow social atmosphere is always a great trial to a man who thinks for himself. In all ages and in all countries the exercise of original thought has always been hampered by public opinion. It would seem as if Nature, foreseeing the danger of immature reasoning, arranged her social scheme so as to crush down all thought that was not strong enough to force its way upward in spite of the dead weight of prejudice and convention that everywhere lies piled upon the brain of man. If you are going to think for yourself in this world, you must be prepared to face pained looks and cold hands. The truth of the matter is, that the world, as a whole, does not want to think. To a certain extent it is incapable of thought. To a still greater extent it finds thought disturbing and alarming, so it wraps itself round in a cloak of what it calls its opinions and beliefs, specially fitted to its requirements, and it regards as an enemy anyone who would disarrange the comfortable folds, and let in the cold, if invigorating, air of reason.

MÉCONTENT.—I cannot take any notice of anonymous correspondents, nor do you send me sufficient data to enable me to form an opinion.

FACTS ABOUT MILTON.

MILTON was born in Bread Street at the Spread Eagle, which was his own house (as well as The Rose and other houses in the same street), in 1608. The poet attended St. Paul's School, and afterwards Christ College, Cambridge.

In 1619, his schoolmaster was a Puritan in Essex; at that age Milton was already a poet.

He was scarce of middle height. He had light brown hair. His complexion exceeding fair. Oval face, his eye a dark grey The pictures before his books are not at all like him He was a spare man. He was an early riser, at four o'clock in the morning, yea, after he lost his sight.

The first thing he read in the morning was the Hebrew Bible; then he contemplated. At seven o'clock his man came to him again, and then read to him and wrote till dinner. His second daughter, Deborah, could read to him Latin, Italian, French, and Greek.

After dinner he used to walk three or four hours at a time. He went to bed about nine. He was temperate, rarely drank between meals, and was extremely pleasant in his conversation, but was satirical.

He pronounced the letter R very hard. He had a delicate, tunable voice, and had good skill in music. He had an organ in his house; he played on this most. His eyesight was decaying about twenty years before his death. Of a very cheerful humour. He was very healthy and free from all diseases, only towards the latter end he was visited with the gout, spring and fall. He seldom took any physic, only sometimes he took manna. He would be very cheerful even in his gout-fits, and sing. He died of the gout on the 9th or 10th of November, 1674, as affirmed by his apothecary's book.

He lived in several places, e.g., Holborne, near King's Gardens. He died in Bunhill, opposite to the Aditney Garden wall. He lies buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

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CLUB CHATTER.

THE other day a correspondent sent me a tailor's circular, showing how a man could dress for a ridiculously small sum per year—I forget the exact amount, but believe it was £11. My correspondent asked: "How about your £20 a year article?" Now that the winter is coming on, and every other man is thinking about what sort of overcoat he shall invest in, a word of warning *re* such circulars may be useful. To begin with, it stands to reason that, if a tailor can supply you with goods cheaper than, and at the same time equally good as, his next-door rival, he will do so, and no blame to him for it, or the man who deals at the cheaper shop. But it is as well, before going in for very rigid economy, to understand what we are buying when the article in question is much below the usual figure. My correspondent is doubtless of opinion—since seeing the circular referred to—that my estimate of £20 a year for a man's tailor's bill was an extravagant sum.

I KNOW very well that it is possible to dress on a much less annual expenditure than £20. But let my correspondent or anyone else try it, and see the result. If he is not thoroughly disgusted with the attempt before the year is out, I shall be much surprised. When you come to screwing yourself down to a very low figure for clothes you discover all sorts of little things that never occurred to you before. I know a man who did it for six months, during which time his overcoat buttoned so low in the front that his chest—he had a weak chest, by the way—was kept well exposed to the cold. His underneath coat was visible, and this, when buttoned, didn't conceal the opening of his waistcoat. The latter garment was made so short that it only just covered the top of his trousers, which were perfectly shapeless, and not nearly long enough. After a six months' trial my friend gave it up. He found it cheaper in the long run to pay a fair price and get a good fit—for well-fitting clothes, even when shabby, will have a smarter appearance than "sloppy" garments.

It does not follow because you buy in the cheapest market that you are necessarily more economical than the man who is not so particular as to what he pays. The art of economy is to know how and when to economise. It doesn't pay to give next to nothing for a pair of boots and wear them out in a week. On the other

hand, it is waste of money to give a high price for such a thing as a dress tie, which cannot be worn more than once. Many hosiers will try and persuade a man who doesn't know any better that by giving a shilling for a dress tie he is buying something that will last for years. This would be all right if a dress tie would keep its appearance after being washed, which it doesn't. Therefore, I say it is more economical to give three and sixpence a dozen for your dress ties, and throw them away after use. As far as appearance goes, they will look just as well as the more expensive tie. It is almost the same with collars. You can give eighteenpence for a collar, or you can give ninepence. The difference in appearance between the two is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and the ordinary laundress will, with strict impartiality, reduce both of them to frayed out rags in the same space of time. Then why give eighteenpence for a collar? But don't buy cheap handkerchiefs, unless you want your overloaded pocket to suggest that you are suffering from a physical deformity, to say nothing about the discomfort of using a handkerchief as stiff as a piece of brown paper.

THE 1895 flat racing season has not been lacking in sensations. Lincoln supplied the first, when Euclid cantered away with the big Carholme Handicap. The triumph of Sir Visto stands out prominently in connection with the classic events, and perhaps Victor Wild, Florizel II., and Marco divide the handicap honours. But for Persimmon's defeat in the Middle Park Plate, the Prince of Wales would own the Derby favourite, and one can only regret that the Persimmon sensation had been avoided. Laodamia's victory at Derby will not be readily forgotten, and mention must be made of the untimely death of G. Brown.

QUITE a flourish of trumpets heralded the invasion of Messrs. Croker and Dwyer last spring, but despite the calculations of these 'cute speculators, the trip was a disastrous one. All sportsmen will hope that better fortune awaits Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who intends to try and equal his brilliant record of fourteen years ago.

MR. LORILLARD then won both the Derby and St. Leger with Iroquois, a son of Leamington, one of the most famous sires ever exported to America. On the Derby day elaborate arrangements were made to transmit the result to New York and it only took twenty-

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five seconds to send the message, which was "Iroper tow." This denoted the first three in the race, viz., *Iroquois*, *Peregrine*, and *Town Moor*. The last-named belonged to Lord Rosebery.

MR. LORILLARD is disgusted with the manner in which racing is now managed in America, and judging from the numerous entries he has made, he is determined to devote plenty of time to the sport in this country. Mr. Lorillard is a millionaire tobacco manufacturer, but he never smokes the fragrant weed.

NOT the least remarkable feature of a remarkable flat-racing season has been the numerous triumphs of Irish horses. Owners and trainers in the Emerald Isle seem to exercise all their skill in arranging *coups*. Irish form is of no earthly use to a handicapper, and the manner in which Major Egerton has treated them is a striking contrast to the handicapping of the French horses.

WHAT did Major Egerton think of the Lancashire Handicap? Easter Gift, an Irish filly, who had three days before won the Midland Counties Handicap, now carried a 10lb. penalty to victory with consummate ease, whilst *Laodamia*, another penalised animal, was second. When are we to have a board of handicappers? It is clear that Major Egerton cannot cope with all the work.

REUTER'S telegrams concerning the races between E. Hanlon and G. Bubeare for the "Sculling Championship of England" sadly needed revising. Everyone who takes the slightest interest in rowing, must be aware that C. Harding is the English champion, and a great injustice has been done him. Harding, by the way, is appearing at the Princess's in *A Dark Secret*, and is quite willing to defend his title against all comers, although he would prefer meeting Stansbury.

I AM constantly being asked by correspondents to recommend a good Turkish cigarette at a reasonable price. After having tried a box myself, I am sure my readers can't do better than write to Mr. W. H. Ellis, 65, West Regent Street, Glasgow, for a sample box of fifty. Mr. Ellis also keeps a special brand of Manilla cigars, "The Daisy," which are hard to beat at the price.

To all of my readers who like a mild, pleasant smoke, I say, get a box of "Flor de Zenana" cigars. They are cool smoking, and have not that rank flavour so often found in Indian cigars.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH is giving a special *matinée* of *Poor Mr. Potton* this (Wednesday) afternoon, in aid of the fund being raised by the *Daily Telegraph* for the crippled children. I am glad to note that the entire

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TAILORS & MILITARY OUTFITTERS,
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LONDON.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD!
DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

Finest quality sent to any part of the United Kingdom. Sample Cake 1/3 post free. 5/- tins containing 5 Cakes 5/9 post free. Ornamented Cakes (with any motto) for Birthday or Christmas Gifts from 3/6 to 21/-.

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HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, &c., &c., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (700 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

The original and only pure Magnesia

SIR JAMES MURRAY & SON'S

PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

FOR

Headache, Indigestion, and all
Liver Complaints.

'Is a mildly aperient medicine, and a valuable antacid, being entirely free from impurity.'—
Lancet, July, 1890.

'A medical man can safely recommend it as a household remedy.'—*Practitioner*, July, 1890.

'We have known it for forty years, always pure in quality, uniform in strength, and certain in action.'—*Hygiene*.

'Suited to the child as well as to the adult.'—
SIR CHARLES CAMERON, M.D., F.R.S., D.P.H.



Ask your Tobacconist for
MITCHELL'S
"Starboard"
Navy Cut.

Cut from the Genuine Bright Navy Plug.

"THE PERFECTION
OF TOBACCO."

Will smoke cool and fragrant to the last whiff.

Sold only in 1 oz., 2 oz., and 4 oz. Tins.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,
GLASGOW.

ESTABLISHED 1723.

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED SMOKING MIXTURES.
CRAVEN. HANKEYS. GUARDS.

A Judicious Blending
of the Finest
Imported Tobaccos.

MILD.

MEDIUM.

FULL.

"CESS of August 10th, 1895, says:—"The *ARCADIA MIXTURE* of "*MY LADY NICOTINE*" is the "*CRAVEN*" Mixture prepared by CARRERAS the well-known Tobacconist of Wardour Street."

SPECIAL AGENTS IN MOST TOWNS.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

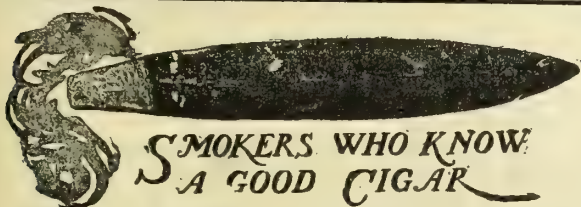
TINICO FRAGRANT COOL & SWEET. FLAKE ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO. EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

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The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.

NO MORE IRRITATION
OF THE
TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists
Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4½d. extra. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from



say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND.
A large consignment of the choicest kinds now on hand from Manila.

PRICES:

17/- to 24/- per 100 (Post free on receipt of remittances)

Boxes of 12 Samples 2s. 6d. post free.

Turkish Cigarettes.—A specially fine quality (the best that money can buy) now in Stock. PRICES: 2/6 and 3/- per Box of 50 (2 sizes same quality).

W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.



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AND

MILD

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Equal to
Havannas at
four times
the
price.

Sold by
Army and Navy,
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Civil Service, New Civil
Service, Barker's, Harrod's, South
Kensington Co-operative, Bedford
Park Stores, and ALL leading Tobacconists
throughout the United Kingdom.

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WHOLESALE PRICES TO CONSUMERS.

KEITH'S PURE LIGHT CLARET. 14s. per doz.

NOTE.—This 14s. Claret is sent to all parts of the Kingdom. All who appreciate a GOOD Wine are delighted with the quality, and it is universally reckoned to be best value obtainable anywhere.

Wine Lists, with Prices of 200 Varieties, on application, post free.

WE SPECIALLY RECOMMEND THE FOLLOWING:—

KEITH'S OLD DESSERT PORT. 48s. per doz.

KEITH'S SELECTED CHATEAUX CLARET. 24s. per doz.

KEITH'S 10 YEARS OLD "CADZOW" WHISKY. 43s. per doz.

NOTE.—This is our "Special" Blend of the finest selected Scotch Stills, guaranteed not less than 10 years old. Some of the Whiskies composing it are 11 and 12 years old. It is possibly the oldest Whisky in the world offered at the price.

KEITH'S "CADZOW" NO. 2 WHISKY, at 39s. per doz.,
Averages 7 years old.

Assorted Orders for Wines or Whisky are sent Carriage Paid. On 14s Claret half carriage is paid. Cash with Order, or References.

JAMES KEITH, Wine Importer and Whisky Blender, CADZOW STREET, HAMILTON, N.B.

*Bits of Tobacco in the mouth
Paper sticking to lips!
Ends wasted!*

ALL

can be avoided

by following the advice of the late Sir
Morrell Mackenzie, who advised that all
cigarettes should be smoked through
mouthpieces.

Be wise in time and ask for

OGDEN'S
"GUINEA-GOLD" BRAND
EVERY PACKET OF WHICH DOES CONTAIN
MOUTHPIECES.

SUPPORT
YOUR
OWN
COUNTRY.

BRITISH
MADE BY
BRITISH
LABOUR.

company and staff have given their services for this occasion. The 50th performance of *Poor Mr. Potton* took place last night.

Romeo and Juliet, arranged for the stage by Forbes Robertson, with illustrations by Hawes Craven, makes a beautiful souvenir of the Lyceum production. It is printed in clear type on good paper, and is altogether a very nicely got-up little book.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

N. S. objects to seeing male parts played by well-developed young ladies in tights. He tells me he cannot imagine that Miss Montresor in lavender tights, high-heeled shoes, yellow hair, and an ostrich feather hat, is a bloodthirsty pirate, a Sinbad, or a Dick Whittington. I quite agree with my correspondent, and I have often thought the same. I should much prefer to see all male parts played by men, and I am sure the show would be more interesting. My correspondent also objects to the want of cleanliness in many barbers' shops, and he points out that the correct way of shaving is to cut, not scrape, a slight longitudinal movement of the blade being necessary. My correspondent thinks me severe on the cycling papers, but has he read, as I have read, the utterly unfair and senseless attacks that have been made on the Simpson chain in all the lower class cycling papers? They don't criticise it; they simply abuse it, as they are paid to do. They did the same to the Dunlop tyre. Apparently their great object is to prevent any new developments or experiments. I have not praised the chain; I have simply asked that it should have a fair trial.

Their object is that the thing should not be proved one way or the other.

PIPPED.—The man who revokes has to pay. Whether, supposing the cards were played properly, you would have won or not, is beside the question, but I am afraid that as you say you paid at once you had better leave it.

E. B. (Oldham). I gather from your letter that you smoke fast. If that is so, you had better give up meerschaums. Nothing can be done for a badly burned meerschaum. You ask: "Has overheating any effect on briars?" Yes; but there is much less risk of it with them than with meerschaums. My advice to any fast smoker would be to carry two briars, and smoke them alternately. A thick clay, plugged with cut cavendish, might suit you if you are still anxious to colour.

G. E. O.—Certainly, wedding presents may be sent to the bridegroom. You can, if you like, send him a personal present. On the other hand, you can send your present to the bride if you know her better than the bridegroom, even though you may be related to the latter.

R. S.—Do you mean the cheap cigarette holders, made of cardboard to imitate meerschaum, and with quill mouthpieces? They can be procured at the Stores, or I daresay any tobacconist would get them for you. If you mean the long amber gold-mounted arrangements, I am afraid you couldn't get them in your town unless you ordered them through a jeweller. The shop windows in Bond Street are full of them. I am sorry that I cannot answer correspondents through the post.

W. A. M.—Thanks for your letter; I shall make use of it.

R. S. F.—I must keep to my rule of not replying to anonymous correspondents.

A. J.—Forgive me if I am doing you an injustice, but your letter reads very much like an advertisement, and I have to be a little careful. I receive dozens of letters each week in which the writers enthuse over this, that, and the other article, and in many cases I have found these effusions emanated from the offices of the firm praised.

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WEIGHT ABOUT:
Quarto ... 4 lbs. 5 oz.
Foolscap. 6 lbs.

PRICES:
Quarto, 16/6; or with letter book, etc., 21/-
Foolscap, 25/-; " " " " 31/6.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL & SON, 96, St. Vincent St.,
GLASGOW.

"OLD DUKE" Blend of Specially Selected HIGHLAND WHISKY.

AGE AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

One Dozen Case sent free to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque for 40s., payable at the Bank of Scotland.

MATTHEW HENDRIE,
78, Wellington Street, GLASGOW. Est. 1860.

CIGARS. We beg to draw attention to our **THREE SPECIAL BRANDS OF CIGARS**, which we claim to be the best of their kind made at the money. Being desirous of making them more widely known, we offer them at a small margin of profit, feeling assured that Connoisseurs will pronounce them equal to their reputation, and will make them known to their friends.

"ESTRELLAS de OROS" Perfectionados.
One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.
70s. per 100. 36s. per 50 box. Sample 1s.

"CELESTE IMPERIO" Camelias.
A beautiful cigar.
35s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

"ROYAL PECULIARS."
Made from the purest tobacco.
20s. per 100. 10s. 6d. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

Samples sent, boxed, post free, if not less than 1s. 6d. ordered.
Boxes post free on receipt of remittance.

OLLEY & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.

RICHMOND GEM



CIGARETTES.
UNEQUALLED
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

MR. E. EVERETT, 89, Great Portland Street, W.,
has for some time taken up this department

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN
and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

AM fresh from the study of Mr. Thomas Hardy's new work, "Jude the Obscure" (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), and of all the soul-depressing books it is the worst. The art may be good, the style good; and yet the futility, the uselessness of the whole thing, the taking the sex problem as the question on which the happiness of a lifetime must necessarily depend to the exclusion of all else—make one long to fling the book into a corner and have none of it. One respects Mr. Hardy so much for his really great work that it seems impertinence to cavil and kick at "Jude," but, from Arabella and the pig incident to where little Jude hangs the two babies and himself in a cupboard, the whole story seems to be undiluted misery. One appreciates tragedy, provided there is some adequate motive in it, some noble self-sacrifice. Here, however, we have the dual nature of peasant and scholar playing pitch-and-toss, and winning alternately in a series of long-winded episodes. Well, well. Perhaps I'm a prejudiced old fogey, and ought to revel in gloom. But I like to be strengthened by a book, to feel that it has made me forget some of life's very real miseries. "Jude" made me forget—not my troubles, but the old crossing-sweeper at the station last night—a thing I haven't done for weeks.

* * * *

Have been reading Mr. Anthony Hope's "Chronicles of Count Antonio" (Methuen, 6s.), and was all the more interested in the book as I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hope at an "At Home" a few evenings ago. Put him in a monk's robe, and his refined, somewhat ascetic, face would at once suggest Ambrose, the Franciscan, who tells the tale of Count Antonio. The book itself is full of interest and go, with any amount of spirited hand to hand combats. Mr. Hope has evidently relied a good deal upon his "curtain," and the reader feels that the Count himself is almost too rare a man for "human nature's daily food." One wants the Count to "polish off" his unscrupulous adversary the Duke, bolt with his lady love, and take to the hills for evermore; but then, as Mr. Barry Pain makes one of his characters say, when parodying Blackmore, "there'd be no second wollum." It would be unfair to reveal more of the story. Suffice it to say, that it holds one enthralled from cover to cover, and is written with all Mr. Anthony Hope's customary graces of style.

* * * *

HAVE just stocked Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new book, "Down Dartmoor Way" (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., 3s. 6d.) and find that it consists of stories most of which I have already read with keen enjoyment in various periodicals. Taken as a whole, they are instructive, inasmuch as they show the steady advance of Mr. Phillpotts' work. He has become an enthusiastic Devonian, and the scene of the stories is laid in Devonshire. Perhaps the most finished piece of work of all is "An Old-fashioned Story," with its theme of self-sacrifice and loyal love. If I remember aright, "The Wreck of the Morning Star," had a different ending when it first appeared. Unhampered by the necessity for Christmas sentiment, Mr. Phillpotts has now, in obedience to his own artistic insight, followed the story to its legitimate conclusion. Here is a beautiful description of a Devonshire lane, evidently written on the spot:

"It was a road that in springtime held wondrous secrets of primrose and wood-anemone and hidden nests of robins; that in summer robed itself in trailing garment of fern below, honey-suckle and briar-roses above, with many a ruby gem of wood strawberry and diamond of dew twinkling in the green; it was a road that, with autumn, brought purple mouths and stained fingers to little blackberry-gatherers, and hazel nuts for the boys—that shone adorned at such seasons with silver aigrettes of clematis, with festoons of bryony, with the bursting pods of the iris and the scarlet corals of the wild arum, set in all the glorious gleam and glow of gold-dust upon dying fern and crimson on the briar," etc.

IN THE SHOP.

"Well, madam, it's a little bit difficult to keep one's head just about this time. Books are pouring in. 'The Southern Light' (S. G. Fielding. Ward, Lock and Co.); a good story of adventure, begins in New South Wales and ends there. 'Furs and Fur Garments' madam? You'll want them this time of the year. The book is by Mr. Richard Davey, one of the critics, I believe; but, unlike most critics, he knows his subject, and is thoroughly interesting (Roxburghe Press, 3s. 6d.). Some poetry, sir? Well, here's 'Our Queen,' by Lillian (Digby, Long). Very soothing, sir.

'Our noble and our gracious and beloved Queen,
The kindest and the best this earth hath ever seen.'

Hats off, sir! Mrs. Pender Cudlip's 'False Pretences' (Digby, Long, 2s. 6d.); an int resting story and cheap at the price. 'Her Loving Slave' sir, (Digby, Long). It is Mr. Hume Nisbet's romance of Sedgemoor. Now, Master Jones, what is it? 'Awheel to Moscow and Back' (R. L. Jefferson, Sampson, Low and Co.); a most interesting experience, but the pictures are rather smudgy. 'Stories of Norway in the Saga Days' (Mary Howarth; Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d.); all young people will delight in this book, and some older ones, too. Miss Florence Marryat's 'Beautiful Soul,' madam? (Digby, Long); she always knows how to tell a story; did you ever hear her lecture? Ah-h!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G.—Mr. Augustine Birrell says that "George Eliot's are up"; the *Chronicle* says they are down. I am inclined to agree with the *Chronicle*. I love a great deal of George Eliot's work, but sometimes it is intolerably preachy—preachy and monotonous. Dickens is more widely read than ever, and Thackeray is, as somebody said of Nature, "creeping up." Detective stories are "off," "New Women" dead and buried, and good, wholesome sentiment coming back to its own.

G. S.—Miss Braddon puts the three-volume case in a nutshell. For elderly people three volumes are very nice; for others, a nuisance. She says:—"I find it difficult to believe that there is not a considerable majority of circulating library subscribers who like their fiction in the handiest, best-looking, and, for the sight, healthiest form in which novels have ever been produced. I write this as a reader of novels as well as a novel-writer; and, as the possessor of all Scott's novels, and most of Bulwer Lytton's, in their original editions, I can vouch for the comfort of reading one's favourite novelist in that light and easy-to-read form." The one-volume book may 'come as a boon and a blessing' to omnivorous youth, but it is the bane of elderly eyes, reading in the winter-evening lamplight."

"DESIRE."—My dear sir, your friends are quite right. I can't understand it either. I take it you want to express that a man who laughs at love is fated to suffer for it, and to be converted at the expense of suffering, or, as you put it—

"The blind boy's dart,
True to its aim, pierced my heart.
A small, round hole it made. Ah, me!
It still unclosed aye will be."

It's rather serious.

C. C.—The London Stereoscopic Company will supply it.
REGULAR SUBSCRIBER (Johannesburg).—You must search second-hand catalogues until you meet with a copy. GERALD TAAFFE.—If you find anyone who wants first four volumes they might be worth £1 to him. A bookseller would give only a trifle. Unbound they would be worth more. G. RYLANDS GROVES.—"An Unsocial Socialist" (Sonnenschein, 2s.) and "Cashel Byron's Confession" (Walter Scott, 1s.). I believe they are both out of print, but have a vague recollection of one in which the hero comes in drenched, and makes himself "a stimulating cup of oatmeal." Ugh! J. ROBERTS.—"If we only knew," would tell you, but never heard of it. J. KENYON.—Only occasionally from second-hand booksellers. Did you ever read his lovely poem, "Requiescat"? The pity of it! ARTIST.—"Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (Macmillan), was published at £3 13s. 6d., but is out of print; for other work by J. and E. Pennell, ask Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. EDINBURGH.—Very common; worth about 10s. F. E. N.—Not one of any value. B. O. MCRTICHEL.—Worth about 2s. 6d. C. M. HOLWORTHY.—Sir G. W. Cox's "Tales of Ancient Greece Retold" (Kegan Paul, 6s.). M. H. G.—No value. S. H. W.—Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. publish five volumes of "Schopenhauer" in English at 2s. 6d. each (Paternoster Square). C. R. H. DAVY.—If perfect, worth about 15s. to 21s. FRANK S. SORRELL.—"Lion of Flanders," by Hendrick Conscience, 3s. (Burns and Oates, 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.). H. COLLINGWOOD.—Yes; they are in demand if in good condition. Apply to J. and M. L. TREGASKIS, 232, High Holborn, London, W.C. A. H. B.—2s. 6d.

THE THEFT OF THE KÔH-I-NOOR.

BY

ALLEN UPWARD.

Illustrated by WALTER WILSON.

V.—MR. VERRITER'S REWARD.

THUNDERSTRUCK at the discovery, Sir Henry Ponsonby turned on the detective and demanded a full explanation.

But Mr. Verriter declined to satisfy him at once.

"Come with me to the Queen," he said. "As soon

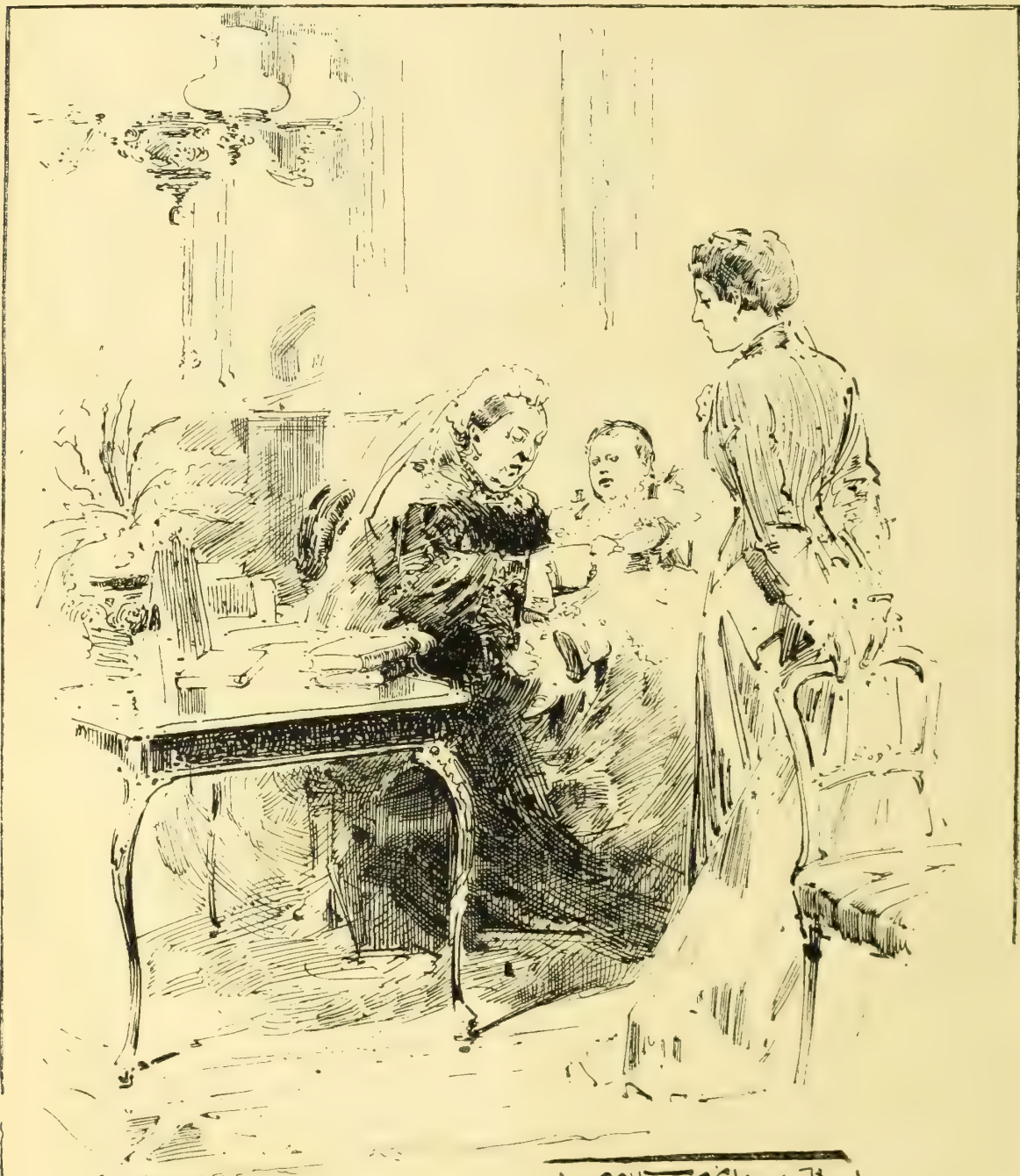
They were already close to the Palace. They hastened onwards, and Sir Henry took the detective straight to Her Majesty.

The Queen was sitting in her private drawing-room, with only the Princess Beatrice and her children. At Sir Henry's entrance she signified her desire to be left alone with him, and as soon as the others were withdrawn Verriter was introduced.

The Queen gave him a most gracious reception, and her delight was unbounded when Sir Henry produced from his pocket the precious bauble whose loss had caused her so much concern.

"I shall never forget the service you have rendered me, Mr. Verriter," she said in her most cordial tones. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

"In the first place," said the detective, availing him-



J. Walter Wilson

THE QUEEN WAS SITTING IN HER PRIVATE DRAWING-ROOM.

as I have seen Her Majesty I shall be able to tell you everything."

self of the kind permission, "I should be glad if your Majesty would allow me to ask you one question."

"Ask as many as you like."

"Do you happen to recollect precisely what took place last night before your Majesty put on—or, rather, was about to put on—this ornament?"

The Queen considered for a few seconds.

"I think so. What is it exactly that you want me to remember?"

"I want to know if your Majesty remembers whether the diamond, or supposed diamond, was handed to you the moment the case was unlocked?"

The Queen looked grave, as she pondered again before answering.

"No, I think not. I fancy that I was not ready to put it on quite so soon as the Duchess expected, and that she put down the casket on the dressing-table for a moment, while she assisted me to fasten a bracelet."

"Thank you. That is what I wanted to know."

The Queen looked at him in some anxiety.

"I hope you do not mean that you suspect one of my Bedchamber Women?"

"I am afraid it is necessary for me to say what will grieve your Majesty. I do."

A dead silence followed, which was broken by Verriter commencing the report of his proceedings.

"When Sir Henry Ponsonby informed me of what had happened, and described the elaborate precautions taken to guard the Kôh-i-noor, it at once occurred to me that the easiest and simplest way to steal it would be when it was in your Majesty's room, waiting to be put on. In such a case the thief would merely have to get between the casket and the other persons in the room, slip her hand in, and take out the stone, replacing it at the same time by the imitation. But Sir Henry threw me off the scent for a time by leading me to believe that the jewel was kept threaded on the velvet necklet. It would obviously take very much longer to remove the stone from the velvet, and thread on the substitute, and on the other hand, it would have made the whole thing more dangerous as well as more difficult, if an imitation of the necklet had to be provided. Under this false impression I made several discoveries last night, which turn out to have no bearing on the theft, and which I am sure your Majesty will not ask me to go into."

The Queen bowed assent.

"One thing, however, I found out, which gave me an important starting-point. I ascertained that an abortive attempt had been made to steal the diamond a week ago."

"What do you say?"

The exclamation came from the Queen.

"Your Majesty will recollect the old lock of the old case getting out of order. This was because a steel particle had been dropped into the wards, the object being, of course, to render it impossible to lock the case, and thus make it easier to abstract the stone. This intention must have been frustrated, probably because the extra vigilance exercised owing to the state of the lock made it more difficult for the thief to approach the casket."

"I believe you are right. Go on, Mr. Verriter."

"The importance of the crumb of steel lies in this, that it showed me that, whatever hand had actually taken the diamond, the robbery had been planned by an experienced criminal, and was not, as I had at first believed, the result of mere kleptomania. Now I had already felt that I should have considerable difficulty in following up any inmate of the Palace whom I might suspect without causing annoyance, and possibly letting the secret of the robbery leak out. I therefore bent my mind on the question of who this master spirit in the background was likely to be. Evidently an ordinary thief would not want to embarrass himself with the Kôh-i-noor. Before it could be turned into money, it would have to pass through the hands of a skilled diamond-cutter, who would be able to divide it into a number of smaller gems, which could be sold separately. I therefore started with the aim of discovering the dia-

mond dealer who would be capable of lending himself to such an enterprise."

"Almost the first name that came into my mind was that of a Dutch merchant, named Jesurun. This man's name was already familiar to me in connection with the celebrated case of the ruby of Burani, which your Majesty no doubt recollects."

"Oh, yes, I remember it very well. I was very much interested in it at the time."

"I knew that this man had a place of business in Hatton Garden, as well as at the Hague, and accordingly I went there the first thing this morning, to ascertain if he were in London. I found that he was, and that he had been here for several weeks, enough time, in short,



IT WAS MISS HONOR MACKINTOSH.

for him to have arranged the whole affair, and secured an instrument in the Palace."

"And do you mean to say that one of my women has allowed herself to be corrupted by such a scoundrel?" said the Queen warmly.

"Your Majesty must consider the magnitude of the prize. I do not know the salary of a Bedchamber Woman, but I am afraid that a bribe of twenty or perhaps fifty thousand pounds would corrupt a good many ladies in even higher stations. No doubt Jesurun felt his way carefully enough, and did not approach his victim till he had learned something about her from other sources, which showed him he was likely to succeed."

"However, I can only relate the facts. I set myself to shadow Jesurun, and about an hour ago I had the good fortune to see him leave his place of business and make his way as far as the Green Park."

"What!" burst from Sir Henry Ponsonby. "Was that the man in the Park?"

"It was." The detective turned to the Queen. "Sir Henry was present when I was fortunate enough to intercept the booty on its passage between the two confederates. I was only just in time. As it was, I snatched it out of his very hands."

"But where was it, then? I saw nothing of it till I found it in my own pocket."

Verriter smiled.

"You saw the female leave her prayer-book on the seat for Jesurun to pick up. The Kôh-i-noor was inside. A place for it had been cut out of the solid leaves, and as the book was clasped there was no fear of its falling out. I suspected the truth the moment I saw her put down the book and walk away."

"But you gave back the prayer-book to the woman."

"True. But I had first had it in my pocket long enough to undo the clasp and shake out the diamond."

"Then it was you who put it into my pocket," exclaimed Sir Henry, in some indignation.

"I am afraid I must confess it. I could not resist the opportunity of vindicating my words of last night. I am sure you will pardon my little joke." And turning to the Queen he explained what had passed between them in the train.

As Her Majesty graciously laughed at the trick, Sir Henry, as a good courtier, was wise enough to join in, though he honestly failed to see anything amusing in the incident.

"But have you any means of tracing the woman?" he inquired, as soon as his Royal mistress had ceased to smile.

"I have." Verriter again turned to the Queen. "May I ask your Majesty which of your Bedchamber Women is left-handed?"

The Queen looked thoroughly startled.

"Why do you ask that?" she demanded.

"Because," replied Verriter, "the woman in the Green Park unfastened the clasp of her prayer-book with her left hand."

"Gracious Heavens!" Her Majesty was absolutely pale. "Neither of the two women is left-handed," she said, sinking her voice to a whisper, "but the Duchess of Westmoreland is!"

A knock came at the door. It was Miss Honor Mackintosh.

"If your Majesty pleases, the Mistress of the Robes has been suddenly taken ill and begs your permission that she may be removed to her private residence at once. The doctor fears that she has not long to live."

The Queen silently nodded her assent.

When the affairs of the Duchess were inquired into a short time after, it was found that she had died practically penniless, the whole of her large fortune having been dissipated. Even the family jewels, it appeared, had been pawned in Holland, and the heir had great difficulty in recovering them.

If the reward which Mr. Verriter received for his successful services did not bear any proportion to the value of their object, he carried away from Buckingham Palace two things which, in his eyes, were of inestimable value. One was the grateful friendship of his Sovereign, the other was a certain wonderfully-executed imitation in paste of the world-famed Kôh-i-noor.

THE END.

NOTE.—The author of this sketch has learnt with considerable surprise and regret that it has been taken more seriously than he intended in one quarter. He therefore desires to make clear that the story is a pure *jeu d'esprit*, without even the remotest foundation in fact.

DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF TEARS.

TEARS have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body, and the lachrymal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion. The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good, salty shower-bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic to the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech, implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The effect of tears on the skin about the eyes, however, is intensely irritating and inflaming. They keep the epidermis in a dark, puffy condition, and in legends only do weeping women preserve the beauty of their great, white lids. The reason some women weep more easily than others, and all more readily than the sterner sex, has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibres about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—the term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye gland is, therefore, protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practice. Why facial distortions should be the usual accompaniment to the sobbing of the gentler sex there seems no satisfactory solution. It may be that the nerves, which lead to the muscles as wires to marionettes, twitch and pull them in this fashion while they are at work emptying the tear glands of their contents. That the copious shedding of tears "which break the ice-bound fetters of the heart" is a healthy action, all physicians assert. In some cases it is ever thought to avert insanity. Even here the reason is scientific, for it is a sign of relaxation of the brain nerves from a tenseness that was congestion. Between man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears. An ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped, as the fact that the lachrymal gland was omitted in his optical make-up. So long as this differentiating quality between man and his primeval ancestors persists, we may laugh at the theory of Darwin, so far as it reflects upon our family tree; scorn all inuendos of "missing links," and see our handkerchief as the sign and symbol of man's chief-ship in creation.

DISPERATA.

Could you add the beauty of passion
To your fair and insolent face,
Could you add the fire of longing
To your languorous boyish grace,
Could you add the splendour of sadness
To the laughter of your eyes,
My soul would lie before you
As a broken lily lies.
My pride would bend to your bidding,
My heart would bow to your grace,
Could you add the pallor of passion
To the beauty of your face!

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTRESS.

TRAINING BEAUTY TO STAY.

"It's a mystery to me how they manage always to look so fresh and wholesome, even girlish, when their manner of living is so directly opposed to all the laws of hygiene one ever heard of. We who follow out the tenets of the 'early to bed and early to rise' theory, don't look half as well." The speaker was one of two women talking in the big waiting-room of a railway station. A well-known actress, perfectly gowned, trim and taut as a new-rigged yacht just ready for the waves, had been sitting opposite to them for some time, and they had watched her with interest. When she moved away they gave vent to their sentiments. "Yes," was the response, "I'm sure that if I worked till twelve every night and studied and practised and posed all day, to say nothing of drinking all manner of things and reading all the criticisms on my work, I should be a fright and a physical wreck."

The writer, chancing to overhear this conversation, determined to investigate the subject and discover, if possible, the mysterious talisman which enabled a hard-working actress to preserve her charms, while the domestic woman, the happy wife and mother, the woman of leisure and ample accomplishments, appears fully her age or years older.

"I'll tell you the things I do, the philosophy on which I model myself, if I can be incognito," said one well-preserved heroine of the mimic world; and this agreement being entered into, she proceeded to discourse on the subject. "In the first place, you must understand, anybody who wants to be good-looking must never worry. Worry means ruination, death and destruction to every vestige of beauty one may have. It means loss of flesh, sallowness, tell-tale lines in the face and no end of disasters. Never mind what happens, an actress must not worry. Once she understands this, she has passed a milestone on the high road to keeping her looks. Then she must watch herself closely, and at the first symptom of getting thin or getting stout (the slightest bit too much), she must begin 'banting' or building up, as the case may be. It's clearly demonstrated now that people can be fat or lean, just as they like, if they choose to take the trouble; and there's no use in their going about either like a bean-pole or a feather-bed. Some months ago I was getting too stout for the part I wanted to play, so for five weeks I ate nothing but beef and drank nothing but hot water with a little lemon in it. Tea and coffee are bad for the complexion anyway. All my tendency to fleshiness disappeared. Again, a year ago some bones became visible in my neck. I got frightened and immediately set to work to change everything in my diet for things that were fattening. Those bones would not have come in my neck, but that I had been foolish enough to worry about something (you know, occasionally you can't help worrying). That season I ate bananas in every shape and form, and at all hours at which I could cram them. I ate them with cream, most of the time, and I ate everything else recommended as flesh-producing. Every day, it seemed to me, a thicker layer of flesh formed over those bones, and I soon had the gratification of seeing them disappear altogether. Now, while I am just right, I eat what I like, and always drink Rhine wine for dinner.

"As regards complexion. That is the great thing, and it has to be guarded and cared for as zealously as a mother cares for her new-born babe: I never neglect to stay for one solid hour each morning in a hot bath, and I find that that keeps the complexion in splendid condition. Then I am very careful about anointing my face, neck, and arms with the best quality of cold cream every night, and every time there is any make-up to

take off. When I go into the sea I put a good lot of cold cream on my face and cover it thick with corn-starch—that proves a sure protection against both the salt water and the sun. If a woman wants to be good-looking," she added, "she must make an idol of her physique, and devote the same time and attention to it that other people devote to other things which they wrship. Women who go in for art and music spend hours each day in cultivating themselves in those pursuits; the domestic woman devotes her time to her children and the affairs of her household. Just so an actress devotes her time to her physical well-being. Her good looks are a large part of her stock-in-trade, and she is compelled to care for them. It is a weariness to the spirit, though, sometimes, such constant grooming, and occasionally I sigh for seclusion, the freedom of a sack and skirt, and the feeling that I need not consider whether or not my hair has been shampooed or my nails received their hour's polishing. There are so many hundred things to be done in the way of physical improvement! Of course, every now and again, as often as it seems needful, one must undergo a Turkish bath, and that ordeal can't be hurried under any circumstances."

"Do you think the amount of mental excitement involved in an actress's life tends to preserve her looks?" ventured the writer. "No. I think it rather a strain on her, except so far as the avoidance of monotony might be said to be favourable. In spite of Coquelin's assertion that a good actor need not feel the part he portrays (that he acts better without feeling it), I contend that he must feel it, and that emotion is a demand on him. If an actress plays a part eight times, she feels it at least five times out of the eight, and she must simulate it when she does not feel it; so where is the difference? The massage people claim that the constant use of the muscles of an actor's face keeps it looking young, gives it exercise, as it were, but of that principle I am not prepared to speak. There is one thing I am sure is conducive to youthful looks, and that is—sleep. I think that if a woman gets enough sleep, it doesn't make any difference whether she gets that sleep at night or in the day. I require ten hours' sleep and I never fail to get it. Yes, I think it is true that actresses, as a rule, look younger than women who occupy what is called their natural sphere. I saw Bernhardt in London last summer, and she did not look a day over twenty-five, though not far from twice that age. Even Mrs. Kendal, with her six children, looks much younger off the stage than on it; she never makes up off the stage, and Bernhardt does. Look at Miss Terry, how young she looks for her age."

"Why does not Bernhardt get fat if it is such an easy matter?" "She is fat now, at least she is very plump. People persist in speaking of her as thin because she established that reputation, but it is a good while since she was really thin." Various other actresses told in substance, though in different words, the same story of unremitting care and watchfulness over their good looks; but taking into consideration the over-heated, ill-ventilated and draughty dressing-rooms in which hours of their time are spent, the chaotic comings and goings that make up their lives, the jealousies and heart-burnings that must be theirs, the glimpses of weariness and dissatisfaction which their conversation afforded, the writer concluded that their phenomenally fresh appearance was yet to be accounted for. Inquiry had been made far and wide and near at hand, and yet no definite conclusion had been reached concerning the reason of their much-envied preservation of beauty. After hearing the subject thoroughly canvassed, the writer deduced the following inference: that, apart from the laws regulating the expression and nutrition of the face, the actress's secret consisted chiefly in the avoidance of monotony and petty worries, those arch-enemies of feminine good looks and good temper; the performance of her work with earnestness and lightness of heart, and the regularity of a certain degree of exercise—exercise involving quick and general movements of the muscles, combined with a certain amount of mental excitement.

INLAYING MOTHER OF PEARL.

HA NOI, a city of French Tonquin, has a flourishing industry in the incrustation of precious woods with mother of pearl. The industry is so important that a whole street, called the street of the Inlayers, is given up to it, and constitutes the sole curiosity of the city. Strangers to the art pass hours in watching the native workmen. The latter are genuine artists, masters of a delicate handicraft demanding at once artistic perception and high manual skill. Furnished with rude tools, but with much patience and skill, these workmen produce articles of great beauty, gleaming with rainbow hues. Here is a sheaf of many-coloured flowers, there are delicious arabesques, yonder is a landscape glittering in the sun. The workmen have applied the principle of the division of labour to their art. There are the cabinet-makers, who put together the different parts of the material to be incrustated. The process of joining is done without the aid of nails, and with a system of nice dovetailing and the use of a paste of which lacquer is the base. The wood employed is of two distinct species of palisander, sometimes called violet ebony, and by the natives tiao, and a true ebony from the forest of the Red River of Tonquin. This latter, which the natives call moun, is especially valued by reason of its close grain and its deep black, which brings out the shifting glories of the mother of pearl. Objects of incrustated ebony are more costly than those of violet ebony.

When the cabinet-maker has prepared the wood it passes into the hands of the designer, who makes sketches of the ornamentation upon rice paper. These designs are transferred to the wood by the inlayer, whose duty it is to choose the pearl that will best serve to bring out the beauty of the design. The mother of pearl is obtained from a species of large shellfish called casque, chiefly caught upon the shores of the island of Poulo-Condor. The inlayer cuts the mother of pearl into bits four or five centimetres in diameter, and chooses the combination of colours that shall yield the contrasts necessary for the artistic success of his work. His art lies in the skill to arrange the piece so as to obtain the best effect of iridescence. This he heightens by the use of a sort of pearl-dust furnished by a kind of great mussel taken from the brooks of the region. The play of light upon these mussels gives the whole gamut of the rainbow. The bits of pearl chosen, the inlayer strives to give them the form of the design and to dispose them as a veritable mosaic in the wood. The crude morsel is rendered translucent with pumice-stone. It is then fixed in a vice, and the inlayer's labour of patience begins. Crouching upon his heels before the vice, he shapes the piece with a file smaller than an ordinary coloured crayon. The pearl fashioned, it is necessary to trench the wood to receive it. This is ordinarily done by children fourteen or fifteen years old. They follow the lines of the design with a burin, and channel tiny trenches of a millimetre in diameter. The bits of pearl are then set in the grooves, and fixed with a lacquer paste. The whole is gently heated to melt the paste, and so fill all interstices. The inlayer then polishes his work, varnishes it, and gives it finishing touches with the burin. The work is so beautiful and so costly that it is much counterfeited by cheaper methods, though never with entire success.

DO PLANTS REALLY FEEL?

"It seems incomprehensible to me how people can believe that plants do not feel?" said a woman whose hobby is her garden. "They not only feel, but they have their moods and apparent reasoning powers. Take roses, for instance; they are wonderfully intelligent, if the term may be used. They actually

sulk if they find what they do not wish to cling to in their path, and refuse to grow, and then rush past it, as if they had made up their minds to it and wished to have it over. I watched a creeper not long ago which had grown to a certain height on a string which was attached to the side of a shingled house with a nail. When the vine reached the side of the house it hesitated; several of the branches threw themselves back and appeared to protest, and swayed helplessly in the wind. Finally, a younger branch arrived on the scene of action. It actually appeared to grasp the situation, and, after a day or two of apparent hesitation, it completely changed its tactics, and, in place of the tendrils that had clung to the cords, it threw out suckers, like the foot of a fly, and made a new start upward. The funny part of it was that the others literally followed its example, although apparently they did not have the sense to think of the plan themselves—all but one or two, who could not bring themselves to change their habits, and so remained stunted for ever.

"I had another experience with a vine last year that was curious. It was a German ivy, and when I planted it in a hanging basket in the verandah, it was to all appearance a healthy, happy little plant, with no morbid tendencies whatever. But it suddenly developed in the strangest way. It shot out one, and only one, long, green, thick, creepy stem, with a single leaf, and grew along the rafters of the verandah, in and out, like a horrid green headless worm. It grew so fast that it seemed uncanny, and you will laugh to hear that I became actually nervous about it. When it had attained the extraordinary growth of twelve or more feet I resolved to destroy it, and when I cut off the thick, succulent stem and threw the long, curious development writhing upon the floor, I felt as if I had killed a monster. What the life was in that creature I cannot tell, but it was certainly not natural!"

MAKING ORIGINAL BATTLE SOUVENIRS.

The production of spurious bric-à-brac is curious and interesting. The memento that finds the most favour in northern eyes, is a section of a tree, either limb or trunk, showing bullets embedded in the surface. This is not as easy to fabricate as might be supposed. The scars on the wood must, to begin with, show signs of age, and to be really artistic, the bark should seem to have partly grown over the wound. The trick is done by piercing a shallow hole with a hot iron and then driving in the bullet with a mallet. The wood is then steamed, which causes fibre to close around the lead and to even an expert it has every appearance of the genuine article. Even the heavy smoke odour is artificially given to these memorials, cheating touch, sight, and smell together.

Pieces of shell are made by casting hollow spheres and cracking them with a sledge. The fragments are then treated to a bath of diluted nitric acid and allowed to gather rust in the open air. The appearance of verdigris is easily secured, when desired, by the use of copper in solution. The writer was shown several bushel baskets full of pieces of shell, all of which seemed to be at least thirty or forty years old. The acid had slightly honeycombed the edges and they looked exactly as if corroded by long burial beneath the soil. Such trifles as single bullets and minie-balls are made with the greatest ease in an ordinary mould. They are dented with a small hammer and given the requisite discolouration by remaining for a few days in a bucket of lime. The more elaborate relics, such as sword-belts, spurs, pieces of harness, old bayonets, canteens, and so on, are turned out by individual workmen, who make a good thing out of the business. Scores of muskets are also "doctored" and put on sale.

AUNT FAN'S LETTERS.—V.

MY DEAR NIECES,—I am surprised to find that I am expected to sympathise with your cousin, Dorothy, because she and her husband, in setting up housekeeping, have not money enough to furnish their house from cellar to garret in the manner they would wish.

On the contrary, I congratulate her most heartily, and my only fear for her is lest, deluded by some flowery advertisement into the belief that she can "furnish throughout in the best style" for some ridiculously small sum, she should waste the opportunity I see before her of providing for her husband and herself a source of amusement and interest which ought to last for years.

Yes, don't be frightened—years! Do not imagine that any "home" worthy of the name can spring up, like Aladdin's palace, in a night. The House Beautiful is a plant of slow growth, by no means to be obtained in the short space of a few days or weeks, even at the expense of the biggest cheque that millionaire ever drew.

Now just think over in your mind the houses you know which come the nearest to your ideal of a home—a beautiful, eloquent home—with an atmosphere of its own, furniture which tells something, surroundings which belong, in a double sense, to the people who live among them. And you will find that they are mature, perhaps even old.

The perfect home, like the perfect soul, does not spring into birth complete. It must mature, it must grow.

And to give it a fair chance you must sow good seed. You must not, on the one hand, furnish your modest little house with cheap replicas of what everybody else has got, and fill up the crevices with trumpery nick-nacks; you must not, on the other hand, have a purse so long that you can give *carte blanche* to a big upholsterer to make of your house either a museum or a succession of show-rooms.

You will say, I have no doubt, that I am laying down the law with a great assumption of knowledge; but it is the knowledge which comes of ripe experience, and may be relied upon.

Tell Dorothy and her husband to be slow, to be cautious, to be content to wait. Let them begin by buying what is absolutely necessary, everything of the best possible kind, and let them not be persuaded into buying a single article either because it is cheap, because it is the fashion, or because somebody else has one. Five houses out of six are spoilt by neglect of these three simple rules. I would say to them, buy nothing but what really pleases you, and even if your taste is not unimpeachable, you will have a result not only pleasing to your two selves, the persons chiefly concerned; but pleasing to your friends, who will see in your house what they would choose to see, something of yourselves.

Your house may look rather bare to start with. Your acquaintances will tell you of the friend who filled a house half as large again as yours on two hundred and fifty pounds, and then could hardly move about for the furniture. And the young wife will begin to feel that she has been wasting her husband's precious money when she sees the gaps, and the bare places waiting to be filled.

She does not realise that the filling up of these gaps, the decorating of those bare places, will be one of the greatest joys of their lives. From every holiday, from every trip, from sale-rooms; from a prow about the poor shops of a little country town; above all, from other houses—homes already made, which death or change has broken up; from all these sources the homely or handsome treasures will flow in which are to set the hall-mark of individual taste on the house which is to be an ideal home.

And now I am going to suppose that the young couple have taken my advice, that they have started with a few absolutely necessary pieces of furniture, with tables,

with chairs, with a bed to sleep in, with handsome carpets and curtains; a good foundation, in fact; and that the kitchen, with the rule of getting the best of everything followed in this department with especial rigour, has not been forgotten.

I am going to presume a little further and to give a few hints as to the direction in which the choice of the objects to fill the gaps should lie.

My first suggestion is that the furnishing couple should eschew "draperies," and that they should not try to be "artistic." Be artistic, by all means, if you can't help it. But that can be the only admitted excuse for an indulgence in vagaries which too often make one sigh for the decent simplicity of horsehair and mahogany, with its unsophisticated relief of crotchets and antimacassars.

If you have the eye and the hand of an artist, and if you have the purse, which only one artist in a hundred possesses, you can safely be trusted to do as you please. But if, as is far more usually the case, your artistic leanings are worse than second-hand, and are the mere refuse of the yearnings to order of the ladies' papers, ask yourself seriously if you find anything really admirable in art-muslin even before it has become the receptacle of all the available dirt: whether cheap Japanese pottery, in corners made especially for its reception, is really a joy to the eye: whether cosy corners are ever even fairly comfortable, and whether a little more simplicity, a little less drapery, an occasional relief from sham Mediaevalism and Orientalism, might not be considered with advantage. And, again, I say, think for yourselves; choose for yourselves. This is an age for free choice, of which we take care for the most part not to avail ourselves. What you really like buy, whether it is the fashion or not; whether other people like it or not.

But if you love old things for their antiquity, and not because other people tell you it is "the thing" to have them, do not pay extravagant prices for them on account of their alleged age. The thing you covet *may* be as old as the vendor tells you it is; but then again, it may not. A perfectly genuine-looking old chest may be produced by the simple process of burying a brand new one in the ground for a month or two, and then firing shots into it to give it the small round holes which ought to have been made by the ancestral worm. And if you find the said chest, or an old oak cabinet or similar treasure, in an "interesting" old cottage or in an "interesting" old town, then be especially on your guard. Such things have been known to be "planted" in such spots by the wily dealer in "antiques."

And it need hardly be said that the warnings which apply to "old oak" apply equally to old brass, old china, and every other sort of bric-à-brac.

Mind, I do not say, "Don't buy them," I only say—don't pay an extra sixpence on account of an alleged antiquity which they may not after all possess.

My last caution to the young couple is this: don't ever fill your house too full of the treasures, a taste for collecting which will, if you furnish on the line I have laid down, most certainly grow upon you as the time goes by.

Leave a little space to move about in.

It is such a great pleasure to become the possessor of a delightfully easy armchair, a bargain in water-colour drawings of places you both know and love, or in a bit of old Chelsea with a pedigree you can depend upon; there is such fierce excitement over a squabble as to the best place to put it in; such joy over the discovery that it fits to an inch in the niche assigned to it; that zeal is apt to outrun discretion, and the cosy and admired house to get a little too much of the character of a museum.

And now, my dears, tell Dorothy to forgive me if I have preached too much. If she can find that I have sent her one grain of serviceable advice in a bushel of twaddle I am satisfied.—Ever your affectionate

AUNT FAN.

SHE ALWAYS DID.



"Don't you think she accepted him from impulse?"
 "No, from habit."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE BUILDERS OF BABEL.

BY
GEORGE KNIGHT.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.



THE words of the Princess Miriam, daughter of Asshur, Lord of Nineveh, of mighty memory, who was a grandson of that Noah which escaped from the Flood. Written down by me, Rab-saris, Chief Scribe to the Lords of Nineveh, Calah and Rehoboth-Ir, together with certain matters of mine own telling, upon three bricks of clay, and lodged, after the commandment of the Princess Miriam, with the priests of the Temple of Bel. Given upon the fifteenth day of the first month

after the death of Asshur, when the child Alorus was king and the Princess Miriam regent. Mine own matters added about the middle of the third month.

The words of the Princess Miriam :—

When I sent for thee hither, Rab-saris, bidding thee bring style of bronze and tables of clay, and that strange crystal toy whereby thou writest many things in a very small space, I purposed a great matter in my heart. Yea, I was minded to have thee set down the Tale of the Second Beginning of Mankind. *Soh!*—see how thine eyes shine at the bare mention of it. Withered and sapless as thou art, thou lovest knowledge—something too well; Rab-saris the Scribe, or report mishandles thee sorely. Howbeit, my plan is naught—the tale must not be told. Sargon of Bel—Sargon the High-priest—hath been with me and hath forbid me much. Else shouldst thou have written of the Flood, Rab-saris, of the Wandering in the East, of the Planting of Babel, of the Evil Tower, and of the Curse of Confusion. Somewhat of the two latter thou must needs say, but, it is straitly commanded, as little as may be. So saith Sargon of Bel, and the gods know best.

It was while we builded the Evil Tower and the city which stands thereby in the Plain of Dura, that there began to be strife among the children of Noah. The strife was on this wise. Nimrod, the grandson of Ham, whom Noah had cursed, waxed hugely, and became a leader among the people. And my father Asshur, being a son of Shem, was wroth that a Canaanite should be made lord over him and his house. For it had been said: "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Yet the folk for the most part were on the side of Nimrod, and my father was set at nought. Wherefore he talked privily with Jah, the god of his father, concerning which Noah had said, "Blessed be Jah, the god of Shem." But I listened, and lo, he plotted with Jah to revenge himself upon Nimrod, the grandson of Ham, and upon Sidon and Heth, the two sons of Canaan. And because I loved Heth, my cousin, I told him whatsoever I heard.

Now, the grandmother of Heth, the wife of Ham, had been of the line of Cain the Accursed, and she had revealed unto my beloved the knowledge of strange gods. And when Heth saw that I had more regard unto him than unto my father and my father's house, he taught me to worship Baal, whom the Assyrians call Bel, or Bil. So Heth, the son of Canaan, and I, Miriam, grand-daughter of Shem the chosen of Jah, made an altar to Baal, and offered sacrifice, and over the sacrifice did curse Jah with an oath of cursing. For which thing it was promised unto us that we should be happily wedded in youth and health, none daring to make us afraid. Also, Baal set himself upon our side against Asshur, my father, and against Jah, the god of Shem.

After that the strife between Nimrod and my father had rest for a time, and the building of the Tower went on apace.

One hot noon, while the folk ceased from their labour, Heth came to me, and beside him, unseen of all save us two, there strode the god Baal. A great, red-haired man he was, with gold bracelets, and cloak of gaudy skins. He carried a lofty spear with a barbed point, and upon his head was an helmet of silver.

"Maiden," he asked me, "where is Asshur, thy father?"

"Upon the Tower, my lord," I answered.

He stooped to a pool of the River, took up a little water in the hollow of his hand, and held it under mine eyes. In it I saw the image of a ring; a heavy ring of gold, with an inscription upon the bezel. And the writing shone with the brightness of the morning.

Baal threw down the water.

"That is in thy father's tent," he said, "in his most private coffers. Open them—thou knowest how—and search it out. Then bring it hither and in haste. Jah is in the camp and weighty events are toward."

I went swiftly, found the ring and brought it to the god.

"Give it to thy beloved," he bade me, and I gave it unto Heth. It was fashioned like a serpent, tail in mouth and hood swelled. On the broad surface of the hood was a name. And the name glowed like the sun.

"Keep together, my turtle-doves," commanded Baal, and motioned us to follow him.

We mounted the steps of the Tower until we were lost to the sight of the folk that sat upon the plain at their mid-day meal. Then Baal gave us his hands and, lo, we were upon the topmost stage without further lifting of foot or finger. It was not empty. Asshur, my father, stood beside a projecting slip of the unfinished brickwork. And at his right hand there was a faint gleam on the air, like that of sunshine upon stirred dust.

He turned angrily to us, not seeing Baal.

"Get hence—and quickly," he said.

Out of habit we moved to obey, I because he was my father, Heth because he was of an older generation. But Baal signed to us to stay.

"Put on thy ring, Heth," he whispered softly, "and thou, maiden, take his hand."

We did as the god bade us, and behold, there was a man at my father's side, a man of huge stature, with long black hair and beard, and a hooked nose. He held

a tall bow, and wore a long sword at his thigh.

"It is Jah,*" muttered Baal.

Jah put out his hand and touched my father Asshur upon the shoulder. In that instant my father saw our companion, and we five stood looking at one another.

Baal was the first to speak.

"A pleasant meeting, truly," he observed in the gay fashion we had come to know so well. "Is this Tower not a noble witness to the prowess of the mannikins below—are not our privileges threatened, Most Noble? Now I think not, but then I have a most pathetic confidence in humanity, as thou knowest. Yet if thou hadst thy way this tower would be riven to the base, and

* And Jah appeared unto him (Abraham) on the Plains of Mamre . . . and, lo, three men stood by him (Abraham). . . . And Jah went his way. *Genesis*. Jah is a man of war. *Exodus*.

the city cast into ruins. At least, so I hear up yonder."*

Jah's face darkened, and we trembled, for he was mighty to look upon, and Baal was beside him but a stripling. Nevertheless Baal showed no fear.

"Slay them all three, my lord," said my father, bitterly—"the idol-worshippers with their familiar spirit."

Baal laughed out loud.

"'Tis a fretful counsellor," he jibed. "Prithee, Most Noble, grant the prayer of thy worshipper."

Jah plucked an arrow from the quiver at his shoulder, set it on the string and loosed it. Baal stepped aside, caught it as it passed him, and tossed it back, javelin-fashion, at my father. It transfixed his arm, and he cried out, cursing us.

Jah broke the arrow and drew the pieces out of the flesh. The wound closed up and the blood stanchd.

Baal sneered.



HE SNATCHED AT HIS SWORD AND THE FIGHT WENT ON.

"Thou art but an ill patron," he added, "since thine arrows wound thy friends. Now, I am the most useful of deities—and the most faithful. Whereas, as all know, thou art one of the most changeable gods that ever took mortal under wing."

The words angered Jah. He drew his sword and moved towards our guardian. For a moment there seemed no help but that a terrible conflict must ensue. The two gods looked warily at one another, and then Baal laughed.

"Is this pretence of valour necessary?" he asked. "Neither of us can harm the other—as yet."

Jah sheathed his sword.

"Woe to thee, Baal," he replied, sternly. "There shall come a notable reckoning betwixt us. As for these foolish mortals,

their punishment is sure—banishment and separation, forgetfulness and unfaith—"

Heth unslung his javelin and loosed my hand. As his fingers parted from mine the god Jah vanished out of my sight.

"God or no god," said Heth, "whoso prophesies that I shall be false to Miriam, or she to me, lies in his throat."

Baal roared with laughter.

"Good," he gasped, "it is worth somewhat to be god to thee, Heth-bar-Canaan. Now, Most Noble, draw, draw!—in the name of the Name†, draw!"

* And Jah said: "Behold, they are all one people, and they have all one language, and this is what they begin to do, and now nothing will be withholden from them. . . . Go to, let us go down and there confound their language." *Genesis*.

† And the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed THE NAME.—*Leviticus*.

At that I heard the smiting of iron and saw Heth's javelin start from his grasp, shorn in twain at the head. He snatched at his sword, and the fight went on. Rab-saris, it was fearful to watch that struggle between the mortal and the immortal, between the seen and the unseen. For Heth wore the ring which had given him the power to behold Jah, and I had but seen the god when I touched the hand of Heth. Wherefore I could only tell how the strife went by the face of Baal, who tugged at his red beard and shouted with merriment. And ever the iron smote on iron, and Heth hewed and thrust at what seemed to me the empty air. Yet I could not find that he hurt or was hurt.

At last Baal cried to them to stop, bidding Jah ask my father for the ring with the Name upon it. Then the fray ceased, and I heard the voice of Jah speaking to my father.

"Peace! peace!" Baal broke in, "Heth-bar-Canaan hath it on his finger."

My father's anger was fearful to behold. He stood and cursed me till Heth drew sword once more and threatened him into silence.

Then I took Heth's hand, and we five looked at one another again, Baal still laughing.

"Back up yonder, Most Noble," he said, mockingly, "and from thence hurl a curse—if thou canst persuade the Name. But this land is mine, and shall be mine, and yonder starveling mortal with it"—he pointed to my father, who was but a small man—"and for the most part his seed after him, till the Land of the Two Rivers blossom with cities, and fade into a wilderness. As for thine inheritance, it is reserved for thee—a tent-pitch upon the shores of the Great Sea, thirty days journey across the desert yonder."

He fingered his beard and chuckled.

Jah moved as if about to speak, then he stopped, and beckoning to my father went down with him over the edge of the Tower.

Baal turned to us.

"Take your fill of kissing, my turtle-doves," he told us roughly, "and thou, Heth-bar-Canaan, as thou livest, lose not that ring of thine."

And he followed my father and Jah.

That night fell the Curse of Confusion, the traditions whereof to this day are almost as the reality. Where in one moment there had been a single speech—each man knowing the thoughts of his neighbour by the sound of his voice—in the next were lack of understanding, and a score of tongues. When I spoke to Heth, lo! he understood nothing, and, in his turn answered me in a tongue whereof I comprehended nought. Then we saw that each family spake in a different speech, and that as the families were allied so were their tongues, for the families drew together in groups, and those groups drew together again into armies. And the City and the Tower were utterly forgotten.

As we stood watching, Baal came beside us.

"Thy father is open to reason, maiden," he began. "Nevertheless, he driveth a hard bargain. But Jah is to be put off with a twig of the family tree, and I am to have it, trunk and branches. So get thee West with him, and thou, Heth, seek thy folk and lead them out of this terrifying jangle, that the ears of the gods may have peace."

Heth laid his hand upon his sword, and spoke angrily.

"Peace," Baal told him, "I promised you to wed, and I keep my promises. But, as I say, Asshur-ben-Shem driveth an austere bargain. None the less is he a fool—it is but waiting a while. Get thee hence, Heth-bar-Canaan, and guard that ring of thine better than life. Possess thy soul in patience till the man Asshur be dead, and beware that thou hasten not his end, thou nor thy beloved here. Ye are both a heady and impatient sort. Farewell!"

Heth looked at me and I at him in silence, for speech was useless, being confounded.

He turned to Baal and said something sternly.

"I have sworn," answered the god. "Go in peace."

Then Heth kissed me and went.

As for me, I came hither with my father, and we builded Nineveh and Calah and Rehoboth-Ir, and lo, Resen is now a building. And my hair is white and my skin withered, yet have I not seen Heth, the son of Canaan, from then even until now. But at last my father lieth dead, and the god Baal has spoken unto me, saying: "Behold the days of the years of the separation of Heth and Miriam are accomplished, and the hour of their marriage-feast draweth nigh."

Therefore put that away which is written, and call for Nebuzar-adan, the captain of the guard, and send him down into the land of the Hittites beyond Jordan to ask if Heth-bar-Canaan be yet alive. And bid him go swiftly—swiftly, Rab-saris. And find me a man who knoweth the speech of the Hittites, and also the speech of the Assyrians. As for the captain of the guard, if Heth-bar-Canaan be not yet dead, let it be said unto him in the Hittite tongue: "Miriam of Nineveh, daughter of Asshur, dieth alone." And bid him go swiftly, swiftly, swiftly, by way of Damascus and Jordan. And when the end of these things cometh to pass, add it thyself unto that which is already written, and give it into the keeping of the priests of the temple of Bel.

The end of the words of the Princess Miriam.

So I, Rab-saris, the Chief Scribe of the Lords of Nineveh, despatched the captain of the guard upon this errand of the Princess Miriam, bidding him spare not horse nor camel, and I put away that which was written.

The words of Rab-saris, the Scribe, concerning the end of these matters:—

And after twenty days it was said to me, Rab-saris the Scribe: "Behold the captain of the guard crosses the Euphrates, and with him is an old man upon a camel. Also he cometh towards Nineveh with speed." And I went and told the Princess Miriam. Then, as it was related afterwards, she rose up and sent for her women, and attired herself in rich garments, and commanded a feast. When all these things were done, behold, the captain of the guard, riding hard upon the heels of the merchants which had fetched me the news of his approach, came into Nineveh by the North Gate. And when I went out to meet him, lo, there was an aged man with him, as had been said, riding upon a camel. And the body of the ancient was bent, and his hair as white as flour.

Then I called for the interpreter whom I had provided; and while he tarried I asked the captain of the guard if this were the Prince of the Hittites, Heth-bar-Canaan. He said "Ay," and that he [the Prince] knew not a word of the Assyrian tongue, and had ridden with him solely upon hearing the name of the Princess Miriam. But I saw upon the finger of the aged man a ring, and that ring like unto a serpent with its tail in its mouth and its hood swollen. And upon the breadth of the hood was a writing that shone like the glittering of a shaken spear.

The interpreter coming, I bade him tell my lord the Prince that the Princess Miriam awaited him within the palace. At that the ancient straightened himself, got down from his camel, and followed me into the palace as swiftly as a boy. And so I brought him to the Princess.

After a time she sent out from her chamber to ask for the interpreter, and he went in, even as she commanded. Also she desired the attendance of the High-priest of the Temple of Bel, and I sent and fetched him in like manner.

Not until the evening did the interpreter and the High-priest come forth from the chamber, and when they issued into the light of the torches their faces were pale as ashes. But never could I learn from either what had been said and done during their presence with the Prince Heth and the Princess Miriam.

Only this I know, that as I kept watch that night upon the stair of the Princess's chamber—solely that I might know all for the writing down whereof the Princess had spoken—I heard voices, and stepped behind a curtain. And while I hid, two people passed out—a youth and a maiden, treading softly upon the marble. They were muffled heavily, even to the eyebrows; nevertheless, I saw the black of the woman's hair and the brown of the man's beard. Also I heard them laugh, and the laughter was that of young voices. When they were gone by I stepped out, and would have followed them—to be conversant with all matters concerning which I was to write—but a strong hand caught me and thrust me into my corner,



THE ANCIENT STRAIGHTENED HIMSELF, AND FOLLOWED ME INTO THE PALACE.

The end of the words of Rab-saris the Scribe.

A GREAT SURPRISE.



MR. FLYPP: "I'll surprise my wife to-night by having my moustache cut off."



She (kissing him repeatedly): "Oh you darling!"
He: "You like the change, my dear?"



She: "Good Heavens! Is it you, George?"

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

CHAPTER III.

THE AVARICIOUS PRIEST'S STORY—A CUNNINGLY CONTRIVED PLOT—"AKSIR" AND THE MAGIC PLANT—"THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA"—PREPARING FOR A PILGRIMAGE.

It is not often that the schemes of the professional swindlers of India are upset, or that the cup of success is dashed from the very lips, as was the case with the "Saint" Pīala Shah. In fact, it is the exception rather than the rule for them to be caught, and then it is usually accomplished through treachery on the part of some disappointed or discontented confederate. Only too successful were they in the case I am about to narrate.

Not long ago, a poor, dejected, worn-out looking man entered the head-office of the Bombay police, and asked for the chief of the detective department. He had formerly been a *Mulla*, or Mahomedan priest, but had just been released from prison, after having served a long term of imprisonment for passing base coin. Such a tale of woe did he tell, that poor Mulla's adventures with a gang of swindlers formed one of the most remarkable tales of cheating that ever came before the notice of the police.

The Mulla was once a very rich man. Being a priest he was, of course, in regular receipt of alms from people who came to him for his blessing and his prayers. But he was mean. In fact, he was little better than a miser. It was by his frugal living that he amassed his fortune, and became possessed of three fairly large properties in the city, as well as having about half a lakh of rupees in the bank. But it was to his avarice that he owed his ruin. A gang of swindlers found him out, and, playing upon his greed of gold, robbed him most unmercifully.

The Mulla was in the habit of calling regularly at a certain coffee-house, where, being a priest, he was always entertained to supper by any of his own creed who might be there. One night he was accosted by two "Munshis," or men of learning, and invited to partake of supper with them. The Mulla accepted, and bestowing his blessing on his entertainers before they departed, was asked to join them another night. The Mulla was treated to such excellent dishes that he went night after night to the coffee-house to meet his new-found benefactors; and soon the trio became excellent friends. One night the Munshis invited the priest to visit them at the shrine of the saint Mama Hajani, which is situated out in the country near Bombay, and afterwards dine with them. Suspecting no evil, the Mulla went, and was met by the men as he neared the shrine.

Suddenly they came upon an aged Mahomedan sage, kneeling in front of the shrine, and earnestly praying. The Mulla expressed some surprise as to who he could be, and the Munshis expressed surprise in turn that he, being a priest, should not have heard of that wonderful man, a great and renowned sage who spent his life wandering about the country, relieving the distressed and healing the sick in the name of the prophet Mahomet.

Having concluded his prayer, the sage looked up, and perceiving his visitors, invited them to sit down by him. Entering into conversation, he pretended to be very much pleased with the devoutness of the Mulla. At length, pointing to a *chilum*,* which lay on the ground, he asked the Mulla to take it up. He then asked for a small copper coin, and the Mulla drew from his pouch a quarter-anna piece,† which the sage requested him to put in the chilum. The old man then handed him a

* *Chilum*, a rudely-shaped clay head of a hookah, or native tobacco pipe.

† Quarter anna, about the size of a farthing.

small piece of a dirty-looking substance, like a charred root. That, the sage explained, was *aksir*, the root of a wonderful plant which, if used in a good cause, had the power of converting copper into gold. He asked the Mulla to press the *aksir* into the pipe, with some tobacco leaf on top, and hand it to him. That done, the sage smoked for a time in silence. Then, shaking the ashes from the chilum, out dropped a bright gold coin. The sage at once became greatly excited, and told the Mulla how he had had a vision, in which the prophet Mahomet appeared to him, and told him his days (the sage's) on earth were drawing to a close. The prophet told him to journey to the shrine of the revered Mama Hajani, and there await the visit of a priest of his own creed, and impart to him the wonderful secret he possessed. The success of that experiment told him the Mulla must be that man who was his ordained successor. But as he must again commune with the prophet in private, he dismissed the Mulla, telling him to return the following day.

The Mulla believed in the power of the holy man; for, had he not seen him, before his very eyes, convert a worthless copper coin into one of valuable gold? Nevertheless, he went to a goldsmith and had the gold tested, sold it, and returned to his dwelling rejoicing.

Next day the sage repeated the same trick, the Mulla being permitted to carry away with him another piece of gold. But before he departed the old priest said to him that he had seen another vision, in which the prophet Mahomet appeared much pleased with the result of the sage's pilgrimage, and had himself appointed the following Thursday, which was their most sacred day, for imparting the secret to the Mulla.

On returning to the city one of the Munshis told the Mulla he was a fortunate man, and as they had been the means of bringing him to the old priest, they would expect to profit by his good fortune.

The avaricious Mulla did not relish the proposal, but the Munshis used threats, and the Mulla, being a coward as well as a miser, submitted. A bargain was therefore struck that they should work together.

Thursday came, and back the precious trio journeyed to the sage's rude abode, which he had constructed close by the dead saint's shrine. The old man welcomed them with apparent heartiness; but soon began to lament that his supply of *aksir*, which he required for further experiment, was nearly spent. The plant only grew at the beginning of the monsoons, or rainy season, which, luckily, was near at hand. Till then he must have a suitable place to dwell in, and he begged the Mulla, that as it was for his sake he had been so divinely inspired, he should lodge him in his house till the time came for carrying out his commission.

The Mulla, miser though he had been, was rejoiced at the prospect of entertaining his holy guest. Little did he guess what an "old man of the sea" he was taking on his shoulders. And in an impulse, inspired by the thought of the riches he imagined were in store for him, he begged his Munshi friends to come also and make his house their home.

Several days went quietly by, till, one afternoon, while the sage was sitting at the door of the house talking with his host, and smoking a hookah, an old man resting on the shoulder of a youth passed. The young man stopped, and pointing to the sage, cried out excitedly that there was the holy fakir they were in quest of.

The old man bowed low to the sage, and calling him his good benefactor told him a curious tale of how the 4,000 rupees he had given him to provide for the marriage of his daughter were all spent, and he was now in much distress, as he wanted 2,000 rupees more to marry another son and daughter. He had been wandering about for three months in search of the sage, and trusted he would not send him away disappointed.

Now began the drain on the Mulla's store of riches.

The sage said that had he but the required quantity of the precious *aksir* he would soon procure for the poor man the money he wanted; but not having the neces-

sary means for the working of the miracle, he desired the Mulla to pay the man the 2,000 rupees of which he was in need.

The Mulla pleaded that he had not the money by him, whereupon the sage was very wroth. It was the divine command that he should never send a man of his own creed away in distress, nor could he impart his secret to the Mulla if he refused to relieve the poor. It was one of the conditions of the divine contract.

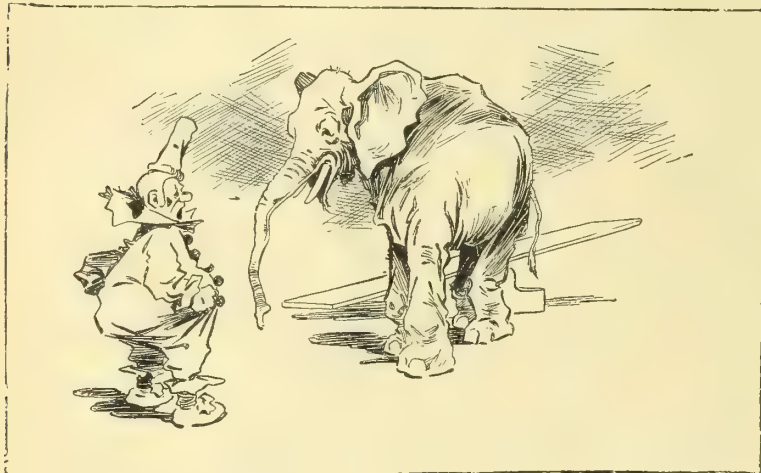
The Mulla, fearing to offend his priestly guest, and imagining he would soon become possessed of more gold than he would ever require for his own uses, went out and disposed of some of his jewels for a roll of notes,

which he handed over to the old man who had come begging from the sage.

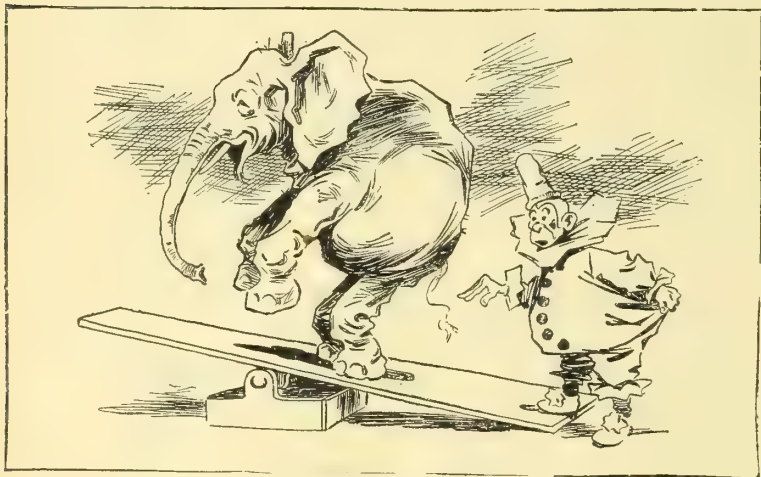
By such means as this the Mulla was induced to part with large sums of money, and the more he paid, strange to say, the more readily he parted with his money, afraid lest he might offend the fakir, and so lose all chance of recovering the money he had paid away.

At last the time they were waiting for—the bursting of the monsoon—came, when they prepared for the pilgrimage in quest of that rare plant from the roots of which the aksir was made. But the wonderful adventures met with on that journey I shall reserve for another article.
(To be continued.)

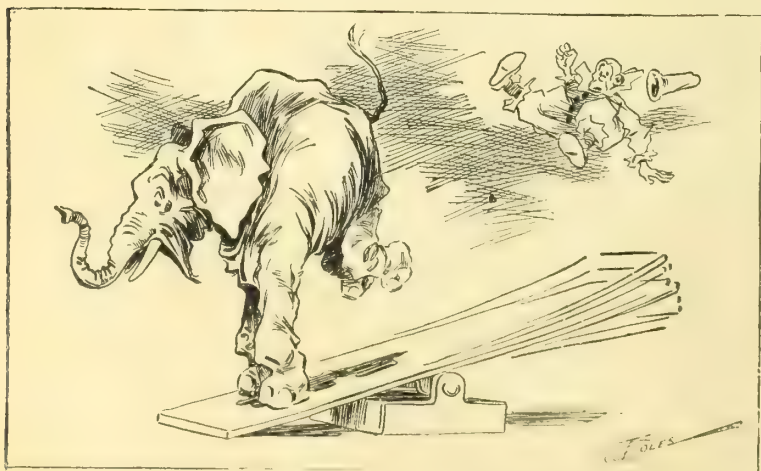
HE SAW.



1.—CLOWN: "Bolivar, I want to teach you how to seesaw."



2.—"Now carefully, carefully."



3.—BOLIVAR: "I see."

NEEDED ASSISTANCE.

AUTHOR: "Do you ever encourage young writers?"

EDITOR: "Oh, yes, I often help them."

AUTHOR: "How do you help them?"

EDITOR: "Down stairs!"

HE WAS SLOW.

TEDDY DUNDERHEAD: "May I kiss you?"

DOLLY DEVILFISH: "What do you want, written permission?"

WILL DO HIS DUTY.

"Do you know, Maud, that Mrs. Fairbleach, the rapid young widow who has rooms in the Mammon, where Tom lives, has been making eyes at him of late, and he tells me that he intends to call her down for it, unless she stops. Do you think that he will?"

"I have no doubt about it, dear. You must remember that Tom's rooms are one flight below those of Mrs. Fairbleach."

EXPENSIVE.

ATTENDANT: "Heavens, Doctor! There's a sponge missing. I think you have sewed it up in the patient."

SURGEON (*a few minutes after*): "Thanks for calling my attention to the matter. That sponge cost ten shillings."

HER SELF-DENIAL.

MRS. WITHERBY: "I saw a beautiful armchair to-day for five pounds that I came near getting."

WITHERBY: "Great Scott, you didn't, did you?"

MRS. WITHERBY: "No. I restrained myself and bought a bonnet instead."

A HUMAN TRAIT.

BRIGGS: "How can you afford to play a two pound limit on your salary?"

GRIGGS: "My dear boy, if I could afford it I shouldn't want to play."

MOST UNUSUAL.

"Miss DARLEY's engagement, formed at the seaside in the summer, ended in a very remarkable manner."

"How did it end?"

"She married the man she was engaged to."

JAPANESE HOUSEHOLD SHRINES.

BY
LAURA B. STARR.

IN every Japanese house, no matter how poor it may be, there is always one, and in many cases two, household shrines. These are called *kami-dama*, *kami*, meaning god, and *dama* shelf; in other words, a god-shelf. Even such Japanese as are followers of Buddha still cling to many of the old customs and superstitions of Shintoism, which is now the State religion. One peculiarity of the Japanese is that no matter how many new ideas and customs they adopt, they do not entirely throw over the old. For instance, when they received Buddhist priests and doctrines from China, they simply ingrafted the new into the old, and the two religions are so mixed that it is impossible to define the exact point where the worship of nature, Shintoism, ends and Buddhism begins.

Consequently, to be on the safe side, they erect the two shrines, one dedicated to the household gods of the old Shinto cult, the national deities of the country; the other is devoted to the worship of the spirits of deceased relatives, which is to them the vital point of the Buddhist's faith.

The Shinto *kami-dama* is very simple, a shelf fastened to the wall, two feet or so from the ceiling, usually facing the door, so that it is the first thing seen upon entering the house. Here is found a circular mirror, vases, very often brass, in which are triangular pieces of wood or brass covered with Japanese characters, prayers, and wands, from which depend strips of white or gold paper, cut into little angular bunches; these are called *gohei* and in a vague sort of way represent prayers; the poor people use plain paper, and the rich ones gold.

These are seen in the Shinto temples, and are said to represent the offerings of cloth which were anciently tied to branches of the cleyera tree at festival time. A tray for food and a tiny *saki* cup are found here also; these are filled daily.

Occasionally one sees the Seven Household Gods of Luck, the blessed *Shichi Fukujin*, on the *kami-dama*, but more often there are but two or three. These are usually carved wooden images from three to six inches in height, though sometimes carved ivory ones are seen in the better class houses. The seven Gods of Luck have been swept down together from many incongruous sources, and their union is but a gathering of confused and ignorant ideas without rhyme or reason, but they have been tutelary saints since 1600, and the Japanese have implicit faith in them.

The two most commonly seen are *Daikoku* and *Ebisu*. *Daikoku*, the god of riches, wears a Liberty cap, and sits on two rice bags and is holding in one hand a hammer. He is short, round, and always laughing. In his other hand he grasps tightly a large sack, which he carries over his shoulder. If he strike with his hammer, money is said to appear wherever the blow falls.

Ebisu, the god of plenty and the patron of honest labour, sits always with one leg up and one down. Fish being the staple of Japanese diet, he is usually represented as a jolly angler, with a red fish (*tai*) under one fat arm, and a rod and line in the other. He is said to be very fond of *saki*. With these two the very poorest people are forced to be content, but the more ambitious and acquisitive citizen sets up the entire seven, feeling sure that all the good he desires will come to him through the intervention of one or the other.

Jurojin is the god of longevity, and is represented as wearing a mitred cap, has a long, white beard, bears in his hand a staff with a deer walking serenely by his side.

Furukurokujin is called the lord of popularity and wisdom; he is distinguished by a preternaturally long beard and benignity of countenance.

Hotei, the spirit of goodness and kindness, has a sack on his back, a pen in his hand, and children climbing and tumbling over him. He is especially recommended to young children, as good nature and kindness are car-

dinal virtues with the Japanese. He is represented in art by an enormous, naked abdomen.

Bishamon, the black-faced god of war and force, is clad in an armour, bears a spear and toy pagoda in his hand. He is sometimes called Hachiman, who was the son of *Jingu Hogo*, who conquered Corea and carried Chinese civilisation into Japan. She was a veritable Jeanne d'Arc—a hearer of divine voices, a brave, courageous, and heroic woman—who quite as much deserved to be canonised as the son she bore when her expedition was over. But the Japanese, with characteristic belittling of the woman, ascribed the whole martial career of the Empress to the influence of her unborn son, who, by the valour and prowess he inherited from his mother, has secured for his deified spirit the position of God of War in the Japanese pantheon.

Last, but not least, comes *Benten Sama*, the Japanese Venus, the only female figure in the group. She is called the goddess of grace and beauty, and it is to her that mothers offer their pre-natal prayers that their children may be beautiful and attractive. She is represented as riding on a serpent or dragon, playing the lute. She is the tutelary genius of Enoshima, that beautiful island near Yokohama, which is said to have risen from the sea in a single night. She is worshipped in temples and shrines all over the island, and in a cave opening from the sea.

The representations of the gods of luck are everywhere seen in Japan. The carved wooden or ivory ones are found on the *kami-dama*. They are painted on *kakemonas*, they are embroidered on *fukusas*, sets of tiny *saki* cups are decorated with them, and they fill the pages of children's books.

On either gateway to all temples are found two gigantic figures, called *Ni-o*. Prints of these are very often seen fastened over the doorways of private houses, the natives having a belief that they will protect them from burglars.

Inari, the god of the rice farmer, is frequently found in the cottage by the paddy-field. At the end of the rice-planting there is always a two days' holiday, when many offerings are made to him.

When a man dies in Japan, a mortuary tablet is set up to him in the house and worshipped. Some times this tablet is enshrined within a miniature temple, and sometimes it is simply placed beneath the *kami-dama*. In either case a little rice and *saki* are placed before it every morning, and a sprig of evergreen, as well as a lighted lamp or candle, which is never allowed to go out.

The Buddhist shrine has always a gilded figure of Buddha, which is often encased in a cabinet of lacquer. On either side is a disciple or another incarnation. All good Buddhists worship the great white and pink lotus, which is called the sacred lily. It is found in their homes, as well as in the temples, in a variety of designs and materials. Whatever incarnation Buddha assumes, he is always found sitting or resting on an open lotus-blossom, which is gilded like the figure itself. Bronze *koros* (incense-burners), tiny but beautiful things, with two companion vases for flowers, are set before the image, and cups for *saki* and food.

In August, when the lotus is in bloom, great white or pink bulbs, rising beside the immense parasol-like leaves, are placed in fitting vases, and set on a tall, slender stand inside the recess of the best room in the house, and the same arrangement is used for decoration in the temples as well.

Among the observances enjoined upon the devout are the following:—"In praying to the gods the blessings which each has to bestow are to be mentioned in a few words, and they are not to be annoyed by greedy petitions; for the Mikado in his palace offers up petitions daily on behalf of his people, which are far more effectual than those of most of his subjects." Which shows that the Japanese believe their gods to be respecters of persons.

Again, they are told: "Rise early in the morning, wash your hands and face, rinse out the mouth, and cleanse the body; then turn towards the Province of Yamato, strike the palms of the hands twice, and worship, bowing the head to the ground."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—There are several little novelties in the fashions, and as you want to be very smart at Gib, I will try to remember every one of them to tell you. All the newest bodices are made with a little vest in front, and this is frequently covered the whole way from neck to waist with folds of old lace or modern imitations of old lace. The vest is very narrow, and just allows of

sufficient fluffery to be becoming. Sometimes it is in velvet embroidered with the old-fashioned ribbon work now revisiting the glimpses of the moon. The flower petals are made of this narrow ribbon, folded so as to be in relief, and the leaves are worked in chenille. Showers of small beads irradiate the whole. The fronts fall over these vests with what I may describe as a simulated looseness, like that of a narrow frill. Many of the new evening skirts are made with small panniers, and these are most becoming to very slight figures, especially when they are tall. A white satin gown has a pink chiffon bodice and small, wing-shaped panniers, also of the chiffon, with a band of black velvet ribbon laid on where the chiffon starts from. This seems to repeat the trimming on the top of the shoulders, a mixture of pink chiffon and black velvet, which almost completely fills in the space between the top of the shoulder and the neck. The sleeve proper is now worn well off the arm, and there is an actual necessity for the straps on the shoulders.

Some very pretty effects are obtained by means of series of small, graduated bows of ribbon, whether velvet, satin, or silk, placed down the vest of dresses for afternoon or evening wear. This is another old world trimming that has been revived for the embellishment of century-end dames and damsels. Some dressmakers have a marvellous knack of tying these tiny bows,

making them look so symmetrical, so neat, and so beautifully finished that they give one the same sort of pleasure, though in a slighter degree, as a bird, a flower, or a butterfly.

One of the newest velvet capes has fur let in in graduated pieces from the edge to the shoulder line all round. I have not decided whether I like this arrangement or dislike it. It has rather the appearance of a number of foxes' brushes having been inserted, and as the whole of the front of the cape is a shower of tiny tails, the illusion is encouraged.

Capes are chilly wear, even the warmest of them. The cold wind gets up under them even on days when the wind behaves itself quietly and agreeably; but when it is rampant and obstreperous the cape is as a thing of nought, so far as protection from the weather is concerned. And how exasperating it is when it blows up round the head, blinding the wearer, pushing her hat forward on her very nose, and making the hat-pins tug madly at the roots of her hair. One actually hates that cape when it behaves with such apparently conscious malignity.

I wonder if you like the loose-fronted coat, of which I sent you an illustration. They suit some figures remarkably well, but I think I like best the new shape which has the front turned back in a wide fold and buttoned down. In cold weather these can be unbuttoned, and, overlying each other, make the jacket double-breasted.

Yes, dear! Ears are disappearing rapidly. At first,

only the very advanced brigade of the smart section wore the hair in the French way, much crimped, and drawn loosely back over the ears; but now the fashion is spreading very quickly. There is only one way of making it really becoming, and that is by so arranging this wave of undulating hair as to make a good line from behind the back of the ear to the top of the head. I wonder if I make myself clear. If you will look in the glass at yourself, and draw your hair out a little behind



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For continuation of "Feminine Affairs" see Literary Supplement, Page IV.

SUPPLEMENT TO DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

"To Mr. Folgate, Bookseller,
"Norton Cholmondeleye.

"London, Dec. 6th, 1895.

"My Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter with reference to the new books that are pouring into the shop, I am sitting on the counter despairingly endeavouring to check them off as they come in. Trade is very brisk just now, especially with regard to children's books, and anything that has a flavour of holly about it. The good old Dickensy Christmas seems to be coming up again, although a malignant æsthete who was in yesterday suggests that it is a device of the doctors to induce people to overeat themselves. But I am forgetting business. If any of the undermentioned books should suit your country customers, kindly let me know by return. I forward by train to-day a small barrel of the best Whitstable oysters and a ripe Stilton. That you may live many years to partake of similar comestibles is the hearty wish of your old friend and servant to command,

"BOOKSELLER."

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS, AND FOSTER.

I have been dipping into the new editions, 2s., of "*The Arabian Nights*" and "*Robinson Crusoe*," which have very appropriately appeared just now. They are bound in handsome red cloth covers, beautifully printed, and are marvels of cheapness for holiday presents for boys. "It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand." But no; one mustn't linger over old friends like this. I'll take them both home for the youngsters.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just issued in their beautiful Library Edition "*Hard Cash*," by the late Charles Reade—a book which the author himself modestly described as a matter-of-fact romance—that is, fiction built on truths. The book is most opportune, now that the question of Miss Lanchester occupies the public mind, and the reader will turn to the madhouse scenes with a fresh sense of the importance of fiction based upon truth.

"*With Harp and Crown*" is a capital reprint of Sir Walter Besant and James Rice's famous novel. The book is as interesting to-day as when first written.

"*Heart of Oak*" (3 vols.) by Clarke Russell. Mr. Clarke Russell is never tedious, and will be found at his best in this nautical story, brimful of adventure and incident. In fact, since the deaths of Marryat and Stevenson he is our only writer of sea stories who is able to keep up to their traditions.

"*The Track of the Storm*," by Owen Hall, is full of incident, and told in an easy, natural style, which will commend itself to all readers who look upon novels as a source of pleasure and recreation. In addition, the type is beautifully clear and easy to read.

"*Dr. Endicott's Experiment*," by Adeline Sergeant, fully sustains the interest of its ingenious prologue. But what happened to Dr. Endicott and his friend Crawford when they did meet again after the lapse of ten years, it would be unfair to the reader to anticipate. The book has all Miss Sergeant's pleasant, easy flow of style and neatness of diction.

"*In an Iron Grip*," by Mrs. L. T. Meade, deals principally with life behind the scenes of a theatrical company, and, incidentally, with what goes on in a convict prison for women. Mrs. Meade has seldom done anything better.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

I am hearing a good deal just now about the anonymous volume of poems, "*Arrows of Song*," which this firm are on the eve of publishing; but I do not, by any means, believe all I hear. The poems are advertised as being "up-to-date," which perhaps means that they will be concerned with subjects uppermost in the public thought. But how about the rumour that they are the work of a celebrity, who is wearing a mask like the veiled prophet of Thomas Moore's poem? Is the book a series of satires, or squibs, or lampoons, or what is it? We shall see. Meantime, the "celebrity" may be a man or a woman, a novelist or a verse-writer. The general opinion seems to be that it is a novelist trying his hand in a new direction. But speculations are idle. Messrs. Hutchinson are keeping their secret; and a wild rumour, which I will not repeat, is one I will not credit till I am forced to do so.

"*Eugene Videoq*" (3s. 6d.), is Mr. Dick Donovan's thrilling account of the notorious detective, who began by being a thief. His adventures in real life are far more exciting than those of Dumas' or Starley Weyman's heroes.

"*The Doomsdwoman*" (3s. 6d.), is the best book which Miss Gertrude Atherton has hitherto given us. In particular, the description of Chonita cursing her victim is absolutely blood-curdling, and makes one shrink with horror.

"*The Wallypug of Why*" (5s.), of Mr. G. F. Farrow is beautifully illustrated by Harry Furness, and charmingly written. Even in these days of up-to-date children it is hard to imagine one not revelling in the bright letterpress and humorous illustrations.

"*Master Wilberforce*," (6s.) by Rita, is a new departure for her inasmuch as it is a study of a boy. The writer thinks that the Boy has suffered much at the hands of historians and romancists, and very successfully does her best to remedy this injustice. It is a delightful book for any boy who wants to know what other boys are like.

In her "*Courtship by Command*" (3s. 6d.), Miss M. M. Blake gives a story of Napoleon at play. Any one whose ideas of the grim conqueror in his more unbending moments want remodeling, should study this tale until he comes to the "happy ever after" at the finish. The book is well and gracefully written.

MESSRS. A. D. INNES AND CO.

"*The Renegade*," by James Chalmers, 6s., is a thrilling story of one Captain Paul Jones, captain of the notorious *Ranger*, who wishes to capture a certain noble earl because the British Government has refused to make an exchange of prisoners with the American Republic. The period of the story is when the American colonies revolted against the misrule of the mother country. Mr. Chalmers tells his tale very soberly, but with an intimate knowledge of the period of which he writes. Some of his sea songs have a fine nautical flavour about them, notably—

From the Isle of Man
The *Saucy Ann*
Put out on the foamy swell;
The night was as dark
As the mouth of a shark,
And black as the back of hell.

"*Mistress Dorothy Marvin*," 6s., Mr. J. C. Snaith has done into modern English excerpts from the memoirs of Sir Edward Armstrong, Baronet, of Copeland Hall, in the county of Somerset. From the beginning of the story to the coming of William of Orange, there is not a dull or uninteresting page. A lesson in the lost art of managing womankind is one of the best written episodes in the book.

"*A Set of Rogues*," 6s., by Frank Barrett, stimulates curiosity owing to its quaint title—a curiosity which is piquantly satisfied when one comes to the book itself and the marriage of Moll Dawson by sinful means to a worthy gentleman of merit, her subsequent atonement and selling of herself to Algerine pirates, and going into Barbary a slave. Mr. Barrett has the true art of telling a story without flagging from start to finish.

LONGMANS AND CO.

"*Country Pastimes for Boys*," by P. Anderson Graham (6s.), has 252 spirited illustrations, a quaintly charming cover, and does not pretend to be an encyclopædia of games. The author's object was to write something which should interest a boy thrown on his own resources or reduced to the fellowship of a single friend. Mr. Anderson, in this interesting work, draws a very useful distinction between the catching of wild birds by an expert, and those who are not accustomed to this difficult feat. He also recognises the futility of endeavouring to prevent boys from collecting eggs. The hunting instinct is one of the strongest boys possess, and it is much wiser to teach them how to take the eggs without paining the parent birds. The chapter on miscellaneous pets is specially interesting.

"*The Red True Story Book*," edited by Andrew Lang, and illustrated by Henry J. Ford (6s.), will suit every boy that ever lived. Mr. Rider Haggard has kindly prepared a narrative of "Wilson's Last Fight," Mr. Lang himself has written "The Life and Death of Joan the Maid," Mrs. McCunn tells the story of the "Prince's Scottish Campaign," and Mr. Crockett is seen at his best in his tales of "The Bull of Erlestoun," and "Grisell Baillie." Perhaps the most interesting of all the stories in this pleasant volume is that of the Pitcairn Islanders and their struggles to exist.

"*The Romance of the Woods*," by F. J. Whishaw (6s.), is full of Russian legends and stories, with all Mr. Whishaw's natural vivacity of expression superadded. The chapter on bears is excessively amusing, and betokens at the same time an intimate knowledge of life among the woodlands. One bear observes his sister in chase of a dog:

"Where's the dog?" I said.
"What dog?" said Natasha.
"Why, the dog you were hunting a moment ago."
"Oh, it escaped," said Natasha, who had some whitish fur, which was not her own, sticking to the corner of her mouth.
"I called for her presently, and searched the woods, but all in vain. After considerable hunting, I at last came upon my sister, who was just polishing off the last remnants of the carcass of a dog. I fell upon her without a word, for she had deceived me and was unworthy of courtesy at my hands, etc."

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, AND CO.

In "*A Man's Foes*," by E. H. Strain (3 vols., 15s.), we have a good old-fashioned historical novel dealing with the siege of Derry in 1689, and the struggles of the Irish Protestants before William of Orange came to their relief. There seems to be plenty of leisure in Mr. Strain's narrative. He does not hurry on from episode to episode for the mere sake of harrowing the reader; and one of the best chapters in the book is that wherein the struggles of the people to get food are depicted. The following is a very good conception of the old Puritan conception of religion. The speaker is the heroine:—

"To mistrust every impulse of our nature, lest it lead into a snare—to be ever on the look out for things to be forbidden and thwarted, so to gain the favour of God that made them pleasant—to make it the object of our chief endeavours to avoid giving Him cause for anger—is this religion? Which religion they yet tell us is no slave's yoke of bondage, but a dear tie and support. To have filled this world with things beautiful and delightful, which yet to enjoy is to transgress His law—to have created us full of impulses and appetites, which yet we satisfy at the peril of our souls—is this benevolence? Is this worthy of our reverence? Is this worthy of our heart's adoration? And yet they teach us that this is the attitude of our God towards His creatures, adding, too, that He is a God of Love—nay, that He is Love—Love in essence. It is, and ever hath been, a thing wonderful to me how men can so rest their conscience as to believe so that a contradiction."

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The other dye I tunned my attenshing ter Shikespeer. The pipers is alwise, a crackin' of 'im up, and the wye some folks talk you'd think as they couldn't live withart readin' of 'im constunt, and seein' of 'im hactid. So thinks I ter myself I'll give this a look into; it mye be so much bloomin' chin music or theer mye be sutthink in it. So I jest cawst arand ter see if Shikespeer 'ad gort anythink runnin' at a Lunnun theayter just nar. Well, there 'e was, at the sime all shorp—bein' the Lyseem—with a piece by the nime of, "Romyer and Joolit." Thinks I, that's good enough, I'll 'ave a bob's-wuth.

Well, the plye bein' as yer might sye in furrin pawts and 'avin' appened a long time ago, it ain't easy fur a pline man like myself ter treat it feer. Fastly, it's a pretty thing—theer's no gettin' over thet. Very narse dresses, and the lyedy as plyed Joolit a fust-riter, though no more 'n a child if yer kin judge by looks. As fur the langwidge, well thet runs inter poytry, which ain't whort. I'm yoosed ter, nor 'as any call ter speak abart. Tike it any wye yer like, an' poytry is poytry, and yer cawnt mike yer meanin' as easy ter ketch when you're a-speakin' poytry as when you're speakin' natshral. I ain't findin' no fault with the langwidge, mind yer. Shikespeer 'ad the gift (sime as 'Ankin and I dessay more), but 'e yooses it that free as yer don't alwise see whart 'e's gettin' at. Yes, it's a pretty piece, yer know, but, sad. Romyer and Joolit—pore young things!—if they'd 'ad 'alf a stride o' luck might a-pulled it off. But theer—things gort muddled in a wye as yer wouldn't believe, till they 'ad ter kill themselves ter find a wye art of it.

If yer awsts me, I shud sye as Shikespeer 'ad talints but were keerless. 'Ere's a kise, now in this plye. Thet muddle whort were muddled come along of a letter nort bein' postid whort did ought ter 'ave bin posted. Theer was a Fryer Laurence and the letter ter another in the sime line, called Fryer John. Fryer John stuck thet letter in 'is pocket, and forgot evry bloomin' word abart it. It don't sye so in so many words, but to my mind it

inted it—I cud see as that were abart the long and short of it. Well, Fryer John comes back with some cock-and-bull story about the coppers 'avin' wanted ter disinfect 'im, and kep him shut up so as 'e couldn't git ter the post. Of course, it were a lie—sarnded like a lie, and a rare pore lie, too. A hinfant in the cradle cud 'ave seen it were a lie. But, 'arrever, it took in old Fryer Laurence. I sye thet weren't natshral. Then, agin, supposin' 'e did believe it, it were on'y natshral thet 'e shud 'ave let art a bit. If I'd bin in 'is place, I shud 'ave said: "You grite fat 'ead, go an' drarn yer-self!" I gives yer a letter to post as is a metter of life and death, and you go wand'r'in inter some bloomin' fever 'orspittle, and gits yerself stopped by the coppers. Blimey, if you're fit to be alive!" But that Fryer Laurence don't sye nutthink o' the sort. As fur as I cud ketch 'is remawks, 'e said it wornt nice. I shud bloomin' well think it wornt. I'm one ter tike things easy as fur as they can be tuk easy, but yer must dror the line somewheer. If 'e'd give the other chap a bit of 's mind, it 'ud 'ave bin more natshral.

Then theer were another thing. Romyer—pore chap!—seein' as 'e thinks 'is gel's dead—is wishful fur to pison 'isself. Bein' a bangkoldy the chimist's 'is shut, but 'e 'ollers up ter 'im an' fetches 'im art. Looked shockin' ill, thet chimist did—anybody might 'ave thought as 'e'd fed 'isself on 's own pills. But thet were eggsplined—tride were bad, and 'e'd no cash ter do 'isself prop'ly. Well, nar, it sem'd as theer were a law in furrin pawts; sime as theer is 'ere, reggilatin' the sile of pisuns. Whort wud any ornery man do? Why, tell the chimist as 'e 'ad vermin in 'is kitchen and worntid some rough-on-rats, signin' the book in the nime of Smith of the 'Igh Street. Then yer gits it all right—no questshuns awst—and no unpleasantness at the ingquest. Whort does this Romyer do? Gives the 'ole show awye, 'as ter pye a handful of thick'uns fur twopenn'erth o' pison, and never seems ter think as 'e'll be gettin' a pore man inter trouble. But 'arrever, it mye be I'm gettin' too kritikul—this Romyer was a good deal put abart at the time, and likely 'e didn't think much whort 'e were doin'.

Tikin' it on the 'ole, theer ain't much as I shud keer ter alter. I might 'ave understood it better, if it 'adn't bin poytry; but, in course, I knows as poytry is one o' the things that 'as ter be. It were on'y whort I eggspected when I went. No, I don't go so fur as some, but I tike it as theer aint much wrong with Shikespeer though nort eggsackly a thing as I'd keer ter see hev'ry night.

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THE OYSTER AT HOME.

THE oyster is the most imposed upon little animal in existence. From the day of his birth until he finds himself in a pail under the counter, the oyster's life is one long continued struggle for existence.

To begin at the beginning, most oysters are born in June and July, and at the time of their coming into this world they are not even allowed the dignity of their own name, but are familiarly called "spat." The oyster's cradle consists of a quantity of old oyster shells, called technically, "culch"—which, having been bleached, are put down in the bed of the river before the "spat" arrives. The object of the oyster farmer in doing this is to provide a resting place for the "spat," which might otherwise be carried away by the stream into other waters. In spite of the delicate provision for its safety, the "spat" will frequently rise to the top—or nearly to the top of the water—instead of adhering to the "culch," and so be carried away to the sea. The incoming tides usually send it back again a little way up the river, but not, as a rule, so far as its birthplace. If the "spat" remains on the "culch," all is well for a little time. The first year's growth is not large, and the young oyster is still allowed to remain fastened to its first resting place.

When the time is ripe for the youngster to be cast on its own resources, the bed of the river is dredged, and the little oyster is gently turned off from its native home—the old shell—by the aid of a blunt knife. It is then returned to the water.

From this time the young oyster has to fight his own battles. If he is a weakling, he gets killed at once. Baby crabs are fond of young oysters, and they are quite wise enough to know what oyster they may attack with some chance of killing him. They do not go for the strong ones. Having escaped from the crabs, the young oyster has to face a little regiment of mussels, and so the war goes on. Thoughtful Nature, who always anticipates the needs of her children, has provided the oyster with an unusual method of defence. It is, of course, well known that oysters open their shell when feeding. Now, at such times they are an easy prey to their enemies, but Nature has come to the rescue by giving the oyster a large mouth in its side, so that it need not keep its shell open for very long, unless it wants to. Presuming that the young oyster has got through his early career safely, he is left to get his living by his own unaided efforts. The only assistance he obtains from man is the cleaning of the river or creek in which he resides, and which is usually called—perhaps rather unfairly—the oyster bed. The big cleaning of the year is commonly performed in the spring, when the oyster is put to some inconvenience by being temporarily shifted into another dwelling-place while his own is being made tidy. This operation is done by thoroughly dredging the river, tearing off the weeds that cling to the oysters, and separating them from each other.

The natural tendency of the oyster is not to grow in that beautiful symmetrical shape we see in the shops, but in a large thick lump. There is no doubt that if the oyster were left to his own devices, he would do this always, and in a few years the oyster would be four times the size he is now. Oyster farmers are well aware of the effect this would have on the industry, and so far as the oysters themselves are concerned, they are not allowed to wage war against each other. The consequence of this arrangement is that oysters are now rather small, but there are more of them than there would be if they were large. Connoisseurs of oysters are prejudiced against very large specimens.

The right age at which the oyster should be eaten is six years, but owing to the increasing demand for them they are usually despatched at the age of four. The age of the oyster can be readily told up to six years or so by examining his shell. For each year there is a kind of ring on the shell. This is the only sure proof of age, as some oysters grow very much faster than others. After six years or so the oyster modestly refuses to disclose its

age to anyone, and the tell-tale rings are lumped one upon another in a confused mass.

From May to the end of August is the close season for the native oyster, but after that time the life of a four-year-old oyster is in constant danger. The dredgerman goes over and over the bed, returning the youngsters to the water, and reserving those of marketable size at the bottom of his boat, from which they are transferred to little pits on the bank of the river. These pits are, of course, filled with water. The object of this arrangement is to provide for a supply of oysters in case of a frost preventing the dredgerman from working, and to have a stock in hand ready for any emergency.

It must not be supposed that the dredgerman only hauls up oysters when he is at work. The cleaning of the bed of the river is practically always going on, and the dredgerman frequently drags up a quantity of cockles. These go by the name of the "dredgerman's beef," and anyone who has spent an hour or two on an oyster bed will know that this little perquisite is well earned. Dredging for oysters is about the coldest and most monotonous work that the sin of man has ever incurred.

Those people who like their oysters all the year round, and are not over fastidious as to flavour, have their wants supplied by foreign oysters. These are imported chiefly from America and Portugal, but there is a vast difference between the two varieties. The chief peculiarity about these oysters is that they will not breed in English waters. They will fatten and increase in size, apparently because they cannot help themselves, but beyond this they refuse to go. They take the place of the native oyster during the close season, and the Americans are usually preferred to the Portuguese. The latter kind frequently grow to an enormous size, but their flesh lacks that solid firmness of the native oyster, and their flavour is entirely different. Each kind of oyster has its separate space allotted to it in the river where, by the way, the presence of oysters is marked by long sticks which stand out six or seven feet above the water. These sticks are called "beacons," and correspond pretty much to hedges on dry land.

Many of the best native oysters are procured from West Mersea, a small village about nine miles from Colchester, which is the nearest railway station. It was here that the material for this short article was collected, and perhaps the best answer to the query, "Are oysters responsible for typhoid?" would be found by a visit to these same beds. The writer was assured by the tenant of the beds that the oysters could not exist in water containing impure matter. It is therefore to everyone's interest that the bed should be kept as clear as possible, and the most casual observer can see that this principle is thoroughly carried out. The village of West Mersea is a tiny place, and the oyster beds have no houses near them, so that the chance of any sewage getting into the water is absolutely nil. In addition to this precaution, the oysters are not kept in the river itself, but in small creeks, and by means of this plan the whole sheet of water comprising the beds is under direct supervision.

Oysters are usually eaten on account of their great nutritive qualities, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the custom of taking vinegar with oysters is to be deprecated, as it tends to destroy all their good effects. Competent judges of oysters all agree that vinegar spoils the delicate flavour of the oyster. It is certainly the opinion in and around West Mersea that the only oysters which require an accompaniment of vinegar are those which would otherwise not be eaten at all, and to take vinegar with a native oyster straight from the bed is considered almost as an insult.

When travelling long distances the oysters are usually packed in barrels, but for short journeys a sack is all that is necessary. The whole business of cultivating the oyster affords pleasant and profitable occupation to a large number of people, and all the cats in the neighbourhood appear to be unusually sleek and well-fed. W. P.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S. W.

IN THE CITY.

A BARNATO AMALGAMATION.

SOME ten days ago the *Times* suggested that the Barnato Bank, as it is called, should be amalgamated with the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company. A correspondent, who signs himself "Investor," and who thinks the suggestion of the *Times* "a real inspiration," suggests going a step further, and making "a triple alliance, i.e. of the Bank, 'Johnnies' and Barnato Consols." We are likely to hear more of this amalgamation idea, but we do not see what shareholders—especially shareholders of the Consolidated—are to gain from it beyond, maybe, some saving in management expenses. Practically the companies are doing the same kind of business, and it is well to note the varying ways in which the market has valued these concerns. Here are the figures in September and November:—

	Issued Capital.	Market Valuation. September.	Market Valuation. November.
Barnato Bank	£2,625,000	£12,469,000	£3,937,000
Barnato Consolidated.....	1,250,000	7,187,000	3,125,000
Johannesburg Con. Ind....	800,000	5,500,000	2,900,000
	£4,675,000	£25,156,000	£9,962,000

In September the market valued these concerns, with an issued capital of less than £5,000,000, at over £25,000,000 sterling. Is it easy to imagine more stupendous folly? The market valuation of the so-called bank assets was over twelve millions sterling, and to this day the market has not a scrap of authoritative information as to the value of these assets. The market valuation of the Consolidated Mines Company was over seven millions sterling, and the market has no authoritative information as to the value of its assets. True, a list of the properties held by the company has been published, but nobody is much wiser. The Barnatos say that the "Company's interests are equivalent to about 3,500 claims, some of which are situate in the immediate neighbourhood of companies whose shares represent, even at the present depreciated price, a value of from £20,000 to £30,000 per claim." There are not many Rand mines whose claims are capitalised at anything like £20,000 a piece, and fewer still that are worth anything like it. But where is the similarity between a fully-developed, dividend-paying mine, and the mere claims, which may or may not be valuable, that represent the assets of the Consolidated Mines Company? Then we have the Consolidated Investment Company, valued by the market at £5,500,000. This company has admittedly made big profits during the last twelve months, but no sensible man, knowing how the Barnatos control it, would put his money into it.

Last week we published a letter from a correspondent who applied to see the Barnato Bank register, and was told that he could not, because "the company was floated under South African laws." That is the way with all the Barnato concerns. Last December we gave some particulars of the Trust Deed of the Johannesburg Consolidated Company, and it may be useful to recall some of these particulars. Shareholders are bound hand and foot to the Barnatos. The company has done well this year? Yes, but shareholders have no security that they will reap the full, or anything like the full, benefit. First the Trust Deed makes the Barnatos and their henchman, Woolf Joel, Managing Directors for life. Section 75 provides that—

The first Directors shall be Barnett Isaac Barnato, Henry Barnato, and Woolf Joel, hereinafter referred to as Permanent Directors, with power, to add nine or fewer additional members to their number. (Page 14.)

If the permanent directors prefer to have no directors other than themselves they need not have them. They cannot be compelled to appoint or re-appoint—

The Permanent Directors may from time to time increase or reduce the number of Directors and alter their qualifications, and may also determine in what manner or rotation such increased or reduced number is to go out of office. (Page 15.)

The powers given to the Directors—that is, to the Barnatos—are of the most sweeping character. Under Section 34, they can increase the capital to any extent.

The directors may, without the intervention of any meeting, increase the capital by creating new shares to such amount and under such circumstances as are hereinafter set forth. (Page 10.)

And what are these ruling circumstances? They are defined by Section 35:—

Such shares may be issued with a perpetual or qualified right to dividends, and in the distribution of the assets of the company, and with a special or ordinary voting power, or, without any right of voting, provided that no privileges or rights shall be granted so as to

in any way interfere or encroach upon the rights and privileges of the Founders' shares. (Page 10.)

The Founders' shares, held by the Barnatos, are protected in every conceivable way; the ordinary shares, held by the British investor, may be made worthless if the Barnatos so will it. Note, too, the borrowing powers given to these men:—

The directors may from time to time, at their discretion, borrow from the directors, or other persons, any sum or sums for the purposes of the company. (Page 11.)

And section 40 provides that—

The directors may raise, or secure, the repayment of such moneys in such manner and upon such terms and conditions in all respects as they think fit, and in particular by the issue of debentures of the company. (Page 11.)

As for information, if any unfortunate shareholder, who bought say at 500 per cent. premium, asks for information as to the position of the company, he may be met by section 120 which tells him that—

The directors shall from time to time determine whether, and to what extent, and at what times and places, and under what conditions or regulations the accounts and books of the company, or any of them, shall be open to the inspection of the members, and no member shall have any right of inspecting any book or document of the company except as authorised by the directors.

Are the trust deeds of the two other Barnato companies with which we are dealing similar in terms? No doubt they are. They were "floated under South African laws," and investors on this side may whistle for information. As we said last year, no sane person acquainted with the terms of the Trust Deed we have quoted would put his money into the Johannesburg Consolidated Company, leaving it, as he would have to do, under the control of such men as the Barnatos. Nor less, but even more foolish, is investment in the other two companies. For months *TO-DAY* stood almost, if not quite, alone in warning the public to beware of the Barnatos, but its warnings were unheeded. Though tricksters of the most unscrupulous character, these men had only to ask for capital, and crowds besieged their doors in response to their appeal. Well, the crowds are paying for their folly, and deserve no sympathy.

THE SIMPSON CHAIN CHALLENGE.

WE thought we had finished with this matter. In our last issue we were able to announce that Mr. Simpson accepted the *Man v. Man* test, and we said that "as the only other important point at issue between Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gamage was the question of gate-money, which Mr. Simpson bars, and Mr. Gamage informed Mr. Jerome on the 18th ult, that he would not insist upon gate-money if representatives of the Press, the leading clubs, and the N.C.U. were admitted, only minor details remain to be arranged." But we were over sanguine.

Since our last issue Mr. Jerome has received a letter from Mr. Gamage, who declines to go on unless there is gate money. Mr. Gamage writes:—

There are plenty of stories going about to the effect that it is a put-up job, and that I am in the swim, so I am afraid if it was a closed meeting of Mr. Simpson's style, and supposing we lose, a colour would be given to these rumours, and, at the same time, victory would not do Mr. Simpson any good. From whichever point I view it, I am convinced that my contention is right, and it is the only one I will agree to.

We find it difficult to follow Mr. Gamage. How it can be "a put up job," a "closed meeting" with representatives of the Press—all the Press—the leading clubs, and the N.C.U. present, is beyond our comprehension.

What was the Challenge? Mr. Simpson staked £1000 to £100 that a machine with a Simpson chain would beat any machine that could be brought against it without the chain. Mr. Gamage took up the challenge, and there is agreement on all points save the question of gate-money. Mr. Simpson says, and has always said, he will not have gate-money, and Mr. Gamage told Mr. Jerome that he would not insist upon gate-money. No doubt "a good gate" would leave a handsome balance after all expenses were paid; but Mr. Simpson does not want that. His object is to demonstrate the value of his chain, and to do so in the presence of any number of experts who choose to come. How under such circumstances is the sharp practice Mr. Gamage says he fears possible? Mr. Simpson has refused from the first to have anything to do with gate-money, and it was well within his right to refuse. Mr. Gamage told Mr. Jerome he would not insist upon it. But now he changes, and says he will not race if there is to be no gate-money.

The race falls through because Mr. Gamage will not stand by the terms of the challenge he accepted. We regret it. Will no one else take up the challenge and run it without regard to gate-money? We are authorised by Mr. Simpson to say that he will keep open the challenge for two months.

UP-TO-DATE!

WE are always pleased to direct attention to the enterprise of our contemporaries, and especially when the journal concerned is one to which the public is really often indebted for early and valuable information. But just for once in a way the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been nodding. In its issue of Saturday it gave prominence to a telegram from its Johannesburg correspondent, which we set forth below, and in a parallel column we give a paragraph that appeared in this page on March 9th last. Here are the two:—

THE BUFFELSDOORN POSITION.

Johannesburg, Friday.—The Buffelsdoorn workings in the Eastern section are, and have been, in dyke for the last eighteen months.

On the Western section it is estimated that the dyke will be encountered at a depth of 700 feet.

The dyke varies from one to two miles in width.

The existence of the reef on the other side of the dyke is entirely a matter of uncertainty.

Assuming that the reef can be struck beyond the dyke, a fresh mine must be opened.

The probable cost of that operation would not fall much short of half a million sterling.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 30th, 1895.

THE BUFFELSDOORN BLUFF.

The trouble with this mine is that at a depth of 600 feet an enormous dyke is encountered, and in the upper levels there are very little "backs," so that the ore reserve is not so great as the public has been led to believe. The recent amalgamation with the adjoining properties was hurriedly put through before the dyke trouble had become public property. At the present market quotation the concern is capitalised at close on £2,000,000, and as no permanent formation has yet been discovered below the dyke, it is pretty clear that Buffelsdoorn is shares to avoid. — *TO-DAY*, March 9th, 1895.

There is nothing like being up to date!

LORD SAYE AND SELE.

COMMENTING upon the extraordinary general meeting of the *Veuve Monnier et ses fils*, held in January we directed attention to the strange admissions of its chairman, Lord Saye and Sele. On Monday last that ingenuous person, in his capacity as Chairman of the company, was under examination at the Bankruptcy Court, and his evidence offers further and striking proof of the folly, from the shareholders' point of view, of having men who are not business men, but persons chosen simply because they are peers, and their names to the uninitiated look well on a prospectus, as chairmen of companies. Here are a few of the admissions made by Lord Saye and Sele, in the course of his examination:—

He "went very carefully through the prospectus" meaning thereby that he read it and accepted the promoters' assurances that its statements were true.

He thought it was proper to go to allotment upon £7,026, though £14,000 in cash was to be paid for the property, and the nominal capital of the company was £100,000.

He made no inquiries as to the value of the property acquired, since "he relied entirely upon Mr. Austin" (the promoter) in the matter.

He knew that Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co. had expressed the opinion that "there were no profits to justify the payment" of the interim dividend declared of 7 per cent., but took no action upon the matter, being assured by the promoter that "the opinion referred to was unjustifiable."

In June, 1892, "the directors and their friends applied for 22,602 shares," and he applied for 500, but "he imagined that not so, would be called up with respect to them."

In April, 1893, one of the directors, "resigned in consequence of differences with the majority of the Board in connection with the balance-sheets," and as he agreed with Mr. Kimber, "he also resigned but was subsequently persuaded to withdraw his resignation."

And so on. And so on. The man was a mere dummy, a pawn, paid his director's fee for the loan of a historic name. There is no suggestion that he was dishonest. No doubt he was as much surprised as anybody when he found that the company was bankrupt. He was simply a fool; but an honest fool is generally a much better man for the wily promoter's purpose than a rogue.

RAILWAY CLERKS.

WE have received a letter from a railway clerk, a servant of one of the great railway companies, from which we take the following:—

If you know anything about the salaries of English railway clerks, you would not wonder at them wanting to emigrate. Take myself for instance. I joined the company eight years ago, being then fifteen years old, and after going through several grades of office work I am now what is known as a "senior clerk"—that is, I deal with correspondence as to bad loading of goods wagons, delay to goods traffic, etc., etc., for a princely salary of 24s. per week, and this, mind you, in the head offices of the company—the Goods Manager's office.

I may mention that I have a shorthand writer to write the letters. Knowing your sympathy, I think you will agree with me that this is not being overpaid, and there are several in the office who after ten, fifteen, and twenty years' service, are paid about 35s. per week.

Supply and demand? Well, yes; but it is rough on the clerk.

NEW ISSUES.

Holborn and Frascati, Limited.—The Promoter of this new company is Mr. F. Gordon, whose name is so prominently associated with that very successful undertaking, Gordon Hotels, Limited, and the other directors of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, are on the Board of Holborn and Frascati, Limited. There is something, therefore, in the assurance of the prospectus that the names of the directors are a sufficient guarantee for good management. But that is not enough. The promise of good management does not in itself prove that the investment is a desirable one, and though the amount asked for will probably be oversubscribed, on the face of the prospectus the investment is an undesirable one. The vendors ask £483,000 for the goodwill and premises of the two restaurants. It is an enormous sum, and there is nothing to show that it is not very excessive. There is

a certificate from Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., but that only says, that taking a year's working of the two concerns "the combined profits" amounted to £34,779. "Combined profits" is a little vague; but passing that, why are we given only one year's working of the two businesses, and why are the profits "combined"? Why not let us have them as they stand for each concern? It is well known that two or three years ago Frascati's was a losing concern. It was purchased, says the prospectus, "by a small private company about three years since, and in their hands the business has been steadily increasing." Suppose it has, it may still be worth very little. If it has been turned from a losing into a paying concern, why not give us the figures? As to the Holborn, no doubt a big business is done there, and if we are to believe the prospectus it "has been one of constantly increasing prosperity." Again, if that be so, why not give us the net profits over a series of years? As to the value of the premises to be taken over, we are told nothing except that in the one case, the building is a very handsome one, and in the other the premises are mostly freehold, "subject to a rent charge of £2,500 per annum." Once more, why no estimates of value? If the company makes, as Mr. Gordon says it should make, profits equalling the £34,779 said to have been made last year, fixed charges can be met, and the ordinary shareholders may look for an 8 per cent. dividend. But we shall be agreeably surprised if such a profit is shown for next year, and still more surprised if it is shown for 1897.

The British Tube Company, Limited.—It may be that seamless steel tubes, and the seamless steel tubes made by the British Seamless Steel Tube Company, are destined, as the prospectus before us says, to push welded tubes out of the market. In that case, the seamless steel tube trade would certainly be "capable of enormous growth." But the promoters of the British Tube Company, Limited, who are asking the public to subscribe to a company with a nominal capital of £250,000, and to pay £71,000 for the things to be taken over, give us nothing substantial to go upon in the way of fact. A syndicate was formed to work the patents at Birmingham, and it has been working them for the last year or two. The result, we are assured, has been very satisfactory. The profits have enabled fifteen per cent. to be paid on the ordinary shares, and the output of the company has been increased in an "unusually rapid and satisfactory manner." All that sounds very nice, but it amounts to very little without knowing the amount of the capital employed and of the output, with which comparison is made, particulars carefully withheld. Again, patents are very ticklish things to deal in. Title is apt to be faulty, or the improvement to be capped. We have no certificate here from any counsel as to the validity of the patents. Why? Again, upon the value of the assets to be taken over, we are without certificate. The plant, etc., is said to be worth £36,150, but this is the statement of the promoter. Why is there no independent valuation? A portion of the capital now to be raised—the major "portion," as far as we can see—is to be used in erecting a plant in the United States. We confess we do not like these American branches. Sampson Fox tried one for his flues, and we know what came of that. The prospectus says a 45 per cent. duty will be saved, and that the import duty on tubing for cycles alone is about £50,000. How does that prove that an American branch of the British Tube Company would pay? It is not enough to save duty to make an English manufacturing company pay in the United States. We are not saying that the British Tube Company has not got hold of a valuable invention, which it will pay to work on a large scale. That may or may not be. What we say is, that there is no evidence in the prospectus upon which the public are invited to subscribe that this is the case, and without such evidence the prudent investor will not respond to the appeal for capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

London and Westminster Bank. E. O. (Inverness).—Do not part with them. Dividends have been falling away, but they will go better again by-and-by. **Adler's Consolidated.** J. T. (Plymouth).—Hold. See what we said last week in reply to "J. F. L." **Black Flags.** CHEAP JACK (Great St. Helen's).—Hold. You will have noticed what was said at the meeting on Monday. **Various Investments.** ANNANDALE (Lancaster).—Hold Chartered; you will see them higher again. You know our objection to Johannesburg Consolidated. The two Australian shares are fair speculative investments. Pawson and Leafs have been doing a little better, but the amalgamation was a mistake. We note what you have to say about Slater's and Lancaster. It is the same elsewhere. **Hotchkiss Ordnance.** S. (Aberdeen).—Yes, we understand the company has more work. Probably you would find it to your advantage to hold a little longer. **Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams.** W. H. W. (Plymouth).—You must take their statements as to profits *cum grano salis*. **Yilgam Exploring Company, Limited.** HOLLY BANK (Moseley).—As you have got them you had better hold them for a time, but do not increase the holding. **Chartered.** W. K. J. (Cardiff).—Yes, hold for a time. We cannot recommend you to buy any of the other shares you name, though Oceanic are likely enough to go better by-and-by. **Various Shares.** A. G. M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—There is nothing doing in any of them. **Promising Investments.** C. A. (Edinburgh).—By "a very low price" do you mean very low as to their merits, or absolutely? **Claim for Salary.** C. M. (Bradford).—You are a preferential creditor, but only to the extent of £50. **Beaconsfield Diamond Company.** LAW (Llandilo).—Very little. We know nothing about the Ashbourne Gold Company. **Chartered.** C. B. (Belfast).—No; they are not at all likely to fall to the price you name. We think them good to buy and hold for a time. **Credit Company, Limited.** M. N. (Burnley).—It disappeared long since. **Outside Brokers.** M. R. (Sheffield).—They do a large business, and we know nothing against them. **Jarvis, Conklin and Co.** H. L. (Brampton).—We do not like it. **Five Mining Shares.** J. H. A. (Bedston).—They are all fully paid. No. 1 is, of course, the best, but even at the present quotation the price is high. Never is a Company formed under South African laws, but its prospects are thought to be good. The other three, are very speculative, No. 5 being the best. **Nigel Deeps.** E. W. D. (Clonskeagh).—(1) We should hold. (2) The record of the Provincial Tramways Company has been a chequered one. If you can get out without loss, do so. **The Oambussie.** O. C. R. (Dulwich).—We must wait until we have seen a prospectus before we can give you an opinion upon this Abyssinian gold mining venture.

INSURANCE.

B. R.—If you are an abstainer insure in the second named; if not, choose the first named.

BARNEY.—It would be almost impossible to mention all the good offices, and invidious to mention only some, but we may go so far as to say that those offices whose advertisements appeared in our last issue are amongst the best.

D. N. W. M.—It may safely be assumed that Joseph Allen, F.S.S., if he be not the special representative of a particular life office, has made arrangements with a few offices for a commission on the business he introduces, and that his pamphlet is his peculiar instrument for drawing fish into his own net. But it is quite legitimate.

EVERY NUMBER.—The office you inquire about is in a flourishing condition, is cautiously managed, and its rates are moderate.

No. 251.—The office is rather slow going, but it is very cautiously and prudently managed. It will be doing well for its policy-holders when some of the larger and more lively offices have overweighted themselves with expenses. Don't change on any account.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at 7.30. **CHEER BOYS,** **CHEER,** by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Powerful cast. Morning performance every Wednesday and Saturday at 1.30.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Grand Opera Season in English. Every Evening at 7.45. Morning Performances, Saturdays at 1.45. Box Office now open.

PALACE, Shaftesbury - avenue.—**THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN EUROPE.** The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF **TABLEAU VIVANTS.** Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.40.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—WONDERFUL SIGHTS.—11.0 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Early Varieties, 11.0 a.m. The World's Greatest Show, 2.30 and 7.30. At no Place in the World can so many sights be seen. Gold Mine—Rod v. Man and Swimming Entertainments, 5.0 and 10.0.—The Human Horse "Alpha," 4.0 and 9.0.—Skating Rink.—Billiard Matches.—Great Show of Chow Chow, Schipperke and Foreign Dogs, Dec. 10, 11 and 12.—Ladies' International Bicycle Races, France v. England.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—PLANTATION NIGHTS EVERY FRIDAY.—"A happy idea and most successful."—*Dispatch*. "An unqualified success. Always dear to the hearts of the People."—*Weekly Sun*.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—PLANTATION MATINEES every Saturday at 3. Full Programme as on Fridays. "Admirably sung."—*Globe*. "A great success."—*Lloyd's*. "Attracted a large audience, hearty in applause."—*Daily News*.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, W.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Matinees: Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at Three. Prices, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. General Manager, Mr. Lawrence Brough.

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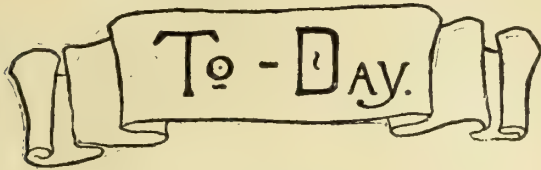
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

A DOCTOR in large practice in the Midlands writes me as follows on the subject of child insurance:—"Will you allow me to give briefly my own experience bearing upon the subject of child-murder? A few years ago I undertook the duties of parish doctor of a district containing 14,000 people, and an acreage of about 15,000 acres. I little knew what I was letting myself in for, and, after holding the appointment a short time, resigned. During that short time (about 1½ years) I had plenty of opportunity of forming a very decided opinion upon the subject in question, and have no hesitation in saying that among the poorest classes at least 25 per cent. of the infants who die have their deaths either hastened or brought about wilfully. It is a very difficult matter to prove such a statement, or, indeed, to fix the guilt in any particular case; but I determined that I would endeavour to make an example of the first case I could.

"I was sent for one morning to see a child who was said to have died suddenly. I went at once, and was shown the body, carefully arranged in bed, with a feeding-bottle half full of milk by its side. I had this child stripped, and saw it was fearfully thin and had been horribly neglected. I said I could not give a certificate, that there would have to be an inquest, and I would examine the body more thoroughly later on. As soon as possible afterwards, in company with another doctor, I made a post-mortem examination. There was not a vestige of fat to be found anywhere. The stomach was absolutely empty (so the feeding-bottle was merely a blind), there was no trace of disease, and the appearances all went to prove that death was caused by starvation, and by nothing else. The father and step-mother were poor—the latter especially had a very bad record—and the child was very much in the way, as the woman had lately (about two months before) had a child of her own. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter; the magistrates sent the case for trial at the assizes. To me and the other doctor the evidence seemed more than conclusive, and yet the jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty.' I am uncertain whether that case was insured or not. I think it was.

"Another case was very suspicious. A woman had children regularly every year. They all seemed perfectly healthy, yet none lived longer than a few months. I suspected chronic starvation, and had one fed in my presence with milk and water. It took it ravenously, and I warned the parents that if that child died as the others had done, there would have to be an inquest. I also ordered the child plenty of milk at the expense of the Guardians. The next I heard of the child was that it had been buried, and another doctor—who, of course, did not know the suspicious nature of the case—had given a certificate. This child *was* insured. These are two typical cases, and how is the medical profession to combat the evil? Without a change in the law, I believe it is impossible for them to do so successfully."

APART from the lurid light which the above letter throws on the question of child insurance, it is evidence of the greatest importance with regard to the discussion of over-population. Even to hide-bound, stone-blind Mrs. Grundy, would it not be better that this twenty-five per cent. of useless children were not brought into the world at all? It is no good talking sentiment and theories. We have to take life as we find it. Everyone who mixes with the very poor knows quite well that what my correspondent states is the truth. These children are brought into the world as the result of an animal instinct that no theorising on the part of easy-chair philosophers will ever eradicate. Of what use to God or man are their few sad weeks; of what use the woman's pain, the begrudged expense, to those who find it difficult enough as it is to keep their own bodies and souls together?

It tires one—the silly cant talked by well-to-do dreamers. "Would you do this?" writes one. "Would you dare to suggest?" writes another; "Would you have the heart to say?" writes a third; and so on. My dear good Lady Bountiful, my dear Sir Good Advice, I would do nothing but look round me and try to discover what is actually happening, what has always happened, and what common-sense tells me always will happen, and then set to work to see if some practicable means cannot be adopted, not to change human nature, but to lessen a little the amount of pain and misery that lies upon the earth. I would use knowledge to adapt the necessities of nature to the requirements of civilisation. Their contest can only be harmful; their laws must be compromised until they fit into one another.

COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE PORTISHEAD DIVISION OF THE SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Having been forced to fight for the District Council, I must be well enough to fight for the County Council; therefore I offer myself as a candidate, and ask for your support.

My views are well known to most of you.

I am persuaded that it is the duty of the proper officers to afford support to every citizen.

Every Member of the State has right to relief for his indigence and to support—a Right absolute as the right of the Landowner to his acres, as the Tradesman to the money in his till.

This is a question not of mercy, or charity, but of absolute Right.

Work has to be organised as well as workers. I will help the starving People.

"There is remedy, let us find it."

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, let us think of those things."

"Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings."

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

HENRY J. MIREHOUSE.

St. George's Hill, Easton-in-Gordano, near Bristol.

THE above precious piece of clap-trap is the address of Mirehouse, J.P., to the Somerset electors. It may be remembered that this "Justice" was summoned for gross cruelty to a horse one week. The next week he was sued by a livery-stable keeper for having killed a mare by savagely flogging it all the way up a steep hill. The horse lay dying in agony in Mirehouse's stable the next morning. Mirehouse, to rouse it up a bit, went for the poor brute with a hammer. As a human document the address is worth studying. The noble sentiments expressed, coming from such a man, I must confess, thrill me with disgust. It shows what a depth of degraded hypocrisy is possible in England:—"Whatsoever things are lovely," says Henry J. Mirehouse, J.P., "whatsoever things are of good report, let us think of those things." Could Pecksniff himself have excelled this? "An honest man's the noblest work of God," quotes this creature, and he might have added that a brutal hypocrite is the most contemptible work of the devil!

MR. STEWART, of Liverpool, is an example to magistrates throughout the country. For cruelty to a pig a driver was sent by him to gaol for fourteen days. I congratulate Liverpool on its possession of a fearless, law-supporting magistrate. Good news also reaches me from Halifax. The Mayor (Councillor G. H. Smith), and his fellow Magistrates, have a true sense of justice. Fred. Marshall, butcher, William Cooper, slaughterer, and William Dennis, a farmer, were brought before them for savage and revolting cruelty to a cow. The animal was with calf. She had not delivered, and the veterinary surgeon ordered her to be killed. Instead of that, to save the few pounds for her carcase, they dragged the animal, suffering intense agony, to the Halifax slaughterhouse. It took them three hours to travel two miles with her. Then finding they could not get her any further they left her in the streets, and went off to the public-house. The animal was not fit for human food, and this the defendants well knew. The Mayor, in pronouncing sentence, said that he considered a man capable of such cruelty to be a disgrace to humanity. All the prisoners were committed to one month, with hard labour. Three months would have been better, but this is a grand move in the right direction.

NUMEROUS Exeter correspondents write me to repudiate, on behalf of the town, the disgrace of reckoning among their fellow citizens the directors of the Exeter Tramway Company, men who deliberately plan to earn their dividends by working old, half-starved, emaciated, and wounded horses to death. These precious directors appear to be Messrs. Frederick Burt and Company bankers, of 80, Cornhill, London. It is a pity that the Exeter magistrates cannot give Messrs. Burt and

Company, Bankers, of 80, Cornhill, a couple of months' hard labour. They richly deserve it.

A SOUTHPORT correspondent tells me that my remarks upon the action of the Southport bench in encouraging cruelty in Southport has had a useful effect. The anger against this wretched bench of magistrates, he tells me, is almost unanimous, though their friends are fulminating against the wickedness of a mere newspaper man daring to attack so holy an institution as the Southport mayor. This mayor, he tells me, is a shining light in the teetotal cause.

I HAVE to acknowledge the following subscriptions to our Pluck Fund:—E. W. P., 5s.; E. and D. L., £1; S. M. F., 1s. A correspondent sends me particulars of a brave act performed by a lamplighter, William Keating, of Cork. Keating rescued a woman from drowning at great personal risk to himself, and I shall have much pleasure in sending him a cheque for one guinea from the Pluck Fund. Another case reaches me from Liverpool. Thomas Edward Kermode, a policeman, acted with fearless courage in trying to save the life of a boatswain, Peter George. Space prevents my giving full particulars here. It is enough that the act was one of exceptional bravery. I am sending Kermode a silver medal from the Pluck Fund. My attention has also been drawn to a case at Church, Lancashire. I am enquiring into the matter, and will publish details next week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

E. M. P. sends me one of the saddest little stories I have read for a long while, but, alas! her tale is a true one, and it is the story, I know, of many thousands. "I am twenty-one years old, and for the last six years have been a shop-girl. At the age of fifteen my father died and left mother and me totally unprovided for. I was apprenticed to the millinery, and for two years mother kept us both by doing sewing. After that time I got a situation in this city, and we came here to live with scarcely a friend in the world, and then, oh, the dreadful grind we had to keep up a respectable appearance! I always meant to get on, and I suppose I have done so, at least as much as a girl can who has no money and no influence, and now I can keep mother without her working, and we have a little home of our own. Now I suppose you are wondering why I complain. I can anticipate you saying all work is noble, and telling me a life of work is a good life. Oh, yes, I've read 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Past and Present,' and lots of other things that deal with the same subject, and they haven't made me a scrap more contented. If I could only live—really live—for just one year, I think I would be content with the memory, and not mind becoming a machine again for the rest of my existence. Just imagine yourself me for a little time—a young girl working twelve hours a day, sometimes more—for mere existence; uncongenial work, too, and it is work, all the time, I can assure you. I sometimes hate women. When I read of a woman being good and sympathetic, I want the writer of that article to come and serve her with a bonnet. I wonder if it ever strikes a customer that we, too, are alive. Of course, after business is over we are usually too tired to think of pleasure, and if we were not, what pleasure is there for girls like us? With the exception of a few girls I have met at business I know no one at all. How is a shop-girl likely to get to know anyone? There is only one way—girls in business term it 'going on the mash'! I daresay there sounds something very comical about that to you, but to me—well! I have met more tragedies than comedies in my life. And can you blame them? The majority of them don't think at all, they only feel, and then the fearful misery of a shop-girl's life! Can you wonder at the plunge which generally lands them out of the frying-pan into the fire? And those who do think, for them it is even worse. A girl, just turned seventeen, said to me the other day, 'The only comfort there is in life is that it cannot last. Can you consider anything more horrible than to have to live for ever?' There is surely something wrong when girls of seventeen look forward to death with pleasure. Sometimes I want to get out over the houses and see something of Nature—the Nature that I read about—but we can only see the stars, and they look cold enough, everything else to us is cold, artificial,

and unnatural. Women to us signify mental torture, and the men—well I'm pretty enough to know them as they show themselves to us in the shops. I am not ambitious. I don't ask for fame or even money, only for useful work that would be congenial, and just a little love and sympathy. If I am not to have them, if warmth and life is wrong for me, and if I'm to be nothing all my life but a machine, as I have seen other girls, and as they have told me, why did God make me—or having made me, why did He give me thought and feeling? Thanking you in anticipation for the advice I am sure you will give me. . . . What can one say? The tragedies of life are sadder than the tragedies of death, and this is one of them. I know so many girls who might have written this letter. Two girls I know—one is a cripple—keep their mother in a little house in Kentish Town by making toys. From early to late they slave for a bare pittance. They see none of the joy of life, they get none of its happiness. I even think its kicks would be welcome to them as a variation from the daily soul-killing monotony of a dreary existence unilluminated by any ray of hope. And there are young men also, too many of them, with brain to be ambitious, but not sufficient strength for the fight. All they have to look forward to is a wearying succession of years full of only the sordid pettinesses of life. Their dreams will die, their vain hopes will fade away. They will grow old and silent. To the frankly brainless, poverty is but a small trouble. They take their miserable surroundings with an animal indifference, they snatch at small animal enjoyments that come to them, but, to such as my correspondent, life seems to have no compensation whatever. One could talk to her of books, and art, and music, of the inner life, but that is for later on. Young girls of twenty-one want pleasure and companionship. One feels it is their right. Many would speak to her of the consolation of religion. But youth does not seek for consolation; it asks for life. Fortunately twenty-one is too young for despair. Congenial companionship might surely be found. Of course there are difficulties. I can imagine my correspondent. She is proud and shy, ashamed of her poverty, ashamed of her own yearning for sympathy, dreading ever an insult or a rebuff; but there must be other girls around her of like nature, longing, as she is, for friendship. I would advise her to try and come out of herself a bit, not to brood too much. There must be somebody else as anxious for her friendship as she is for theirs. And my correspondent is a girl; and, let her thank Heaven—as she says—pretty. For plain and ugly girls in such a position, God help them! Surely the Other will come along one day—it is in the nature of things—who will turn the sunlight for her upon her path. Life is so full of chances and changes. To some despair must come, but girls need not go forward to embrace it at twenty-one. Some months ago I had a letter from a young man. He was utterly alone in London—friendless, poor, miserable. The other week he wrote that all this was changed. He had found—by seeking for them—friends and companions. He had found some work that interested him. The letter was not from the same man, it was a letter full of hope and eagerness, instinct with growing strength. Youth is so capable of wretchedness. It is full of desires—legitimate desires, I mean—and life seems such a prison; but we grow out of this. We compromise, we look lower down, and little pleasures, and faint hopes, come to us. Our skin grows harder, lessening our capacity for suffering. Maybe it is only our eyes growing dimmer, but the "cold stars" seem warmer and nearer to us. It is sad we can do so little for each other in this world. If there were only some sympathy abroad, life would be brighter for many.

J. P. S.—What on earth do you mean by a publication on Labour? You might as well ask me for a publication on the subject of Politics, or Religion. There must be thousands upon thousands of books on the subject. What branch of it do you want? The history of labour is practically the history of the world.

G. W.—There are already numbers of the public reciters clamoring for every vacant engagement. Unless you were a man of exceptional talent you would stand no chance of earning anything. You could test your powers upon the bodies of your friends at small smokers and similar entertainments.

A. M. I am sorry you missed your paper, but at two o'clock on Thursday you would find the paper sold out at a good many bookstalls. The second supply does not reach them until Thursday evening. I thank you for writing and have handed your letter to the manager. J. R. W.—I thank you for your letter. I shall probably be dealing with the book at a future date. W. L. G.—I know of no book dealing with American as against English humour.

J. M. P.—Of course the proper heroic thing to do would be to tell your parents of the engagement, and chance that "devil's own row," of which you so feelingly speak. But heroic behaviour does not always lead to the best results in this work-a-day world. The young lady is seventeen, and, as you say, much too young to be married. You are not very old. Suppose you put the whole matter into the hands of Time for a couple of years, and see what happens. By that time you may be independent of your parents, or fresh ideas may have come to one, or both of you, during that period.

J. E. J.—Where do I say that every professional football player is the type of man who would kill a gamekeeper? I

merely point out that professionalism in football invites into the football ranks men of a brutal character. A very different argument altogether. I am glad to find that I was mistaken in thinking that you agreed with professionalism in football. I also regret being under the impression that you were arguing. You now point out to me that you were not—you were only requesting me to think and write differently.

W. R. (Southport).—Why do you mark your letter private, so that I cannot make use of the information it supplies? Forgive me for saying that this seems rather a half-hearted way of fighting in a cause.

"AFRICAN."—You will find the very articles you want, entitled "Commercial Botany," in the latest edition of Cassell's Popular Educator. The articles are very interesting and will not take up much of your time.

C. F.—I have referred your letter to the Secretary of the National Liberal Club. B. W.—You will obtain particulars as to emigration to South Africa by writing a line to the Government Emigration Bureau, Westminster, who supply booklets dealing in a very complete way with the facts concerning emigration to the different colonies. GEORGE.—Your correspondent does not mention the name of the hospital, but I daresay the charity is all right, and that the collector is above suspicion. This is a very usual and useful way of collecting funds. W. E. N.—Your best plan would be to drop a line to Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of 72, Coleman Street, E.C. They would very probably consider the matter, and let you know if they would purchase the rights of your novelty.

G. C.—I do not know the address, but will make enquiries.

B. G.—I fancy you might try the Japanese and Eastern Art Treasure Company, 4, Burlington Gardens, who, if they do not deal in the particular things you want, would no doubt tell you of someone who does.

SURVEYOR.—I think your best plan is to write fully to the Secretary of the Surveyors' Institution, 12, Great George Street, Westminster, and I think he will give you every information and help.

B. H.—Both the plays you name are still copyright, and their authors or their authors' heirs are surely entitled to a small fee.

G. S.—You cannot do better than continue as an amateur reciter for sometime longer. The ranks of professional reciters are much overcrowded, and you would want a big reputation as an amateur to launch you with any success into their midst.

T. W. and A. S. write thanking me for my exposure of Messrs. Smith and Co.'s methods.

THREE COMMERCIALS.—TO-DAY could be sent to a different address each week, if you would let us know it on Tuesday morning. I am glad that you like TO-DAY. We reckon commercials amongst our staunchest readers.

T. G.—I thank you for cutting. The bigoted teetotaler has always done much to damage the cause of temperance. He makes people so annoyed with teetotalism that, of the two, one begins to prefer the drunkard. The latter, if a sinner, is, at all events, not a Pharisee.

J. W. P. sends me a book of words of the songs sung by the Birmingham Band of Hope. A little sense of humour would be a great help to our teetotalers. The blatant priggishness which these songs would instil into the youthful mind is something appalling. The good boy sits in judgment upon wicked Old King Cole. This model Band of Hope boy is made to grieve at the reflection that the shameless monarch called for his pipe and his bowl. To quote the graceful verse he wishes "Everyone to know, He'd scorn to smoke a pipe, Cigar or even Cigarette—They're all the same low stripe." Why "stripe", unless the poet originally wrote type and then began to think of "tripe", I cannot understand. Then these Band of Hope children address grown-ups as follows:—"Oh, Father stop and think, Oh, Mother stop and think, Which do you love the best on earth, Your children or the drink? The little stockings, boots and shoes, The toy, the top, the ball, With every decent dress and hat, the Drunkard swallows all." I have known men with an unusually large swallow. I have heard low people boast that they could put it down with anybody, but a draught of "decent dresses, tops, and balls" sounds satisfying. In a final song teetotalers are made to sing, "Oh, it makes us feel so jolly, When a man gives up his wine." Yes, it would, but they don't think how dull it makes the man himself feel.

R. G. sends me a cutting from the *Warrington Guardian*, angry as, of course, every football paper is bound to be at my remarks upon professionalism. Of course, the *Warrington Guardian* winds up by saying that I know nothing whatever concerning the subject. I feel there is some mysterious knowledge concerning the game of football, which is kept from the ordinary eye of man. I shall be glad to know what it is. Whenever I object to professionalism, as ruining the true sporting spirit of a game, or say my word against the brutality too often exhibited by professional players, I am always told by these papers, who make a good thing out of professional football, that I "know nothing of the subject." One would think that football was an occult science that demanded years of patient investigation before one could acquire a knowledge of its mysteries. I suppose I played football, and enjoyed playing football, when half of these gentlemen who now write about it in the Press were playing nine-pins. A good many curious things have crept into the game since those days, but nothing I fancy

that baffles an earnest student. Will some of the writers who know so much about the matter kindly explain to me what it is that I do not understand?

W. F. is a young gentleman alone in London. He wishes to join some inexpensive institute or club, and would prefer one with a gymnasium attached, and he also wishes to learn boxing. There is, of course, the Y.M.C.A. Institute at Exeter Hall, in the Strand, and also in Aldersgate Street, and the Church of England Young Men's Institute in St. Bride Street; or if my correspondent considered that the atmosphere of these institutions would be too cold for him, there is the Polytechnic, in Regent Street, which is full of life and go, and there is the Hampden Club in St. Pancras. The latter, however, is residential, but it is an admirable institute, and I have often wondered that it is not so widely popular as to necessitate the erection of many branches. Inexpensive clubs for young men are among the greatest wants of London. A young clerk or apprentice alone in London has few opportunities of society and recreation. He wants a comfortable, but not expensive place where he can read, write, play chess, cards, or billiards and meet with a chum. Good clubs could easily be started with a subscription of a guinea. I wonder some enterprising young men do not band together and set to work. If the thing was started in a genuine spirit most of the London newspapers would give the founders plenty of free advertisement.

CORRESPONDENT.—It is easy enough to guess at character from the face alone, as that is the great index to the interior. Feeling bumps is all rubbish. As for your blindfold phrenologist, I have seen plenty of men tell cards when blindfold, and other tricks. One's reason, not one's senses, are things to depend upon in such a connection.

W. S. G. wishes me to recommend him to the study of good Saxon English. He asks me not to refer him to Shakespeare, Pilgrim's Progress, or the Bible. He also begs me to leave out all reference to Goldsmith and Sterne, and not ask him to look at John Bright's speeches. It is as if the young man asked me for change for a threepenny-bit, and begged me not to give him coppers! My correspondent also asks me "What are the best translations of the works of young Werter." I should recommend him a course of "The Sorrows of Carlyle," translated by Goethe.

KOLA NUT seems to be becoming quite the staff of life, and Mr. Bowyer tells me to buy it in the powder and then to mix it with cold water, and boil it, after which you pour it into a pot, and use it as required. I gather from the label he encloses me that Kola does not contain tannin, as tea does; does not contain oil, as coffee does; does not contain fat, as cocoa does. What it does contain is not stated, but it does not give you indigestion. Apparently it has not enough grit in it to give one any satisfaction, and I shall try it on my friends first.

G.P.—Write to the secretary of the society. I cannot answer letters through the post.

W.B. encloses me an advertisement, from which it appears that something very like the rubber stamps supplied by Messrs. Smith to their employees for a shilling, can be bought for sixpence.

MEDICAL STUDENT (Manchester).—You say "Here, at Owen's College, there is a student who loves to catch birds, pluck them alive, shove needles into their eyes, pull their legs off, and then kill them." If you know such a student and you do not publicly denounce him to the law, you are playing the part of a thorough coward. If you are afraid yourself, give me some more information that I can act upon and I will take the matter up. To be perfectly frank, I can hardly credit your statement.

EQUIT suggests my calling the attention of the Great Unpaid to a little legal manual published by C. M. Atkinson. He thinks that a perusal of the book would give magistrates some inkling of their business.

COMMERCIAL.—I thank you for your kind remarks concerning TO-DAY, and am glad that the paper is so popular in commercial circles.

J. B. Y.—I am glad to find that Mr. Cunningham Grahame is among those denouncing the leniency of magistrates towards cruelty.

W.P.B., who is in strong agreement with me on the subject of professionalism in football, points out the growing brutality of the game as now played. The other day he watched a match where one team, finding itself losing the game, simply set to work, he tells me, to injure their opponents. First one player, and then the other, had to leave the field hurt. With professionalism the income of the players depends upon their winning. They care nothing for the game, but two or three lost matches means probably the sack for them, and failing to win legitimately, I can quite see how readily they would take to mere fighting.

M.J.T. tells me rather an amusing incident in connection with Messrs. Smith and Company's offer of employment. Two members of the same family, both living in the same house, applied. Both were appointed agents by Messrs. Smith, both received the rubber stamp in exchange for their shilling, and each started to sell their stamp to the other one. In neither instance did the business come off!

K. T.—I thank you for the cutting. The folly of friend Hugh Price Hughes is too well known to need much comment. He is an exceedingly earnest and, I believe, an exceedingly good man. If he could only understand human nature a little better he would see that he is going the wrong way to work for reforming it. His best plan would be to shut up every man, woman and child in a glass case, and feed them through a tube. Nobody could do anything wrong, and we should all go to heaven in a body.

K. L., SOLICITOR, AND OTHERS.—With regard to the sentence of penal servitude passed on a supposed pickpocket in Leicester, to which I alluded in dealing with the Leicester factory cruelty case, my correspondents state that a Bench cannot give ten years penal servitude. But a Bench, sitting in quarter sessions, can inflict penal servitude; and, when I wrote, I was under the impression that the sentence must have been so inflicted. As a matter of fact, the sentence was not passed by the Leicester Bench, but by the Leicester Recorder. The mistake was made in the local papers, and I copied it from them.

J. McN.—Many thanks. M.V.E.—The matter is a very interesting one, and I should write to Messrs. Christie, of St. James's.

BUGLE.—You do not state your age, but if you are between fourteen and sixteen years old you can enlist as a drummer boy. At the age of eighteen you can only enlist as an ordinary private soldier, not in the band. Your chance of getting into the band will depend entirely upon your musical abilities. With regard to prospects of advancement, I should not say that these are greater in the band than in the ordinary service. Of course the coveted prize is always the position of bandmaster, but you would have to possess exceptional talents to gain such a post. The life of a bandsman may be a trifle easier than that of a private, as he gets off all sentry duty, but he has to attend all drills in the ordinary way. The pay is practically the same in both cases, but a bandsman earns little perquisites by playing at balls, concerts, and parties. The medical examination always takes place before enlistment.

Many correspondents send me country papers containing something, I suppose, to which they wish to call my attention. Would they, in future, kindly mark the passages they have in their minds? It is impossible for me to wade through some twenty or thirty columns.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



BELL'S
SCOTIA
CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.

CLUB CHATTER.

I understand that my Editor has got himself into serious trouble with no less important a body than the Committee of the Playgoers' Club, of which Mr. Reginald Geard, dramatic critic of the *Morning Leader* and finance editor of the *Star*, is the moving spirit. The Committee of the Playgoers' Club are indignant with To-DAY for its strictures upon the conduct of certain rowdy members, who have of late been bringing the good name of the Club into disrepute. Why the Committee should apparently have taken this discreditable little faction under its wing I fail to understand, but that is their affair. What will be the fate of my Editor should the policy of To-DAY not be immediately changed at the bidding of Messrs. Geard and Co. I shudder to contemplate. Mr. A. W. Pinero had to resign his membership of the Club some little time ago in consequence of an attack made upon him by Mr. Austin Fryers, who, I believe, is still a member of the Committee. Of course it is quite open to the Committee to pursue similar tactics in the case of Mr. Jerome.

I do not think our billiard champion, John Roberts, has come off best in the controversy with Eugene Carter, the champion cushion cannon player of America. Carter expressed his willingness to accept 9,000 in 24,000 and play under the rules of the Billiard Association, but Roberts, who, apparently, has forgotten the visit of Ives a season or so ago, said Carter could have 12,000 start, but he would have to play when and where he (Roberts) liked, and on a Roberts' table.

No sane man could expect that Carter would agree to such absurd conditions, and the American did not hesi-

tate to say so in very plain terms. Then Roberts turns on his manager to keep up the wordy warfare, and Carter, equal to the occasion, replies through his agent, and dangles a nice bait before Roberts's eyes, viz., a start of 7,000 in 12,000 at the American game.

THERE can be no doubt but what Carter's display is the most entertaining ever seen at an English billiard saloon, and it is worthy of note that Roberts has condescended to give exhibitions of fancy and trick shots. Carter, who is a most pleasant and unassuming Yankee, exercises wonderful control over the balls, and seeing how Peall, Taylor, and other well-known professionals have failed, I am quite prepared to see Roberts—should he ever pick up the gauntlet—suffer defeat.

RARELY does one come across an English professional who handles a cue of more than, say, 19 oz. Carter, however, prefers a very heavy cue. This, it may be thought, is owing to the largeness of the balls, but I understand he would use the same cue when playing our game.

Artistic work in advertisement is of such recent growth in England that it cannot be said that we have reached a standard of excellence in this direction that cannot be beaten, and to my mind it is such a relief to find an advertisement which is not, at the same time, a disfigurement, that I cannot but hope that a competition which Messrs. Carl Hentschel and Co. are initiating will be a success. They are offering some substantial prizes in cash for the best pen-and-ink drawing which they can use for advertisement, and the fact that Mr. Lewis F. Day, Mr. Jacobi, and Mr. Joseph Pennell are to act as the judges will be a sufficient guarantee, I should imagine, of the certainty of an impartial award.

"And, to crown all, she enjoyed the most perfect Health."



Such words would almost lead one to infer that the person so described wore a **Holman Stomach and Liver Pad**, to correct any of these little ailments that even the most robust are subject to at times. No one can possibly be "in perfect health" who swallows drugs—so-called medicines—to cure any Stomach or Liver troubles with which they may temporarily be afflicted.

Drugs are poison to the body, ruin the teeth, dim the brilliancy of the eye, mar the beautiful complexion, and induce instead of alleviating, that commencement of all illnesses, Indigestion.

The Company's pamphlet sent post free, on application to—
THE HOLMAN PAD COMPANY,
DEPARTMENT P,
Regent Building, Heddon Street, London, W.



Of all First-class Grocers and Confectioners, and at every Xmas Bazaar throughout the Country.

It
Never Fails.

ESTAB. 21 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?

A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?

A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Try it also for

Whooping-Cough, for Asthma,
for Consumption, for Bronchitis.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

**Owbridge's
Lung Tonic**

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

For outward application, instead of
poultices, use

OWBRIDGE'S EMBROCATION.

It is much safer, more effective,
and less troublesome.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere

in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., and 11s.

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Intending competitors can obtain a copy of the rules and the amount of the prizes on application to Messrs. Hentschel's Fleet Street address.

WHETHER or not the present Crystal Palace Association team will prove a success, its institution is a step in the right direction. Since Kennington Oval was closed to football followers of the Association game have been sadly in need of a good team in their midst. All the southern clubs of note play Rugby, and those who are desirous of seeing a good match at the other code have to journey to Millwall or Plumstead, both more or less undesirable places to visit. The Crystal Palace ground, with its splendid accommodation, is an ideal place for football, and if only an attractive programme can be arranged, the new venture should prove a success. It can scarcely be said that an encouraging start was made on Saturday, when less than two thousand witnessed the match between the Crystal Palace Club and Aston Villa, but the affair is likely to develop.

WHILE residents in the South of London are lamenting the lack of good Association football, those in the north are quite devoid of good Rugby matches. At the present most of the best Rugby clubs are content to share the moderate patronage to be obtained at Richmond, and there is not the least doubt that a good club able to arrange matches with well-known teams would soon command a strong following in the north. Blackheath and Richmond are too far away for those living in the neighbourhood of Holloway, and one frequently hears the regret expressed that all good Rugby football is played on the south side of the river. The London Caledonians, however, reap the benefit of the present position of affairs in the shape of a large and regular attendance.

BLACKHEATH are to be congratulated on their victory

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD! DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

Finest quality sent to any part of the United Kingdom. Sample Cake 1/3 post free. 5/- tins containing 5 Cakes 5/9 post free. Ornamented Cakes (with any motto) for Birthday or Christmas Gifts from 3/6 to 21/-.

ROBERT BROWN, Family Baker and Confectioner,
206, CUMBERLAND STREET, GLASGOW.

"OLD DUKE" Blend of Specially Selected HIGHLAND WHISKY.

AGE AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

One Dozen Case sent free to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque for 40s., payable at the Bank of Scotland.

MATTHEW HENDRIE,
78, Wellington Street, GLASGOW. Est. 1860.

CIGARS. We beg to draw attention to our **THREE SPECIAL BRANDS OF CIGARS**, which we claim to be the best of their kind made at the money. Being desirous of making them more widely known, we offer them at a small margin of profit, feeling assured that Connoisseurs will pronounce them equal to their reputation, and will make them known to their friends.

"ESTRELLAS de OROS" Perfectionados.
One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.
70s. per 100. 36s. per 50 box. Sample 1s.

"CELESTE IMPERIO" Camelias.
A beautiful cigar.
35s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

"ROYAL PECULIARS."
Made from the purest tobacco.
20s. per 100. 10s. 6d. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

Samples sent, boxed, post free, if not less than 1s. 6d. ordered.
Boxes post free on receipt of remittance.

OLLEY & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.

over Cardiff last Saturday. Having beaten Newport the week previous, the Cardiff men were fairly sanguine of success, and it is probable that had the ground been dry they would have won. As it happened, however, the turf was wet, the ball slippery, and a high wind prevailed. All these things told against accurate passing, which is the fundamental principle of Welsh play, and being unable to bring off their usual tactics, the Cardiff men were at a disadvantage. All that is in the luck of the game, and in our variable climate a team should be able to adapt themselves to all conditions. The Blackheath forwards played finely, but the victory was, in a great measure, brought about by the clever half-back play of Cattell and Maturin, who are likely to represent England this winter.

THE "Blackheathen," who started a discussion in a public print anent the alleged cadging practices of Blackheath, has done his club a bad turn. The upshot has been a number of more or less unpleasant replies, in which Blackheath are distinctly accused of being cadgers. There is little doubt that a *tu quoque* argument would apply; all clubs are to some extent guilty of obtaining or striving to obtain rising players. It is almost impossible to check it, even if it was really desirable to do so. At first blush it would seem a little dishonourable to invite a man to leave a small club, but a player of ability, who is desirous of winning high honours, is only too glad of a chance of becoming a member of a first-rate team. Many fine players have been lost to good football through being associated with small clubs.

THE Woolwich Arsenal officials have been having some trouble with their players of late, and last week they suspended their regular goalkeeper for four weeks. Some writers have taken the part of the men, and argue that

MITCHELL'S "ROYAL ARCH."

A high-class hand-cut Tobacco of exceptionally fine quality, specially prepared for Smokers who prefer to make their own Cigarettes.

SOLD ONLY IN ONE OUNCE OVAL TINS.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM THE LEADING TOBACCONISTS

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,
GLASGOW.

Established 1723.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

TINICO

FRAGRANT
COOL & SWEET. **FLAKE**
ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.
EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

NO MORE IRRITATION
OF THE
TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

It is to be had from all First Class Tobacconists

Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4d. extra. Sample 2ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from

J. P. BURNS, Tobacconist, 17, SOUTH EXCHANGE PLACE, GLASGOW.
The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.



*SMOKERS WHO KNOW
A GOOD CIGAR*

say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND.
A large consignment of the choicest kinds now on hand from Manila.

PRICES:
17/- to 24/- per 100 (Post free on receipt of remittances).
Boxes of 12 Samples s. 6d. post free, or 5 samples of 5 of the best kinds (25 in all) will be sent for 5s.

Turkish Cigarettes.—A specially fine quality (the best that money can buy) now in Stock. **PRICES:** 2/6 and 3/- per Box of 50 (2 sizes same quality). Samples free on application with stamped addressed envelope.

W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.



STENHOUSE'S LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

One Dozen Cases sent Carriage Paid for Cash 45s.
WM. STENHOUSE & Co., WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

WHOLESALE PRICES TO CONSUMERS.

KEITH'S PURE LIGHT CLARET, 14s. per doz.
NOTE.—This 14s. Claret is sent to all parts of the Kingdom. ; All who appreciate a GOOD Wine are delighted with the quality, and it is universally reckoned to be best value obtainable anywhere.
Wine Lists, with Prices of 200 Varieties, on application, post free.
WE SPECIALLY RECOMMEND THE FOLLOWING:—
KEITH'S OLD DESSERT PORT, 48s. per doz.
KEITH'S SELECTED CHATEAUX CLARET, 24s. per doz.

KEITH'S 10 YEARS OLD "CADZOW" WHISKY, 43s. per doz.
NOTE.—This is our "Special" Blend of the finest selected Scotch Stills, guaranteed not less than 10 years old. Some of the Whiskies composing it are 11 and 12 years old. It is possibly the oldest Whisky in the world offered at the price.
KEITH'S "CADZOW" NO. 2 WHISKY, at 39s. per doz.,
Averages 7 years old.
Assorted Orders for Wines or Whisky are sent Carriage Paid. On 14s. Claret half carriage is paid. Cash with Order, or References.

JAMES KEITH, Wine Importer and Whisky Blender, CADZOW STREET, HAMILTON, N.B.

H.M.EXCISE!

SUPPORT
YOUR
OWN
COUNTRY.



BRITISH
MADE BY
BRITISH
LABOUR.

ARE MANUFACTURED UNDER THE
SUPERVISION OF H.M.EXCISE OFFICERS
AND ARE GUARANTEED TO BE SOLELY
MANUFACTURED FROM PURE VIRGINIAN
LEAF AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM
ANY ADULTERATION WHATSOEVER.

they have been treated with undue severity. It is scarcely likely that the governing body would go to the length of suspending some of their best players without just cause, and if men act in a manner that would not be tolerated in ordinary business life, they must expect to be punished. The unfortunate result of such drastic measures is to weaken the side, and it was therefore hardly a matter for surprise that the Arsenal were badly beaten by Newton Heath on Saturday by five goals to one.

FOURTEEN of the sixteen leading Football League clubs were engaged on Saturday, and in accordance with precedent, the home teams had the best of the argument, no fewer than five of the matches ending disastrously for the visitors. Stoke were the only team to return home victorious, and they only just managed to beat Bury by one goal to none, while the Blackburn Rovers made a creditable draw at Bolton. Everton, West Bromwich Albion, and Preston North End were hard pressed in their engagements with Burnley, Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Sheffield United respectively, but Small Heath at Derby, and Notts Forest at Olive Grove were well beaten. The Derby County forwards were in great form, kicking no fewer than eight goals.

Of late years the winter meetings have increased to such an extent that it is not unusual to find two, and even three, fixtures on the same day. Flat racing ended November 23rd, and the season of 1896 commences the last week in March. During this interval, 54 meetings figure in the list.

THE Metropolitan Racecourse companies must have discovered that these illegitimate meetings are profitable, for no fewer than 21 of the 54 gatherings are to be held at Kempton, Sandown, Hurst Park, Gatwick, Lingfield, and Windsor.

HAD such animals as St. Frusquin, Persimmon, Teufel, Regret, and Bucephalus been in a Derby during the fifties or sixties, there would of a surety have been some sensational betting. But ante-post betting is now a thing of the past, and it is very rarely that one comes across a quotation on the Blue Riband of 1896. Of course, St. Frusquin will head the list, but no liberty is likely to be taken with Persimmon.

I AM asked by a correspondent, who wishes to conceal his identity under the pseudonym "Torv," if there is "any real foundation for the expression 'the good old times.'" My correspondent concludes by asking me to point out "some of the advantages of those good old times over the present time." The phrase has never been attributed to anyone in particular, although there

are probably hundreds of grand old gentlemen living at the present moment who regard it as their private property. But as for pointing out any advantages that the good old times possessed as compared to those of the present day, I confess that I consider the task finished. Surely it cannot be necessary to prove that for general comfort and convenience we are much better off than our fathers and grandfathers were. My correspondent should read, "An Old Fogey," by Max Adeler. He will then have the two conditions of life compared side by side, and the result is, like the children's games for the drawing-room, both "amusing and instructive."

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following curious letter, received in England from a firm on the Cape coast:—I beg, sirs, I have to inform you that on the received of the notice on the 29th October, I am kindly be good enough too much—the Messrs. ——— they are send me the things, namely, one pair shoe, and one pair lawn tennis shoe; they are send me ss. Penin. I am very sorry too much—never mind, sirs, next time I send us our good orders. Please, sirs, I want it, one white dress tie, each 5½, one white dress bow, each 3½; my money is 1s. 6d., tak 9d. for postage—make it as parcel post. I beg too much. I beg, sirs, I congratulate you too much. I want it by the return steamer ss. Volta or ss. Bonny. I know they are send me quick as impossible. Please I want January, 1895. I hope they shall send to me by the same steamer ss. Boney. Truly, sirs, I know they are gentlemen in London; they are good merchant indeed. Dear sirs, with my best compliments to you and all."

YET another "curious letter" reaches me this week, this one from a correspondent who received it from a man on the Gold Coast. "Having been highly recommended to me by a certain intermediat friend of me, I hie writing you for samples, catalogues, and price-list as I intend to deal with you in future. I might have sent you some produce and remittance, but as a cow's foot cannot be purchased without seen it, I put a stop to it till I receive the samples, etc. Therefore, you may try your very best to send me the samples, etc., in order to send the orders."

Ap^{ropos} of my notes the other week on the subject of smoking carriages, a correspondent sends me the following story:—A friend of mine, who is a commercial traveller, is renowned for his proverbial politeness and his faultless attire. He was travelling alone lately in a "third-class smoker" from Dumfries to Glasgow. At Cumnock Station the door was opened, and a miserable-looking old woman, with a sack, apparently full of rags, entered. "Excuse me, madam," said the commercial

CRISP AND SWEET.

THE CELEBRATED SCOTCH "ECLIPSE" OATCAKES!

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS!

WHOLESALE

THE ECLIPSE BAKING COMPANY, 159, West Street, Tradeston, Glasgow.



A your Grocer for

"ECLIPSE" OATCAKES
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample Packet sent to any address,
post free, for SIXPENCE.

AGENTS WANTED.

FROM
159, West Street, Tradeston, Glasgow.



THE "HOLOGRAPH."

A New, Speedy, and PATENT.

Cleanly Home

Printing Process.

So simple
that a Boy
or Girl can
work it.



PRINTS
CIRCULARS, SKETCHES, DESIGNS,
DRAWINGS, PLANS, MUSIC, Etc.

8vo. (Size of Writing Surface) 8½ by 5½ in., 25/-
sto. " " 10½ " 8½ " 42/-
Foolscap " " 13½ " 8½ " 50/-
Brief " " 17 " 13 " 80/-

SPECIMENS OF ITS
WORK SENT POST
FREE.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL & SON, 96, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

MR. E. EVERETT, 85, Great Portland Street, W.,
has for some time taken up this
department

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN
and will attend
upon any gentleman on receipt of
letter. Patterns and forms for self-measurement
sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by
sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical
instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, &c., to the Rev. F. Haalook, who
sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at
frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (100 in number) of All Saints Mission
District, Gray's, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of
sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

politely, as he raised his hat, "this is a smoking-carriage." The woman paid no attention whatever, but seating herself opposite her now indignant fellow-passenger drew from her tattered dress a small black cutty, which she proceeded leisurely to fill with very strong tobacco. Applying a match to the same, she smoked for some moments in silence. Then addressing the discomfited traveller in a tone of bland condescension, she remarked, "Us commercials like a smoke."

MANY clubmen may have—to put it mildly—felt aggravated to be treated to a message something like the appended when anxiously waiting for the "tape," to click out a special piece of information:—Z Q Z 8 T Z 1 Z F Z 8 E Z 8 Z 5 K C 5 B — Z 5 — — . To most people it would seem impossible to decipher the above, but the task is a very easy one. Going forward ten letters we get:—3.19. S.P., 10—1. Bumble Bee.

THE best way for one to work out these "pie" messages is to note what letter the machine goes wrong on. If "B," then C is A, and so on; if wrong on D, A must be substituted for E. Frequently a journal attempts to make fun out of the Exchange Telegraph Company's messages, but the newspaper man should be able to translate them.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

A. J. S.—This winter will be a go-as-you-please season as regards men's clothes. You can wear collars that stick up all the way round, that are bent down at the corners, or a stick up collar that turns down all the way round. The large four-in-hand tie still holds its place. It should be self-tied and fastened with a pin; the single pearl is the most fashionable. A black ground with a small pattern in grey or white is the style most in vogue. White shirts are being worn more now than the coloured.

E. T. E. fully endorses my recommendation of cold instead of hot water for shaving, not only for the reasons I gave but because the hot water, by softening the hairs, makes them more liable to lie down under a not very keen razor instead of, when stiff, meeting the edge at right angles.

A. J. (Perth).—I am very glad you understood my motive in replying as I did last week. I have since tried the article and find it very useful. Many thanks for your advice *re* colouring meerschaums which, for the benefit of my readers, I quote at length:—"Long ago I used to delight in colouring meerschaums, and, I think, did it well. I got the whole bowl of the pipe filled with heavy twist tobacco finely cut and well packed. I then made a little well down the centre, filled it with the tobacco I generally smoked, and puffed away. The pipe would go out when the fire got near the twist tobacco. The first smoke or so was not pleasant, but it improved. This coloured the pipe up to the top."

C. H. M.—Many thanks for your interesting letter and enclosure.

C. E. B. asks me for a few hints as to what refreshments should be provided for a small reception after a quiet wedding. I would suggest tea, coffee, claret and champagne cup, *pâté de foie gras*, caviar, and ham sandwiches, cakes, biscuits, and a macedoine of fruits. It must be remembered that the reception sandwich is a quarter the size of the buffet sandwich. If you want to make it simpler still, cut out some of these items; but this is by no means elaborate.

A. C. (Rotherham) complains that the bamboo stem of a corn-cob pipe will not bear cleaning, and asks if it is possible to obtain a number of extra stems with each pipe. It is not possible. If you buy the stem of a corn cob pipe you take the bowl with it. But has A. C. ever tried taking out the foul stem and putting in plain cold water for a night? I am sure this would clean it properly without spoiling it. My correspondent goes on to say that in folding trousers he finds it best "to button the top button, place the two first front buttons face to face, pull the middle part inside, and lay them down flat." This method is quite correct.

CREAR.—Cigars should be kept in a dry, but not a hot, place. It is a mistake to stow them next to a fire-place which is in constant use. Many smokers lay the weeds in tea—I mean the leaf before infusion—but this is pure fad. Nothing can be done for a badly burned meerschaum pipe, and you will only waste your time if you try to alter it.

F. G. T. writing on the subject of shaving says that he prefers a strop with two usable sides, (not a strap hung up) and con-

cludes:—"I was always taking my razor to the hairdresser's to be reset, until I found by rubbing it on the last strop I bought (only a small shilling one) it took an edge at once (from the red side), and this will only last about one shave on a strong beard. In fact the razor won't catch, as it were, the beard until it is just touched on a strop and its edge brought up. I know this hint will be an unutterable boon to those who have not discovered it before."

MISS MARY ANDERSON'S REMINISCENCES.

AN interesting account of Miss Mary Anderson's stage career, written by herself, appears in the December number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. This is the story of her first rehearsal:—"As I was in the quiet church the hour for rehearsal struck, and I started for the theatre in a radiant frame of mind. Passing with my people through the darkened house and private boxes, covered with their linen dusters, I found myself for the first time upon the stage. How strange and dream-like it seemed, that empty theatre, lighted only here and there by the faint glimmer of the gray day without, bereft of all the eager faces it had always been peopled with! And the stage! How dismal it was, with the noisy patter of the rain on its tin roof, a small gas-jet burning in the centre, throwing a dingy light on the men and women (they did not relish the extra rehearsal), gloomily standing in the wings! Could they be the brilliant, sparkling courtiers I had seen but a few nights before, blazing in jewels and wreathed in smiles? On seeing me, all looked surprised. Some made remarks in whispers, which I felt to be unkind; others laughed audibly. Scarcely sixteen, my hair in a long braid, my frock reaching to my boot-tops, tall, shy, and awkward, I may have given them cause for merriment; but it was as cruel, I thought, as under-bred, to make no effort to conceal their mirth at my expense. However, their rudeness was salutary in its effect, putting me on my metal before the work began. The stage-manager clapped his hands for Act I. The actors immediately rattled off their lines, making crosses and sweeps down the stage quite different from the "business" I had arranged. I was bewildered, and asked them to go through the play as they proposed doing it at night, and to allow me, at least, in my own scenes, to follow the only 'business' I knew."

Miss Mary Anderson made her *début*—as all the world knows—as Juliet. This is how she describes the performance:—"The borrowed robes were quickly donned. They fitted well, with the exception of the white satin train (the first I had ever worn), which threatened every moment to upset me. The art of make-up was unknown to me, and ornaments I had none. . . . I became feverishly anxious to begin. It was hard to stand still while waiting for the word. At last it came: 'What, ladybird? Where's the girl? What, Juliet?' And in a flash I was on the stage, conscious only of a wall of yellow light before me, and a burst of prolonged applause. Curiosity had crowded the house. 'Why, it's little Mamie Anderson! How strange! It's only a few months ago since I saw her rolling a hoop!' etc., etc., were some of the many remarks which I was afterwards told ran through the audience.

The early, lighter scenes being uncongenial, I hurried them as quickly as possible. Even these were well received by the indulgent audience. But there was enthusiasm in the house when the tragic parts were reached. Flowers and recalls were the order of the evening. While things were so smiling before, they were less satisfactory behind the curtain. . . . But, in spite of much disillusion, a burnt hand and arm, and several other accidents, the night was full of success, and I knew that my stage career had begun in earnest."

A BEGINNER'S VIEW.

"WHAT strikes you most about bicycling?"

"The earth, as a general thing."

THE PNEUMATIC ROAD SKATE CO., LTD.

Some Press opinions on the exhibition of the Pneumatic Road Skate at the recent Stanley Show.

THE DAILY NEWS.

For some time road skates with pneumatic tyres have been made by this company, but those prepared for yesterday's display were of a new and smaller pattern. The little spokes formerly used, in imitation of bicycle wheel spokes, have been abandoned, solid metal flanges being substituted, by which means the size of the wheels is materially decreased. In construction the skates are simplicity itself. They have a metal platform, and on each separate skate are a couple of wheels in single line, and there is no rocking or "canting" device, as in Plympton's roller skate. With wheels nearly as large as a small cheese-plate, and with hollow indiarubber tyres blown out with air, it is found that it is possible to turn round quite easily without any such arrangement. The wheels, therefore are simply fixed upon clamps or supports under the metal plate. Several gentlemen skated gracefully and swiftly upon the boards of the show-room at the Agricultural Hall, and it is said that similar experiments on the road have been equally successful. To stop or reduce speed one foot is placed at the back of the other at right angles. The skates weigh only $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each, and this it is hoped to reduce to $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. A pair, therefore, will weigh, say, five or six pounds, as against from 28 pounds to 35 pounds, the weight of a bicycle; while as regards outlay, the cost of a bicycle is at least four times as great. The important question of storage, too, is greatly simplified, and a skater going to the railway station on his skates can take them off, and either leave them in a cloak-room or pop them in a bag and take them to town with him. It has been suggested that possibly they may be of use in warfare to troops engaged in operations in a country where there are good roads.

THE STANDARD.

A demonstration was made yesterday of the pneumatic road skates, which indicated them as a practical as well as a novel and healthy means of recreation.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

Mankind have now the opportunity of running on wheels. What can be done so far in this way was explained and shown at the Agricultural Hall by the Pneumatic Road Skate Company. It was made plain that a man with these skates on the soles of his feet could readily, on any fair roadway, keep up a pace of from ten to twelve miles an hour—the longest distance covered up to this time being 140 miles. Really, the point's touched upon were that the height added by the

skates just raised you above the hedges and gave you glimpses of the landscape that do not fall to the lot of the ordinary pedestrian; and also that the skates, if the traveller is obliged to or wishes to make his way through a wood, are not a hindrance to him as a bicycle would be. He can unfasten them and hang them over his shoulders, and this ought to make the skates most serviceable for military purposes. As time-savers for bearers of messages it was reported that a messenger equipped with these skates could make the journey from Copthall Avenue to Thavies Inn and back, waiting for a reply, in fourteen minutes; and from Copthall Avenue to Vine Street and back in thirty-five minutes. From the pleasure-seeking point of view it was shown that the skate is equally serviceable for country roads, cinder paths, wood pavements, or garden walks; so that all the year round, without a pond, one now has, if one wishes, skating "at home" parties.

EVENING NEWS.

The principle of cycle construction is to be extended to skating. The latest development is the pneumatic skate brought out by the Pneumatic Road Skate Cycle Company. This skate consists of a pair of small pneumatic wheels on a skate. The bearings are ball bearings, and the action of the wheels is precisely similar to that of the skate on ice. It is possible with this skate to travel long distances on fair roads at a good rate, and hills can be surmounted at a fair speed. For military purposes these skates should be most useful.

EASTERN DAILY PRESS.

It is claimed for them that they are equally serviceable for country road, cinder path, wood pavement, garden; &c., as well as for the rink. It is no longer necessary to find one's way to the nearest skating floor, when for £3 or £4 you can procure a pair of these skates and make a skating floor of every inch of the road. While a cycle is too cumbersome and inconvenient for a short spin, or for a quick journey to the railway station, the pneumatic skate can be fixed on in a few moments. Once arrived, too, they can be stored at but a very small cost, or easily carried in a small bag, or in the hand. The Pneumatic Road Skate Company, Limited, is at present in the hands of experienced men, who intend to do the utmost for the business. With the strong combination of patents they possess, they see no reason why the business should not soon become one of the best of our commercial joint stock enterprises. We understand the invention will be prominently brought before the public in the course of a few days, when the prospectus will be issued.

&c., &c.

THE PNEUMATIC ROAD SKATE CO., LTD.

**CAPITAL, £75,000,
IN SHARES OF £1 EACH.**

Offices: 13, COPTHALL AVENUE, E.C.

The Prospectus will be issued and advertised in a few days, and allotment of Shares will be made strictly in priority of application.

Prospectuses and application forms will be obtainable on Friday, 6th December, from the Offices of the Company.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Have read Mr. George Meredith's "Amazing Marriage" (2 vols., Constable), and am still able to express myself intelligibly, though a pretty gift of paradox is needed to convey one's meaning. 'Tis the best and the worst, the wisest and maddest, the most enthralling, most soul-wearying book I have ever read. What is it all about? Gentle reader, I know not. The plot is barely sufficient for a five thousand word story; yet it is contained in some 560 closely printed pages. There is a "bold buccaneer," a beauteous countess, and a stupid fool of an earl, who expiates his folly by dying in a monastery at the finish of the story. He proposes to the "old buccaneer's" daughter, and is angry with her for marrying him. Their wills clash, and the rest of the book is occupied with the struggle between them as to which of the two shall give way. There are some minor characters, one of whom is currently reported to be meant for Robert Louis Stevenson. I trow not.

He was a man that, take him all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

* * * *

Of course it is brutal, if it mattered a rush, for an unregenerate Philistine like myself, with tomtit twiterings to attempt to disparage a great man's work. Mr. Meredith cannot provide me with brains, and I must e'en do the best I can without them. Here are a few gems, the sole flotsam and jetsam from the wreck of my understanding; at least I thought them gems as I read:—

Touch sin and you accommodate yourself to its vileness.
In a crisis, a minister of religion is better armed than a philosopher.

Fair women convey their meanings with no motion of eyelids.

Never forgive an injury without a return blow for it.
The blow forgives.

The dead everywhere have their sanctity, even the heathen.

Her look was a cold sky above a hungering man. She froze his heart from the marble of her own.

The rest is silence—and exhaustion, Alas! that one should have to dig so deep for diamonds. Mr. Meredith treads the heights; but he has drawn the ladder up after him and I cannot follow. And yet, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverell" needed no ladder.

* * * *

Mrs. Ashley A. Vantine requests the pleasure of my company at the wedding reception of her daughter Amy Eliza and Mr. Gilbert Parker on Thursday evening, December 5th. Unfortunately I am engaged for the next "Vagabond" Club dinner on the 9th, and there is no chance of my being able to cross the Atlantic in time for the ceremony. On behalf of many of my fellow "Vagabonds" and myself, I take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Vantine and Mr. Parker, and wish them every happiness.

* * * *

I understand that the "Vagabonds" intend to have an old-fashioned Christmas dinner, with Mrs. Hodgson Burnett as the lady guest of the evening, and that all the members of the Club will also bring lady guests. Mr. Frankfort Moore will be in the chair, Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. Douglas Sladen vice-chairmen; and the speeches are not to exceed ten minutes' each from start to finish.

* * * *

Mr. H. R. Pocock's "The Rules of the Game" (Tower Publishing Company, 6s.) is the work of a young man who is now going through the formative process known as "training on." And that he will "train on" I have very little doubt. Indeed, in the present wild story of adventure, there are indications by the dozen that what is missing is simply the dexterity which comes by practice in the massing and arrangement of one's materials. The difficulty with Mr. Pocock is that he has too much material. The wild cowboy life which he

depicts is true—brutally true sometimes—to the life, and has a dash and fervour and go in it which make one long for

"The old trail, the long trail, the trail that is always new."

His cowboys are real people. It is when he comes to Begums and Colonel Daltons that we cease to be interested. The following passage, in this extremely vigorous work, is a very fair example of Mr. Pocock's style, with all its defects and virtues:—

"Then Jack fell to dreaming, as lads will, of glorious days to come, when he should be a man, fighting tremendous battles in the world, all for the sake of one fair woman, to worship her, to win, and wear her always. The vision was like the hazy mountains yonder, almost to be touched with an outstretched hand, yet destined to melt away as he rode nearer, until impassable canyons yawned between, and the enchanted heights rose as high as heaven—but as heaven remote. For these are the mountains of a man's desire, and life is the game by which men win to them, through pain and sorrow, labour, weariness, all of which is most necessary, just, expedient. The boy who never gets kicked grows up to be a mollycoddle; the man who never fights ought to have stayed behind in the last world, because he is of no use here whatever. The easy ways go down to emptiness; the bitter ways alone lead up towards heaven."

* * * *

I hear that Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, the newest of successful young editors, is returning to his first love, the writing of serial stories, and has ceased to give to editing what was meant for mankind. He finds the two somewhat incompatible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Lover of the Jungle.*"—These are the lines to which you refer. You will find the rest of the poem in "*The Second Jungle Book.*"

When my lover calls I haste—
Dame Disdain was never wedded;
Ripple—ripple round her waist,
Clear the current eddied.
Foolish heart and foolish hand,
Little feet that touched no land.
Far away the ripple fled,
Ripple—ripple—running red.

H.B.—"The Loneliness of God" was first published as a short article in "*The Idler*," and attracted a good deal of attention at the time. I think Mr. Kernahan embodied the article, with some alterations, in his weirdly powerful work, "*A Book of Strange Sins.*" (Ward, Lock).

"Phyllis."—Alas, my dear Phyllis, I am not "a young barrister," and I am, I fear me, a very old fogey. Continue to cultivate a taste for the manufacture of puddings, so shall you some day gladden a good man's home and appeal to his highest instincts. Yes, when Mr. Kipling likes any one he is delightful. I had a long chat with him one afternoon. But that's another story.

J. R.—Yes; the branches are "all over the shop." I print a couple of stanzas of the song you send me in order that some of my readers may tell you where to find it, and thus enable the composer to acknowledge the author:—

A LITTLE SONG FOR BED-TIME.

A little song for bed-time
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow
'Twillt the sunset and the sunrise,
For the Slumber Islands, Oh!

When the little ones get drowsy,
And the heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Grey eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the ferry-men are calling
For the Slumber Islands, Oh!

COMMERCIAL.—Methuens are going to publish Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book of poems very soon. More than a year ago, Mr. Kipling was still at work on the poems, and reluctant to let them leave his hands. But I shouldn't call him a "minor poet." Good Heavens, no! His is the strongest and clearest note we have had since the death of Tennyson. His technique mayn't be as good as William Watson's, but he deals with the fate of empires and the hearts of men. If he had never written anything save "*On the Road to Mandalay*" he would rank as a great poet.

A SUCCESSFUL CON- SPIRACY.

BY
W. PETT RIDGE.

THERE were races at Kempton Park, and it seemed that all the South Western trains had backed the winner. At any rate, they were coming leisurely up to Waterloo as though they had made enough money to enable them in the future to do without hard work. The man in a brown hat that was dented, muttered something strenuous about the delay, and I cordially agreed with him.

"I'm not seepriised, though," he said, bitterly. He found half a cigar in one of his pockets and dusted it carefully and lighted it. "I'm not seepriised. This ain't my day, this ain't. Mr. Erry Bushey can't do right to-day, somehow."

When I asked who Mr. Harry Bushey was, he said that he was, worse luck. He further remarked that sometimes he couldn't do right and sometimes he couldn't do wrong. In illustration whereof he told this tale.

* * * * *

Mr. Henry Bushey finished some few matters of business in the early morn, in Anchor street—business not wholly unconcerned with the receipt of commissions, during the breakfast hour, for backing horses—and seeing and hearing two policemen making in his direction he walked briskly off into High Street, Shoreditch. There to reach Fleet Street, he took a seat outside a Hammersmith 'bus. Someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"It's never my old friend Bushey?"

"That's my name," said Mr. Bushey, distantly. "What might be yours?"

"It *might* be most anything," said the well-dressed man, who had hit Mr. Bushey on the shoulder. "It is West. You haven't forgot Bill West?"

It was a most fortunate meeting. There were no other passengers on the outside of the 'bus, and the two friends were able to talk with only a slight restraint.

"I'm on the biggest business I've ever had to do with," said Mr. West, confidentially. "I can't give you particulars now, but later on——"

"Hang it, man! let's be fair and square with one another. If I had a good thing on you'd be the first man I should come and tell. I should say, 'West, old chap, you and me was pals long ago when we was young, and I ain't the one,' I should say, 'I ain't the one to turn me back on a chum.' That," remarked Mr. Bushey, frankly, "that's how I should put it, and I don't deceive you."

Mr. William West was silent. Presently he looked up at the Mansion House, and whistled softly and thoughtfully.

"I get down here," he said.

"So do I."

"I'm going to have a walk over London Bridge."

"That's a funny thing," exclaimed Bushey, with excellent humour, "I'm going over London Bridge myself. We'll walk along together."

"Harry," said Mr. West, with a sudden burst of confidence, "I'll go so far as this. I don't mind telling you between ourselves it's a job worth thousands."

"Good job, too. Is it joolery?"

"I can't deceive an old chum," said Mr. West. "It is *not* jewellery. I'll go farther, I won't deny that it's a parcel of bonds."

"I always said you'd do something big some day, Bill. You've got a gentlemanly manner about you and a winning way with the fair sect and——"

William West seized Henry Bushey's hand.

"Bushey, we'll work this together. Come down this lane, and I'll tell you all about it."

It was a short story. The night before a flurried, young foreign lady had been brought post-haste by a shady private inquiry agent to William West. A valuable parcel of Parrambo Preference bonds had been despatched from Paris by the *Chemin de fer de l' Ouest*, addressed to Cerveau and Cie, of Fenchurch Street; it would arrive at the Brighton Company's terminus the following morning. If William West could only get hold of this parcel (said the foreign young lady) he could take them, if he liked, to Herr Barnoff, at a certain hotel in Bishopsgate Street, and very likely Barnoff would pay big money for them, and get rid of them abroad. Moreover, she herself was prepared to pay a handsome sum down if he would undertake to try.

"She had rather a nice manner with her," said Mr. West, "and I took to her from the first. She showed me how it could be done; said that the parcel was insured with the Insurance Company, in Paris, for thirty thousand pounds, and the loss wouldn't fall on the railway, and gave me a certain hint how to do it all, which I needn't explain to you. Stand by, Bushey, and give me a hand if I want it, and you shall have a sum that you may well call ample."

"West," said Mr. Bushey, as they turned up the steps to London Bridge, "you was always a gentleman so far as manner is concerned, and I believe a more honest and a more straightforwader man don't live. Tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

Mr. Bushey does not know to this day how the parcel of bonds was obtained. He only knows that William West walked into the station with a new brown port-manteau, and over his arm a rug, at the hour when the valuables arrived; that he (Bushey) hard by, was taken, at that very moment, with a violent fit, that commanded the attention of everyone, officials and passengers, within a radius of yards. Brandy was brought, and Bushey slowly revived. As he was being assisted out of the station he heard that a large parcel of bonds was missing. There was much excitement everywhere; much hurrying to and fro of officials.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Mr. Bushey, feebly, "what *is* the matter now; I do 'ope nothing's gone wrong?"

"Something has gone a bit wrong," said the man who was helping him out to the cab; "but don't you worry about it, Mister. It's got nothing to do with *you*."

"I know that, but what is it that's up?"

"If they can only catch the chaps that did it," said the friendly porter, "I reckon they'll be had up, and run into Stone's End police station, before they know where they are. They've collared a parcel of bonds."

"What a shime," exclaimed Henry Bushey. "I often wonder how people can bring their minds to do such 'orrid things. Why don't the police keep a better look out, I wonder? 'Ere are we paying rites and taxes to keep up the police force, and——"

"Don't you go and upset yourself again," said the friendly porter, apprehensively.

"I've got a 'eart that feels for most everybody," said Mr. Bushey, plaintively. "The leastest thing worries me. Tell the kebbey to drive to Bishopsgate Street Station, please. And 'ere's a glass of something for your trouble."

William West, silk-hatted, umbrella and brown port-manteau in hand, was at the corner of Fenchurch Street, talking to a dark young lady.

"I am ver' pleased to meet Mr. Booshey," she said. "Come please, quickly, to this office."

She conducted them to the second floor, and nodded to one or two busy clerks as she unlocked the door of an inner room.

"This is my own private bureau," she said genially. She unpinned her hat and sat down at a desk.

"Ah, you've got a 'ead on you, miss, you 'ave," said Mr. Bushey admiringly.

"I always endeavour not to lose it. You have the packet there alright?" She lifted her hands as Wil-

William West opened the brown portmanteau. "It is the correct one?"

"It is the correct one, mam'selle," said West. "I saw the label as it came out of the——"

"Good," she interrupted. "Now, see what you have to do. It is so easy. This packet has been lost; the insurance company pays the sender the value for which the insurance has been—how do you call it?—effected. So the poor sender is recompensed, is it not? And you, my friends, who have—what is that lovely word?"

"Pinched it?" suggested Mr. Bushey.

"Pinched it, yes." She laughed very much, and patted her eyes with a small handkerchief. "Yes, you who have—pinched it—have a right to it. *Allons*, take it, my friends, to Herr Barnoff, and make with him the best bargain, and if he will not buy, drop them into the Thames. I shall not see you again, for I leave London at once. Good-bye, and accept please this."

Herr Barnoff was a dark-haired, dark-eyebrowed, dark-finger-nailed, dark-bearded gentleman, who, when William West had explained the business, locked the door and spoke low and confidentially.

"It is risky business," said Herr Barnoff, with much gravity. "You say dere was dirty dousand bounds worth?"

"That's the figure," said William West.

Herr Barnoff shrugged his shoulders.

"Dose are not much use, I fear, but I am going to Amsterdam, and perhaps I give you few hundred bounds if they is alright."

"Few hundred be blowed," said Mr. Bushey hotly.

"Ver well. You can dake them elsewhere, if you like."

"You must excuse me, my friend," interrupted William West. "He's naturally rather hasty of temper. Don't take any notice of him."

"I do not brobose to do so," said Herr Barnoff suavely. "Dell me what kind of bonds those are?"

"Perhaps I'd better open the parcel?"

"That," said Herr Barnoff, "is a gapital idea. You English people think of every-ding."

William West cut the black tape which encorded the large canvas parcel, and broke the big red wax seals. Meanwhile, Herr Barnoff, with affectation of entire unconcern rolled a cigarette and took up a financial paper.

"Bill," whispered Bushey to William West, "we shall 'ave to ply a game of bluff with this lager beer toff."

"Leave it to me," said William West, "I never met the foreigner yet that I couldn't get the best of."

"They're a cloth-headed lot," agreed Mr. Bushey, lifting the flat folded bonds out. "They don't seem to 'ave no common-sense like us Englishmen."

"Now you can just cast your eye over the little lot," said Mr. West to Herr Barnoff mysteriously. "I rather think you'll say it's as good a little haul as ever you saw. They all appear to be Parrambo Preference bonds, payable to bear—— What's the matter, gunvor?"

The swarthy gentleman looked at the bonds. In a moment he kicked the portmanteau to the other side of the room. He went over to it and kicked it back again with much ferocity.

"Offside, offside," said Mr. Bushey softly.

"Don't act the goat," said Mr. West, with an injured air. "There's thirty thousand pounds' worth——"

"Dirty dousand bounds," repeated the dark gentleman with great annoyance. "If you vas come here yesterday I gif you goot money for them. To-day I give you nossing whatever. Look here!"

Mr. West and Mr. Bushey together spelled out the paragraph in the *Financial Chatter*, which the dark gentleman thrust into their faces.

"The country of Parrambo has suddenly, to the amazement of everybody, declared itself bankrupt. The new Government has decided to decline recognition of the bonds in circulation, and the holders can console

themselves with the thought that the bonds are at least worth the price of old paper."

"The news was received in Paris late yesterday afternoon."

The two looked at each other and gasped.

"This, William, is what I call love's libour lost," said Bushey. "I suppose all we can do now is to drop them over the Tahr Bridge. We promised the lady we would."

"And who is the lady?" asked the annoyed Herr Barnoff.

William West explained.

"She is agent for Cerveau," exclaimed Barnoff, with admiration, "and a tam clever woman, too. Tam clever. Good-bye, my friends; do not forget your parcel."

* * * * *

The train slackened as it neared Vauxhall.

"Which all goes to show," said Mr. Bushey, oracularly, "that if it ain't your day you may do what you like, but you'll never—— Is this Vauxhall? Collect tickets 'ere, don't they? They won't 'ave mine, that's a very sure thing."

He opened the door on the wrong side.

"They won't 'ave mine," he repeated, "because I ain't got one. I'm going to do a bunk."

DENTAL ADVERTISEMENT.



1. "All your old teeth instantly removed, and—"



2. A new set inserted while you wait."

THE LITERARY LABOURS OF GENIUS.

POPE, when translating Homer, considered from fifty to one hundred lines to be a fair day's work. The completion of the *Iliad* required over three years.

Fox spoke without apparent forethought, and once said that he never wasted an hour in preparing to speak before such a body as the English Commons.

Burke spent at least eighteen months in reading, writing, and study for his great speech on Warren Hastings. All his orations were prepared with great care.

Thackeray would produce, under pressure, a novel in six or eight months. He did not like to work, and, as he stated, only did so under compulsion.

The composition of the first part of Goethe's "*Faust*" was done at odd intervals during nearly twenty years; the preparation of the second part continued over twenty-six.

Sheridan is said to have finished "*The Rivals*" in six weeks. The story is commonly believed to have been true, and the incidents to have occurred in his own experience.

Prescott, being almost blind, required ten years to prepare "*Ferdinand and Isabella*"; the "*Conquest of Mexico*" required six years, and the "*Conquest of Peru*," four.

Balzac considered that he was wasting time if he devoted more than six months to any one of his longer stories. He frequently finished a novel in less than three.

De Quincey commonly wrote one of his essays in a week. He never hurried himself, and wrote slowly to avoid what, to him, was the disgraceful task of revision.

Steele is said to have written the "*Conscious Lovers*" in seven weeks, and afterwards spent as much more time in recasting the play, the better to adapt it to the stage.

Watts required but a few minutes, as a general thing, to produce a hymn. His paraphrases of the Psalms were done at odd moments and in the intervals of other business.

Dumas père often finished a novel in less than a month. Some of his more pretentious works, however, required from four to six months in order to complete and revise them properly.

Chaucer's biographer says that about five years were consumed in the composition of the "*Canterbury Tales*." This, of course, comprised the necessary time for making the revisions.

Hood wrote "*The Bridge of Sighs*" in, it is said, a single afternoon. Another account declares it to have been written in a day, and that much time was subsequently spent in revising it.

Douglas Jerrold is said to have devoted but a few hours to the preparation of each one of his Caudle lectures.

Shelley spent between one and two years on "*Queen Mab*." He wrote very slowly, and was particular in the choice of words, his manuscript showing frequent erasures and substitutions.

Allison is said to have consumed twenty-four years in the preparation of his "*History of Europe*," but many important literary enterprises were also carried on by him during this time.

Hobbes spent two years in the preparation of his "*Leviathan*." It is said to have been printed just as it came from his hands, with scarcely any erasure or change in the manuscript.

Bunyan took the otherwise unemployed hours of three years to finish "*Pilgrim's Progress*," which was written almost entirely in Bedford Gaol. "*The Holy War*" required but one year.

The manuscript of Gray's "*Elgy*" remained in the author's hands seven years, receiving touches here and there, and would not have been printed then had not a copy loaned to a friend been printed.

Wolfe is said to have written "*The Burial of Sir John*

Moore" in one evening, directly after the news had been brought of the defeat at Corunna and the death of the gallant British officer.

Dryden worked irregularly, but considered that his daily task ought to comprise from 100 to 400 lines of verse.

Coleridge required a week to produce each one of his remarkable lectures on Shakespeare. Like many other authors, he consumed more time in revision than in actual composition.

Pyron spent the leisure hours of nearly four years in the preparation of the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*."

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay on "*The Human Understanding*."

Francis Jeffrey commonly spent two or three weeks on each one of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Grote is reported to have spent fifteen years in the work of preparing and writing his "*History of Greece*."

Spenser, from first to last, consumed four years of tolerably steady labour in the preparation of the "*Faerie Queen*."

Mulhall, the great statistician, devoted nearly thirty years to the preparation of his "*Dictionary of Statistics*."

Goldsmith wrote "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" in six weeks. It is said to have been a story of his own recollections.

Charles Lamb would write one of his essays in an evening, after a day spent at his desk in the East India Office.

Newton spent over eight years in experiments and the collection of data for his "*Principles of Natural Philosophy*."

Young wrote his "*Night Thoughts*" in less than six weeks, as a means of comforting himself under his bereavement.

Machiavelli was many years in gathering material for "*The Prince*," but the actual work of writing was done in six months.

Baxter, it is said, kept the manuscript of "*The Saint's Everlasting Rest*" in his hands for thirteen years, revising and condensing.

Bryant is said to have written "*Thanatopsis*" in a week. The work of translating Homer consumed four or five of his best years.

Hazlitt, after the necessary work of preparation had been concluded, wrote one lecture a week of the series, "*Lectures on Authors*."

Fielding is said to have written "*Tom Jones*" in three months. The work was written as a satire on one of Richardson's novels.

Montgomery, the famous hymn-writer, required but a single afternoon to prepare one of his magnificent paraphrases of the Psalms.

Hannah More is said to have written one of her "*Essays on Female Education*" in two weeks. She did not spend much time in revision.

Macaulay, from the inception of the plan to the time when the work was cut short, spent eight or nine years on his "*History of England*."

Wordsworth would write one or two sonnets every day. When engaged on "*The Excursion*" he produced from 150 to 200 lines a day.

Cowper required three days for the production of "*John Gilpin*." He revised the work very carefully, almost re-writing many of its lines.

Longfellow turned out about one volume of poems a year for many years; nearly four years were required for his translation of Dante.

Hume spent fifteen years in collecting materials and writing his "*History of England*," and two years more in revising and correcting it.

Cooper is said to have written "*The Spy*" in less than six months. Most of his stories were founded on legends well known in his neighbourhood.

Carlyle, it is said, required about ten months to complete "*Heroes and Hero-Worship*." This time comprised also that of the necessary reading.

Teunynson required two or three years to produce one

of his longer poems, although the work of revision consumed a greater part of the time.

Sterne is reported to have spent nine months in writing Tristram Shandy, the work being frequently interrupted by other literary engagements.

Johnson, it is said, wrote his "Rasselas" in the evenings of one week, in order, by the sale of the manuscript, to defray the funeral expenses of his mother.

De Foe is said to have written "Robinson Crusoe" in six months. He wrote rapidly, as may be judged from the immense quantity of his political writings.

Cowley wrote very rapidly. Most of his short poems were each composed in a day or less. He often wrote and finished a poem in a single forenoon. Addison usually prepared one of his essays in a day. Bulwer Lytton usually composed a novel in about six months. Dumas fils usually required about six months to write a story. Motley took six years to write "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Robertson required six years to prepare his "History of Charles V."

Samuel Butler required two and a-half years to finish his "Hudibras." Southey is said to have written "Thalaba the Destroyer" in six months. Eugene Sue required eighteen months to reproduce the "Wandering Jew." Campbell composed his poem, "The Battle of Hohenlinden," in a single day. Mrs. Browning commonly wrote one of her short poems at a single sitting.

Tasso required between five and six years to write his "Jerusalem Delivered." Mrs. Hemans commonly devoted two or three days to a short story or poem. Schiller is said, by one of his biographers, to have finished "The Robbers" in a month. Swift employed the odd hours of over two years in work on the "Tale of a Tub."

Thomson required three years of time to write, revise, and finish "The Seasons." Dante began his poem, "The Divine Comedy," almost thirty years before he finished it. Holland is said to have spent the leisure hours of over three years in writing "Kathrina."

Hawthorne spent from six months to a year in the composition of each of his romances. Hallam consumed thirteen years in collecting the materials for his "Literature of Europe." Richardson, the novelist, generally devoted two or three years to the composition of a novel.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PAGAN DEITY.

It had come to this—that the public had grown sick of interviews. The great working, fat-headed city public, that goes back to its villa in the eventide, had ceased of late to purchase book-stall literature on the way. It was in vain that one more actress had said: "Like my art? Why, I *live* it!" It was in vain that one more music-hall artiste had said: "I never will sing anything that is at all in the very least—well, you know. Now I was offered twenty pounds a night to sing one song that had in it two lines that I thought were vulgar. I refused. I made up my mind to be quite nice. That's why I chose 'He bust his crust on the asfult.' I call that legitimate humour. But after all my real passion is not singing at all. It is—can you guess?—it is gardening. When I'm watering my dear little buttercups I am far, far happier," etc. It was all in vain. The public had had too much of that kind of thing. Authors were, as they always are, a drug in the market; all other male celebrities had been interviewed *ad nauseam*, and the public did not want to hear anything more about them. There was nothing new, and nothing to interview, and it mattered quite a good deal.

It was at this time that the busiest editor in the world summoned me before him. He was correcting a proof with his right hand, accepting seven invitations for the same night with his left, dictating a "London

Letter," keeping one eye on the tape, and fixing me with the other. In the intervals he spoke hurriedly.

"Want column half Thursday morning latest, interview pagan deity, men and women played out, strike fresh line, run along now, rather busy."

Any trained journalist will know how I obtained the address of the nearest pagan deity; and I am not going to make trained journalists of those who do not know by telling them. The business is quite crowded enough as it is.

I found myself in the presence of a weary classical figure. Its heavy head, with tired reflecting eyes, rested on one hand. The eyes looked straight through me and into the next world. But I am a journalist, and I did not mind that.

"I beg your pardon," I began briskly, "but the editor of *Slap Up* asked me to call on you."

"A long time ago," he said, in a deep monotonous voice, "I made the mistake of being interested in human beings. They sacrificed. The interest has gone, and I now know nothing of them. I know nothing of *Slap Up*. Is it a temple, or a peninsula, or anything?"

"It is a capital up-to-date journal."

"There were not any in my day. I don't think I care Go away."

"Pardon me for one moment. I believe that you are a pagan deity."

"Yes. Are you anything?"

"I represent the Press, and you have doubtless heard of the power of the Press."

"No. Good-bye. Mind the step."

"But look here, I want your opinions. I won't detain you longer than I can help. What do you think of—the growth of the music-hall?"

"I don't. I never think of it."

"Now, with regard to the Victorian Era in literature?"

"A. writes books; B. puffs them; C. sells them; D. sees that C. pays A. and gets something for it; and B. looks after himself. Is that what you mean? Because it's all that I've noticed, and it is not literature. And it does not matter."

"But surely literature is important. Genius lasts through the ages. In modern times I can name at least two authors who will be remembered with gratitude." I named them; one of them was myself; I had not previously given him my name, and it seemed safe.

His answer was curious. It was a question. "Do you drink tea?"

"Not often at this time of the day. But I should only be too glad to join you."

"I wasn't going to ask you to join me. You couldn't, you see. It was an illustration. Stir your tea, and little black specks come up. Then they sink again; some take longer to sink than others. That's all. You yourself are a tea-leaf that never rose. Now let us speak of something of some importance."

I meant to get something out of him somehow. "Certainly," I replied, "shall we take the L.C.C., or Rosebery, or the short service system, or the electric light, or the teaching of religion in board schools, or—"

He stopped me with a wave of his majestic hand.

"The age of the globe is, according to its geologists, about 200 millions of years; you ask me to be interested in the affairs of ten minutes or so. Your globe is, in its relation to the system that contains it, entirely insignificant; you ask me to be interested in an earth-speck that is insignificant even in its relation to the insignificant globe. I had suggested that we should speak of something of importance. You have misunderstood me. Please go. Go away and sacrifice. But I suppose you have forgotten how to sacrifice, as you have forgotten everything else with a tinge of nobility in it."

The editor of *Slap Up* refuses to take this interview. So I send it here.

(Reprinted by arrangement with "The Granta.")

A SCIENTIFIC SPORTSMAN.

(From *Truth* of New York.)

TOO GREAT A SHOCK.

MRS. BENHAM: "Henry, I am more than glad that you don't drink any more, but how did you come to leave off?"

Benham: "You remember the last time your mother was here?"

Mrs. Benham: "Yes."

Benham: "Well, one night while she was here I came home in pretty bad shape and saw three of her. That settled it."

HIS PROTEST.

ROMEO HASBEEN: "All the world's a stage, me boy."

Orlando Beenthere: "Yes, but I'm getting weary of being cast for thinking parts."

ONLY A TEMPORARY LOSS.

GOLDHEIMER: "Ikey, what for you gif Rebecca that diamond ring?"

Ikey: "I'm going to marry her, father."

Goldheimer: "Dot vos right, mine son. Den you vill be certain to ged it back."

IT WOULDN'T PAY.

CASTLETON: "Now that my *fiancée* rides, I think I shall have to get a tandem wheel so we can go out together."

Clinker: "I wouldn't, old man."

Castleton: "Why not?"

Clinker: "You'll have to change it after you are married."

AUNT FAN'S LETTERS.—VI.

MY DEAR NIECES,—If Molly feels hurt because I have said nothing in my letters about babies, tell her that it is not because I consider the subject an unimportant or an uninteresting one. On the contrary, it is to me, as it is to every woman worthy the name, the one subject before which all others grow pale. It is, in fact, such an all-absorbing one to the young mother who, like Molly, holds her first-born child in her arms and sees the world in its half-open, blinking eyes, that there is very little to tell her which her own tender anxious heart, her own brain, dwelling for ever on the one little being, will not have told her already."

Now what can I tell her that she does not know? If I say that a baby needs a soft touch, constant care, warmth, love, fresh air, cleanliness, kindness, will she not laugh at me, and tell me what I know, that her baby has all these things?

If I tell her that no consideration of selfish care, nothing less than a doctor's peremptory orders, should cause a mother to withhold from her child its natural food, will not her own common-sense have told her this already?

As for the minor details of baby-management, the difficulty is not to get good advice, but to choose from the enormous quantity offered both in print and by word of mouth. But, divested of superfluous words, the sum and substance of the best advice for the management of a healthy baby is this: Keep the baby warm without suffocating it; feed, bathe, put it to sleep with as much regularity in the hours as possible; do not nurse it to sleep in your arms, but lay it in its cot and rock it or sing to it a little. This last piece of advice is important, as, if patiently followed, even at the expense of a little crying for a few nights, it will save the mother many a weary hour, the child many a tear.

In the case of a delicate baby no general instructions would be of much use. The care of an experienced nurse is necessary, if it is a first child, or if circumstances render it impossible for the mother herself to be what it is best for her to be, head-nurse to her own little one.

One more hint I may give, and then I shall have said all that I have to say about the first stages of childhood; trust the great mother Nature with a light heart, and do not be too easily cast down if trifles seem to be amiss. If the baby is "backward" in cutting its teeth, remember that it will be all the stronger to bear the pain of that trying time. If the little one does not walk as early as you expected, on no account try to teach it to do so; resist the temptation of encouraging the little feet to bear their burden too soon. And if the child is later in talking than other children, have no fear; there is no fixed age for the time when the baby lips begin their pretty prattle, and a few months' delay will mean no lack of intelligence in the child, but will make the mother's pleasure in that most sweet music all the greater when the time comes.

And for the later stages of childhood I have little advice to give you. Do not force the young plants forward too fast; what the precocious child gains upon its fellows at one stage of its life it usually loses at the next. Make the inevitable lessons as pleasant as you can, and you will find that the well-taught child who has not been forced to learn too early or to keep at his lessons too long, will think his simple studies as interesting as his play.

And do not indulge in educational "fads"; the experiments which are interesting to you may be disastrous for your children. Remember that you are not fitting them for an ideal world, nor for a world of your own, but for a world already made, in which you do not wish them to be outcasts on the one hand, or for them to unlearn your teachings on the other.

Perhaps you would like me to say a few words on a subject which stands next in importance to that of her husband and children in the mind of the average mistress of a household—that of servants. Ah! I wish I could give you some precious advice by which you might be saved from the trials of your apprenticeship in that capacity! But I know of no royal road to success in the management of a household; and the cleverest girl, the kindest-hearted young matron, must make some mistakes, must experience some failures, before she settles down into the mistress who is respected without servility, and liked without ostentation.

There is danger, on the one hand, that she will be too indulgent, and on the other, that she will be too strict; that she will overlook too much, or that she will expect too much; and it is not at all likely that she will miss the experience, which falls to most women in her position, of getting hold of one or more hopelessly unsatisfactory or incapable servants, upon whom kindness and consideration are, for all practical purposes, thrown away.

And these young women are pretty certain to have come to her with excellent "characters," given out of good-nature by the mistresses who rejoice at having got rid of them, and who usually take greater pains to find situations for worthless servants than for worthy ones, in the belief that they are "keeping the poor things out of mischief." For this reason, among others, I strongly advise all young housekeepers to get a girl's "character" by word of mouth where it is possible, especially in the case of a nurse or nursemaid, as it frequently happens that the woman who will give a very satisfactory character to her late unsatisfactory servant in writing, will tell the truth if personally asked a direct question or two.

It seems a little strange that a woman's sense of kindness to a bad servant should outweigh her sense of duty towards her neighbour in this way. But the fact remains, and allowance must be made for it.

On the other hand, there is often the material for an excellent servant in a girl who, from want of tact or consideration in her employers, has failed to secure a permanent situation, but whom favourable surroundings may develop into a valuable servant and faithful friend.

It is rather in the household of long standing, where the head has found out the art of being in some sort the mother as well as the mistress of the girls in her service, that there is harmony between servers and served.

And the one fact that such a mistress has thoroughly mastered is that her duty towards her servants, as well as her duty towards her children, is far stronger and more exacting than their duty towards her.

How many mistresses there are who never grasp this fundamental fact! Who consider themselves in every way their servants' superiors, and who yet expect from the girls whom they look upon as ignorant, and grumble at as stupid, a standard of perfection far out of their own reach!

Dowdy in dress themselves, they resent the girlish love of pretty clothes in their maids; uncivil to them, they expect servile outward respect from women whom the board schools have made in many matters their superiors. Conscious at heart that there is little real distinction between themselves and their servants, they have to set up artificial barriers to save themselves the trouble of forming real ones by self-education and self-training.

My last words on this subject are these: If you begin with an honest wish to be fair, to be just, with no absurd ideas that your maids must act perfectly towards you, and be free from all human frailty, you will assuredly, sooner or later, attain the happy position of a mistress whose servants stay with her, and who can count them as her friends.—Ever, my dear girls, your affectionate

AUNT FAN.

SHE ATE IT.



MRS. NEWWIFE: "Bridget, did Mrs. Chatter, the lady who is ill next door, eat the angel food I sent her?"
Bridget: "Yes, she did, mum, there's a crape on the door."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

BY

RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by HAL HURST.

"ONCE I were a waiter. Never again! It was like this here—

"At that time I was fresh from the country—ah! I was fresh—and I was in a situation along with old Bob Perkins, what kep' a greengrocer's shop in the 'Ampstead Road. One day Mr. Perkins says to me—

"'Brooklebank,' he says, 'would you like to do a little job of waiting?' I knew as he went out acting as waiter at private parties and such like, so I says—

"'I don't mind,' I says; 'not that I knows anything about it, if that don't make no odds.'

"'Lor, no! that don't make no odds,' he says. 'It's only the cloak-room you'll have to look after, and you'll get 'alf-a-crown and your grub for doin' it.'

"'Cloak-room?' I says. 'What's that?' 'Why,' he says, 'where the gents puts their 'ats and coats and umbrellas.' 'I'm on,' I says. 'I shouldn't be surprised if I was able to keep a heye upon a humbrella; I should think that was about my style.' But I were wrong, as I'm agoin' to tell yer.

"In the evening I went up with Mr. Perkins to a house in the Camden Road. I had on a old dress suit of Perkins's, which wasn't no sort of fit, seeing as how he was fifty-two in the waist and I was twenty-five. Mrs. Perkins, she'd what she called 'caught the trousers up' in the back, and she said as no one would see me; it would be all right. Which I hoped it would be. It didn't feel all right, I tell you that.

"When me and Mr. Perkins got up to the house, they put me straight away into a little band-box of a cupboard sort of place, where there was some shelves and some 'ooks and some pieces of paper, with numbers on—the same number on two pieces of paper—and a box of pins. The servant-girl as shows me in says—a saucy piece of goods she was!—'There you are! and I hope you're more 'andy than you looks, because if you mixes of

the things there'll be excitement.' Mr. Perkins, he'd told me what I'd have to do as we was coming along, so I wipes my 'ot 'and upon his breeches, and I opes for the best.

"Presently the people begins a-coming to the party. A young gent, he comes up to me and he 'ands me his overcoat, and a billycock 'at, and a silk scarf, and a umbrella, and a pair of indiarubber shoes, and I was floored at once; because Mr. Perkins had told me that I was to pin one number to whatever a gent gave me, and I was to give him the same number, so that he might know it by that number when he came again. So, when this young gent gave me all that lot of articles, I began pinning one number to his 'at—it was a 'ard 'at, and not easy to drive a pin in—and another to his overcoat, and another to his umbrella, and another to his shoes, and another to his scarf—as I'd understood Mr. Perkins to tell me. But this here young gent, he wouldn't have it. He wanted me to pin one number to the lot of them; and, as I was a-arguing with him, and tryin' to understand how he made out as I could do that, seeing as how the pins was little ones, and the numbers not large ones neither, a lot of other gents came up, and this here young gent, he got quite red in the face, and he snatched a number out of my hand, and he walked off, and he left me staring.

"Well, I got on pretty well, considerin', so long as the people didn't come too fast. But I tell you, if you're not used to pins, they're more difficult to manage than you might think. You never know where you're driving of them. I know that, what with the 'eat and the 'aste, some being all of a flurry, I drove more of them into my 'ands than I quite liked. And I soon saw that that there box of pins wouldn't never last me long, seein' as how I bent three out of every two, so as I couldn't use 'em—not to speak of others I dropped and couldn't stop to find.

"But, as I was a-sayin', I got on somehow, and I daresay I should have got on, somehow, to the end, if it hadn't been that I was fresh from the country. Of course, I didn't know what gentlefolk wear, and one 'at was like another 'at to me—and that was where I was deceived. One gent fair took me aback. He came in with a 'igh top-'at on his 'ead, and when he took it off

he put onè end against his chest, and he gave it a sort of a shove and he squashed it as flat as my 'and. I tell you, I stared. I thought he'd been having a drop to drink, and had busted his brand new 'at for a sort of a joke. But he seemed to be sober enough, so far as I could see, and he didn't seem to mind what he'd done to his 'at not a little bit. Presently another gent came alone, and he done the same to his top 'at. Then another, and another—in fact, a whole crowd of them. And there was me, a-per-spiring like one o'clock, with Perkins's breeches a-coming undone where his old woman had caught 'em up at the back, a-standing in the middle of a lot of squashed 'igh 'ats, what was lying all over the place. So I began to see that there was more in the nature of a 'igh 'at than I'd supposed.

"Bless you! there wasn't nearly room for all the things that these gents kept a-handing me; and unless I took to standin' on 'em, I didn't see what I was to do. So, when there came a sort of a lull like, I looks round to see how I could make a bit of room. 'Alf them gents hadn't squashed in their 'igh 'ats, like the other gents 'ad done, and I sees at once as how they were takin'

up more than their fair share of space. So I makes up my mind to squash 'em for 'em, and I sets about a-doin' it. I takes up a 'igh 'at what a old gent had just a-give me—a beautiful shiny one it was—and I sets it against my stomach and I starts a-eavin'. I'd no idea it'd be so 'ard. Them other gents had seemed to squash their's easy, but this 'ere one took some shovin'. And, when it did go, it went all-lop-sided like. I had to sit on it before it'd lie down flat.

"I had my 'and full, I tell you, squashin' all them 'igh 'ats. There was forty of 'em, if there was one. Fair 'ard work I found it. I supposed there was some knack about the thing as I 'adn't yet caught. And when I'd finished the lot, I took a squint at 'em. If you'll believe me, a shiver went up and down my back. Somehow, I didn't like the way as they was lookin'. There was a crumpled sort of look about 'em which didn't seem like as it ought to be. I was a-per-spirin' all over. Perkins's breeches had come undone behind, and was 'anging about me anyhow; my collar had come unpinned at the back of my shirt; the bow that Mrs. Perkins had give me for a necktie had worked loose in front. A lot of them articles hadn't got no numbers on, and most of them as had I

felt certain as I'd given to the wrong parties; and, altogether, I began to wish as how I hadn't come.

"Presently the old gent as had given me the 'igh 'at as I had started squashin', came up to the door. He was a tall old gent, very fierce-lookin', with a long white moustache—a regular toff. As he'd been the last to come, and it seemed as how he was goin' to be the first to go, it looked as if he soon had had enough of the party.

"Give me my 'at,' he says.

"I knew which was his 'at, though it 'adn't got no number. I had good reason to. So I routed it out from under a 'eap of others. He looks at it, and then he looks at me.

"That's not my 'at,' he says.

"Excuse me, sir,' I says, 'it is your 'at—leastways, it's the one as you gave to me.'

"He looks at the 'at again, and then again he looks at me; and all of a sudden he went quite red in the face.

"Mine was a new at!"

"Yes, sir,' I says; 'so I thought, sir, when you gave it me. It didn't look as though it 'adn't never been worn. If you try this 'at on, sir, you will find, sir, as it's yours.'

"Then he takes the 'at out of my 'and, lookin' at me once

more, searchin' like, and he turns it round and round and he squints inside of it.

"As I'm alive,' he says, 'I do believe it's mine!'

"I says, 'I'm sure, sir, as how it is. I noticed it most particular.'

"But, good 'evens!' he says, 'whatever 'ave you been a-doin' to it?'

"I've only been a-squashin' of it, sir,' I says.

"Only been a-squashin' of it!' he says, and he gives a kind of gasp. 'Are you drunk, man?'

"No, sir,' I says, 'and that I'm not. I haven't had so much as 'alf a pint since I've been inside this 'ouse!' Which I 'adn't, and my throat was gettin' regular parched.

"He did flare out!

"Then, if you're not drunk, man,' he says, 'what the devil do you mean by tellin' me that you've only been a-squashin' of a brand new 'at?' He gives another squint inside of it. 'Ang me, if it doesn't look as if he'd been a-sitting down upon the thing!'

"I had to,' I says, 'to make it stay down flat.'

"I thought he would have had a fit.

"My God!' he says, 'what sort of a place is it that



PRESENTLY THE PEOPLE BEGAN COMING TO THE PARTY.

I've got into?' Then he uses language what I'd always been taught was most unbecomin' to anyone what called 'imself a gentleman. 'You damned scoundrel, you!' he says. 'If you was my servant I'd have you sent to gaol for this! I might have expected that something would come of ever entering such a dog-'ole of a 'ouse! Take the 'at, you 'ound, and be damned to you!'

"And if he didn't throw his own 'at into my face with such violence as not only to break the skin right off my nose where it 'appened to 'it me, but as to make me feel for the moment as if I had gone silly. When I come to myself, as it were, if he hadn't gone right into the street, for all I knew, and left his 'at behind him. As I was thinkin' what I ought to do—for I ain't accustomed to havin' 'igh 'ats chucked in my face as if they were brick-bats, not even at a party—three other gents came 'astening up—young ones, they was

"'Ats, waiter! they says. 'We're in a 'urry'—which I could see they was.

"'What is your numbers, gentlemen?' I says.

"'You never give us none, says they.

"'In that case, gentlemen,' I says, I, shall have to ask you for to be so good as to choose your own 'ats.'

"So I takes up in both my 'ands a 'eap of squashed 'igh 'ats and I 'olds 'em out to 'em. You should have seen their faces! First they looks at me, and then they looks at each other. Then one of them gives a sort of grin.

"'Ain't you made some sort of mistake?' he says.

"'As 'ow?' I says.

"'Ours was 'igh 'ats,' he says.

"'Well, and ain't these 'igh 'ats?' I says.

"Then again they looks at me, and again they looks at each other; and another one, he speaks—a short, puffy young feller he was, with curly 'air.

"'They looks to me as if they was low 'ats,' he says; 'unccmmon low—I never saw none look lower.'

"All three laughs. What at, was more than I could say. I didn't know what to make of 'em. There was they a-starin' at me, and there was I a-starin' at them, with both my arms 'eaped up with them there 'ats. Then the third one, he has a go—a stylish lookin' chap. He was very 'an'some, like you sees in the barbers' shops.

"'Waiter,' he says, 'are you a-'avin' a game with us?'

"'A game, sir?' I says. 'Beggin' your pardon, sir,

I'm not 'avin' no game with no one. Do I look as if I was?'

"Which I didn't feel it, I can tell you that.

"'Well,' he says, 'I asks you for my 'at, and you offers me my choice of them leavings from a rag-and-bone shop; so, if you ain't a-'avin' a game with me, I don't know what you are a-'avin'.'

"'Come, waiter!' says the one as had spoken first; 'didn't we tell you as 'ow we was in a 'urry? Let us 'ave our 'ats. Don't keep on playing the fool with us!'

"'You must excuse me, gentlemen,' I says, speaking a trifle warmish—because, as you'll understand, I was beginning to feel a little badgered like; 'if anyone's a-playin' the fool, it seems to me—asking of your leave—as it's you as is playin' the fool with me!'

"'Us as is playin' the fool with you?' they says, altogether, as it might be.

"'Eggsactly,' I says, 'That is what I says'. I says, 'and that is what I means,' I says. 'First, you asks me for to give you your 'ats; and then, when I offers you some 'ats for you to take what is your own, you starts a-larfin'. If, as you says, you're in a 'urry, perhaps you'll step inside and cast your eyes around, and point out



"THAT'S NOT MY 'AT," HE SAYS.

which is your 'ats. You can take which ones you please for all I care; I'm sure you're very welcome.'

"With that they stepped in. When they was in, and I was in, there wasn't much room left for anything but breathin', and 'ardly room enough for that.

"'Where is the 'igh 'ats?' says the stylish-lookin' feller.

"'Where is your eyes?' I says. 'Ain't they all over the place? Why, you're a-steppin' on one now!'

"You should have seen the 'op he gave!

"'These 'ats,' he says, 'from what I can see of 'em—which isn't much—looks to me as if they had all been squashed.'

"'Of course they has!' I says. 'Ow do you suppose I was a-goin' to find room for them if they wasn't? This ain't the Halbit 'All, and yet it ain't the Crystal Pallis!'

"Then they looks at each other again; and, from the way in which they done it, I felt as 'ow there was something which wasn't altogether what it ought to be. So I goes on—

"'If them 'ats hasn't been squashed eggsactly as they ought to have been squashed, that ain't my fault,' I

says. 'You ought to have squashed them for yourselves, as the other gents done. I don't know nothing about the squashin' of 'igh 'ats, and I never laid myself out as knowin' nothin'. I just put them against my chest, and I gives 'em a shove, and then I sits on 'em to make 'em lay down flat. That's all I done!'

"While I was speakin' I could see them there young gents' mouths was gettin' wider and wider open, and when I stopped they burst out larfin' fit to split. What there was to larf at was more than I could see. All I knew was, that I wished I adn't never come. They staggers out into the 'all, and the curly-headed one, he cries out—

"Oh, Sheepshanks, do come 'ere!' Then a cove comes up, as I found out afterwards was the bloke as was a-givin' the party. 'Oh, Sheepshanks!' says this young feller; 'if he ain't squashed them just eggsactly as they ought to have been squashed, don't you blame him. He never laid himself out as knowin' nothing about the squashin' of 'igh 'ats, but he's done his best—he's sat down upon them to make them lie down flat! Oh, Lord! Someone put a piece of ice down my back, afore I die!'

"This 'ere curly-headed young feller kep' on larfin' so, I thought he would have bust. Mr. Sheepshanks, he comes up to me, lookin' a bit pinky. 'What's the matter? What's the meanin' of this?' he says.

"Oh!' says the curly-headed young feller, still a-bustin' of 'isself a-larfin'; 'nothing! That waiter of yours has only been a-squashin' the 'igh 'ats—every man-jack of 'em. For goodness sake ask him about them—don't ask me! My gracious! why don't someone bring that piece of ice?'

"Mr. Sheepshanks, he came into the little band-box of a room, looking pinkier and pinkier. He looks at some 'ats which I was a-oldin' in my 'ands.

"What have you been a-doin' to those 'ats?' he says.

"I've only been a-squashin' 'em,' I says; 'that's all!'

"You're only been a-squashin' 'em? he says—and he gives a kind of gasp, like as if he was taken short of breath upon a sudden. And he looks about the room.

"What 'ats are these?' he says.

"They is the 'ats,' I says, 'what was given to me by the gents as is at the party.'

"He gives another sort of gasp, and there came something into his face what I didn't altogether like the look of.

"Who's been a-destroyin' of 'em?' he says.

"No one ain't been a-destroyin' of 'em,' I says. 'I've only been a-sittin' on 'em to make 'em lie down flat.'

"Oh!' he says, short and sharp like. 'Is that all you have been a-doin'? And what sort of a drunken idiot may you be, pray?'

"I'm not drunk,' I says, 'seein' as 'ow I haven't even seen the sight of liquor since I've been inside this blessed 'ouse. And, as for idiot, I ain't so much of a idiot, perhaps, as you are'; for I didn't care who he was, nor yet what he was. I'd had about enough of being bully-ragged.

"May I venture to ask who brought you here?' he says.

"No one brought me 'ere,' I says, 'seein' as 'ow I came along of Mr. Perkins, to oblige him; and now I wish I hadn't, and so I tell you, straight.'

"I also, he says, 'am inclined to wish you hadn't.'

"Very hard and stern he was. I didn't like the look of him, nor yet the sound of him. 'Send Perkins to me,' he says. Presently Mr. Perkins, he comes 'urryin' up.

"Perkins,' says Mr. Sheepshanks, 'what scoundrel is this you have brought into my 'ouse?'

"It's only a young man from the country, sir,' says Perkins, 'as I brought with me to 'elp in the cloak-room. I do 'ope he has been doin' of nothing wrong!'

"And he gives me a glare out of his eye, like as if I had been



"I TAKES UP IN BOTH MY 'ANDS A 'EAP OF SQUASHED 'IGH 'ATS."

doin' anything to him.

"I don't know if you're a-thinkin', says this 'ere Mr. Sheepshanks, a-puffin' and a-pantin', as it seemed to me, with rage, 'that I asked my friends to my 'ouse to have their 'ats destroyed; because your young man, as you says is from the country—and I 'opes to goodness as 'ow he'll soon go back to it!—has done for every one of 'em.'

"I denies it!' I says. 'I tells you again, as I tells you afore, that I've only been a-squashin' of 'em and a-sittin' on 'em to make 'em lie down flat!'

"When I says that, the way Mr. Perkins goes on at me was what I never had expected. He abused me scandalous. He took me by the neck, and he 'ustled me out into the 'all. And there was all the people what was at the party a-crowdin' on the stairs. If you'll believe me, before I 'ardly knew what 'ad 'appened, I found myself a-standin' . . . !'

"Yes, that were the first time ever I acted as a waiter—likewise, it was the very last.

"When I goes round to put the 'orse ready for market, his missus, she meets me at the door. She gives me the money that was due to me, and she says as 'ow she didn't think as 'ow I had better stay for to have a talk

with Perkins, because as 'ow he might be violent. So I didn't. And I've never set eyes on him from that day to this.

"It was some time before I quite understood what it was had made the gents what was at that there party so excited. One day, comin' along a street near the Strand, I sees in a shop-window a 'igh 'at what was a-sluttin' of itself up, and a-openin' of itself out, without,

"I wasn't a-gettin' at no one, and it was like that there boy's impudence to suppose as 'ow I was.

"'Oh! a hopera 'at, is it?' I says. 'You don't 'appen to know if that's the same as a 'igh 'at, do you?'

"'A 'igh 'at!' he says. 'Go on! Ax your grand-mother! P'raps your mother 'ardly knows you're out! Go and prig the parish pump and pop it with a peeler!'

"And that there boy, he 'ooks it. And it was well



HIS TOOK ME BY THE NECK, AND HE 'USTLED ME OUT INTO THE 'ALL.

so far as I could see, no one a-doin' nothing to it. Some sort of machinery, I expect as 'ow it was. So I stops and I takes a look at it. There was a boy a-lookin' at it too. So I says to him—

"'What kind of a 'at do you call that?' I says.

"'It's a hopera 'at, ain't it?' he says. 'Who do you think as you're a-gettin' at?'

for him he did. If I had a-got my 'ands on him, he'd have known it. But, from the way in which that 'at was a-goin' on in that there window, and from what that there boy says, I took it that there was two kinds of 'igh 'ats—the hopera kind, and the other kind. And, in supposin' that the other kind could be squashed in, like the hopera kind, was just where I had made my error."

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AT HOME.

THE one-time unlucky little theatre in Dean Street is proving a veritable mascot to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier—the former the pluckiest and youngest of our actor-managers who, together with his wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, were popular with most London playgoers long before the brilliant production of *The Chili Widow* assured them success in their new, and, it must be added, perilous adventure.

Many interesting mementoes of your host's and hostess's professional careers are to be found in the pretty sitting room where Mrs. Arthur Bouchier receives her guests, and testify, as nothing else could do, to the amity and goodwill existent among the leading members of the profession.

Appealing to the man rather than to the actor, I asked Mr. Bouchier to tell me something of his ideas on the all-important scenery and costume question.

"Well," was the unexpected answer, "I do not consider that either scenery or costume are as important as people try and make out. A good play will succeed without any gorgeous accessories. Still, we have at the Royalty to be more than careful in the detail of these matters, for the theatre, as you know, may be called a miniature playhouse."

"Yes; till we took it in hand," chimed in Mrs. Bouchier, "nothing but gas was used in the theatre. Now, even the footlights are electric light, but they are so shaded that exactly the same effect is produced as with gas."

"There was once a time," added Mr. Bouchier, when everything connected with the stage was more or less sham; now, the public require at least modified realism."

"Talking of realism, how do you regard the problem plays?"

"Frankly, we are tired to death of the woman with a past—at least, on the stage. We prefer to look forward to the woman with a future; but still, problem plays have had distinctly a good effect, for they have helped to do away with many foolish conventions, and they bid fair to leave the stage stronger and more natural than they found it."

"I have heard, Mr. Bouchier, that you are one of the few who believe in amateur theatricals as a training-ground for the stage?"

"Frankly, yes. You see, an amateur has a chance of playing an immense variety of characters, and, under a good stage-manager, he gets very good training."

"You were yourself, I believe, one of the first and most prominent members of the O.U.D.S.?"

"Yes. When I first went up to Christchurch, theatrical performances were forbidden in Oxford; but, after a somewhat elaborate amateur performance of *Money*—in which I took the part of Sir John Vesey (Georgiana being represented by the present Lord Wolverton), the authorities had the good sense to give in; but a rule was made that only Shakespearian plays were to be acted. You cannot wonder that I consider amateur training valuable when I tell you that during the time I was at college I played alternately Hotspur, Falstaff, Julius Cæsar, and Death in *The Alcestis*, etc., etc."

"Then you were, to all intents and purposes, an accomplished actor before you went on the stage? May I ask what led to your taking the final step?"

"I was reading for the Bar, and wanted something to do, when I was offered a lucrative engagement in a good company."

"And did you also," I asked, turning round to Mrs. Bouchier, "receive an amateur training?"

"No," she answered, smiling. "I made my *début* when I was only sixteen, at Toole's Theatre, in a burlesque of *Faust*. I may add that I only formed part of the crowd that walked on to the stage; Miss Ellen Terry advised me to do so, and I think it was an excellent beginning, for it gave me confidence. Then I had two years with Miss Sarah Thorne"

"Miss Thorne's is a most excellent institution," observed Mr. Bouchier. "At one time I often played with her company. Any beginner who has the good fortune to be taken in hand by that lady starts well."

"And what do you say about understudying? Some people consider that a beginner cannot do better than obtain this kind of engagement?"

"I think understudying very deadening work," answered my hostess, thoughtfully. "I have been in turn understudy to Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, and Mrs. Kendal. You see, an understudy has to study every detail of the "star's" business, and so has no chance of being herself. Still, I admit that playing constantly with a very good actress cannot fail to teach one something. I thoroughly enjoyed playing Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, when Mr. Daly produced the play in London."

"I should like to ask you," I observed, turning to my host, "whether your adaptation of *The Chili Widow* was your first piece of dramatic work?"

"No, indeed; I turned one well-known French play into *A Woman's Tears*, acted at the Comedy by amateurs. Then the Old Stagers played at Canterbury my version of *Jean Marie*, entitled *Good-Bye*."

"*The Chili Widow* has certainly proved the London playgoers' fidelity to farce and good, wholesome comedy?"

"Yes, indeed; and not in London alone is this the case, for we have been lately playing in *matinées* at Portsmouth, Brighton, and Eastbourne, and we are just starting for Bournemouth and Bristol. But, you know, playing during the afternoon in the country, and then rushing back to London to begin again, is pretty sharp work. Still, I need hardly tell you, we do not complain. By the way, we are producing on the hundredth night an exceedingly pretty little one-act play by Mr. Frankfort Moore, called *Kitty Olive*."

BISMARCK'S IDEAS OF AN ENGLISH SUNDAY.

"LANDING at Hull on a Sunday, I began to whistle, but was checked by a native, who solemnly reminded me that it was the first day of the week. Disgusted by this perfectly horrible tyranny of keeping holy the Sabbath, I turned at once on my heel, and set sail for Edinburgh, as I did not choose not to be able to whistle when I had a mind to."

In a debate on compulsory Sunday observance, he says:—"I must say that when I was in England I had a painful and uncomfortable impression of the English Sunday, and I was always glad when it was over. I am sure that many Englishmen had the same feeling about it, for they sought to accelerate the march of time without witnesses in a manner I would rather not characterise, and were overjoyed when Monday dawned. Whoever has lived in English society will understand what I mean. On the other hand, if you go into the country round Berlin, if it does not exactly happen to be near a brewery, and look at the villages, you are pleased with the appearance of the people in their holiday garb, and thank God that we live not under the yoke of an English Sunday."—*From Prince Bismarck, by Charles Lowe.*

UNGRATEFUL.

A CAST-OFF rose lay dying by the sea,
Where hungry breakers chanted dismally,
When passed an ardent poet on his way,
Who, stooping low, with sympathetic hand
Upraised the fallen blossom from the sand.
Then, with a cry of anguish and dismay,
He flung it near the raging sea again,
Its pale leaves branded by a crimson strain—
Then passed a pensive poet on his way.

"TUXTER'S LITTLE MAID" (Cassell and Co., 6s.)—The *Daily Telegraph* says: "It is a tale that everyone should read with interest unmarred and curiosity unabated by a single indiscreet or untimely disclosure on the part of the reviewer. Suffice it to say that some years have elapsed since we last lighted upon a romance of humble life which gave such keen and continuous pleasure as that we have derived from a perusal—and let the truth be frankly confessed, re-perusal—of 'Tuxter's Little Maid.'"

THE TRUE STORY OF ANNIE LAURIE.

THE HEROINE OF A FAMOUS SONG.

Most people suppose "Annie Laurie" to be a creation of the song-writer's fancy, or perhaps some Scotch peasant girl, like Highland Mary, and most of the heroines of Robert Burns. In either case they are mistaken.

Annie Laurie was "born in the purple," so to speak, at Maxwellton House, in the beautiful Glen of the Cairn-Glencairn. Her home was in the heart of the most pastorally lovely of Scottish shires—that of Dumfries. Her birth is thus set down by her father, in what is called the "Barjorg MS.":—

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter Anna Laurie was borne upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptised by Mr. George —, minister of Glencairn."

Her father was Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet, and her mother was Jean Riddell.

Maxwelton House was originally the castle of the Earls of Glencairn. It was bought in 1611 by Stephen Laurie, the founder of the Laurie family. Stephen was a Dumfries merchant. The castle was a turreted building. In it Annie Laurie was born. This castle was partially burned in the last century, but not all of it. The great tower is incorporated in the new house, and also a considerable portion of the old walls was built in. The foundations are those of the castle. In places its walls are twelve feet thick. The lower room is the "gun-room," and the little room above that, in the next storey, is always spoken of in the family as "Annie Laurie's room," or "boudoir." This room of Annie's has been opened in the drawing-room by taking down the wall, and it forms a charming alcove. Its stone ceiling shows its great age.

In the dining-room—a fine, large apartment—we come again upon the old walls, six feet thick, which gives very deep window recesses. In this room hang the portraits of Annie Laurie and her husband, Alexander Ferguson. They are half-lengths, full-size. Annie's hair is dark brown, and she has full, dark eyes—it is difficult to say whether brown or deep hazel. I incline to the latter. Whoever doctored the second verse of the original song—I heard it credited to "Mrs. Grundy" by a grandnephew of Burns—whoever it was, he had apparently no knowledge of this portrait, for you all know that he has given Annie a "dark blue e'e."

The nose is long and straight, the under lip full, as though "some bee had stung it newly," like that of Suckling's bride. A true Scotch face, of a type to be met any day in Edinburgh or any other Scotch town. She is in evening dress of white satin, and she wears no jewels but the pearls in her hair. Alexander Ferguson, the husband of Annie Laurie, has a handsome, youthful face, with dark eyes and curling hair. His coat is brown, and his waistcoat blue, embroidered with gold, and he wears abundant lace in the charming old fashion.

It was at Maxwellton House, Annie's birthplace, that I came across the missing link in the chain of evidence that fixes the authorship of the song upon Douglas of Fingland. Fingland is in the parish of Dalry, in the adjacent shire of Kirkcudbright, and Douglas was a somewhat near neighbour of Annie.

The present proprietor of Maxwellton House is Sir Emilius Laurie, formerly rector of St. John's, Paddington, when he was known as Sir Emilius Bayley. He took the name of Laurie when he succeeded to the family estates. Sir Emilius is a descendant of Sir Walter, third baronet, and brother of Annie.

Sir Emilius placed in my hands a letter, of which he said I might make what use I liked, and this letter contained the missing link. While the song has been generally credited to Douglas of Fingland, it has always been a matter of tradition rather than of ascertained fact.

But to the important letter.

It was written in 1889, by a friend, to Sir Emilius, and relates an incident which took place in 1854. At that time the writer, whom we will call Mr. B., was on a visit with his wife to some friends in Yorkshire. Mrs. B. was somewhat a famous singer of ballads. A few friends were invited to meet them one evening, and, after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, their hostess asked Mrs. B. to sing, and she sang "Annie Laurie," in the modern revision, just as we all sing it. Among the guests was a lady in her ninety-seventh year. She gave close attention to the singing of the ballad, and, when Mrs. B. had finished, she spoke up: "Thank you! thank you very much! But they're na the words my grandfather wrote!" Then she repeated the first stanza as she knew it.

She explained that her grandfather, Douglas of Fingland, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song. "But," she added, "he did na get her, after a'."

She was not quite sure as to Annie's fate, she said. Some folks had said that she died unmarried, while some had said she married Ferguson of Craigdarrock, and she rather thought that was the truth.—(*From McClure's Magazine.*)

TUXTER'S LITTLE MAID.*

This is a highly interesting and pleasant book. Mr Burgin knows how to sketch the character of a man who is good without being priggish. The doings of "Mr. Tuxter," the coffin-maker, are pathetically humorous; indeed, the whole book is calculated to make the reader weep and smile alternately. At times, Mr. Burgin's style reminds one of Dickens's, but in these days, when almost every new book has an unsavoury problem to unravel, no author should be discouraged from following in the steps of such a master. If this book were ever dramatised, one can imagine how Mr. J. L. Toole would revel in the part of Tuxter. In addition to being able to grasp the humorous side of things, Mr. Burgin has a pretty fancy, as will be seen from the following description of a child playing with the sunbeams:—

"The sun, as it struggled through the dirty window, danced merrily over the nails, and made a series of fantastic pictures upon the whitewashed wall. Little Drusilla, growing tired of a picture-book filled with impossible horses and cows out of drawing, dropped it amongst the shavings, and, catching up her skirt in both hands, began to dance to the flickering sunbeams. She bowed to them as they ran down the wall, ran after them as they flitted upward, and spun round with quaint little improvised steps when they gained the ceiling and formed into rings of golden light. Just as she found one coming within reach of her tiny fingers, it glided up to the ceiling again, danced into fresh shapes, and once more darted down the wall.

"Tuxter, in order that Drusilla might not feel herself a prisoner, had left the cellar door open. One sunbeam, more enterprising than the rest, flitted along to the end of the cellar and disappeared up the staircase, flickering back again for a moment as if playing at hide-and-seek. She followed merrily, hesitated a moment upon the threshold, and began to climb after the sunbeam, which, to her childish imagination, seemed to beckon her on and lure her round the corner. When she reached the top of the stairs (she went sideways, like Mr. Winkle's horse) no sunbeam was to be found, but in its place Drusilla was thrilled by—"

The book is cheerfully optimistic all the way through, and when it is added that Mr. Burgin has found his material in commonplace people, living amidst commonplace surroundings, it must be admitted that he has successfully achieved a task of no ordinary difficulty.

* "Tuxter's Little Maid," by G. B. Burgin. (Cassell and Co., 6s.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NEIL,—I saw a perfectly sweet gown in the Park this morning; you shall judge for yourself whether you would not have admired it too. It was on a charmingly pretty girl, with small, delicate features and immense grey eyes. Her dark hair was arranged with that apparent simplicity which is never more deceptive than when achieved in the coiffure. The gown itself was in biscuit-coloured cloth, of the kind known as "faced"—that is, with a high finish and gloss on the surface. It was perfectly plain and very full—the only two adjectives that can be used in describing the skirts of the present moment. The bodice was hidden under a sealskin

jacket, fitting closely to the figure, and made with a short, fluted basque, lined with biscuit - coloured silk. The sleeves were brown velvet, large, and square-shaped, lined with biscuit - silk and scarcely hiding closely-fitting under-sleeves of pink bengaline, doubtless matching the bodice. These were met at the wrist by long *suede* gloves, wrinkled up in the way they are now worn by smart women, who know how convenient is this mode for allowing the hands to emerge without taking off the arm part of the gloves or removing the bracelets. They simply undo the three buttons, pull off the fingers, and out comes the little be-ringed white hand, the glove proper being tucked away under the bracelets.

You can't think how pretty the square velvet sleeves were, with their dainty lining, and imagine how easy they must be to get on over even the most portentously enormous puffs of those in the gown itself

If you want to know all about furs, read a book just published by the Roxburghe Press, Westminster, entitled, "Fur, and Fur Garments," by Richard Davey. It begins with an interesting history of fur from the earliest periods. By the way, do you care much for reading about what happened four or five thousand years ago? I cannot say I do. The warmth with which one naturally regards one's fellow-creatures slows off in a remarkable manner in proportion with the distance of time that separates them from us. Now, I delight in my picturesque dear friends of the last century, and even regard one or two of them with affection. For those who lived prior to that period, my sentiments are of the most chilly description, though I should like to have

known Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. But when we are wafted, in imagination, so far back as Senniramus, the thread of human sympathy becomes so thin that we can scarcely regard that famous Queen as a fellow-woman. The nearest we can get to her is as an operative individual. There is a portrait of Mary Tudor given, which bears a remarkable resemblance to a prominent "Shrieking Sister" of the present day. The beautiful Josephine is shown us in a copy of a miniature by Isabey. She was so full of faults, and yet so lovable, that we moderns get nearer to her than to any other woman of her time. But it is time to get to the dear little animals that provide us with the most becoming and comfortable trimming in the world. The sable is shown to be very like a fox. One single skin is some-

times worth forty guineas. I don't imagine any human skin was ever valued at such a sum, except by its proprietor, who would probably put the figure much higher.

We owe a debt of gratitude to these small, furry creatures which can never be repaid. How comfortable, and how becoming is the "peltry" with which they furnish us! And at what serious cost to them do we obtain it! But, as Arthur points out, man is prone to kill all such, and we may as well utilise their skins when they have fallen victims to what is termed "a love of sport."

Chinchilla is the fur of all others that has least wear in it, and yesterday I saw a gown of blue velvet, bordered all round with it, and being trailed along a muddy foot-walk. It made me dislike the wearer. How could she be

so oblivious of the fitness of things as to drag this delicate fur through so much that was antipathetic to it! And what a contagion of mud and damp it must have handed on to her boots and stockings! And what sort of state must her carpets have got into when she returned home!

I must tell you about a lovely gown Lady Lilian Denison had in her trousseau. It was for evening wear—a white silk, brocaded in lines rising from the hem in a design of scarlet flowers, perhaps gladioli, rising in spires all round. At the top, the white silk was draped with gold-coloured satin. A most venturesome but highly successful mixture of tints.

I saw a pretty blouse on a brunette, since I wrote you last. The body of the garment was brown orpion with golden yellow diagonal lines crossing it. This was set into a yoke of brown and gold shot silk, and the fore part



AN EVENING DRESS.

of the sleeves matched the yoke. As there was far more gold than brown in the shot, it was highly effective, especially as the complexion of the wearer was beautifully clear, and her eyes very large, dark, and brilliant.

The skirt of the pretty evening dress shown in our illustration is white satin lined with rose-petal pink. The bodice is composed of rose-petal pink, accordion-pleated chiffon, with belt and revers of leaf-green and pink embroidery on white satin. Folds of pink chiffon are tucked in at the top of the belt in front and end at the back in a large bow of white satin. Sleeves are bordered at the top with very full puffs of pink chiffon, and extremely high loops of the same are tied on the top of the shoulder and held with ornamental buckles.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. are issuing some charming almanacs in little metal frames and, a series of almanacs of modern authors and modern actors, which should be popular. They have also issued some very dainty little Christmas poems by Mrs. E. Nesbit, Mrs. Alexander, and Norman Gale. One of their new features this year is a stock of quaint Christmas cards à la Aubrey Beardsley, together with a To-DAY almanac and a very beautiful Shakespearian almanac. The best of their admirably illustrated children's books is the Bible series.

I was told the other day of a smart woman who had gone to stay in the country with an old governess for the express purpose of giving her hair and complexion a rest. She was candid, and told her friends that she was bent on allowing herself some chance of recuperation. "I shall look perfectly hideous, I know," she remarked; "but I am determined not once to crimp my poor, tired hair, and my only complexion wash is to be distilled rain-water. My waist shall be an inch smaller, too, when you see me again. My maid tells me I have allowed it to fall into a state of insubordination. Discipline must be maintained, you know, dear, and I am going in for a fortnight of it."

London is full of pretty people, and nowhere does one see a greater number than at the At Homes given by the ladies of the Council of the Royal School of Art Needlework. One of the prettiest brides of last season was a hostess at a recent "tea" of the series, and you cannot imagine a prettier scene than that at which she presided. The large oak room afforded a most becoming background for handsome, well-bred women, white and yellow flowers, garlands of ivy, and great boughs of oak and beech in "tender tints of fading."—Your affectionate

SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D.—I am very glad you found the list of dishes of use. For stuffed steak, prepare a veal stuffing with breadcrumbs, chopped lemon peel, suet, pepper, and salt, bound together with white of egg. Take a pound of steak cut an inch thick, trim away all skin—flour the steak, and lay the stuffing on it. Roll it up, and tie it round with white tape, and cook it before the fire for an hour and a half, turning the steak once, and the dish is on once. Or bake it in the oven. Or stew it in just water

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enough to cover it, serving it with gravy made of this water with a teaspoonful of Liebig added. In making the stuffing, mix the breadcrumbs in a dish which has been rubbed round with a clove of garlic.

DISAPPOINTED.—If you will use a pie-cup, with perforated stem, the juice will not boil out of your fruit pie. The pie-cup also keeps the gravy from running out of a meat pie. These useful little things only cost 6d. each in china.

MUMS.—An unfailing cure for chilblains is to bathe the part affected with water in which Tidman's Sea Salt has been dissolved. I accidentally discovered this two winters ago, and have given the recipe to several people, who were at once relieved by the application. Let a handful of salt lie all night in a jug of water, and in the morning add sufficient hot water to take the chill off. Soak the feet well and thoroughly dry them. The hands can be cured in the same way.

M. R. H. is going to a dance on the 26th, but, poor girl, the doctor has forbidden her to dance, and she wants to know if it would be "wrong to sit out some of the dances with her gentleman friends." Why, my dear M. R. H., what else is there for you to do? Certainly sit them out, and enjoy yourself as much as you can; but remember that there is safety in numbers, and do not sit out more than two or three of them with the same man. If you do, Mrs. Grundy will jump on you.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

BUNNIE.—Entrecôte à la Bordelaise is simply the undercut of a sirloin of beef, grilled or boiled or roasted on a dish in front of the fire, and served with Bordelaise sauce. I borrow the recipe for the latter from Mrs. B. Marshall's capital first cookery book: "Take half a pint of brown sauce, two wine-glasses of white wine, one wine-glass of claret, one finely-chopped shallot, a pinch of mignonette pepper, an ounce of glaze or a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract, and a pinch of sugar." Boil together for fifteen or twenty minutes, keeping the sauce well skimmed, then turning it, and add a little chopped tarragon and chervil or parsley, and serve it.

EGGS À LA GUIRLAUDE.—Prepare fifteen pieces of fried bread, on each of which place a slice of fried ham and a fried egg. Arrange the bread in the form of a wreath on a round dish, the bottom of which is filled with tomato sauce, and serve it very hot.

PERDRIX AUX CHOUX.—Cut a brace of partridges into quarters and fry them in butter or good fresh lard. Meanwhile boil a very full-hearted white cabbage with plenty of salt, take it out in twenty minutes, cut it in four pieces, lay the quarters of partridge inside, together with three tablespoonfuls of minced ham, and a similar quantity of mince sausage, freed from skin; add a seasoning of pepper and salt. Tie the cabbage round with white tape, carefully enclosing all the above within it. Slowly stew it in stock for an hour, letting simmer gently the time. When the cabbage is perfectly soft, it is ready to serve. Take away the tapes and place it on an entrée dish surrounded by a sauce made of some of the strained stock in which it was cooked, with a tablespoonful of potted game, a dessertspoonful of flour, and an ounce of butter added, all being thoroughly blended and afterwards made very hot.

N.B.—Some cooks chop up the cabbage and make of it a bed on which to dish the partridge. This is not a bad plan.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

It ain't all jam bein' on a 'bus, nort by no manner o' means. Lite lawst night a chep gort onter the 'bus. 'E was a big 'eavy-lookin' chep, and ter my mind 'e sim'd a bit on. Anywe 'e went up, sat darn and fell asleep right awye. I touches 'im on the shoulder and says, "Feer, please." "I ain't goin' ter pye," says 'e. "Come on," says I; "none o' thet. I cawn't stand 'ere all night." "Very well," says he; "then go darn steers agen. I don't wornt yer. Go and get feers art o' 'em inside the bus; yer 'ont git none art o' me." "Fur the lawst time," I says, "your feer, please." "And fur the lawst time I tells yer yer won't get nutthink art o' me." "Right," says I; "then git off this 'bus, and look shawp abart it, or theer'll be trouble." "Nor I 'ont git horf the 'bus neither," says 'e. "Then you'll be chucked off," says I. "Ho! shell I? And wheer's the man whort's goin' ter chuck me?" "Stop 'ere, Bill," I sings art, and next minnit I 'ad a copper up. "This chep," I says, "won't pye 'is feer, and won't git orf." "Nar then," says the copper, "whort's all this? Why 'ont yer pye up?" "Becos I don't kerry the money. The missus 'as gort it darn theer inside the 'bus, a-witin' ter pye fur me. Bin witin' a long time nar, I shud sue. I told the conductor ter go and try 'em inside, but 'e couldn't tike a 'int, 'e's too prard." With thet, hev'rybody on the top stawts a lawfin' at me, and the copper 'e says, "Oh, look 'ere! Do yer wornt ter bring me up 'ere fur a thing like this? Why, yer did ought ter know better." I turns ter the chep, and says: "If your missus was goin' ter pye fur yer, why couldn't yer sye so, instead o' givin' all this bother." "I could 'ave said so," says 'e, "on'y yer never awst me, bein' too shawp ter wornt ter know anythink." "Well, theer yer are, yer know," says the copper, and goes orf. Nar thet little inserdunt, it reglar put me art. I goes darn ter tike the feers inside, and gives wrong chynge twice over, and drops my bloomin' tickits. So in course ev'rybody thought I were drunk, and no liquor 'ad pawst my lips thet dye—barrin' one awf-pint. Why it wasn't till we'd gort ter the end o' the rowt, an I'd 'ad three-pennuth, cheeked a copper, and kicked a dorg, that I begun ter git my self-respec' back agin.

Ho yus, yer mye be joodishus, an' yer mye go on goin' on bein' joodishus, and even then yer gits orf it sometimes. We're hall of us mortal, and if yer 'as no luck with it neither—well, it ain't all jam.

ELIZA AND THE TONIC PORT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

WE do a large export trade (that is, the firm does), and there are often samples lying about in the office. There was a bottle of Tarret's Tonic Port, which had been there some time, and one of the partners told the head-clerk that he could have it if he liked. Later in the day the head-clerk said if a bottle of Tarret's Tonic Port was any use to me I might take it home. He said he had just opened it and tasted it, because he did not like to give anything away until he knew if it was all right.

I thanked him. "Tastes," I said, "just like any ordinary port, I suppose?"

"Well," he said, "it's more a tonic port than an ordinary port. But that's only what you'd expect from the label."

"Quite so," I said, "quite so." I looked at the label, and saw that it said that the port was peculiarly rich in phosphates. I put the bottle in my bag that night and took it home.

* * * * *

"Eliza," I said, "I have brought you a little present.

It is a bottle of port." Eliza very rarely takes anything at all, but if she does it is a glass of port. In this respect I admire her taste. Port, as I have sometimes said to her, is the king of wines. We decided that we would have a glass after supper. That is really the best time to take anything of the kind; the wine soothes the nerves and prevents insomnia.

Eliza picked the bottle up and looked at the label. "Why," she said, "you told me it was port."

"So it is."

"It says tonic port on the label."

"Well, tonic port practically is port. That is to say it is port with the addition of—er—phosphates."

"What are phosphates?"

"Oh, there are so many of them, you know. There is quinine, of course, and magnesium, and—and so on. Let me fill your glass."

She took one very little sip. "It isn't what I should call a pleasant wine," she said. "It stings so."

"Ah!" I said, "that's the phosphates. It would be a little like that. But that's not the way to judge a port. What you should do is to take a large mouthful and roll it round the tongue. Then you get the aroma—look, this is the way."

I took a large mouthful, and went out hurriedly into the garden.

When I came back I said that I didn't know that there was anything absolutely wrong with the wine, but you wanted to be ready for it. It had come on me rather unexpectedly.

Eliza said that very likely that was it, and she asked me if I would care to finish my glass now that I knew what it was like.

I said that it was not quite a fair test to try a port just after it had been shaken about. I would let the bottle stand for a day or two. Ultimately I took what was left in Eliza's glass and my own, and emptied it into the garden. I did this because I did not want our general servant to try it when she cleared away, and possibly acquire a taste for drink.

Next morning I found that two of our best geraniums had died during the night. I said that it was most inexplicable. Eliza said nothing.

* * * * *

A few nights afterwards Eliza asked me if I thought that the tonic port had stood long enough.

"Yes," I said, "I will decant it for you, and then if Miss Sakers calls you might say carelessly that you were just going to have a glass of port, and would be glad if she would join you."

"No, thank you," she said, "I don't want to deceive Miss Sakers."

"You could mention that it was rich in phosphates. There need be no deception about it."

"Well, then, I don't want to lose the few friends we've got."

"As you please, Eliza. It seems a pity to waste more than half a bottle of good wine."

"Bottle of what?"

"You heard what I said."

"Well, drink it yourself, if you like it."

* * * * *

Some weeks afterword I found the bottle of Tarret's Tonic Port still standing in the sideboard. I gave it to our servant, explaining to her that it would be best mixed with water. That night Eliza found the girl crying in the kitchen. When Eliza asked what was the matter, she said that she would rather say nothing, but that she was wishful to leave at the end of her month.

Of course Eliza blamed me, but I had told the girl as distinctly as I could speak that it was a wine which required dilution. However, Eliza persuaded her to stay on. The girl took the pledge on the following day, and seemed changed in many ways. She put the bottle

back in the sideboard ; there was still more than half of it left.

* * * *

After that nothing happened with reference to the tonic port, until one day I noticed that our cat (who had recently lost her kittens), seemed in a poor state of health. I gave it a few spoonfuls of the tonic port in a little milk. It drank it with avidity, somewhat to my surprise. I had one or two little things to do in the garden after that, and when I came back Eliza said that the cat had become so very strange in its manner that she had thought it best to lock it in the coal-cellar.

I went to look at it, and found it lying on its back, dead. It had a singularly happy expression on its face. Both Eliza and myself were very sorry to lose it.

I judged it best to say nothing about the port. But the bottle had gone from the sideboard. Eliza said that she had it removed to prevent further accidents.

I told the head clerk about it, but he only laughed in the silliest way. He is a most ill-bred man, in my opinion.

WAS DUMAS A CHRISTIAN ?

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

I RECOLLECT Alexandre Dumas remarking to me within a few years of his death that a change was working itself in his thoughts, if not in his religious ideas. He subsequently elaborated this statement in a letter which I communicated to Count Tolstoy, and which drew from the Russian moralist a most interesting expression of opinion on Dumas as a moralist. Those who knew Alexandre Dumas were convinced that he was a deist. He hated unreasoned infidelity. "A blow of the fist, no matter how straight it may be delivered from the shoulder, will never prove the existence or the non-existence of God." How well the members of M. Dumas' family understood the inner working of the dramatist's mind in this direction is proved by an unreported death-bed incident. The family was in the drawing-room when the last struggle commenced, and as soon as the wife and daughters saw that the end was near they sent for a priest. He came too late. An hour after death the will was opened and M. Dumas' strict instructions for his funeral : "No church, no soldiers, no speeches" were read. One would have thought that the family would have been glad to know that the illustrious thinker was already dead before the priest arrived, but the action of the wife and children in having mass said for the repose of the soul in one of the Paris churches would go to prove that they believed M. Dumas' embracing of the ideas of the Church was more complete than at the moment he made his will.

In the letter to which I have referred Alexandre Dumas went so far as to write this : "No matter what man does, what he may say or what he be told, he feels that he has not only a body to feed, an intellect to cultivate and develop, but also a soul to satisfy. The spirit is incessantly in movement, evolving continually towards light and truth. So long as man's soul has not received all the light and conquered all the truth it will torment him. It has never worried him, nor imposed its empire more strongly than to-day. It is, so to speak, in the air everybody breathes."

These reflections of the Parisian dramatist drew a remarkable letter from Count Tolstoy, which though addressed to the writer of this notice, was first published in the Russian *Siewiernyj Wiestnik* (*Northern Messenger*).

"M. Dumas," wrote Count Tolstoy, "has as little of the superstition of the past as that of the present. It is because he believes in neither the one nor the other, because he observes for himself and thinks with independence, that he sees clearly not only the present,

but also the future, like those men who were called *voyants* and prophets in former times. Strange as it may appear to those who in reading see only the superficial form of the work, and not the soul of the writer, the same Dumas who wrote "*La Dame aux Camelias*" and "*L'affaire Clemenceau*," sees the future and prophesies. Dumas' words are really prophetic, and carry in themselves all the characteristics of revelation. In the first place, they have that of being absolutely contrary to the moral disposition of the men in the midst of whom they are spoken ; then, that of being in keeping with the secret sentiment of these same men ; and lastly, that of aiding in the realisation of what they predict. The more that men believe that they can be brought, by the aid of some exterior force, working by itself independently of their own wills, towards a change and an amelioration in their existence, the more difficult will it be to bring about such an amelioration. On the other hand the more that men believe in what Dumas predicts (that the time will come, and at an early day, when men animated by the love of their fellow-men, will, of their own initiative, modify their ways of living), the sooner we shall see its realisation. Dumas, in calling attention to an evolution that he thinks he sees working in human sentiments, brings the change he predicts nearer to us."

The insignificant rôle of intermediary that I played in this exchange of impressions had the effect of showing me Alexandre Dumas in an unexpected light. A general idea exists that Dumas was proud, affected and unapproachable. He was nothing of the kind the moment one got behind the natural reluctance of a man well on in life against making new acquaintanceships. "I am always pleased," he wrote to me once, "when I find somebody who takes an interest in what I write ; when that 'somebody' happens to be a Tolstoy I am proud. To a colleague of the Paris press I know he wrote : "If you knew me better you would know how thankful I am to those who are willing to interest themselves in my work and take up the cudgels for me against those who attack my writing. At the same time, I am always surprised that anybody troubles about me, either to attack me or to defend me."

My acquaintanceship with the late master, slight as it was, did not prevent his corresponding with me on some of the most important psychological and social questions of the day. The last extract I will make to show Dumas *intime* is from the published general preface to his works. It is in the nature of advice to the younger men of his generation : "Walk two hours every day ; sleep seven hours every night ; go to bed, always alone, as soon as you feel sleepy ; get up as soon as you wake ; work as soon as you get up ; eat only when hungry, drink only when thirsty, and always slowly ; speak only when necessary, and say only half what you think ; write only what you can sign ; do only what you can reveal. Esteem money neither more nor less than it deserves—it is a good servant and a bad master. Forgive every one in advance, in order to be on the safe side. Do not despise men ; do not hate them and laugh at them beyond measure—pity them. Think of death every morning on seeing the light once more, and every evening on returning into darkness. When you are in pain, look suffering in the face ; it will console you in itself and will teach you something. Strive to be simple, to become useful, to remain free, and wait, before denying God till someone has proved to you that He does not exist."

"TO-DAY,"

JANUARY 4th, 1896,

Will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled

"RAFAEL,"

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

EXIT PESSIMISM!

NEVER was there such a disastrous success on the English stage as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. It has proved a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, or Jack o' Lantern. By the aid of the dramatic marsh-light, both managers and authors, young and old, have floundered hopelessly in a morass, causing ruin to the one, and vexatious disappointment to the other. For what did it all amount to? Mr. Pinero, by a striking, though to some, a very disagreeable play, had managed to fit a certain actress with a part in which she literally encased herself. Rejected in more than one theatre by managers who were positively frightened of it, awarded eventually to an actress for whom it was not designed, no one was, in reality, more astonished at the reception of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* than the manager who produced it. It will make a curious story, this play of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, some day. Mr. John Hare refused it. The character of Mrs. Tanqueray was originally designed for Miss Elizabeth Robins, and was offered to others before it arrived in the hands of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who made of it a veritable triumph. Whereupon, all theatrical London lost its head, and its judgment as well. We were told that optimism was played out, and that pessimism was to have an innings. Then came the cult of the disagreeable play. Nonsense of the most far-fetched kind was written about convention and old-fashioned schools, and the absurdity of the well-made play, and the reform that was to set in, making our theatres lecture-halls, discussion forums, and debating societies. We were told that people no longer wanted to attend the theatre for mere amusement, but desired extravagance of character, of temperament, of situation, and a bold defiance of the laws of nature. The new criticism as it was called, trumpeted forth a note of defiance on a shrill cornet; but, experience wagged its warning finger, for experience knew uncommonly well that to "hold the mirror up to nature" is as true now as it was in the days of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth.

Mark what followed. Mr. John Hare, nettled perhaps at the marvellous success of the play he had rejected, became an instant convert to the religion he had scorned. He must have bitterly repented his change of front, for he lost money by *Mrs. Lessingham*, and her successors, and he could have recovered very little of it with *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. The more that experience showed that the success of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was a mere flash in the pan, the more reckless became the gambling in the unnatural play.

Arthur Wing Pinero stood defiant, and, if it is not rude to say so, became a trifle obstinate. Having involved Mr. John Hare in the meshes of the so-called problem play, he made another convert of Mr. Comyns-Carr, with the result that *The Benefit of the Doubt* was not even so successful or so palatable as *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. Mere cleverness is all very well, for the affected minority; but cleverness, such as is contained in Mr. Pinero's recent plays, is caviare to the general body of the public. I do not believe ten out of a dozen people honestly enjoyed *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. I am confident that not eleven out of a dozen people ever want to see *The Benefit of the Doubt* a second time. But the diseased taste of these plays spread like malaria. A young lady was led into the whirlpool, with "Mrs. Effingham" as the result. A young actor author was danced into the unhealthy swamp with the dire result of *The Divided Way*, and, doubtless, he chuckles and chortles with delight over the compliment paid him by an eccentric critic who congratulated him on having written a "charming" play, which is contrary to all the accepted canons of morality and religion. The youngster who has told us that women throw themselves at the heads of

men who snub them, is congratulated on the charm of his enterprise. But, it is open to doubt if his banking account, or that of Mr. George Alexander has profited by this excursion into marsh and miasma-land. So, summing-up, we find that every single disagreeable play produced since *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, has egregiously and decidedly failed. Tears have been shed over the want of culture by the public; but the healthy, right-minded public, is not likely to accept its culture from the authors of *Mrs. Lessingham*, and *The Divided Way*. They go to the play to hear sense, and not nonsense. When they look through their opera glasses at life, they use the right end, and not the wrong one. They are not "mostly fools," those sober citizens and honest playgoers. They know something of life, and its story; probably a good deal more than John Oliver Hobbes or Mr. H. V. Esmond. At any rate, when they go to the play, and pay their money, they don't care to be bored or irritated by conspicuous fallacy.

Arthur Wing Pinero naturally puts his back against the wall and defends his lost cause. He can do little else. He did so the other evening at John Hare's banquet, when, the Chairman having pronounced against the unhealthy drama, the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* defended it, amidst obvious discontent and discouragement. He ventured to remark that the romantic drama had not, when it was popular, been productive of much good on the English stage. Such a statement is open to an obvious *tu quoque*. It would not be unfair to Mr. Pinero to tell him that the author of *The Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and many more delightful Irish dramas of heart and sentiment, has possibly deserved better of his countrymen, and given them more genuine and hearty delight, than any Mrs. Tanqueray ever conceived or embodied. If Mr. Pinero is old enough to remember an actor called Fechter and his Lyceum productions of *The Duke's Motto*, *Bel Demonio*, *The Watch Cry*, and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, I question if he would be bold enough to put *The Benefit of the Doubt*, or any such work, against the successes of the Fechterian Lyceum. It would be sheer prejudice and absurdity to say that one form of drama is essentially better than the other, ethically considered. But I cannot see that the so-called modern problem play is any more noble than the works of Boucicault, Robertson, or Charles Dickens. It will not be surprising to learn in after years that a Dion Boucicault has earned the gratitude of his countrymen as much as a Pinero. What dignity is given to the stage by the suicide of Mrs. Tanqueray, or the divorce squabble contained in *The Benefit of the Doubt*? But we shall see, next autumn, whether Mr. Pinero remains true to his new creed. He is to write a new play for Mr. George Alexander. Will it be the old Pinero who was popular on the stage, or the new Pinero who is accepted with a wry face? We shall see next autumn.

"TO-DAY."

JANUARY 4, 1896.

This Number will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled

"RAFAEL,"

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

The Story, which will be illustrated throughout by Mr. H. R. MILLAR, has been specially translated for "TO-DAY."

The Subscription List will open to-morrow, Wednesday, December 11th, and will close on Thursday, December 12th, for Town, and the following day for the Country.

The Anglo-Canadian Fresh Salmon Company, Ltd.

CAPITAL ... £150,000

DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS, VIZ.:-

75,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each ...	£75,000
73,500 Ordinary Shares of £1 each ...	73,500
150 Founders' Shares of £10 each ...	1,500
	£150,000

Upon the Preference and Ordinary Shares 2/6¹/₂ per Share will be payable on Application, 7/6 per Share on Allotment, and 10/- per share on 1st February, 1896. Founders' Shares to be paid in full on Allotment.

The Founders' Shares will not receive any dividend until the Ordinary Shares have received a dividend of 12 per cent. for the current year. The balance of profit, after making provision for a Reserve Fund, and such dividend of 12 per cent., subject to the provisions contained in the Memorandum of Association, will be divided equally between the holders of the Ordinary and the Founders' Shares.

One hundred Founders' Shares of £10 each are now offered, and the first 100 applicants for 100 Ordinary Shares shall be entitled to apply for and have allotted to them one Founders' Share at par in respect of such shares applied for and allotted to them. The balance of the Founders' Shares will be allotted under the agreement of the 6th day of December, 1895, hereinafter mentioned.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH MATTERSON, Esq., J.P. (Joseph Matterson and Sons, Limited, Bacon Curers), London, Limerick, and Waterford.
EDWARD NELSON, Esq. (Managing Director, Jas. Nelson and Sons, Limited, Frozen Meat Importers), London and Liverpool.
WILBERFORCE BRYANT, Esq., J.P., Stoke Park, Slough, Bucks.
FRANCIS J. SLATTERY, Esq., 15, St. Michael's Place, Brighton (Director of the Argentine Meat Preserving Company, Limited).
*THOMAS H. CLEEVE, Esq., J.P. (Cleeve Bros.), London and Liverpool (Chairman of the Condensed Milk Company of Ireland, Limited).
* Will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C., and Branches; National Bank, Limited, College Green, Dublin, and Branches in Ireland.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Close and Co., Chorley House, Bloomsbury Square, London.

BROKER.—David Russell, 4, Tokenhouse Buildings, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, and Co., 2, Lothbury, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.).—James Mackenzie Macmorran.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.—2, East India Avenue, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire the Salmon Fishing business established by The Texas Lake Ice and Cold Storage Company, Limited, of New Westminster, British Columbia, and Messrs. Cleeve Brothers, of 69 and 70, Mark Lane, London, and 22, Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool, for the purpose of importing refrigerated salmon from British Columbia into England, Australia, and the Continent.

In addition to the principal depots in London and Liverpool, agencies have been established at Paris, Hamburg, and Sydney.

The supply of salmon in the rivers of British Columbia, including the Frazer River and its tributaries, is practically inexhaustible, and can now be made available owing to the establishment of the Canadian-Australian Steamship Company's line of steamers running between Vancouver and Sydney, from which latter place the fish comes direct to the port of London.

This is the only line of steamers running between Australia and British Columbia, and is subsidised by the Governments of Australia and Canada for the purpose of carrying the mails, and all the vessels are fitted up with the most recent and approved refrigerating plant.

It has been ascertained that the average price of salmon during what is known as the close and scarce seasons for the past five years has been 2s. 4d. per lb. in Billingsgate Market.

Assuming that the fish imported by the Company is sold at 10d. per lb.—a low estimate—a net profit of 3d. per lb. would be earned, and if the annual importation be 800 tons only, a profit of £22,400 would be realised, which would be sufficient to pay interest and dividends as follows:—

800 tons at 3d. per lb. profit	£22,400
Interest on 75,000 6 per cent. Preference Shares	£4,500
Dividend on 73,500 Ordinary Shares at 12 per cent.	£8,820
	£13,320

Surplus ... £9,080

The above estimated net profit of 3d. per lb. is arrived at after allowing for all working expenses and other outgoings of every description, and providing for full management charges.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained of the Secretary, at the temporary offices of the Company, 2, East India Avenue, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., and of the Bankers, Broker, and Solicitors of the Company.

Penny-in-the-Slot Meters may be inspected and Prospectuses obtained at all Messrs. J. STOTT & CO.'S Branches and Depots, as follows:—

LONDON, E.C.—34, Queen Victoria St., 174, Fleet St.; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—25, Pilgrim St.; GLASGOW—214a, St. Vincent St.; DUBLIN—48, Lower Sackville St.; LEEDS—36, Boar Lane; BIRMINGHAM—47, Paradise St.; MANCHESTER—Cross St.

The SUBSCRIPTION List will OPEN on Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1895, and CLOSE on or before Friday, Dec. 13, for Town and Country.

The Automatic Gas Meter (1895) Corporation, Ltd.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1890).
LONDON, MANCHESTER, AND LEEDS.

SHARE CAPITAL, £100,000—Divided into 100,000 Shares of £1 each. Payable, 1s. per share on application; 4s. per share on allotment; and 5s. per share one month after allotment, and the balances as and when required, in instalments of not more than 5s. each per share, with two months' notice for each instalment.

DIRECTORS:

T. Case Morris, Esq., Director, Liverpool United Gas Light Co., Liverpool.
H. J. Davis, Esq., Director, Davis Gas Stove Co., Ltd., London.
John Haynes, Esq., Manager, Liverpool Gas Fittings Co., Ltd., Liverpool.
Francis Fleming, Esq., Chairman, Fleming, Birky, & Goodall, Ltd., Halifax.
James Stott, Esq., Gas Lighting Engineer and Governor Manufacturer, London, Manchester, and Oldham.

BANKERS: Halifax and Huddersfield Union Banking Co., Ltd., Halifax and Branches, and their London agents, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co. Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Co., Ltd., Manchester and Branches.

SOLICITORS: Messrs. Walker and Rowe, 8, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEER: Thomas G. Marsh, Esq., M.E., Manchester.

AUDITORS: James Duff, Esq., Chartered Accountant, Halifax and Bradford. Messrs. Craggs, Turketine, and Co., Chartered Accountants, 52, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY: Mr. J. E. Witham, C.A.

REGISTERED OFFICES: 41, Corporation-street, Manchester.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the following purposes:—(a) To acquire as a going concern the property and assets of the Automatic Gas Meter Company, Limited, and to carry on the business of gas meter manufacturers, hitherto carried on at London, Manchester, and Leeds. (b) To acquire the patent rights of Messrs. Thorp, Marsh, and Haynes for automatic gas meters and automatic attachments for gas meters, by means of which mechanism gas can be obtained by prepayment, and as required. The patents are dated and numbered 1889, 7,233; 1891, 13,368; 1894, 465; 1899, 1,613; and 1894, 13,022. (c) The Automatic Gas Meter Company, Limited, was registered in 1892 for the purpose of experimenting upon and perfecting a system by means of which gas can be obtained upon prepayment. These experiments are now completed, and the mechanism perfect in action, and every meter is guaranteed for five years.

The penny-in-the-slot gasmeter was originally designed for the purpose of enabling consumers to purchase their gas on a system of prepayment.

In London alone there are now more than 50,000 automatic meters in use, and the Chairman of the Gas Committee of the Corporation of Manchester, at a meeting held on the 23rd September, 1895, stated that he would not be satisfied until 14,000 meters had been fixed in Manchester. In Liverpool alone (where the inventors first introduced the prepayment system) there are now upwards of 10,000 automatic meters in use, and in most of the large towns the system has been adopted or about to be adopted.

This Company takes over the business in full working order. The present plant and machinery is capable of turning out 200 meters per week in ordinary working hours, or 300 in two shifts. The directors intend laying down sufficient additional plant to turn out 2,000 meters per week. The patents taken over by the Company have been proved practical, the meter is perfect, and there is an enormous demand.

Attention is drawn to experts reports and Press opinions with prospectus. The great advantage of this automatic attachment is that it can be easily fixed to any existing gas meter.

The Automatic Gas Meters of this Corporation have already been supplied to the principal Corporations and Gas Companies in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Birkenhead, Blackburn, Bolton, Brighton, Burnley, Norwich, Aldershot, and 250 other towns.

The advantages under which the Company is formed are exceptionally favourable, and special attention may be called to the following points:—

- (1) The co-operation and advice of those connected with the trade whose long and practical experience will be of great value to this Company in conducting its business.
- (2) The Company will commence its operations without the large expense and outlay on experimental work necessary in a new business, and will reap all the benefits of the enormous sums spent in past experiments and establishment.
- (3) The Company will acquire, in addition to the patents, the valuable plant and machinery, specially designed and laid down at considerable cost, for the manufacture of automatic gas meters.
- (4) The patents cover the principle of being used on an ordinary meter, and the automatic attachment may be disconnected by the simple movement of a screw.

A very careful estimate of the profits, which it is anticipated will be realised, has been made, and taking only about half the number of meters the directors intend manufacturing, the following is the result:—

Estimated gross profit from the manufacture and sale of meters and automatic attachments	£39,000 0 0
Deduct expenses of management, rent, rates, taxes, advertising, etc., estimated at	9,000 0 0

Leaving a net profit of	£30,000 0 0
To pay 20 per cent. on the share capital	20,000 0 0

Leaving for depreciation, directors' fees and contingencies .. £10,000 0 0

The purchase price to be paid for the patent rights, plant, machinery and stock-in-trade, book debts and all assets, both at the works in Manchester and Leeds, subject to the liabilities, which does not exceed £8,000, has been fixed by the contract at £65,000.

The following contract has been entered into, viz.:—An agreement dated the 5th day of December, 1885, and made between Commerce, Limited, of the one part, and the Automatic Gas Meter (1895) Corporation Limited, of the other part.

Application will be made in due course for a Stock Exchange settlement and quotation.

Application for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and sent, with the deposit to the Company's Bankers. If the number applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on application will be applied towards the sum due on allotment. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

The memorandum and articles of association of the Company, and copies of the above-mentioned contracts, and the reports and opinions, may be seen at the offices of the Company by applicants for shares.

Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be had from the Company's solicitors, auditors, secretary, and bankers.

IN THE CITY.

MOORE AND BURGESS, LIMITED.

THE report of this company for the year ended September is about to be issued, and those of our readers who hold shares in the company will be glad to have the salient facts.

The year's income shows a loss of £5,646. The Provincial company is £1,288 on the wrong side, the London company £2,672, without taking into account office and other expenses, amounting to £1,686. The three items make a debit balance of £5,646.

These figures are not exhilarating, but when we go into detail the outlook is much more hopeful. The loss, the serious loss, named above was incurred prior to August. Since then both the Provincial and the London companies have been doing well. For the first time since the conversion the Provincial company is paying well. It is doing so well that the directors have decided, to start a second Provincial company. The London company, too, though more heavily handicapped by competition and consequent expenses, has been paying its way, and, since August, it shows a balance to the good.

In the opinion of the Board the outlook "justifies the firm conviction the directors now entertain, that the company has emerged from the sea of almost unexampled difficulties and troubles that have hitherto jeopardised its existence." And the directors go on to say that when they meet shareholders in 1896 "they believe that they will be in a position to present to them a balance sheet that will show a substantial profit on the year's entertainments." Well, that will be a pleasant change. Meantime shareholders should note that the expenses of management have been enormously reduced, and that in Mr. Lionel Brough the company has secured a manager of very exceptional qualifications for the post.

The chief weakness of the company is that its reserve capital is too small. The issued capital of the reconstructed company is £79,237 shares fully paid, less £400 calls unpaid. The nominal capital is £88,000, and we understand that many of the old shareholders who declined to support the reconstruction are now applying for shares, which stand at about 3s. 6d. with a liability of 2s. The company has some £3,000 cash in hand, but its reserve is too small. If, as the directors believe, and as from the experience of the last few months they seem justified in believing, the company is able to show good profits from the current year's working, it will be prudent not to distribute such profits in the way of dividend, but to hold them for the purpose of building up an adequate reserve, and so putting the company upon a thoroughly sound footing.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHALLENGE.

READING our remarks of last week upon his refusal to maintain his challenge, Mr. Gamage writes to us to say that whilst it is true that he intimated to Mr. Jerome that he would be willing to waive gate-money, upon further consideration he "fails to see why he should depart from the almost unanimous opinion of the meeting (held at this office) in favour of a public contest." As upon this one point Mr. Simpson will not give way, and as there is nothing in his challenge that can be interpreted as requiring him to give way, the Simpson-Gamage contest falls through.

But, anxious that there should be a contest, Mr. Simpson authorised us to say that he would keep his challenge open whilst remaining of the opinion that a time test is the fairer. Mr. Simpson is willing to accept the man v. man race, gate-money being barred, but the Press and leading cyclists to be invited.

This authorisation came to us almost concurrently with a telegram from Mr. McNabe, who is the editor and proprietor of *The Irish Field*, which runs as follows:

If Gamage match is really off, I accept Simpson's challenge for races. No gate money, but Press and prominent cyclists to be invited.

We have written to Mr. McNabe to say that Mr. Simpson has not withdrawn his challenge, and that since Mr. McNabe is willing to accept Mr. Simpson's terms, it only remains for these gentlemen to meet and settle details. They should agree to have the race run in fine weather.

A PECULIAR COMPANY.

A MEDICAL MAN sends us some papers having reference to a company that has been formed, and is to be known as "The Redman Publishing Company, Limited." This company has been promoted by a Mr. F. J. Redman, who describes himself

as a Publisher of Medical and Scientific Works, and Scientific Instrument and Lymph Merchant, at 11, Adam Street, Strand, London."

Medical men throughout the country have been invited to apply for shares in this company, and they are urged to do so in a pamphlet marked "Private and Confidential," and with the pretentious title of "A Study in Co-operative Profit-Sharing on the only True System for Physicians, Surgeons, Scientists." Mr. Redman would have it believed that he has evolved an original and wonderful scheme by which investors are to get more for their money than they can get in any other way, and "J. P. H. Soper, Esq., B.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law," contributes an "opinion" which is to satisfy medical men that in Mr. Soper's opinion "the system—Mr. Redman's wonderful system—of co-operative profit-sharing by payment of a dividend on purchases by shareholders each year, in addition to a dividend on capital therein embodied, is in accordance with the Companies' Acts," and a "proper subject for copyright." But this does not carry us very far. It seems to us that Mr. Redman's "system" simply means co-operative trading, and the payment of a 5 per cent. commission upon business introduced. Where the novelty comes in we have not been able to discover.

What is it that Mr. Redman has to sell? The Redman Publishing Company is to give him £1,000 in cash, and £10,500 in shares of the company. For what? For a business which, according to Mr. Redman, "has hitherto been mainly devoted to the publication and sale in this country of foreign, medical, and scientific literature, and to the cultivation and sale of pure calf lymph." For aught we know, the sale of "pure calf lymph" and "foreign, medical, and scientific literature," may usually go together, but the combination strikes us as a little odd. Still, if it could be proved to be profitable business something might be said for it from the investor's point of view. But we find no evidence in the papers submitted by Mr. Redman that the business is of this character.

Our own information is that Mr. Redman's business is principally an agency for American books to which he affixes his name. However that may be, he gives no particulars as to profits beyond a certificate from Messrs. Smith and Nelson, of 7, King Street, Cheapside, which is as empty as it well can be. All that it says is that "the average annual net profit of the last two years amounts to a sum which would pay a dividend of nearly six per cent. on the proposed issue of preference and ordinary shares." How the profit is arrived at we have no means of knowing, and even if we accept the certificate without question, what does it amount to? The present issue is only £992 in preference shares, and £3,000 in ordinary shares, and six per cent. on this combined issue would require less than £240 per annum. Assuming that the profits of Mr. Redman's business are sufficient to pay this modest sum, the Redman Publishing Company, Limited, seem to be giving a very excessive price for the concern, when they agree to pay for it £1,000 in cash and £10,500 in shares, besides making Mr. Redman managing director "at a salary of £500 a year, and a commission on net profits."

Altogether, we hope none of our many medical friends will be persuaded to apply for shares in the Redman Publishing Company, Limited.

AN IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR.

It is long since we have had our attention directed to a more impudent impostor than Mr. George Hopkins. This man, late of the Hayes, Cardiff, recently traded as a provision merchant in Cardiff, and is an undischarged bankrupt. At the present time he is (as a correspondent informs us), manager of a small steam bakery business somewhere in the United States. It might be thought that an undischarged bankrupt, intent on getting money from fools, would work where he was unknown, but Mr. George Hopkins is a man of larger views. We have before us a copy of the *Western Mail*, a Cardiff paper edited by Mr. Lascelles Carr, and the *Mail* has a half-page advertisement from Hopkins. After sundry sensational head lines we have the following:—

Writing on the 12th November from Cripple Creek, Colorado, U.S.A., Mr. George Hopkins, formerly of the Hayes Market, Cardiff, and who has now associated himself with gold mining enterprises in the country of his adoption, thus addresses Mr. Lascelles Carr:—

The object of the "address" is to persuade people over here to send Mr. George Hopkins, "£12,000 in English money," £5,000 to purchase twelve gold claims, and £7,000 to erect works to deal with 100 tons of ore per day, and bring out

a bar of gold daily of the value of £772." Mr. George Hopkins says:—

To the man or Syndicate that will remit £2,000, or £400 by the 30th November, through Reuter's, to me, and agree to remit balance by monthly instalments up to April next, I will pay six months' net profits of works (over £100,000). He must then agree, at his or their expense, to form a limited company in England for £500,000. I will take shares at par £250,000, and the balance will be the property of the syndicate, which, with the six months' profit, will give the man or men who find the £12,000 over £350,000 for doing so.

Then for the smaller fry:—

Respecting smaller enterprises in Cripple Creek. I will give anyone who sends me £100 double that amount in twelve months for the same, and make a handsome profit for myself. It is also done in this way. A miner will locate a claim, put down his shaft 50 feet, and his means becoming exhausted he will come to me, offer half interest for help to put his hole down to pay ore at 8¢ feet. He strikes it, and his mine can be sold here in six hours at from 30 to 100,000 dollars, and there are hundreds of these holes going down in this country to-day.

It would be surprising enough to find any charlatan spending money in giving publicity to such trash, such uncovered, undiluted nonsense, and expecting the people of Cardiff to be taken in by it, but for a notorious and undischarged Cardiff bankrupt to expect Cardiff men to answer such an invitation by sending "£12,000 in English money" to him at "Cripple Creek, Colorado," shows a contempt for human intelligence that must surely be excessive when directed towards the shrewd and enterprising citizens of Cardiff.

THE NORTH QUEENSLAND MINES AGENCY.

A correspondent tells us that the above-named company sent him a prospectus of King Solomon's Mines, where they appeared as the managers. On their recommendation our correspondent applied for shares. The company went to allotment on a very small response, and there has been reconstruction since. But our correspondent is not even a shareholder in the new concern. Thinking that the agency was responsible for his loss, he wrote to it, suggesting that it should relieve him of his shares, and received the following reply:—

North Queensland Mines Agency,
Metropolitan Chambers, etc., etc.,
26th July, 1895.

Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter of July 24th, and in reply have to say that though the prospectus you received of K. Solomon's Mines may have borne the stamp of our company we were in no way responsible for the company's going to allotment on the small amount of publicly subscribed capital. We had no uneasiness on our own shareholders' behalf, as we were unaware that any had subscribed out of the small number of applicants. The report following the one you read of the next hearing gave a very different complexion to the matter, and the allotment only referred to the subscribers in England on the public issue, and did not include £30,000 bearer shares taken in Paris. But in your interest, on receipt of your letter we took an opportunity of seeing one of the directors of the company, who has assured us that the necessary working capital has been received, and that if you wish it he will obtain a transfer of your shares at par.

Yours truly,

The N. Q. M. A., Limited,
ARTHUR L. B. KERR, Secretary.

Our correspondent thereupon wrote asking the secretary to get him the transfer, and received the following reply:—

N. Q. M. A., July 29th, 1895.

Dear Sir,—We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 27th. And if you will kindly send us on your banker's receipts for your forty shares King Solomon's Mines we will obtain the fulfilment of the promise made to us.

Yours faithfully,

The N. Q. M. A.,
ARTHUR L. B. KERR, Secretary,

Thereupon our correspondent sent banker's receipts and received the further letter, as below:—

N. Q. M. A., Aug. 26th, 1895.

Dear Sir,—I have made application for the return of the money paid by you to the King Solomon's Mine, and I have the assurance of the solicitors that the money will be returned in due course. I will, however, write them again and request an immediate settlement.—Yours faithfully,

A. W. STOURMONT,
Trustee.

But the money has not been returned, and our correspondent can get no answer to the other letters he has addressed to the agency. What does the company say to it?

THE MODEL BUILDING SOCIETY.

We have received a very interesting letter from one who we may take to be a working man, who is, anyway, a man of humble means, with respect to a society, as named above, in which he was persuaded by a Glasgow lawyer to take two shares. We understand that this society is one of many promoted by a Mr. Conner—we are not quite sure if we have the name right—somewhat on the lines of the societies started years ago by a man named Starr, and known as Starr-Bowkett Societies. Our correspondent makes statements, which we have reason to believe are correct, as to the societies in question, and which point to the need for investigation, but before going fully into the matter we shall be glad to hear from others who may hold shares in societies started under the same auspices.

NEW ISSUES.

The Anglo-Canadian Fresh Salmon Company, Limited.—Formed to supply the Britisher with good salmon from British Columbia

at moderate prices. Note the promise of such fish at 10d. per lb. It makes the mouth water, but there is nothing impossible in it. See particulars in our advertising columns.

The Pneumatic Road Skate Company, Limited.—This company is to effect "a revolution in locomotion." The pneumatic skate is said to be "the best, cheapest, and easiest means of locomotion," and if it be, the success of this company is assured. Anyway, it is worth a trial.

The Automatic Gas Meter Corporation, Limited.—This company should do. It takes over what is said to be a flourishing business, and will minister to a rapidly growing demand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Barnato Consols. J. P. (Bournemouth).—A good deal depends upon the result of litigation now in progress. Some of the assets are utter rubbish, whilst others are valuable, the list having been augmented numerically with the object of making things look big. When floated the company only possessed some five or six lots of claims, the others have been added for show since flotation. The original lots were really valuable. Those added for show are worthless. **Two Mining Shares.** A. B. (Accrington).—Both very fair speculative purchases at the quotations you give. **Outside Brokers.** W. L. E. S. (Brighton).—We are informed that they are the same people, but we will make further inquiries and give you the result next week. The only chance of recovering the £55 would be by threat of legal proceedings. **East and West India Dock Stock.** IOTA (Queen's Park).—We see little likelihood of early improvement in values. **Sale of Bonds.** J. F. (Manchester).—We advise you to sell. If you get near the prices quoted by Messrs. Gerald, Quin and Co., you would be only a small loser upon the transaction and having originally bought through Messrs. Cunliffe Russell and Co., we should consider you had got well out of it. **Argentine Securities.** INVESTOR (Edinburgh).—Anything is possible where a South American Government rules, but there is no great likelihood of the particular repudiation to which you refer. We advise you not to touch these bonds. **Meaby's.** C. A. J. S. (Leighton Buzzard).—We do not know. **Bubble Companies.** H. M. (Newport).—We quite agree, but there is no law to prevent promoters sending prospectuses to whoever they may think likely to apply for them. It is for the persons who receive such prospectuses to bring commonsense to bear in deciding whether the company promises well or not. With one or two exceptions the prospectuses you have sent us represent worthless concerns, but it does not by any means necessarily follow that a company is worthless because its promoters send out prospectuses by post. **Sales of Shares.** ADLERS (Peterborough).—We think Randfonteins good to hold, and we should not be surprised to see the others higher again, but we are disposed to recommend you to sell the latter, and, as you suggest, reinvest in Adlers, an excellent purchase at present quotation. **Selukive Consolidated.** W. T. (Sheffield).—Yes. We thank you for your kind expressions. **Hit or Miss.** ARCUS (Durham).—Probably for the present. The purchase would be a very speculative one. **The Balfour Companies.** H. A. H. (Bristol).—Yes; but the Liquidator would give you all information if you applied to him. **Our Own Investment System.** A. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—What do we think of the circular? We think it misleading rubbish. When the firm in question promise you profit at the rate of "from £5 to £8 per month" with "practically little risk," and when they tell you that they "have never made any losses" whilst working the system that gives these astonishing results, they go in the teeth of all experience. **Four Mining Shares.** N. R. (Sheffield).—All very speculative, and we cannot advise you to touch any of them. No. 5s. 6d. is not "a fair price to buy Moore and Burgess shares" because you can get them at 3s. 6d. As a look-up we think these shares at their present price a fair speculative investment, and for reasons you will find given in another column. **Chartered.** F. (Portsmouth).—Give us the date. **Two Mining Shares.** M. E. M. (Leeds).—You had better hold both in the expectation of improvement, but get out whenever you can do so without loss, as you may be able to do with the New Year. **Shares to buy.** H. McL. (Glasgow).—We do not care to recommend, as you ask us to do, a batch of mining shares for purchase, but we give you the following selection for what it is worth. You know the risks without our dwelling upon them:—(1) Geldenhuis Estates, (2) Langlaate Estates, (3) New Kleinfontein, (4) Waiti, (5) Chartered, (6) Randfonteins, (7) Adlers Consols, (8) Anglo-French Matabelands. The first four are already dividend-paying. **Poorman Consolidated.** J. R. (Stirling).—We do not recommend a purchase. **D. H. Evans and Co.** GARDNER (Streatham).—Yes, we should hold. **Estate of Colonel McMurdo, deceased.**—A. (London).—None whatever. The Chancery and other proceedings seem everlasting. The Colonel has been dead nearer seven than six years. If our information is to be relied upon the estate is solvent. **Black Flags.** F. N. T. (Petersborough).—Unquestionably, but whether Mr. Schmeisser or Mr. Gifford is right time must tell. The reports of the latter as to the value of the properties continue to be very positive, and it is only fair to suspend judgment. We think you had better hold. **Investment of £1,000.** WEST COUNTRY (Plymouth).—Much depends upon the rate of interest that would content you. Five per cent. might be got by prudent selection without great difficulty. **New Chimes.** HEWITSON (Birmingham).—(1) We understood you wanted a handy book on the subject, hence the reference to Messrs. Effingham, Wilson and Co. (2) We do not recommend the purchase of New Gordon Diamond shares. (3) Hold New Chimes. **Trustworthy Brokers.** A. B. C. (Keswick).—(1) Deal with a member of "the House." (2) No. **Davies, Evans and Co.** J. S. (London).—We have no inside information about the business. **Westralian Goldfields.** NOTTS (Nottingham).—We are obliged to you, and will look into the matter. **Cedulas.** WEARY PILGRIM (Edinburgh).—We never recommend the purchase of Argentine securities, and if you do not want to make your earthly pilgrimage wearier than it seems to be, you will do well to make another selection. **Mining Shares.** S. (Sheffield).—You will find the list in the *Mining Journal*, published weekly.

INSURANCE.

R. E. CORK.—(1) All are not only quite sound, but have large surpluses for division at their respective valuations. (2) Nos. 1 and 3 do not insure under the non-profit system. (3) We recommend the with-profit system. (4) Theoretically they do, practically they do not. Pay no more attention to 5. You will get the best results from No. 1 office, and you are fortunate if by family connection you are qualified to join it. The merits of the three others in the order you have written them down. No. 2 is excellent.

R. L. S.—The agent who has advised you to take the course, you mention is a disgrace to an honourable profession. He is endeavouring to make a gain at your expense, for he is asking you to leave two good offices to join an inferior one.

J. C. H. (Newcastle).—The office is all you desire it to be.

BROKER (Dundee).—Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are probably about equal. No. 2 does not stand very high. No. 1 is a very disappointing office.

SENEX.—It is quite respectable. If you are thinking of purchasing shares, you will do better to wait a few months.

SOFON.—You will do better elsewhere. To say the least, profits are terribly slender.

J. EDWARDS (Leeds).—Your condition will be intelligently dealt with by the Equity and Law, and the Clerical, Medical, and General.

H. D.—You have on the whole formed a correct opinion. Make your election between the first and second-named. The first is, however, the better.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at 7.30. **CHEER BOYS,** **CHEER,** by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Powerful cast. Morning performance every Wednesday and Saturday at 1.30.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, W.—

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—Until Dec. 26 no evening performances will be given at St. James's Hall. The usual Matinees, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at Three only.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—During the present week (Cattle Show) the company appears every evening at the Grand Theatre, Islington, N.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The Gigantic Thirty-first Annual Christmas Carnival Programme (now in active preparation) will be produced in the Great St. James's Hall, on Boxing Day, at three and eight, and thenceforward twice daily.—Manager, Mr. Lawrence Brough.

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"THE IDLER"

CONTENTS—DECEMBER, 1895.

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THE SNOW QUEEN **PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY**

THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF—
RUDYARD KIPLING

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MR. DU MAURIER AT HOME **ADDISON BRIGHT**

Photographs by **MESSTRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG.**

"*Mr. George Du Maurier.*"—"Mr. Du Maurier's Residence."—"The Studio."—"A Cozy Corner."—"The Drawing Room."

TALKS WITH A NURSE—PART II. **G. B. BURGIN**

Nine Illustrations by **LOUIS WAIN, SYDNEY COWELL** and **G. HUTCHINSON.**

"How much longer do you think he'll last?"—"Number 24 had 'gone home.'"—"Preceded the family."—"Her chief pet."—"The family kettle."—"Wot a blessed thing 'e's insured?"—"Lying on the bed."—"Leggo my kinks."—"Good-night, Jim."

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL **WALLACE LAWLER**
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Landscape, by Corot.—Landscape, by Corot.—An old bridge, by Rousseau.—Children fishing, by Diaz.—An Allegory, by Diaz.—A Shepherdess, by Millet.—Sheep shearers, by Millet.—The Mill, by Dupre.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS AT HOME—MARIE A. BELLOC

Photographs by **MESSTRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG.**

Sir Augustus Harris.—Lady Harris and Daughter.—The Elms.—Presentation Album.—Vase presented by Her Majesty.—The Drawing Room.—Ship presented by Edmund Lawson.—The Lounge.

GODIVA OF HURST **ARTHUR W. BECKETT**
Three Illustrations by **H. R. MILLAR.**

"Will came to himself at their voices."—"Hastily drew his knife and cut the cords."—"He drew a pistol from his belt and fired at it full in the face."

A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XXIII., XXIV., XXV. **ROBERT BARR**

"He rose to his feet and came round to where she sat."

AN INCONVENIENT KEEPSAKE—WELLESLEY PAIN

SOME ABSURDITIES OF ETIQUETTE—
MRS. HUMPHRY

A TABLE ENTERTAINMENT **H. T. JOHNSON**

LADY SHOPKEEPERS **IGNOTA**

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—
J. F. NISBET

THE PARIAH **ALEXANDER BAIRD**

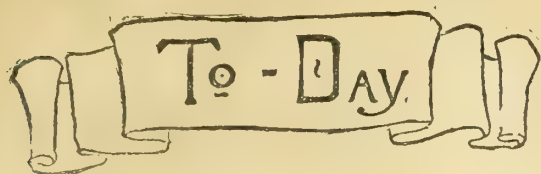
THE IDLER'S CLUB:—ARE INTERVIEWERS A BLESSING OR A CURSE? By the Interviewed—

Mrs. Lynn Linton, Barry Pain, W. T. Stead, John Strange Winter, and W. L. Alden.

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LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS.



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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

To strike direct at the primary cause of the disease is, I suppose, undiplomatic and unstatesmanlike. Otherwise it might be suggested that the simplest way of ending the Turkish difficulty would be for Lord Salisbury to send a polite note to the Sultan to the effect that, should it become necessary for the British fleet to force the Dardanelles, the very first work done by the blue-jackets on landing would be the hanging of Abdul Hamid on a gallows in front of his own palace windows. Abdul Hamid is as great a slave to physical cowardice as he is a master of lies and trickery; and a threat of this kind, thoroughly meant, would end his opposition to necessary Eastern reforms in ten seconds.

WHAT will happen, I suppose, is that at a certain expenditure of blood and money we shall depose him. He will then be brought over to England as an honoured guest, be *fêted* at Buckingham Palace, gushed over by the Society Press, dined at the Guildhall, and be given an annuity of some twenty thousand a year out of the British taxpayers' pocket to spend the rest of his life in an Italian villa. Civilisation seems to have imposed upon human affairs a custom of never striking at the head. If an omnibus director tortures a horse we fine a sub-assistant-deputy stable keeper half-a-crown. If a Chinese mandarin gives instructions for so many missionaries to be murdered, the British Ambassador takes care that the first Chinese tramp caught near the spot is promptly beheaded. Once hang a Turkish Sultan, together with a group of his chief palace favourites, and the Eastern question would be solved for ever. His successor would be the model of a reforming potentate. The only objection to the plan is that it would end the difficulty at once, and at the least cost of human life.

SOME interesting facts came up for discussion at a meeting of the Cardiff Burial Board the other day.

Councillor Trounce said that if the mortality rate for the district was as high for horses and dogs as it was for children strict inquiry would be at once demanded. Fifty per cent. of the entire deaths in the neighbourhood were of children under one year of age. Councillor Jacobs said the three main causes of this infantile mortality were improper feeding, unsanitary houses, and insurance. Bad sanitation is very likely a strong factor, but the improper feeding is too often deliberate. Dr. Buist said he had heard of children whose lives were insured in five or six different clubs, and the chairman thought it would be interesting if they could get statistics showing the number of children who had died after having been insured. Then came forward a Mr. Jenkins, who said that the working classes would strongly resent the committee enquiring into matters of this nature. A section of the working classes might. People who set out to murder their children for the sake of a few pounds would naturally resent enquiry.

Messrs. T. R. Polwhele (in the chair), Major Parkyn, H. H. Vivian, E. G. Heard, J. Hitchens, and E. Roberts, of Truro, evidently consider that it is a right and proper thing for people to buy old, worn-out horses for a song, and work them to death. A hawker bought a pony for two pounds. One can imagine what the poor animal was like. It was described as a complete wreck. These magistrates fined him ten shillings, and, I suppose, let him go on working the pony. In another similar case they fined the defendant sixpence. Messrs. Polwhele and Co. are making justice ridiculous in Cornwall. Such idiots ought to be driven from the Bench.

Before Messrs. Ball and Jones, of Derbyshire, a man for torturing his horse by working it in a shocking condition, was fined twenty shillings. At Warrington, for a similar offence, a fine of five shillings was imposed. At Hereford, a man, for deliberately roasting a pig to death, was fined twenty shillings. It is terrible to reflect that the administration of the law is entirely in the hands of such fools as these magistrates have been proving themselves. What benefit do they imagine is gained by these paltry fines. Why do they not possess the courage of their convictions and deliberately announce from the Bench that they regard cruelty to animals as no evil at all, but rather a thing to be encouraged than otherwise, and dismiss every criminal brought up on such a charge with a small donation from the poor-box? At all events, one could then respect them for their honesty and despise them less than one does now.

On the other hand, it is pleasant to be able to record the fact of a £5 fine being inflicted by Baillie Doig, of Dundee, on a carter for cruelty to a horse. A sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment, with hard labour, without the option of a fine, was inflicted by the Liverpool Stipendiary upon a man charged with cruelly beating a pony; and a month's hard labour was given by the magistrates of the West Riding Police Court at Sheffield to a man named Savill for cruel ill-treatment of a horse.

The *Southport Visitor* for December 3rd contains a vigorous attack upon the Southport Bench of Magistrates for their disgraceful encouragement of cruelty

throughout the district. Mr. Eastwood, the mayor, seems to be the head of this disreputable and shameful conspiracy to defeat justice and advocate brutality. Southport has done itself a lasting injury in electing such a man as its mayor. "We had occasion," says the writer of the article in the *Southport Visitor* "to call the attention of a policeman, a short time ago, to a cabman who was unmercifully ill-using his horse." The reply we obtained was "It's no use, sir, interfering, the magistrates here would not convict."

My Southport contemporary goes on to call the attention of the public to the wretched condition of the horses employed in waggonettes in Southport. The writer describes them as half-starved, wretched creatures. He says that on Sunday they are worked to death. "I have seen as many as twenty people in a one-horse wagonette and eight in a cab," he writes, "and attached thereto a poor, miserable horse—nothing, scarcely, but a bag of bones." The writer describes Southport as a goody-goody pious town. I have always hated this class because I know that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred your posing pious man is simply a hypocrite. Southport and its precious mayor afford an example of what piety and Christianity too often means in England. With its jangling church and chapel bells, its groaning tortured horses and its smug mayor, Southport is as typical an English town as one could desire to find.

It has often struck me that here is ample room for a new branch of education. The young man becomes engaged to the young woman; he intends, say, to get married a year afterwards. Why should it not be possible for him to spend that year, or his leisure time during that year, in acquiring some knowledge of the duties of a householder, and of the various traps which are laid for him. I would not be exclusively utilitarian or abolish every form of education which has not a direct practical bearing. But it seems to me absurd to neglect altogether the education which would be essentially practical and fit a man for the new duties and responsibilities which upon marriage he is compelled to undertake. This kind of education is often needed, too, by women quite as much as by men. The mistakes and the inexperience of the newly-married are proverbial—it is a pity, because they might certainly be avoided.

I AM constantly coming across little things which seem to me to show that the education of the young is not conducted on right principles. The small boy who is destined to become a householder learns a great many things, but he never learns anything which it is absolutely essential that a householder should know. He knows nothing whatever about taxes, and patiently pays, any sum claimed from him by any piece of blue paper. He does not know anything about water-pipes, and takes a house where the water-supply must definitely be cut off every winter when there is a slight frost. He knows nothing about builders and their various methods of getting the better of anyone who employs them without knowledge. He knows nothing of the eccentricities of gas-meters or the tricks of tradesmen. The consequence is that at the start he is generally swindled on all sides,

and until he gets his experience, has to pay very heavily in order to live very uncomfortably.

In spite of my medical friends, who tell me that no such thing as a premature burial has ever taken place in the history of the world, and who assure me that it is an utter impossibility that a doctor should ever make a mistake on any subject whatsoever, a well-authenticated case of "Buried Alive" has occurred at Scarborough. I will also refer such to a letter appearing in *The Spectator* for the 19th October last. The facts are communicated by a gentleman living in Ireland. The mother of one of his family servants died, and was buried. Three days later the girl got a letter to say that her mother had been dug up, and that she was alive and was getting along all right. She had been buried during a trance. As the *Spectator* pointed out, the marvel is that the public do not make any effort to fight this terrible risk of premature burial.

EVERYONE has a horror and practical fear of it. Yet nothing is done. Doctors, when appealed to by relations, have a knack of pooh-poohing the whole possibility, and so snub the suggester that weak people are frightened back into indifference. Surely some simple test could be discovered which would set the matter at rest, and this should be insisted upon. As another correspondent of the *Spectator* points out, it is the poor who are the most frequent victims of this terrible, and, let us hope, seldom-made mistake. The body is buried quickly, because, until it is put away it has to remain in the room with the living; and the doctor attending is not an old familiar friend, but an over-worked practitioner, generally unfamiliar with his patient. One dreads to think how often in Europe a mad agony sinks into silence within the narrow limits of a forgotten coffin.

I AM perfectly sure that Messrs. Kendall and Dent, jewellers, of 106, Cheapside, are traders whose only wish is to carry on a perfectly legitimate business. I therefore call their attention to the advertisement they are issuing, with the conviction that, when they see its undesirability, they will correct it. The advertisement of which I complain runs as follows: "Increase your income. Foremen, check-weighers, timekeepers, clerks, and all respectable men with influence amongst the working classes, wanted to form clubs for watches, jewellery, etc." Now, there is no objection to watch-clubs, if formed among workmen, but there is an objection—and a very strong objection—to appoint as the agent of these clubs foremen, timekeepers, and others with influence amongst the working classes. As I pointed out in these columns some weeks ago, it is a certain fact that foremen use their position, in many cases, to force the men under them to become purchasers of articles that they do not require, merely that they—the foremen—may reap in the commission.

FOREMEN and time-keepers are certainly people of influence among the working classes. They become agents of these clubs. It is their object to get as many members as possible. They appeal to the men under them to purchase. The men are afraid to refuse. They know, or they fear, if they refuse that they will become marked men. Their lives in the workshop will be made a misery to them.

and in all probability at the end of the month they will find themselves on the wrong side of the door. Every man who purchases through these clubs puts so many shillings in the hands of his foreman. Every man who refuses to become a member deprives that foreman of commission. Human nature is human nature, and the foreman quickly forms his prejudices. It is a wrong system. The agents of these watch clubs should be people who have no power over workmen whatever. The present system is open to, and has been proved to cover, very gross abuses. I trust Messrs. Kendall and Dent will find another class of people for their work.

Does anybody want a human head, mummified according to the custom of the Amazonian savage tribe of the Tivaros? A newspaper paragraph tells me that one is about to come under the auctioneer's hammer. I presume that the original owner came under the Amazonian hammer, or the Tivaros' pick-axe, or whatever weapon this savage tribe prefers for the removal of the superfluous. As an additional recommendation, it is pointed out that the head has the hair complete. If the original owner, under the somewhat trying processes of murder and mummification, kept his hair on, it is, of course, very much to his credit, and a proof of his self-restraint, which must be welcome to the friends that he has left behind. But I do not see that it can be of much use to the purchaser, however bald he may be; the hair in vogue among the savage tribe of the Tivaros is not the hair that is chiefly used by our effete civilisation. Doubtless the head will be bought by some collector or museum. Collectors have bought queerer things, and you cannot reason with them. At least, you can reason if you like, but you never get any further.

A CORRESPONDENT draws my attention to a case at Aberdeen which he thinks should receive recognition from our Gallantry Fund. Police-Constable F. Maclean, while on duty at the docks, jumped into the water at great personal risk to himself and succeeded in saving a drowning man. I am always pleased to hear of such deeds, but I regret our funds are so very limited that I cannot do more than notice cases in which policemen, firemen and sailors are the active parties. There are already many funds for rewarding such men, and were I to give a medal or cheque in every case brought to my notice, I fear our Gallantry Fund would soon come to an end.

I HAVE to acknowledge the receipt of 2s. 6d. from G.W.B. and 10s. from T.A.C. (Bengal), for John Hickey, the Balaclava hero. The total sum received now amounts to £27 0s. 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

A. W.—By all means use Gregg's Shorthand, if it suits you. I have no shares or interests in phonography or any other system. Practically all the competent writers of shorthand use Pitman's system, and that is all I know about the matter.

A. E. C. is grieved at my continuing from week to week to run down the Great Unpaid. My correspondent thinks that their judgments are most fair. In one case, he tells me, the magistrates inflicted a paltry fine upon a gross brute because of they thought of his wife and children. Very pretty indeed. You have only to possess wife and children dependent upon you and, I suppose, you could commit forgery or murder with impunity. Do these magistrates show the same leniency with regard to a poacher, for instance, or in the case of some poor wretch driven by desperation to a petty theft? My correspondent's excuse is too foolish.

A. M. S.—My recent answer on the same question seems to have escaped your notice. It would be impossible to get enlisted here. You might write to the British South Africa Company, 19, St. Swin's Lane.

J. C. R.—Write to the Secretary of the Bimetallic League, 27, Great George Street, S.W.

E. W.—You might try *Le Journal* for one class of advertisements and *Le Gaulois* for another. Both papers could be obtained through a newsagent.

E. B.—Don't waste your time writing insulting postcards. It is the common revenge of a begging letter writer who has been ignored.

E. H. C.—I am more pleased than I can tell you that words of mine have helped you to "find yourself," as Kipling would express it. Work done for the pleasure of doing it is always the best. Your printed verse shows you possess feeling. By all means persevere with it. It is most pleasant reading, and with experience and study you can improve its technique. Your letter is too full of kind expressions towards myself for me to publish, or I should have printed extracts from it, for your fate is that of many others, and your experience would be a help. Your ambition is the right one. Fame and wealth are excellent things in their way, but the praise of the whole world is not so important to a man as is his own self-respect. Work to satisfy yourself. You will help others more in this way than in any other.

M. J. T.—I thank you for your postcard. I have not heard anything further from Messrs. Smith and Co. They are probably disappointed that their "warning" has been so ineffectual. It is always sad to warn people, and then to see that warning disregarded.

P. A.—By all means continue to argue for Socialism, but meanwhile, do not allow parents to make money by the death of their children. All your arguments in favour of child insurance are the stock ones invariably trotted out. I have replied to them a dozen times at least. You have evidently not been a *TO-DAY* reader very long, or you would know me a little better. I do not think anyone acquainted with me would accuse me of toadying to wealth and power.

B. T.—I am looking forward to some period in the future when I shall have months on months of spare time on my hands, and shall be able to sit down and enjoy the pleasure of writing such stories and articles as you do me the honour to admire.

W. F. B.—I thank you for your letter, but no enclosure arrived with it. W. T. N.—I thank you for your letter, of which I am making use.

J. A. M. is very anxious that I should reply to some attack upon me in a sporting paper. I waste a large amount of time in replying to attacks upon me as it is. If I were to reply at length to all of them I fear my readers would get bored. When the question is a public one I always do reply. When it is a mere matter of personal abuse I prefer to remain silent. Time is always the best argument in such disputes.

W. N.—I fear a third party would be very little use as a mediator between the two brothers.

Many correspondents have written me with reference to a letter from "E. M. P." published last week. Space prevents my dealing with the matter this week, so I am leaving it over until next.

A. G. C.—It is, I think, a question of votes. You should write to the secretary of the school to send you a list of the patrons.

CIRCLE sends me a copy of *The Church of To-Day*, a paper which teems with advertisements of a kind that are generally refused by other newspapers. I often see this class of advertisements in religious publications. When they appear in the ordinary worldly periodical there is nothing to be said against it, except on the score of bad taste, but for a paper which appeals for its support to a more narrow-minded section of the public to increase its income from such sources has a quaintness that is amusing. C. J. H.—I thank you for your cutting. See my reply to R. G. H. C. D.—Taste is always a matter of opinion. Where you would see harm others would see none and *vice versa*.

F. W. writes me as follows: "As a delighted reader of *TO-DAY*, will you allow me to thank you for the benefit it has been to me? I am a young man of twenty, and I think no one can look forward every week to the appearance of your journal with greater pleasure than I do. A copy first came into my hands nearly twelve months ago, and I was at once struck with the sensible and wholesome reading it contained, and have taken it in ever since. It was the kind of journal I had long wished for but could not find. It is (as a correspondent wrote you the other week) the paper for thinking people. Of course, the portion which especially interests me is that which is devoted to the editorial notes and answers to correspondents. I am indebted to you for much enlightenment on matters of religion, teetotalism, politics, etc., etc. I am of a reflective turn of mind, and these subjects always interest me, but I haven't time to study them much. In these days there are so many religions, bodies, and sects, with all their different dogmas and beliefs, that it is difficult for one to know what to believe. When I think about it for long my mind gets hopelessly bewildered, and I fall to wondering what the ultimate end of it all will be. I was brought up to attend the Church, but I have long since

ceased to do so, as I became convinced that it was profitless to me. Consequently I am regarded by my people as a sort of heretic, who believes in no religion at all, whereas I am nothing of the sort. I think that reading Emerson's "Essays" or "Sartor Resartus" (both of which books I was induced to read through To-DAY) does me more good than all the church and chapel going could do. I should also like to tell you that I have derived much help from your encouraging and stimulating replies to "Medicus" and others who, like myself, are undergoing the inward struggle against self. To keep my thoughts employed I crowd as much occupation into my time as I can. I work in an office eight hours a day, and (as I was compelled to leave school at a very early age) fill up my spare time with study and reading." My correspondent has grasped the true plan, but I would recommend him to find time also for some bodily exercise. A healthy body makes a healthy mind. My correspondent's book questions he will find answered by the Bookseller next week.

A. J. J.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. To show you how difficult it is to please all tastes I may mention that I had some half-dozen letters abusing the Princess Osra series as rubbish. You will hardly believe it, perhaps.

ROBIN.—My own opinion is that all this clairvoyant business is pure humbug—a mere conjuring trick, in fact.

M. L. W.—Your story is a sad one, but unfortunately it is a terribly common one. If I were to appeal for help on behalf of your friend I should be inundated with similar requests.

YOUNG MAN.—Where the head and the heart are at variance in the matter I should obey the head, because if before marriage the head gets a look-in at all after marriage it will simply walk over the heart and get everything its own way. It is only safe to follow the heart when it has proved itself immeasurably the stronger.

LIMITATION.—If you had read To-DAY more carefully you would not have been at the trouble of writing. I would refer you to the answer to "Over Population" in No. 99.

SID.—By all means write. Your letters are interesting, if a little long, and I shall always be pleased to watch how your opinions grow and change.

A. W.—It is simple enough. You must be able to see when a 'bus is being driven by horses unfit for the work. You must avoid that 'bus. This, at all events, you can do, if you have not the courage to call the attention of a policeman, and insist upon his taking notice of the affair. A 'bus always has a number legibly displayed. This you can always take down and communicate with the S.P.C.A., who would then examine the stables of the owner.

P. D. T.—I know of no pamphlet on the suppression of Infant Life Assurance. I should suggest your writing to the Rev. Waugh, the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

J.W.S.—I thank you for your suggestion, but as it happens, I have occasionally visited Yorkshire. I have even been farther away from home than that. As regards child insurance, see answer to P.D.T.

ADVANCE.—Does not your own reason tell you that you cannot learn easy manners and acquire a pleasant flow of cultured conversation by studying text books on the subject? Read, think, and study, form opinions for yourself, and do not be afraid to express them.

INTENDING COLONIST.—The climate of Ceylon is generally considered unhealthy, except in the uplands. I am told it is a good place for a capitalist and a bad place for a worker. J.J.—It seemed a good plan to save further attack. DUMB ANIMAL.—Don't be an ass. E. T. S.—Thanks for your kind, encouraging letter.

W. H. C.—I am inclined to think that the boy will gain better teaching in the reformatory school than he would at home.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

CLUB CHATTER.

THE sudden change in the weather is responsible for the reintroduction of the long frock overcoat, or racing coat, as it is sometimes called. The great objection to this garment last season was that it was too unwieldy to be comfortable, added to which the tails had an unhappy knack of "gaping," and getting more or less in the way of one's legs. This year the coat is made on somewhat different lines. The tails lap well over each other, and are so constructed that they don't hinder one's movements in the least. With regard to colour, black or dark grey seem to be the favourites, and the coat looks best with a good broad collar of black velvet, and deep cuffs of the same material. There is no warmer or more comfortable overcoat than this when properly made, but it is just one of those garments that must be built by a first-class tailor.

THE coloured cuff-link is the latest novelty. The name does not sound very inviting, I know, and it might be thought that coloured jewellery would look in bad taste, but it doesn't. The links are enamelled, of course, and in the centre of each is usually set a small stone, either a diamond, ruby, or sapphire. The colours in most general use are red and blue, and the effect is really very pretty. I should warn intending givers of Christmas presents that, as these links are likely to be very popular, they will probably be imitated in cheap materials. When jewellery is really enamelled, it is always more or less expensive.

I CAME across a distinct novelty the other day in the way of boots for the country. They were in dark brown leather, quite a different shade from the ordinary tan, and were left unpolished. I don't fancy that these boots will be popular for winter wear, as under a dark pair of trousers they could hardly be distinguished from black. They would go very well with a light fawn summer suit.

THE hard felt hat is being made rather high in the crown just now, and with a fairly broad curly brim. In shape the hat is more oval than round, and the favourite colour is either very dark brown or black.

SOME time ago I commented upon the fact that all suitings intended for country wear had in them a plentiful mixture of green. Now I see that the same colour is being largely used for neckties. As a rule, the result is seen in a black tie with a bright green pattern or dark green spots, though I've lately noticed several ties composed entirely of green silk. And if this is not enough, green is one of the most fashionable shades for leather pocket-books, cigar and cigarette cases.

WHILST there is such an outcry against the decadence

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells

BELL'S
SCOTIA
CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.



of steeplechasing, it is interesting to note what patronage the illegitimate game gets from members of the National Hunt Committee. The Prince of Wales appears to have been disheartened by the failures of The Scot, Hettie, and Magic, and at the present moment has not a single steeplechaser in training. Perhaps, if H.R.H. sets the ball rolling again, matters will become much more promising.

CAPTAIN MACHELL is reported to be anxious to buy some good jumpers. It was at this branch of sport that the Captain made his first mark, and a revival of the Reugny and Disturbance days would be hailed with delight. Mr. H. T. Barclay, although a great hunting man, displays very little interest just now in cross-country racing. The Duke of Beaufort has retired from the Turf, and Sir George Chetwynd has not of late years devoted much attention to steeplechasing.

It is strange to find the Marquis of Carmarthen, Mr. E. C. Burton, Colonel Morgan, Colonel Harford, and Colonel Garratt members, for they never race, and rarely attend a meeting. Lord Coventry is not the power he was when Emblem and Emblematic scored such a sensational double, and even Lord Rendlesham's colours are only seen out about once or twice during the season.

ALTHOUGH owning flat-racers, Lord Hastings, Mr. Paget, Lord Penrhyn, General Byrne, Sir F. Johnstone, Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir W. Throckmorton do not race under N.H. rules; and little is ever heard now of Captain Orr-Ewing, Lord Yarborough, Hon. C. Howard, Earl of Harrington, and Marquis of Cholmondeley. If these gentlemen do not intend to make an effort to restore the jumping game to its former greatness, they should make way for more enthusiastic sportsmen. How many of them ever even act as a steward at a jumping meeting?

In playing solo whist, it is not often that the caller of a *misère*, holding a bare three of a suit, gets caught on it, and, still more rarely, is it that the attacking hand is able to locate it with the caller at an early stage of the game. I was playing at a table recently when this actually occurred, and the caller was defeated on a hand which, but for an oversight, he would have declared *misère ouverte*. The four of diamonds was turned up; A passed, B called *misère*, C and D passed. A led king of clubs; B, 8 of clubs; C, ace of clubs; D, queen of

clubs. (The lead is with C, who opened with the following hand: diamonds—ace, queen, 10, 7, 6, 5, 2; clubs—ace, jack, 7, 6, 5; spades—ace.) C, ace of spades; D, king of spades; A, queen of spades; B, 8 of spades. C, jack of clubs; D, 10 of clubs; A, king of diamonds; B, 9 of clubs. C, 7 of clubs; D, jack of diamonds; A, 9 of diamonds; B, 2 of clubs. C, 6 of clubs; D, 4 of diamonds; A, 8 of diamonds; B, 3 of clubs. The 3 of diamonds alone remains out. D is not likely to hold it, as he has just discarded the four, which he would not have done had he held them both, for he would have retained a 3, 4 suit to attack the caller when he found one of his partners clearing his hand of it. C, 5 of clubs; D, ace of hearts; A, 9 of spades; B, 4 of clubs. Unless A is keeping the 3 of diamonds to lead through the caller, the latter holds it bare. C, 2 of diamonds; D, king of hearts; A, 7 of spades; B, 3 of diamonds. C's hand has been given; the others were: A, diamonds—king, 9, 8; clubs—king; hearts—queen, jack, 9, 8, 6; spades—9, 7, 5. B, diamonds—3; clubs—3, 8, 4, 3, 2; hearts—10, 8, 4, 2; spades—8, 4, 2. D, diamonds—jack, 4; clubs—queen, 10; hearts—ace, king, 5, 3; spades—king, jack, 10, 6, 3.

APART from the international contests, the most interesting match in Rugby football is the annual encounter between the North and South, and the game which will be played on Saturday next at West Hartlepool has a special attraction in the fact that some half-a-dozen men, who were practically unknown outside Yorkshire before this season, are taking part. The presence of this fresh element makes it extremely difficult to estimate the relative merits of the two fifteens. In the North team Yorkshire have been given seven places—five forwards and two three-quarters—and it can hardly be said that this is too large a share of representation. Those who thought the formation of the Northern Union would affect Yorkshire's position have now occasion to modify their views.

THERE are also several old and well-tried players in the North team, and the veteran of the party is J. Valentine, who has for many years been associated with the Swinton Club. Six seasons ago Valentine gained his International cap, but, though he has played regularly in county football since then, his reappearance in first-rate company comes as a surprise. This season, however, he has been displaying the brilliancy of his younger days, and has won his place by sheer merit.

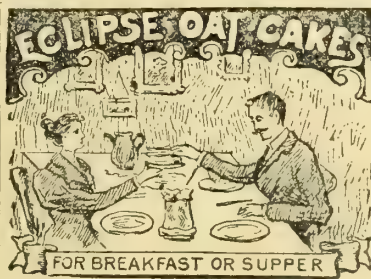
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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS!

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Ask your Grocer for
"ECLIPSE" OATCAKES
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample Packet sent to any address,
post free, for SIXPENCE.

AGENTS WANTED.

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and signed as a guarantee
of genuineness.

UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

WM. STENHOUSE & Co.,
West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Taken all round, the Northerners are undoubtedly a fine side, and if there is any weak spot it is perhaps in the back division.

So far as the South is concerned, there is small reason to quibble over the selection of the Committee. It is questionable whether Thomas, the Barnstaple forward, is quite up to last year's form, but he certainly is the only doubtful forward. Mitchell, Giblin, and Falcon, the Cambridge men, G. M. Carey, the old Oxford captain, and Bromet, of Richmond, are fine players; and Elliott, who represented England two seasons ago, and Rigby, who delights in playing under ridiculous assumed names, are quite worthy of their places. Behind the scrummage the South are also very strong, and it will be somewhat of a surprise if they do not defeat their Northern rivals.

CIRCUMSTANCES continued to rob the visit of the Llanelly Rugby fifteen to London of a good deal of its importance. In the first place, the trip was somewhat hastily arranged; and in meeting such moderate opponents as the United Hospitals and the London Welsh the Llanelly men scarcely set themselves tasks worthy of their reputation and ability. Llanelly are at present the only unbeaten team of note in South Wales, and they are formidable rivals to Newport and Cardiff. A

wiry, speedy set of men, they gave two most interesting displays at Richmond and Tufnell Park, and one would have liked to have seen them pitted against one or two of the leading London clubs. The reputation for roughness that the club unfortunately earned in the old days is no longer deserved by the present Llanelly players, and perhaps Blackheath may be induced to arrange fixtures with the Welshmen next season.

FROM the somewhat easy manner in which the Yorkshire fifteen disposed of Lancashire, it may be assumed that the Rugby County championship will not find a new home this season. So far as the supremacy of the South is concerned, the issue is narrowed down to the Midlands and Surrey in the eastern division, and Devon and Somerset in the west, but the ultimate winners are not likely to do more than give the Yorkshiremen a good game.

THOUGH official silence was observed over the football conference, there is little doubt that the Rugby delegates failed to induce the Association representatives to endorse their boycott against the Northern Union clubs. The request of the Rugby Committee strikes one as a little unreasonable. In matters of suspension and expulsion the two bodies wisely act in concert, but as the clubs forming the Northern Union resigned their mem-

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"ESTRELLAS de OROS" Perfectionados.
One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.
70s. per 100. 36s. per 50 box. Sample 1s.

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A beautiful cigar.
25s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

"ROYAL PECULIARS."

Made from the purest tobacco.
20s. per 100. 10s. 6d. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

Samples sent, boxed, post free, if not less than 1s. 6d. ordered.
Boxes post free on receipt of remittance.

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NOTE.—This is our "Special" Blend of the finest selected Scotch Stills, guaranteed not less than 10 years old. Some of the Whiskies composing it are 11 and 12 years old. It is possibly the oldest Whisky in the world offered at the price.

KEITH'S "CADZOW" NO. 2 WHISKY, at 39s. per doz.,
Averages 7 years old.

Assorted Orders for Wines or Whisky are sent Carriage Paid. On 14s. Claret half carriage is paid. Cash with Order, or References.

MITCHELL'S
"COMPASS"
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FLAKED HONEY DEW.

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To be had from the leading Tobacconists in

1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins.

STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,
GLASGOW.

ESTABLISHED 1723.

bership of the Rugby Union, they do not come within the scope of the old agreement. Having recognised professionalism in their own midst, the Football Association can hardly adopt an offensive attitude towards the Northern Union. But then, of course, the latter body denies the soft impeachment of being professional.

I AM glad to see that Miss Eweretta Lawrence has scored a big success on tour as "Miss Galatea" in the new play, *Miss Galatea of Oregon*. The piece had to be postponed for one night owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the Examiner of Plays; but all's well that ends well.

THE MAJOR.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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FRAGRANT
COOL & SWEET. **FLAKE**
ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.
EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

NO MORE IRRITATION
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TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

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say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND. A large consignment of the choicest kinds now on hand from Manila.

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Boxes of 12 Samples "s. 6d. post free, or 5 samples of 5 of the best kinds (25 in all) will be sent for 5s.

Turkish Cigarettes.—A specially fine quality (the best that money can buy) now in Stock. PRICES: 2/6 and 3/- per Box of 50 (2 sizes same quality). Samples free on application with stamped addressed envelope.

W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.



Equal to
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GUINEA-GOLD CIGARETTES

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SMOKED

ALL OVER

per
packet

THE COUNTRY

**BRITISH
MADE BY
BRITISH
LABOUR.**

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

WINKLE.—Carter in his matches with Peall, Memmott, Man-nock, Taylor, Coles, and Stevenson plays the ordinary cannon game. He bars the push stroke, and anyone who has seen Roberts and our other professionals make their huge runs of nurseries will at once realise what an important factor the "odious push" is in connection with the cannon game. Carter depends a great deal on the masse, a stroke at which our men are quite novices. To see the American is a liberal education in billiards. Ives is one of America's champions, and he has beaten Roberts on an English table. He, however, got the balls jammed in the pocket, a trick Carter is also acquainted with, and Peall has wisely had this barred in his forthcoming match with the American.

BILLIKINS.—A solo having been over-called by an abundance, the solo hand can increase his call to an abundance in the original trump suit.

MAC.—D was fourth hand and had no right to lead out to the first trick. The abundance *déclarée* alone entitles the caller to the first lead, no matter where he sits.

J. SCOTT LYON.—Rule 94 in "The Whist Table" (John Hogg), says, "An Adversary of a *misère* who has to play to the trick after the caller has played, may, when it is his turn to play, but not otherwise, request the caller, and the caller only, to draw his card, should such card be so mixed with the others as to leave a reasonable doubt as to who played it. Should he request the caller to draw it when it is not so mixed up with the other cards: or should an adversary make the request when it is not his turn to play; or should an opponent at any time demand the players generally to draw their cards, the caller can require the player so offending to pay the stakes to which-ever side wins." The caller may at any time demand the cards to be placed before their respective players.

W. R. S.—I have not been to *The Shop Girl* for nearly a year now, so cannot call to mind the coat you mean, but I will tell you what is the present fashion now with regard to the particulars you wish for. Velvet collars and cuffs are not being worn on any but overcoats. The depth of velvet varies according to the style of garment, but for a long racing coat the collar may be about four inches deep, and the cuffs six or seven. One must not always consider the fashions of the stage to be the same as those in real life, especially in a piece like *The Shop Girl* where exact realism

is not too much insisted upon, and exaggeration and quaintness not altogether discouraged. I am pleased to hear that my hints have been of assistance to you. Ask again by all means if there is anything you don't quite understand.

A CORRESPONDENT, who asks me not to disclose even his initials, tells me that he has been able to economise in his tailor's bill by not having one at all. He finds it cheaper to buy cloth and have it made up by a working tailor. I am afraid this plan would not always work so well as it has done in my correspondent's case, although, of course, the saving in expense is about 50 per cent. As a rule, when a working tailor is clever enough to make clothes well, he usually wants to get another profit in addition to that of his labour, and sell the cloth too, charging a price for the suit in the usual way. My correspondent appears to be exceptionally fortunate.

A. B. (Cressington) should go to the firm in Oxford Street.

BROKEOH.—Don't hire a frock coat, if you can help it. I am sure you would look infinitely better in an old coat that had been made for you, even if it were a trifle shabby. At any rate, I am afraid I cannot assist you, as I know nothing about firms who let out clothes on hire. With regard to the other matter, you cannot do better than invest in a long racing coat, for particulars of which see my notes this week.

R. E. M. and A. K. S.—If a message starts off with b then the b's in that telegram are blanks, and c is a, d is b, e, c, and so on. Thus, if the machine went wrong on b, "The Major, To-DAY," would come out, "Vfg, o8lqt, vq, F83."

W. B. H. (Merthyr Tydfil).—I presume you want to hire a fancy dress costume, in which case you cannot do better than go to Nathan, of Covent Garden. If you want something built to your order and you intend to buy it outright, Mr. Bingham, of Conduit Street, will carry out all your instructions.

PRINCE CHARLIE wants to know the latest fashion in dress jackets and vests for evening wear with a kilt. He cannot do better than put himself entirely in the hands of a good Edinburgh or Glasgow tailor; an Englishman would probably spoil the suit for him. For a good book on billiards Prince Charlie might try the handbook published by Upcott Gill and Co.

R. S. F.—Mr. Bingham, Conduit Street, W., makes clothes to suit cases of deformity, and I don't think you could do better than go to him for what you require.

C. R. H. asks me to recommend a good Egyptian cigarette at a moderate price. C. R. H. will probably find what he wants in the goods manufactured by Melachrino, Muratti, Liapopoulos Frères, and Dimitrino and Cie.

RICHMOND GEM



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FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

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PATENT BLOTTERING PAD.

A SIMPLE AND INGENIOUS BLOTTERING PAD DESK.

For Bank Counters, Hotels,
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This blotting pad consists of a light frame of mahogany or oak (light or dark) into which a supply of blotting paper can be easily slipped, and prevents the edges from being torn or curled.

PRICES.
 To hold Blotting Paper 11½ x 17½ inches, 76, or with Pen Tray, 86 each.
 Do. 13½ x 17½ " 106 " 116 "
 Do. 17½ x 22½ " 146

DUNCAN CAMPBELL & SON, 96, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

The original and only pure Magnesia

SIR JAMES MURRAY & SON'S

PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

FOR

Headache, Indigestion, and all
 Liver Complaints.

'Is a mildly aperient medicine, and a valuable antacid, being entirely free from impurities.'
Lancet, July, 1890.

'A medical man can safely recommend it as a household remedy.'
Practitioner, July, 1890.

'We have known it for forty years, always pure in quality, uniform in strength, and certain in action.'
Hygiene.

'Suited to the child as well as to the adult.'
 SIR CHARLES CAMERON, M.D., F.R.S. D.P.H.



THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

"A Game of Consequences," by Albert Kinross (Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.), has rather puzzled an old fogey like myself. I asked a "Society Woman" the other evening what she thought of it. She smiled and toyed with her fan. "It is very daring," she said, as if she rather approved of daring. It is. A penniless governess arranges to live with a Captain Winter, who cannot afford to marry her.

"When the Captain reached home he sat down and wrote to his lawyers, asking those gentlemen to transfer enough Consols to bring in five hundred a year to the account of Miss Jessica Clarke."

This is in obedience to Miss Clarke's request—

"You needn't marry me, Jack; but be good to me; take me away from here, give me enough to live on, not much, but enough to keep me from ruin when the end comes and you get tired of me. Don't ever leave me to tramp about the land where the wild oats grow!"

But the end did not come, the Captain did not get tired of her, and they ultimately marry in real earnest. That's the situation. The book is so charmingly written that it cost me a pang to take it away from Mrs. Bookseller. All the moralities go to the winds, and everybody is happy. But this sort of thing must not be encouraged. I met the handsome young dog of an author the same evening. "I suppose they're going to 'slate me,'" he said. "They" probably will; and switch him on to the right track. Verdict: "Very clever, but don't do it again."

* * * *

Am stocking Mr. Frank Rinder's handsome book, "Old-World Japan," illustrated by T. H. Robinson (Geo. Allen, 6s.). "Old-World Japan" consists of legends of the Land of the Gods, and seeks to embody that spirit of Japan which is "as the fragrance of the wild cherry blossom in the dawn of the rising sun." The twenty tales included in this volume have been selected with a view rather to their beauty, and charm of incident and colour, than with the aim to represent adequately the many-sided subject of Japanese lore; and those only have been chosen which are not familiar to the English-reading public. Both this "revised version" and the black-and-white illustrations which accompany it are delightful. I am the more particularly interested in the work itself as it is Mr. Rinder's first book, and should lead to further efforts on his part. He is a very able and promising writer just beginning that battle of literary life which is generally hard and discouraging enough for all who have to win their way to fighting-room.

* * * *

A well-known critic writes me, in reference to Mr. Rider Haggard's proposed new book, "The Prophet":—

DEAR MR. BOOKSELLER,—There is copyright in titles, isn't there? If so, Mr. Rider Haggard had better learn without delay that he has been anticipated in the name he proposes to give his new one-volume book. "The Prophet" is the name of a work by Hall Caine, a work which never reached your counter. I dare say, but which, nevertheless, was published and sold. I have a copy before me as I write. The title-page runs:—

THE PROPHET.

A PARABLE.

By HALL CAINE.

Author of "The Bondman."

"Lord, they have killed thy prophets and digged down thine altars; and I am left alone, and they seek my life."

LONDON:

WILLIAM HEINEMAN.

1890.

And if, Mr. Bookseller, you would like my copy, you can have it for ten guineas.

Many thanks, but Mr. Hall Caine was kind enough to present me with a copy. I believe the book was dramatised, and a performance took place, for copyright purposes, in which my versatile friend, Mr. Zangwill, embodied most of the parts, and gave some very original renderings.

* * * *

Talking of Mr. Zangwill, reminds me that I was once at a theatrical performance in a London suburb given by Mr. Herbert Basing. In the middle of the play, to

my great astonishment, Mr. Zangwill walked on, holding a bogus telegram, and had a whispered conference with Mr. Basing. Mr. Basing's countenance was a study; but he got out of the difficulty by asking Mr. Zangwill what he meant by bringing telegrams out of office hours, and bundled him off the stage. The audience applauded Mr. Zangwill consumedly, and thought it was all part of the play.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.A.—A friend, who is much interested in Keats, sends me the following letter:—

"My dear Bookseller,—In a recent 'Chronicle Review,' of Buxton Forman's 'Letters of John Keats,' the reviewer asserts that the poet had 'the artist's dislike for the preacher.' Do all artists suffer from the same complaint? But let that pass. He goes on to preface a quotation from Keats, with these words: 'Here is his characterisation of the clergy, and it must be admitted, even by their friends, that Keats had not far to go in his day for an original to his portrait.' Well, the Georgian era was not a healthy time for either clergy or laity; but Keats had at least a choice of originals. Perhaps he was thinking of the Dean of St. Patrick's, or the Prebendary of York (better known as Laurence Sterne), or Francois Marie Arouet, or one of their contemporary admirers. But then it was open to him to describe the Bishop of Landaff (Dr. Richard Watson), or Archdeacon Paley, or John Newton, who inspired Cowper to write the Olney Hymns, not to mention others. I daresay Keats could write to-day an equally pleasant description of a reviewer which the immaculate band of critics might consider a gross libel.

"However, what I was going to say is this: Keats did not always gird at the clergy in this fashion. Writing from Oxford, while visiting one of his friends there, he says: 'I shall ever feel grateful to you for having made known to me so real a fellow as Bailey. He delights me in the selfish, and, please God, the disinterested part of my disposition. If the old poets have any pleasure in looking down at the enjoyers of their works, their eyes must bend with double satisfaction upon him. I sit as at a feast when he is over them, and pray that if, after my death, any of my labours should be worth saving, they may have as 'honest a chronicler' as Bailey. Out of this, his enthusiasm in his own pursuit and for all good things is of an exalted kind, worthy a more healthful frame and an untorn spirit. He must have happy years to come.' This friend, often referred to in his letters, was Archdeacon Bailey, who died in, I believe, 1866."

"The Human Flower" is an admirable little pamphlet written by Mrs. Ellis Ethelmer, and can be obtained, post free, for 1s. 1d. from Mrs. Wolstenholme-Elmy, Buxton House, Congleton. It gives useful and necessary knowledge, which parents would do well at the proper time to impart to their children. Ignorance, and hypocrisy have always been the good servants of vice. Mrs. Ethelmer does much to combat their injurious effects.

James Brown. They are worth 7s. 6d. R. Mills.—Doddridge's books are of no value. The print may be worth 2s. or 3s. if in good condition. A.B.—No; impossible to keep track of recitations. H. M. Edwards.—Very common; not worth sixpence. Tom Coan.—My dear Tom Coan, I cannot remember; I think it is out of print. "Poet."—F. W. Bourdillon, the poet, has published "The Lost God, and other Poems," through the late firm of Matthews and Lane, Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W. Alfred Reynolds.—"Story of the Nations" series, published by Fisher Unwin, 5s. each. Freeman's Historical Series, published by Macmillan, 3s. each. Samuel Bennett Langlands.—Charmed to hear from you. There is no complete translation of Jean Paul Richter's works published. "Levana" and "Fruit, Flower, and Thorn Pieces" are published by Bell and Daldy, 3s. 6d. each. Carlyle's translations from the German contain several minor pieces. H. C. E. K.—Stopford Brooke's 1s. Manual of English Literature (Macmillan and Co). Novocastrian.—The only wonder is that it wasn't quoted in a hundred other places at the same time. Most lecturers have a great affection for Macaulay's New Zealander. It always makes the audience wonder what contractor built the bridge. "Colour Blindness."—You can't do better than read F. W. Eldridge-Green's little book on the subject. I fancy he is a doctor at Hendon. It contains all that you want to know. The publishers are Balliere, Tindal and Cox, King William Street, Strand.

Mr. Douglas Sladen writes to me as follows:—"My Dear Bookseller,—I hope you'll let me say a word or two in reply to Mr. Clive Holland's letter about my "A Japanese Marriage." If he looks at it, he will find that my cover is printed in several colours. However, I never suggested that his was quite identical with mine. What I do think is that his title and cover are so like mine that his book being brought out in eighteen-penny form, when my book had been widely reviewed and circulated for two or three months, caused people to buy it in mistake for a cheap edition of mine. I am sure that he never for one instant contemplated injuring me, but all the same I think the public bought his book in mistake for a cheap edition of mine. When the covers had the same sort of subject the public could not be expected to discriminate between two books both about Japan and both about a marriage. The fact that my book relates to a marriage between two English people, though celebrated in Japan with a Japanese absence of legalities, has nothing to do with the question except this—that probably neither my book nor his would have had any circulation at all unless I had led the public to expect a love-story about Europeans. The British public refuses to interest itself in the loves of Asiatics. No one, I believe, has thought it worth while to publish in England a version of Pierre Loti's exquisite "Une Chrysanthème," the most charming book ever written about Japan—simply for this reason."

LUNATICS.

A CHAT WITH A COUNTY RELIEVING OFFICER.

AN interviewer recently waited upon a county relieving officer, with the object of gleaning a little information anent that unfortunate class of individuals known as lunatics.

The R. O. expressing himself willing to be interrogated, our representative commenced:—

"When a case of lunacy is reported to you, what are the first steps you take?"

"I immediately send the parish doctor to see the patient. This doctor has to fill up a lengthy form, certifying that he has personally examined the patient, and considers him—presuming it is a man—a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment."

"Is this the extent of the doctor's duties?"

"By no means. He has to state on what grounds he forms his conclusions, giving particulars of facts indicating insanity at the time of examining the patient. He also usually states facts communicated by others, and asserts his opinion that his patient is in a fit condition of bodily health to be removed to the County Asylum."

"Can you give an instance of how a doctor would answer question No. 1?"

"Yes, something in this strain: 'Patient is very excited, talks incessantly, raves at his wife, children, and others who come near. Sleeps but little. Is of opinion an immense fortune awaits him which only needs claiming.'"

"The doctor has then done with the case?"

"He has, and I take it up."

"And your next move is—what?"

"To get a Justice of the Peace for the county to see the patient. This gentleman satisfies himself that the case is a proper one for the County Asylum, and signs an order directing the Asylum authorities to take charge of the patient."

"It is not the case of a man going out of his mind and you rushing him off to the Asylum without any formula, then?"

"Dear, no! Besides what I have already told you, I have to fill up what is known as 'a statement of particulars' relating to the case. This consists of questions such as these: 'Married, single, or widowed? Whether first attack? Rank, profession, or previous occupation? Religious persuasion? When and where previously under care and treatment? Duration of existing attack? Supposed cause? Whether subject to epilepsy? Whether suicidal? Whether dangerous to others, and in what way? Whether any near relative has been afflicted with insanity?' These are the most important queries, but not quite all of them."

"Your next action is to remove the patient to the Asylum?"

"Exactly. Sometimes I do this by rail, and sometimes employ a cab. In the former case, the railway officials usually reserve a compartment for me."

"Fractious patients?"

"Some are decidedly so, but I have a strait-waistcoat for the purpose of binding them, though I seldom use it. I generally take a competent person with me to take charge of the patient if he is in any way inclined to be turbulent—probably a police-constable."

"I frequently hear of relieving officers being in receipt of 'two lovely,' etc., when removing patients to an asylum. A passionate fellow will strike out at anybody. Only the other day, on my arrival at the asylum gates, my patient—who had previously been an inmate of the same institution—caught sight of the medical officer, whom he at once recognised, and immediately commenced using extremely vile language towards him, at the same time setting up a most hideous noise, which I can only compare to the growling of an infuriated dog. Two or three warders came to the door of the cab, but, in much less time than it takes to say it, my man had given

one of them a terrific blow in the face. Prior to this he had smashed the window of the cab."

"The warder, of course, did not retaliate?"

"Certainly not. You must remember persons of unsound mind are not accountable for their actions, and everything should be done for their welfare, instead of trying to further exasperate them."

"Are not some patients very amusing?"

"They are, indeed; but their doings seldom bring a smile to my face. The poor mortals are to be pitied rather than laughed at. I may tell you here a rather amusing incident with which I was once connected. I was taking a female patient to the Asylum by rail. The poor woman was quite harmless. We found it necessary to change at one of the junctions. My patient would insist on walking up and down the platform. Fearing she would throw herself before some passing train, or something of the kind, I took her arm, thus walking to and fro the length of the platform. To the casual observer the woman betrayed no signs of insanity, and the news was brought to my wife's ears that I had been parading up and down a certain railway platform arm-in-arm with another woman."

"Do you ever visit the actual wards in the asylum?"

"I have been through some of them. The sight is truly lamentable, and calculated to give a man but a poor appetite for his dinner. When it is known I am taking a patient to the county institution persons who have relatives already there often ask me to inquire and, if possible, see, such-and-such a party in whom they are interested. To oblige them I sometimes do so, but oftentimes to receive only a barren simper from the patient in reply to a most simple question, and the consequence is I have to bring this sad news back."

"What else can you tell me?"

"I could say a great deal respecting the doings of these afflicted people, but think it best to exercise a wise discretion. You probably, however, are not aware a lunatic must be admitted into the asylum within seven days from the date of the medical certificate, or this document ceases to be of any force. Some years since a relieving officer, unaware of the stringency of the law in this direction, took a patient for admission to the asylum just one day outside the statutory period. The asylum authorities informed the officer the lunatic could not be admitted on the order presented. The patient had been brought a considerable distance, and the officer was in a dilemma. He, however, was not to be done, and, driving off to a medical man in the city in which the asylum was situated, procured from him a certificate to the effect that the patient in question was insane, and, obtaining a justice's order, the patient was admitted, and there remained something like twelve months. But, strange to say, in some way the patient got to know he was unlawfully removed, for, on his discharge, he commenced an action in the County Court against the relieving officer, the police-constable who assisted the officer, and the magistrate who signed the order, claiming damages to the extent of £40. The case was duly heard, and the ex-lunatic obtained a verdict with damages one penny against the relieving officer and police-constable. Of course, the Justice took advantage of a statutory privilege for Justices in these cases."

THE BRUTE.

MISS YELLOWLEAF (who has just received a proposal).—But, Major, don't you think there is too much difference in our ages?

Major Sharpshooter.—No, indeed! I'm a great deal older than I look, my dear Miss Yellowleaf.

NOT GUILTY.

MISS PASSEE (as they return from a walk, and with whose hair the wind has played sad havoc).—Really, Mr. Dudeley, I am ashamed to go in with such a frowsy head.

Mr. Dudeley.—Never mind; they won't think I did it

INDIANA REMINISCENCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN grew to manhood in Southern Indiana. When he reached Spencer County in 1816, he was seven years of age; when he left in 1830, he had passed his twenty-first birthday. This period of a life shows usually the natural bent of the character, and we have found in these fourteen years of Lincoln's life signs of the qualities of greatness which distinguished him. We have seen that, in spite of the fact that he had no wise direction, that he was brought up by a father with no settled purpose, and that he lived in a pioneer community, where a young man's life, at best, is but a series of makeshifts, he had developed a determination to make something out of himself, and a desire to know, which led him to neglect no opportunity to learn.

The only unbroken outside influence which directed and stimulated him in his ambitions was that coming first from his mother, then from his step-mother. It should never be forgotten that these two women, both of them of unusual earnestness and sweetness of spirit, were one or the other of them at the boy's side throughout this period. The ideal they held before him was the simple ideal of the early American—that, if a boy is upright and industrious, he may aspire to any place within the gift of the country. The boy's nature told him they were right. Everything he read confirmed their teachings, and he cultivated, in every way open to him, his passion to know and to be something.

There are many proofs that Lincoln's characteristics were recognised at this period by his associates—that this determination to excel, if not appreciated, yet made its imprint. In 1865, thirty-five years after he left Gentryville, Mr. Herndon, anxious to save all that was known of Lincoln in Indiana, went among his old associates, and, with a sincerity and thoroughness worthy of great respect, interviewed them. At that time there were still living numbers of the people with whom he had been brought up. They all remembered something of him. It is curious to note that all these people tell of his doing something different from what other boys did—something sufficiently superior to have made a keen impression upon them. In almost every case the person had his own special reason for admiring young Lincoln. His facility for making rhymes and writing essays was the admiration of many who considered it the more remarkable because "essays and poetry were not taught in school," and "Abe took it up on his own account."

Many others were struck by the clever use he made of his gift for writing. The wit he showed in taking revenge for a social slight by a satire on the Grigsbys, who had failed to invite him to a wedding, made a lasting impression in Gentryville. That he was able to write so well that he could humiliate his enemies more deeply than if he had resorted to the method of taking revenge current in the country—that is, thrashing them—seemed to his friends a mark of surprising superiority. Others remembered his quick-wittedness in helping his friends. "We are indebted to Kate Roby," says Mr. Herndon, "for an incident that illustrates alike his proficiency in orthography and his natural inclination to help another out of the mire."

"The word 'defied' had been given out by Schoolmaster Crawford, but had been misspelled several times, when it came Miss Roby's turn. Abe stood on the opposite side of the room," related Miss Roby to me in 1865, "and was watching me. I began, 'd—e—f,' and then I stopped, hesitating whether to proceed with an 'i' or a 'y.' Looking up, I beheld Abe, a grin covering his face, and pointing with his index finger to his eye. I took the hint, spelled the word with an 'i,' and it went through all right." This same Miss Roby it was who said of Lincoln, "He was better read than the world knows, or is likely to know exactly. . . . He often and often commented or talked to me about what he had

read—seemed to read it out of the book as he went along—did so to others. He was the learned boy among us unlearned folks. He took great pains to explain—could do it so simply. He was diffident then, too."

One man was impressed by the character of the sentences he had given him for a copy. "It was considered at that time," said he, "that Abe was the best penman in the neighbourhood. One day, while he was on a visit at my mother's, I asked him to write some copies for me. He very willingly consented, but one of them I have never forgotten, although a boy at that time. It was this:—

"Good boys, who to their books apply,
Will all be great men by-and-by."

All of his comrades remembered his stories and his clearness in argument. "When he appeared in company," says Nat Grigsby, "the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks, and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales, and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said."

There is one other testimony to his character as a boy which should not be omitted. It is that of his step-mother:—

"Abe was a good boy, and I can say, what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. He was here after he was elected President. He was a dutiful son to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see."

These are impressions of Mr. Lincoln gathered in Indiana thirty years ago, when his companions were alive.—*From McClure's Magazine.*

A LAMENT.

"A good name is preferred above riches."

"Well, until recently, I was inclined to regard a good name and riches as things of equal value. For a good name is usually associated with a good bank account. It is the 'open sesame' to the cashier's till. Thinking so, I chose a good name. I took, for example, a good and wealthy man, faithfully strove to copy his ways, practising his peculiarities until I fondly imagined I had thoroughly taken the lesson to heart."

"The pity of it is that, just as I was beginning to reap the reward of my earnest endeavours, a harsh and unappreciative world wrested it from me."

The pale young man glanced hopelessly about the bare walls of the narrow room.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "I must admit that the saying is right. If I hadn't fooled with another man's name, I'd have escaped ten years for forging it."

THIS COMING, TOO?

Miss FOSDICK (in 1899)—Isn't that man you bowed to named James Hankinson?

Miss Gaskett—That was his name before he was married, but he married a Miss Tillinghast about six months ago.

A WANT WELL FILLED.

D'AUBER—I wish I could think of a subject for a picture personifying forgetfulness.

Binthar—Why don't you paint a rich summer girl you have loved in the country as she looks when you call on her in town?

OLD LACE.

GRADUALLY but surely, in all the accessories of life, the machine is superseding the work of the human hand. It is long since it battled with, and conquered, the spin-from-the-field, machinery has vanquished the seamstress in the making of garments, and has now the lion's share in producing socks and stockings, while it would seem as if wheel and cog would now triumph over pillow and bobbin, even as the latter in lace-making conquered the ring wheel; steam power has driven the hand weaver finer work of the needle and thread.

In 1881 the lace-makers of England numbered 44,144, and in 1891 they had sunk to 34,746, and there seems to be every probability that the 20th century will see the extinction of the lace-makers of Devonshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, etc. Yet, between the product of the pillow and the machine there can be no comparison, in point of beauty or durability, pillow lace surpassing machine lace even more than point lace surpasses pillow.

Great confusion exists in the use of the term "point lace." Strictly speaking, it should never be applied save to lace made throughout with a needle, from the point of which it takes its name, but it is often used to designate the fabric woven on the pillow. Thus, when used to describe Honiton, Valenciennes, Mechlin, and, indeed, most Flemish laces, the term is a misnomer; all these being the creation of the bobbin. In former days pillow lace was often called "bone lace," and it is believed this appellation comes from the material of the implements with which it was produced, both bobbins and pins having been made of some sort of bone. In Devonshire a tradition exists that in former days, when pins were costly, and could not be easily obtained, the bones of fishes cut into lengths were used to take their place.

There is no certain knowledge as to the first invention of lace; some kind of knotted fringe was employed by the Egyptians as trimming for garments, but lace as we know it now, was certainly not extant before the Christian era.

In a Harleian MS. of the 15th century may be found what is believed to be the first reference to lace-making in England; this is a description of "round lace," "thynne lace," and "lace for hatys," with directions for making the same by twisting and knotting thread around the fingers. It is not known if this species of work was very popular in England; none has survived, but it probably resembled somewhat "Punto a Gropo," an early Italian lace, which was also made by knotting. To Italy, we owe the invention and development of point lace; the earliest forms of this most beautiful manufacture are "Lacis" or "Punto à maglia quadra," and "but," or "drawn work," otherwise called "Punto à reticella." Lacis consisted of a fine net ground, called the "réseau" made with a needle and thread, something after the method of a fisherman's net, into which was darned or embroidered a pattern. Punto à reticella was more complicated in structure; across a frame were stretched some loose threads, and to them was fastened or pasted a fine muslin, to which the threads were buttonholed, so as to form a pattern, and the material not needed was then cut away, whence its name of cut-work. In drawn-work, the process was similar, except that the muslin not needed to form the pattern was drawn out thread by thread instead of being cut away. Much of this Punto à reticella is identical with what is known as Greek lace, and by some it is thought that the art of making it may have been acquired by the Venetians from the Greeks. When the use of muslin, or linen, as a foundation, was discontinued, the lace took the name of "Punto in aria," and from this work was developed the beautiful Punto tagliato a fogliami, under which head are described all the magnificent points of Venice and Italy of the 17th and 18th centuries, during which period the art reached its zenith. Although the point laces of Italy are numerous, and distinct in character, still the principle of their manufacture is the same and is exceedingly elaborate and complicated. The pattern was

first pricked out upon a parchment, or vellum, and to the edge of the design was fastened, by being sewn over at intervals, a single thread; this was covered with buttonhole stitch, to form the raised edge (or cordonnet), and, being sewn over and over, was raised to such a height that the finest kind is known as "raised," or "rose" point. The cordonnet was again adorned with tiny picots, or "pearls," i.e., loops of thread deftly covered with buttonhole stitch, in endless variety. The centres of the design technically called the "filings," were then worked in with buttonholing in various patterns, and the complete pattern designated the Gimp was connected with single threads covered with the same stitch, till they became of sufficient thickness. In the earlier laces, these connecting links known as "brides" were placed irregularly, according to the fancy of the worker, but as the workmanship grew more and more complicated, the brides were arranged at systematic intervals, and crossing each other with perfect regularity, assumed the form of a fine net, whose wonderful creation defies imitation.

By many point lace is held to have reached the greatest perfection at Alençon; its introduction into France was due to Colbert, who, in 1665, imported lace workers from Venice, and founded the industry there. Prior to that date, the vastness of the sums of money paid for Italian lace had frightened the soul of the great French financier, and to secure for his country such a source of wealth, he created the French school of lace making. Point d'Alençon is indeed a marvel of delicate workmanship, and with its even more intricate sister lace Point d'Alençon seems to have brought skill in the handicraft to perfection. It is, however, generally less fine in design than the points of Venice, and as an artistic production inferior, but for personal adornment is to be preferred. To complete a piece of Alençon lace, thirty different hands were required, and, as each worker devoted herself only to her branch of the art, she attained therein a wonderful degree of skill. The finest examples extant are of the time of Louis XV.

Although point lace was highly appreciated in England, and, from the days of Queen Bess downwards, large sums were spent upon it, still no manufacture thereof existed in the British Isles, the name Point d'Angleterre being only the *soubriquet* given to the kind mostly in favour with the English nobles, to whom it was brought over in large quantities by smugglers, in spite of edict after edict passed to prevent its importation, as it was thought to injure the home industry of pillow lace. In this last, England had a very important trade, and Defoe states that in his time a yard of fine Blandford lace would fetch as much as £30!

In the 17th century lacemakers had very magnificent patrons in William and Mary, for it is recorded that in one year the Queen's lace bill amounted to £1,916! This expenditure cannot, however, be used by the nobler sex as an argument to prove the extravagance and frivolity of women, as the lady was outdone by her husband, who, for his own wearing, paid for lace in one twelvemonth the sum of £2,495!

Although in pillow lace English workers could reach such a high degree of excellence, there is little doubt that the art was first introduced to them by Continental weavers. The laces of Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Northamptonshire, resembled closely those of Valenciennes and French Flanders, their distinguishing features being that the ground or réseau was formed of meshes, and the lace absolutely flat and woven in one piece. The making of Honiton lace began in the latter end of the 16th century, the industry being introduced there by refugees from Brussels, and the lace strongly resembling that of the former city in workmanship, the design being worked separately, and afterwards connected. In the Devonshire fabric the thread used was coarser, and the lace lacked the charm of old Brussels.

Valenciennes, for its extraordinary durability, was designated "l'éternelle Valenciennes," and for this cause was much in request. Among the French special pat-

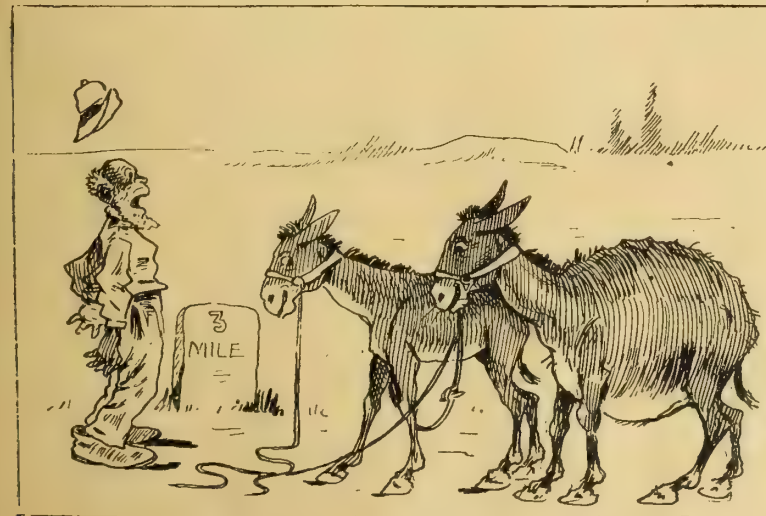
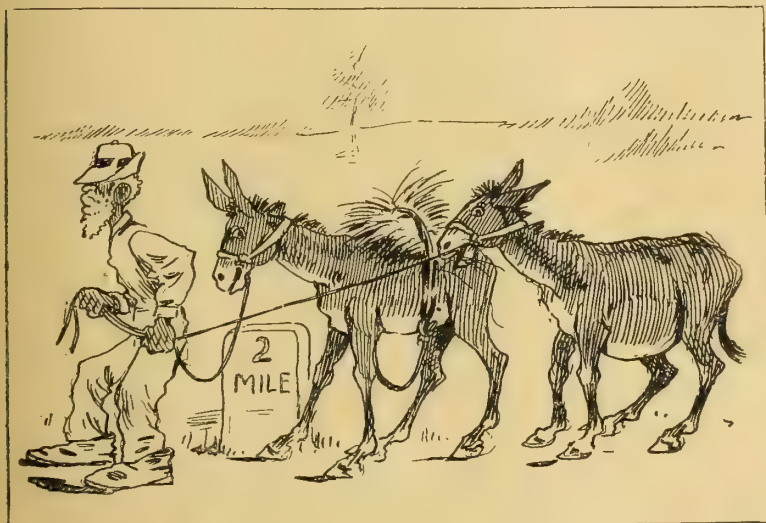
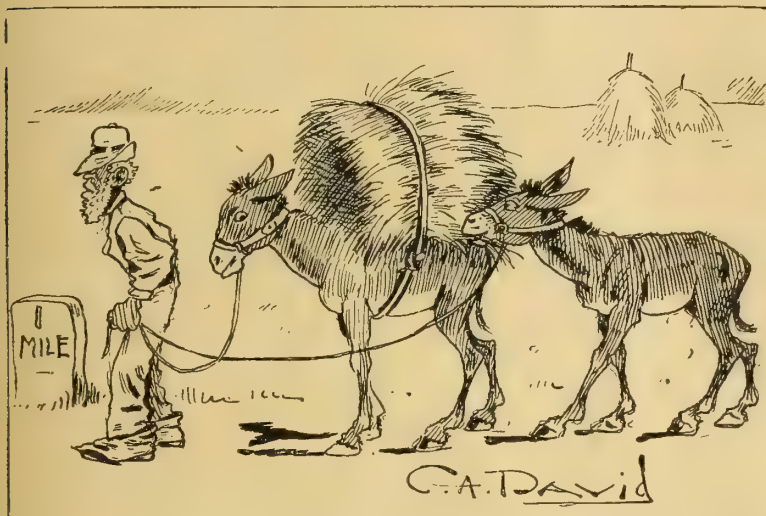
terns owned special names, and still, we believe, that to the lace-makers of Normandy certain narrow edgings are known as "petit poussin," "Ave Maria," etc.

Although much pillow lace was worked both in England and France, undoubtedly the most beautiful was that of Flanders. Many of the finest kinds, Brussels, Mechlin, etc., owed their charm to the excessive fineness of the flax, with which they were wrought and which necessitated its being spun and worked in the dark, underground, it being supposed that the dryness of the air in the light injured the texture.

With the spread of the industries, pillow and point began to be mixed, and in many later Flemish and

Italian laces, it will be found that though the pattern, or giump, has been constructed with the needle, the ground, or réseau, was the work of the pillow. Also tapes and braids were used to form the pattern itself. This was distinctly a sign of decadence, and perhaps a forerunner of extinction. Schools of lace-making still exist in Belgium and France, but they are said to be diminishing. Also some good work is done in the convents. In England will no philanthropist arise, who shall endeavour to revive the perishing craft of the pillow and bobbin, and save for us an art which threatens to be lost, by establishing a school of lace, where as good work might be done as that of yore?

MISTAKEN CONFIDENCE.



THE SECRET.

SHE : "Did you hear about——"

He (interrupting) : "Is it a secret?"

She : "Yes."

He : "Then I heard it!"

AN INSULT TO THE FAMILY.

MRS. FLARHITY : "Sure, Mrs. O'Toole, yer daughther is the living picter af yerself."

Mrs. O'Toole : "Oi'd have yez untherstand, Mrs. Flahrity, thot my daughther is no living picter."

TRUE ENOUGH.

SHE : "You used to say that I was sweet enough to eat."

He : "Yes, but I didn't eat you, did I?"

She : "No."

He : "Well, I was pretty hungry in those days, so that ought to be proof enough that I was lying."

AN ACT OF CHARITY.

PATIENT : "Doctor, give me something so that I can die speedily and painlessly."

Doctor : "All right ; I'll give you my bill. You will never know what hit you."

NO USE FOR DECEIT.

MARGERY : "Why did you break your engagement with Reggy in favour of the Count?"

May : "I discovered that Reggy was only marrying me for my money."

Margery : "But so is the Count."

May : "Yes ; but the Count told me so beforehand. It wasn't such a shocking discovery, you know."

A DANGEROUS MAN.

"GLANDERS is the most trusted man we have in the bank," said the president of the institution to a large stockholder.

"Indeed!" was the reply. "When are you going to have him arrested?"

IT DEPENDED.

NODD : "There's going to be a meeting of the vestrymen to-night. Will you be there?"

Todd : "I don't know. What's the limit?"

A CONVERT'S CONFESSION.

CLERGYMAN : "My dear brother, when do you realise your own weakness most?"

Convert : "When I grapple with a boarding-house steak."

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

IV.

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE—BATTLE OF THE AGED SAINTS—ANOTHER DISASTROUS PILGRIMAGE—THE MULLA'S FOLLY—A TERRIBLE NIGHT—OBLIVION—RUIN.

THE first burst of the monsoon over, the four pilgrims set out on their search for the magic plant. From Bombay they took train for Kalyān, a station at the foot of the Ghauts, whence they started on foot for a sacred mount, known as the Haji Malang.

Having ascended a little way, the sage remarked "Now we are near the spot where the aksir plant is found"; but he had no sooner spoken than the monotonous murmur, as of someone reciting, or praying, fell upon their ears, whereupon the Mulla's holy friend gave evidences of alarm.

Upon the ground, in an attitude of prayer, was a venerable-looking man with a long, flowing white beard. Rising, with apparent difficulty, to his feet, as if he were feeble with age, he advanced a few paces towards the sage, with a tottering gait, and asked him why he dared to bring infidels on that holy ground. The fakir tried to explain that the Mulla was a man divinely inspired, when the venerable one told the priest that he lied, and that none of the sacred herb would be his. In the name of the Prophet he withdrew from the fakir the power he had hitherto possessed, and henceforth the aksir would, in his hands, be as useless clay.

The fakir only laughed derisively at the old man, and made a dash at some peculiar-looking plants that grew amongst the grass.

Then a battle-royal began.

The Mulla was surprised to see the old priest draw his bent form up, displaying a figure above the average height and great breadth of chest, and showing arms, not withered by age, but well developed and muscular. He sprang upon the fakir, who grappled with his adversary; but the saintly one was either not so old as he appeared, or was possessed of strength beyond his years, for the fakir was, in his hands, almost as a child in the grip of a giant. He dragged the fakir from the plant he had been uprooting, and, throwing him on the ground, sent him rolling down the hill, calling after him that if he again came near the Haji Malang's mountain, he and his infidel followers would be stricken down by thunderbolts, burnt up with fire, and doomed to all the worst tortures of the Inferno.

The Mulla, as may be imagined, lost no time in reaching the side of the fallen fakir, though he was more concerned at the disastrous end of the expedition after his heavy outlay, than for the safety of the priest. The Mulla wanted to know if they were to have no aksir, no gold, after all he had spent in charity, amounting to close upon 10,000 rupees. The priest promised that should not be so, and they returned home.

A few days went past, during which the Sage pretended to be resting after the adventure upon the mountain. Then the Mulla again manifested impatience regarding the revealing of the secret, and the old priest said he was meditating a pilgrimage to a shrine at Dhatar, in Kathiawar, but, before departing, he would show the Mulla how to make a hundred maunds of gold in the meantime, and next year, when the proper time came, they would go to another mountain where the aksir herb was to be found. He then told the Mulla to go into the bazaar and search for "copper of Damascus," and buy as much as he could afford. The Mulla, still unsuspecting—incredible though it may seem—sold one of his houses, and then went off

with the two Munshis in search of the wonderful "copper of Damascus." All day they wandered through the streets of Bombay, but the search proved fruitless until they entered the shop of a smith, who appeared remarkably startled when he heard the valuable copper inquired for. He pretended to be curious to know who was the wonderful man who understood the remarkable properties of the "copper of Damascus"; but, the Munshis refusing to tell him, he demanded a very large sum of money for the metal, and the Mulla, angry and disappointed, turned away and went home. He told the sage that he had already sold one house, and to pay the fabulous price demanded by the smith, he would require to dispose of another. But the Mulla's distress was nothing to the sage, and the end of the argument was that the house was sold and the copper bought. But they were not done yet. Some more of a plant—not the aksir, but another—was required, the juice of which would dissolve the copper. It was at Dhatar, whither he was going, that that precious plant was to be found, and he assured the Mulla there would be no troublesome brother priest to interfere with them there. Perhaps fearing that the Mulla might be beginning to lose confidence in him through all this delay, the sage produced, the night before the journey, a piece of aksir, and told the Mulla he had kept that because he did not wish to be without at least one small piece. Now he meant to produce as much gold as would provide for the expense of the journey into Kathiawar. He was as good as his word. He borrowed some quarter-anna pieces from the Mulla, as he did when first they met by Mama Hajani's shrine, and, by the same sleight-of-hand trickery as before, produced several pieces of gold, which restored the Mulla's confidence in the fakir, convincing him that he had not yet lost his power; and the poor, credulous dupe was more elated than ever, and ready, when an old man visited the fakir shortly after, entreating help in his distress, to pay him the 4,000 rupees which he wanted.

At length they reached Dhatar, and, of course, a series of similar performances took place there, till the Mulla had parted with every rupee he had brought with him. Then the mysterious plant was discovered, and they returned to Bombay.

Such credulousness and absurd stupidity as the Mulla displayed may hardly be believed; but worse was to follow.

On reaching the Mulla's house again, the actions of the fakir became very mysterious. He ordered the windows of his room to be darkened, and shut himself up therein for a whole day and night. Then he called the Mulla, and insisted upon him procuring a large quantity of gold, which, mixing with the juice obtained from the plant, was required to act upon the copper.

Another dispute! But in the end the sage, as usual, prevailed. Another house had to go, but the required quantity of gold was procured. Then began the ridiculous part of the swindle. The gold was ground to dust and put into a mortar, a yellow liquid, which the fakir said he had extracted from the plants brought from Kathiawar, being poured upon it. The sage then said they had rather a tedious operation before them. It would take seven days to prepare the solution, and for these seven days they must continue stirring, and never stop, else would the spell be broken. It was agreed they would take turns, and the sage began. They left him stirring as if for dear life. One of the Munshis volunteered next, and then came the Mulla's turn. Placing a little clock in front of him, so as to watch how time progressed, he began to stir. It was eight o'clock. At midnight he would be relieved. But he was surprised to find how soon he grew tired. He changed from hand to hand, and within an hour both arms were aching severely. At the end of the second hour he felt sick and almost exhausted; in another hour his stirring was very feeble, and yet he dared not stop. On he toiled, and at length the hands of the little clock pointed to twelve. He could hear a distant bell chim-

ing the hour, but there was no sound of relief. He tried to call out, but his voice was very weak. His arms were limp and almost useless; his fingers were cramped; the agony was intense, and was increasing every moment. Once more he tried to call, but his tongue was silent. The piston slipped from his fingers, and—!

He awoke to find the Munshi brothers bathing his forehead with vinegar. When he had sufficiently recovered to remember what had happened, he struggled to his feet and looked for the mortar. There it stood, no one stirring it. He inquired for the sage, but one of the Munshis told him that, finding him asleep, the fakir was very angry, and went away, the experiment being hopelessly ruined. The Mulla, on hearing this awful piece of news, was like one distracted. He seized the bowl, poured out the contents, and found his gold had become brass, whereupon the Munshis feigned passion, and swore by all the saints they could call to memory to find the fakir and to make him suffer for the ruin he had wrought upon the poor Mulla.

Day after day they searched for the runaway priest, but nowhere could he be found, and the Mulla, deprived of all the property he had possessed, was reduced to the lowest depths of poverty.

One day one of the Munshis, in pretended pity, gave the Mulla a few rupees to go out and purchase provisions. Before he had been in many shops he was arrested for passing base coin and taken to the police office, where, on being searched, several more counterfeit rupees were found in his possession. His house was searched, and appliances used in the coining of counterfeit money were found in one of the rooms. He was tried, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

There was no doubt that all the mendicants who came begging from the fakir, the old saint who threw his brother down the mountain-side, and even the smith who sold the "copper of Damascus," were all accomplices. There was no doubt, either, that it was the Munshis who put the coining apparatus in the Mulla's house, so as to have the guilt thrown upon him while they had time to escape.

The Mulla was foolish, but he suffered severely for his folly.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

We were on the Elk river in a dug-out canoe. Goshorn hired two men who had been in the Confederate Army. These men were superstitiously devoted to me. One night the river was in feshet, and we went headlong. This was to the last degree dangerous, unless the boatman knew every rock and point, for the dug-out canoe goes over at a touch, and there is no life to be saved in the rapids. Now we were flying like a swallow and could not stop. There was one narrow strait in the middle of the river, where there was exactly room to an inch for the canoe to pass, but it was necessary to have moonlight enough to see the King Rock which rose in the stream close by the passage, and at the critical instant to fend off with the hand, and prevent the canoe from driving full on the rock. A terrible storm was coming up, thunder growling afar, and clouds gathering in the sky. When Goshorn asked what we had better do, the men said, "Leave it to Mr. Leland; he knows everything." I looked at the moon and clouds, and by a strange inspiration I said, "You will just have time to clear King Rock." It was still far away. I laid down my paddle, and drawing my blanket round me, smoked to the storm, and sang incantations to myself.

Closer grew the clouds, darker grew the sky, when during the very last second of light, King Rock came in sight. Goshorn with his bull-like strength gave the push, and just as we shot clear it became dark as pitch, and the rain came down in torrents. We had made King Rock.—*Memoirs of Charles Godfrey Leland, 1893.*

THE STOLEN BACILLUS.*

Few authors have come to the front more rapidly than Mr. H. G. Wells. His latest volume is a collection of short stories, which, for sheer power and grip, can only be compared to those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Wells has struck an entirely new vein; his work is amazingly original, both in its material and treatment. Perhaps the most wonderful story in this marvellously clever book is that entitled, "The Flowering of the Strange Orchid."

Winter-Wedderburn was an enthusiastic collector of orchids.

"He was a shy, lonely, rather ineffectual man, provided with just enough income to keep off the spur of necessity, and not enough nervous energy to make him seek any exacting employments. He might have collected stamps, or coins, or translated Horace, or bound books, or invented new species of diatoms. But, as it happened, he grew orchids, and had one ambitious little hothouse."

Winter-Wedderburn is complaining one day to his housekeeper that nothing unusual has ever happened to him, and recalls the life of another orchid collector.

"That orchid collector was only thirty-six—twenty years younger than myself—when he died. And he had been married twice and divorced once; he had had malarial fever four times, and once he broke his thigh. He killed a Malay once, and once he was wounded by a poisoned dart. And in the end he was killed by jungle-leeches. It must have all been very troublesome, but then it must have been very interesting, you know—except, perhaps, the leeches. . . . They found poor Batten lying dead, or dying, in a mangrove swamp—I forget which, with one of these very orchids crushed up under his body. He had been unwell for some days with some kind of native fever, and I suppose he fainted. These mangrove swamps are very unwholesome. Every drop of blood, they say, was taken out of him by the jungle-leeches. It may be that very plant that cost him his life to obtain."

The plant in question is that of an extremely rare orchid, recently bought by Wedderburn at a sale.

"That is a bud," he said, "and presently there will be a lot of leaves there, and those little things coming out here are aerial rootlets."

"They look to me like little white fingers poking out of the brown," said his housekeeper. "I don't like them."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. They look like fingers trying to get at you. I can't help my likes and dislikes. . . . I'm very sorry, particularly as you like the thing so much. But I can't help thinking of that corpse."

"But it may not be that particular plant. That was merely a guess of mine."

After a time the new orchid blooms, and Wedderburn goes to the hothouse to see his favourite.

"The flowers were white, with streaks of golden orange upon the petals; the heavy labellum was coiled into an intricate projection, and a wonderful bluish purple mingled there with the gold. He could see at once that the genus was altogether a new one. And the insufferable scent! How hot the place was! The blossoms swam before his eyes. He would see if the temperature was right. He made a step towards the thermometer. Suddenly everything appeared unsteady. The bricks on the floor were dancing up and down. Then the white blossoms, the green leaves behind them, the whole greenhouse, seemed to sweep sideways, and then in a curve upwards."

In the evening Wedderburn's cousin goes to look for him.

"She went straight to the hothouse, and, opening the door, called his name. There was no reply. She noticed that the air was very close, and loaded with an intense perfume. Then she saw something lying on the bricks between the hot-water pipes. . . . He was lying, face upward, at the foot of the strange orchid. The tentacle—like aerial rootlets no longer swayed freely in the air, but were crowded together, a tangle of grey ropes, and stretched tight with their ends closely applied to his chin and neck and hands. She did not understand. Then she saw from under one of the exultant tentacles upon his cheek there trickled a little thread of blood."

It would be unfair to disclose the remainder of this extraordinary incident, but intending readers may rest assured that it is only one in a book full of well-nigh perfect specimens of the Short Story.

* "The Stolen Bacillus," by H. G. Wells. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

CONSOLATION.



DOCTOR: "Well, madam, how are you to-day?"

MADAM: "Oh, doctor! I have frightful pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe; of course, I can't sleep, and I have no appetite at all."

DOCTOR: "Um—ah—well, otherwise you're all right, aren't you?"

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

QUEEN MAB'S FATHER.

BY

GEORGE KNIGHT.

Illustrated by A. S. FORREST:



HERE had been silence in the bar of the Dragon Hotel for ten minutes. There was once silence in Heaven for half-an-hour. Place for place, the occurrence at the former, although only a third of the duration attained Elsewhere, was the more wonderful.

Glasses had clicked in vibrant harmonics; the flat tongs with which the slices of lemon on the Worcester plate upon the marble-topped buffet were handled, had rattled periodically; the spurt of stricken matches had invaded the atmosphere with accompanying sulphur; but not one voice had shaped itself into speech of any sort for six hundred seconds. It seemed like six hundred years.

Into the void of silence came a wreck. He was a physical, not a sartorial, wreck. He might have been the re-embodied ghost of Clarence—he of the butt of Malmsey—so soaked was his derelict frame with liquor—and liquor of a high-class odour. He wore a huge overcoat, disguised with fur—real astrachan.

The barmaid simpered as he met her eye, and waited. Instinctively she thought of that portion of her mnemonic business equipment which related to those high-class wines for which the Dragon was justly noted.

Her perspicacity was vindicated. The Wreck obtained possession of a bottle of champagne, and swallowed a glass of the bubbling fluid at a gulp. The barmaid tossed the half-sovereign into one bowl of the till, the sixpence into the other.

Into the persistent quiet there came another individual. He was a nondescript, and carried a sheaf of small oblong posters under his arm. He crossed to the framed theatre notices upon the far wall, and took down the Princess's bill. The occupants of the bar watched him with absorbed interest, and when he hung it up again a single line stood out, occupying the whole length of the poster—

"RED RIDING HOOD.

Special Engagement of LITTLE MARION."

The Wreck surveyed it unsteadily, refilled his glass,

and lit a cigar. The company in the bar turned from their study of the Princess's poster to sniff with one accord the rich odour of the Havana.

"Swell!" observed the proprietor of a small Scotch.

"Blomin' toff!" assented a *vis-à-vis* in consumption of a gin and bitters.

The study of the Princess's bill was unanimously resumed.

"Reg-lar knockart; that's abart the fust Red Ridin' 'Ud they've 'ad," said a contemplative voice.

"Reg'lar!" said the gin and bitters.



THE WRECK SURVEYED IT UNSTEADILY.

"Sloped with a hearl!" said a man from across a distant glass of porter.

"Hamlyn," said the Scotch whisky, instinctively.

"Gone seventy, too, I'm told," said the barmaid, generally, gathering up some half-dozen pieces of crockery.

"And married," said the initiator of the conversation.

"Oh, you men!" said the barmaid, with professional levity.

The Wreck was refilling his glass unsteadily. He came down the bar, holding it in a couple of rickety digits, his glowing cigar in his left thumb and forefinger. At the end of his involved cruise he sat down, put his cigar laboriously into his mouth, stood his refreshment upon an adjoining chair, inserted his right hand in the breast of his magnificent coat, and crossed his legs.

"Gen'l'men!" he said impressively.

The barmaid turned sharply on her heel, and the company looked up, neglecting its Scotch, its gin and bitters, and its porter.

The Wreck paused till he was assured that all eyes were upon him. Then he waved towards the Princess's poster.

"You are int'rested, gen'l'men," he said, with an air as lordly as the astrachan cuffs and collar of his great-coat. "You are int'rested in that notice. So'm I. Doubtless you have often, ere this,

'From high Olympas and the "tainer's" gods,'
looked down upon the histrionic boards, and

'Watched with delighted eyes

The gambols of that iris elf, Queen Mab;'

and have regretted, in common with the whole of the British Public, her disappearance from that stage which she adorned from the early age of three-and-a-half years, to

'Girlhood's prime of ripe fourteen.'

"Poet!" said the temporary owner of a glass emptied of its erstwhile contents of gin and amaranth.

"Gentlemen!" said the Wreck, getting the *t* very distinctly "circumstances over which——" He waved his hand. "What are our successful worshippers of the Muses? Ask Shelley:—

'Stars which shine through that night of gloom
Wherein suns perished.'

"I am a perished sun, gen'l'men. Tennyson himself recognised his infer—his inferiority to me. It hastened his death. He was a proud man. His last words were: 'Tell the old woman'—Her Majesty, gen'l'men—to ser' for Noll Fis' William!' It was his wish that I should have the laureateship!"

The barmaid, coming back with a handful of glasses, caught the drift of the Wreck's monologue. She looked at him closely. Not even the rouge upon her powdered cheeks could hide the sudden ebb of the blood.

"I," said the Wreck, clinging with solemn impotence to his Havana, "I am Queen Mab's father."

There was a sensation in the Dragon bar.

"Gen'l'men," said the Wreck, with emotion, "that child was worth thirty quid a week to me."

"Good Gawd!" said the Scotch whisky.

There was a second flutter in the bar. It died away slowly.



HIS BODY DREW TOGETHER IN AGONY.

"I brought her up," went on the Wreck; "I trained her; I got her into the profession; I got her *on* in the profession, and I got her advantageously *out* of the profession."

He swelled with pride, and felt for his glass. Its contents spilled over his fur cuff as he drank.

"An' row wha'?" he asked, vaguely; "an' now wha'?"

The tears began to roll down his flaming face.

"Wha'?" he said. "Lord 'Amlyn is personal fren'—my own ol' fam'ly fren'. I introduce him to Mab—Queen Mab, my daughter, Mabel Fis'William—the 'only' child-actress on the English stage. I am 'ware of his character as dam good judge of fine girl, and as riches' member of the English aristocracy. I intr'duce him. I say 'Mab, thish yer ol' gen'l'man, le'm be a secon' father t' you.' Wasn't tha' giv'n 't a chance, gen'l'men?" "Lord Hamlyn! Good Gawd!" said the Scotch whisky.

"I give my permission f'm to take a little trip to Paris. Lord 'Amlyn, in consideration my losh on 'n extensive 'gagement, 'grees to pay three hundred quid int' my bank—my bank, gen'l'men!"

The barmaid watched him with the close, surreptitious scrutiny of a detective.

"I draw in my 'count, gen'l'men, up to fifty quid—fifty quid, gen'l'men! Then am informed that Noll Fis'William, Esquire, has no further assets—no further assets. I am diddled, gen'l'men, clean diddled. And by a—by a dam member of a dam English aristocracy!"

He stroked his flickering mouth with the edge of a shaking hand, and sipped the dregs of his champagne, following the proceeding with slow, difficult puffs at his cigar. The barmaid went round behind the buffet, slipped on her hat, and ran out into the frosty night.

"Tha' is why, gen'l'men," said the Wreck, "tha' no'ce is up there"—he indicated the Princess's bill—"and why I am here with five quid in m' pocket, an' norra dam shekel in the worl' beside! But I'll stan' trea', gen'l'men, I'll stan' trea'. Queen Mab's father's 'stood trea' t' Irving 'fore thish. Call f' wha' y' like, gen'l'men, an' charge it to me, m'dear."

The barmaid came back, flushed and panting.

"Call f' wha' y' like, gen'l'men," said the Wreck, with a wave of hospitality.

"I've finished for to-night," said the gin and bitters.

"So'm I," said the glass of porter.

The Scotch whisky turned his *petit verre* upside down.

"No' drink with me, gen'l'men? No' drink with Noll Fis'William?"

He trembled with anger.

"They think you've had enough," said the barmaid, coming round. "Have a finger of brandy, it'll pull you together; then they'll drink."

"Thank you, m'dear," said the Wreck, taking the glass from her hand. It was the hand of a middle-aged woman—the barmaid was no girl. She detained the glass for a moment.

"This daughter of yours," she asked, "how old was she?"

"Four—fourteen," said the Wreck, looking up with his bleared eyes.

"Pretty?" asked the barmaid.

"Nobby little filly!" leered the Wreck.

"And good?"

"Dam good, as girls go," answered the Wreck, his mouth watering for the brandy.

"Lord 'Amlyn, you said?" the barmaid asked.

"Yesh, m'dear; damned ol' sep—sep—sep'genarian!"

The barmaid loosed the glass.

The Wreck emptied it at a gulp.

His hands dropped, and the glass shattered on the floor. His body drew together in agony, and writhed like a flaccid reptile. In a few minutes he ceased to struggle.

The barmaid turned to the trio of startled loungers.

"Go for the slops," she said, "one of you. Tell them it's the ambulance. I'll come quietly."

"What is it, miss?" asked the gin and bitters.

"Prussic acid," replied the barmaid, colourlessly.

"Good Gawd!" said the Scotch whisky. "How'd he get it in?"

The barmaid smiled drearily.

"I put it in," she said.

"You!" the three men gasped, stricken with horror.

"Yes," she answered passively. "I was Queen Mab's mother."

VANITY OF PERFUMED BATHS.

A VERY old recipe for an aromatic bath, found in a very old book dealing with herbs and simples, runs thus: "In a sufficient quantity of soft water boil for the space of two or three minutes one or more of the following aromatic herbs: Anise, clove, July flowers, balm, sweet basil, bastard marjoram, wild thyme, wild mint, or any other herbs that have an agreeable scent. Having strained off the liquor from the herbs, add to it a little brandy or camphorated spirits of wine. About half a pint of this liquor added to the bath water will have a delightfully soothing and refreshing effect." An aromatic bath for the feet is as follows: "Take pennyroyal, sage, and rosemary, four handfuls; angelica, four handfuls; juniper berries, four ounces. Boil these ingredients in a sufficient quantity of water, and strain off the liquor for use at the requisite temperature." An emollient bath for the feet may be had from the following prescription: "Boil, in a sufficient quantity of water, a pound of bran with a few marshmallow roots and two or three handfuls of mallow leaves. Strain, and bathe the feet with the liquid."

A cosmetic bath requires the following recipe carefully followed out: "Take two pounds of barley or bean flour or meal, eight pounds of bran, and a few handfuls of berage leaves. Boil these ingredients in a sufficient quantity of spring water." This both cleanses and softens the skin in a superior degree. The most celebrated historical baths were those of asses' milk. The ancient authors have immortalised the memory of the fifty-three she-asses which for this purpose accompanied the train of the celebrated Paphæa. The Bath of Modesty, as it is called, is made as follows: "Take four ounces of sweet almonds (peeled), one pound of pine-

apple kernels, one pound of elecampane, ten handfuls of linseed, one ounce of roots of marshmallows, and one ounce of lily roots. These various ingredients are directed to be pounded together in a large marble mortar, made into a paste, and tied up in little thin muslin bags, to be thrown into the water of the bath, and emptied by compression." This "Bath of Modesty," says a French writer (Moreau de la Sarthe), may be made in a more simple manner, nothing more being necessary than to take a quantity of paste of almonds, sufficient to colour the water, and to give it a milky appearance.

The bran bath—an exceedingly soothing bath, and one which has both an emollient and whitening effect upon the skin, is prepared by placing two pounds of bran in a large muslin bag, and allowing it to soak in half a gallon of hot (not boiling) water for three or four hours before the bath is required. Then empty the bran-water into the bath. Our grandmothers, who understood the valuable properties of herbs and simples, sometimes enjoyed refreshing, fragrant baths prepared by throwing into the bath-water three or four handfuls of cowslips, primroses, or other sweet-smelling wild flowers. The water became delightfully perfumed, and the flowers were supposed to possess virtues which calmed the nerves and invigorated the skin. Spinach and lime-flower baths were supposed to be equally efficacious as nerve sedatives. Perfumed powder for the bath is made as follows: "Otto of roses, five drops; oil of ylang-ylang, eight drops; oil of origanum, four drops; oil of neroli, three drachms; oil of lemon, one and a-half drachms; oil of bergamot, six drachms; California borax powder, eight ounces; white Castile soap (powdered), eight ounces. Mix the oils with the powder." Another useful powder for the bath is made of equal parts of fine-ground oatmeal and fine almond meal. A few drops of otto of roses may be added.

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

V.

A FICTITIOUS DEED—THE STOCKBROKER'S TEMPTATION
—HE OVERHEARS A GIGANTIC SWINDLE PROPOSED
—THIEVES IN A FRIGHT—THE BAIT—DUPED.

ANOTHER method of swindling sometimes practised in India is by means of a false document or forged deed. As was pointed out in the introduction to the first chapter, it is mostly those who are not over scrupulous in their business transactions—men who care not whether they make money by fair or dishonest means, so long as they find their bank accounts swelling—whom the swindlers search out as victims. In fact, it is only such men who can possibly be duped in the false document business. And it will be noted, in the case I am about to quote, that, though the plans are carefully prepared, the swindlers, when they do not employ the art of conjuring, or what is termed the "black art," are clever actors, and are very smart in turning trifling incidents, as they occur, to their own advantage, and, by well-assumed simplicity, pretend to throw themselves well under the power of their unscrupulous dupe.

A man, carrying on business as a stockbroker, received a summons one day from Walkeshwar, one of the suburbs of Bombay, and, proceeding to the address sent him, was courteously received by two young men, whose dress and demeanour proclaimed them to be above the average Hindu in station and breeding. One of the young men at once informed the broker that his father wished to consult him about some shares he proposed purchasing. As, however, he had not yet arrived, the broker was invited to be seated, while the two young men resumed their work.

Presently another visitor was announced, and a man entered, handsomely dressed, and adorned with valuable jewellery. He seemed very familiar with the young men, who in turn expressed great surprise and delight at seeing him. From the conversation it appeared to the broker as if the newcomer had just arrived in Bombay from some native State, in which he held a high position.

Greetings having been exchanged, the stranger produced a scroll, and, unfolding it, said, in a low tone of voice, yet loud enough for the broker to hear, that he had come for their assistance in a matter which, besides being a service to him, might bring some money to them as well.

The young men laid down their pens and bent earnestly over the document.

"You see here," the man continued, "is a sanad conferring upon me certain lands and property in the State of ——. Now, read this part here, and you will see that, by erasing those few words, and making 'twenty' read 'one hundred and twenty,' and making 'east' read 'north-east,' I should become possessor of additional land that would be worth several lakhs of rupees more to me. You will see from this plan what I mean," he added, opening another paper.

The two brothers laughed heartily at the seeming simplicity of their visitor, telling him what he proposed was absurd, as the fraud would be discovered whenever he claimed the property. But the supposed landowner said he should never claim it. He had told a certain person how he had been presented with that property for services rendered to the State. He had also told his friend he was going away, and he had been offered a large sum of money for the land and property. The sale was to be conducted in private by the mere transference of the sanad. But, to secure all the money that had been offered, he must have the document altered.

It was admitted that it was a dangerous game to play, but that it was worth the attempt; and the stranger expressed his willingness to give 15,000 or 20,000 rupees to have the job done carefully and well, and according to a copy he would provide.

The two young men said they knew whom they would employ, and next day was appointed for the undertaking.

When the supposed landowner had gone, the young men pretended they had forgotten the presence of the broker, and affected considerable agitation, seeing which the broker smilingly suggested that he should inform their father what a nice little game they were engaged in. But the broker's threat only afforded them the opportunity of playing their parts to greater perfection. They quaked with fear, and abused themselves for their stupidity in allowing him to remain in the office while they had been talking over a matter of such importance; but, on condition that he should keep the matter a secret, they said they would be willing to share with him the profits of the transaction.

The broker fell into the trap, and accepted the offer. He could not wait any longer on their father that day, but would return next morning; and he went away, thinking he had made an excellent stroke of luck by his visit to Walkeshwar.

True to his appointment next morning, he found the two brothers in their room engaged in earnest debate with another man, who, the broker soon discovered, had been procured to undertake the necessary alteration in the landowner's document.

The writer had apparently been cunning enough to perceive that an enormous sum of money was to be made out of the business, and was levying blackmail accordingly. He first demanded 5,000 rupees, but, after much hot debate, he agreed to do the work for 2,000 rupees less, if paid in advance. To that the brothers agreed, and suggested that they should pay down 1,000 rupees each, which they immediately produced, asking the broker to contribute a like amount, as he was to share in the money to be paid by the landowner.

The broker readily consented, but, as he had not so much money with him, he asked one of the young men to accompany him back to the city, when he would pay him the money. This was done, and the man, pocketing the notes, amounting to 1,000 rupees, asked the broker to visit his office at Walkeshwar next morning to meet the landowner, when the alteration of the deed would, no doubt, be completed, and he should be paid at least 5,000 rupees as his share of the spoil, which would make a clear profit of 4,000 rupees.

Next morning found the broker back again at Walkeshwar. The two brothers and the writer were already there. The broker was shown how the alteration on the sanad had been carried out, and he expressed his admiration of the very neat manner in which it had been done, declaring it would be impossible to detect any erasure.

They had not waited long when the landowner himself arrived, and to him the document was submitted for his approval. He looked at it, held it up to the light, and frowned. It had not been altered as he directed. In fact, there were some grievous errors. It had been made to read "south-east" instead of "north-east," which made the deed absurd, and the other error he alluded to completely spoilt the document.

The writer averred that he had altered the deed according to the written instructions given him.

One of the brothers then appeared very confused, and admitted that he had mislaid the paper bearing the alterations, and had written out another from memory.

The owner of the deed worked himself up into a terrible state of excitement, crying out that the deed was spoilt, and he was a ruined man. The writer said he could do nothing further with the deed, the paper being too thin to stand being further tampered with;

but the young man who had admitted mislaying the original paper bearing the required instructions, insisted that it must be altered. The writer, on this, determined to levy more blackmail, saying that he was willing to try for a further fee of 2,000 rupees. It was now the turn of the man who had blundered to betray excitement. He had not 2,000 to give, and appealed to the landowner for a loan, but he refused to pay anything till the alteration was completed to his satisfaction. The broker, being next appealed to, said they must not fail now in the business, and offered to advance the money on condition that he should not be asked to bear a share of the additional fee to the writer.

To that both brothers gladly agreed. Again he returned to his office, and paid the 2,000 rupees to the young man who accompanied him.

Another morning the broker went to Walkeshwar; but this time, to his amazement, he found that the birds had flown.

On making inquiries, he discovered the owner of the bungalow, who explained that he had found the doors standing wide open that morning, and the tenants gone—where, he knew not. His sole lament was that he had lost 130 rupees due to him for rent. They had left the furniture behind, but that belonged to a borah from whom it had been hired.

The broker went to the police, and informed them of the swindle which had been practised upon him; but the thieves had got a good start, and from that day to this he has heard nothing of the men who led him so cleverly into their well-set trap. No doubt his adventure would teach him a lesson to be honest in his business dealings with people in future, for, had he resisted the temptation to gain money by swindling, he would not himself have been swindled.

(To be continued.)

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.



Said Farmer Snodgrass with a sigh,
"Them hogs of Simpson's take my eye,
They'll take first prize too, mighty quick,
Unless I dose them till they're sick."



He hurried off, and Simpson then
Came round to view the Snodgrasspen;
Said he, "They're poor, but nice and white,
I'll fix 'em with hair dye to-night."



Said Snodgrass, "This 'ere Anti-fat
Will show them hogs where they are at.
This Simpson's gettin' most too fresh,
He'll think his hogs are losing flesh."



The morning came, and proudly then,
Came Simpson to that honoured pen
To find his porkers thin and sad,
As is the run of July shad.



While just beyond they heard a cry,
Where Snodgrass gazed with humid eye
On what was once pure Chester white,
Now stained with black as dark as night.



Alas, when both had dried their eyes,
E. Zimmerman lugged off the prize,
The while the crowd in rapture roared—
"Zim's pen is mightier than his sword."

A LITERARY SKIRT-DANCE.

A CHAT WITH LA LOIE FULLER.

It was all the fault of the limelight man. I believe it always is. But she came at last, did La Loie Fuller—a little tired, her fair hair a little ruffled, and her arms full of letters and photographs.

The letters she let fall on the table; the photographs she instinctively deposited in front of me.

"Ah, yes; how do you do? I'm afraid I've kept you waiting, but that time——. Well, it's over now. Excuse me, but I must look at these letters. Take any photos you like. Now" (to her secretary), "what are all these? Umph! 'Can I help—penny stamp enclosed.' I can't; but tell him gently. 'Admire your dancing. *Could you send some seats?*' Yes—no. What's this? 'Haven't any left!' Why, the man must be mad! I ordered them a week ago. Just look through the rest for me. Now, have you found any photos you like?"

I had. I had found a good many I liked, and I asked for them all. Miss Fuller was generous.

"Now, I want to ask you, Miss Fuller," I began, "when you——"

"Oh, please, don't! I don't like talking about myself. Ask me to talk about *anyone* else!"

This was disheartening, considering I had come to talk to La Loie about La Loie, and about no one else. But I persevered.

"I am very sorry. I'll be as quick as I can. Just tell me about your first appearance."

"I've forgotten—mother knows best. How old was I? Three years. It was at the Lyceum Sunday School, Chicago. My name wasn't on the programme, but that made no difference. Somebody had finished 'Curfew Shall not ring To-night.' I suppose I didn't like it; anyway, up I got from my seat and commenced climbing on to the platform. The audience laughed. I climbed. After a bit I got there, bowed, and began my piece. You know it—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray, good Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray good Lord my soul to take."

That was all. I bowed again and made for the stairs; but they were too steep for my little legs, so I solved the difficulty by sitting on them—the stairs—and tobogganing down. The audience roared. I must have looked queer in my short white frock and little red—Well, that's all!"

"Quite an historical event," I laughed.

"Yes; but when I was in Paris—by the way, do you know——"

"No, I am afraid I don't; but I should like to know what La Loie's next performance consisted of."

"Oh! I'm not sure. I acted in plays and things, I expect, and then I sang, and then I did temperance lectures, and then—I think I was jumping about in front of a window in a new silk dress, and I thought of the ser-

pentine dance. But I have really nothing else to say about myself. See here, though! This old book will tell you a lot about serpentine dancing. It's really quite an ancient idea. Why, the Egyptian girls used these long skirts and imitated flowers and serpents during the reign of Pharaoh! At Athens, some two thousand years ago, their women danced with waving drapery."

In a curious old book, called "Herculaneum and Pompeii," there are illustrations of the girl dancers who graced the bacchanalian orgies, and with their cymbals drowned the cries of the victims of the revellers.

Just as Miss Fuller was asking me some question about Chêrét, a waiter announced two gentlemen from Scotland Yard.

La Loie greeted them genially, which is more than I should have done. But they only came to say they couldn't find something she'd lost.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I quite forgot; I didn't lose it at all. Thank you so much for all your trouble!"

They disappeared, and Miss Fuller again questioned me about one of Chêrét's posters.

I began to feel rather mixed as to who was interviewing whom. I returned to the attack valiantly, and begged for the secret of her butterfly dance, and asked how she sends that great whirling pyramid of drapery towards the flies, how she conjures the clouds of roses and gold that float around her when she dances, and whence come and go those weird beautiful lights that chase her silk-clad figure across the stage.

But, alas, another waiter entered with the *menu* for dinner, and I was forced to seek my hat and hasten Strandwards.

"Come again," said La Loie Fuller, as she deftly made a parcel of my photos, and placed it in my arms, and hurried me to the door. "Come again, and we will talk—but not about myself. Don't mention it! Delighted! That's right! Good-night!"

And as I groped westwards through the fog I felt I hadn't—I really had not—interviewed La Loie. I don't believe anyone ever has.

She performed a sort of vocal or literary skirt-dance—charming, but—well, one cannot *write* a skirt-dance.

HE WAS SOOTHED.

HER DAD: "But how can you say that your prospects are flattering? You're only a bookkeeper at your bank."

Her Own Charley: "Oh, but I'm soon to be made a director."

"Her Dad: "Ah, now you're shouting. Take her, my boy, and mind you, don't loan yourself less than a quarter of a million as a starter. I may need half of it myself."

"Is my ankle swollen, doctor?"

"Well, really, madam, I don't know its normal size."



LA LOIE FULLER.

Photo by)

[Langfieri, Glasgow.

BIMBO.

[The style of some of this is not the author's own; he found it lying about, and hated it so much that he had to use it.]

EVERYONE knew who Bimbo was—Bimbo, the light-hearted circus-clown, happy, frolicsome Bimbo.

What crowds there were as the gay procession came down the streets of the old grey town! What clatter of *subots*! What laughter! It was not every day that the circus came, and one must be merry sometimes—*n'est-ce pas?* Even the old women, bent with their labour at the washing-board, stood in little groups, smiling and expectant. Life must not be all *lingerie*, even when one is old. *Ah, mes enfants!* It is hard to grow old—to be bent—to be unable to crack the good walnuts with one's teeth.

She could crack them still. *Mais oui.*

Who was she?

Mimi—just Mimi. They knew no more, these simple village-folk. She was young and beautiful. All knew how fond the Count was of her. Did he not worship the very ground that her tiny satin slipper trod upon? Could he marry her? they asked the old Father Camomile. The old Father looked very grave, and said nothing. He knew the world, this old Father Camomile.

That was Mimi—the supple, brown woman, up at the casement, peering out through the tangled vine tendrils. You could see the gold of her hair, the red of her lips, the glory of her great, wide, rampant, laughing, faithless eyes. Yes, she was beautiful. And good? Perhaps—*que voulez-vous?*—we cannot have seen everything. Some have riches and not birth; some have birth but not the influenza. Mimi had thought of that at times—in more serious moments. She was laughing now, and munching the purple cherries with her little white teeth. You should not laugh with your mouth full—at least, so Father Camomile said. But then he was old and severe, and who could regard him? *Mon Dieu!* Is laughter so plentiful? Behind was the Count; he looked terribly stern, as if he had been cut out of cardboard. But there was passion in his eyes, and a franc's-worth of unripe cherries in his mouth. Could it hold so many? Who knows? Do we know anything? We just go on—until we stop. And then we stop—because we do not go on any more. Is it hard to write like this? No, not hard—only sickening.

Down in the street, from his place in the gay procession, Bimbo heard the ripple of laughter and looked up. Just for one second his eyes rested on the strange, ecstatic beauty of Mimi. *Ce n'est rien.* One sees, and goes, and forgets. Besides, Bimbo was only the clown, dressed in spangles and white-lead, smeared with pigments—the fool of the show. What business had he with a heart? It could not matter whether he looked or not. Mimi caught his glance, and laughed again. She did not quite know what she was doing, perhaps. Then she picked up a cherry and threw it at Bimbo. If she had only aimed at something else, she might have hit him.

If a woman throws anything at anything, she always hits something else. That is one of the things which we cannot help. We must just shrug our shoulders, and let it pass. Ah, that Roman stoicism! *Balbus murum aedificabimini.* Ah, that Latin language!

"But how droll he is!" laughed Mimi to the Count. The Count said nothing, but he crushed the hearthrug between his teeth. And Bimbo? The procession had passed, and Bimbo with it. It could not possibly have mattered to him, of course! He was only the clown, a creature of merry pranks. What else?

The performance that night was crowded. The fat old woman who took the money at the door of the tent was pleased. Everyone was pleased.

It was thought that Bimbo had never been more amusing. The old women held their sides with laughing. Even Father Camomile smiled. Children had fits; young men screamed, bellowed, roared. Yes, he had never been more funny. Just once he was noticed to

give an eager glance round the tent, as if he were looking for someone. It could not have been for Mimi; that would have been too absurd. Besides, Mimi was not there.

Had the Count forbidden her to be there? It may have been so, or it may not. *Cui bono?* or anything else that sounds pitiful but sarcastic. Never let yourself be prejudiced against the use of quotation by a knowledge of its meaning.

The lights flashed brightly; louder and louder rose the laughter; rounder and rounder went the horses. Again and again was Bimbo recalled and received with thunders of applause.

"Never in all my life did I see a merrier fellow," said Father Camomile, who knew the world. Could he have been mistaken? The villagers agreed with him. "Bimbo is funny, indeed," they said.

Only when the show was all over, when the lights were all out—what then?

Poor Bimbo!—white-leaded, spangled Bimbo! You did your best while the show lasted, and it was not your fault that clowns are only human. He was funny enough while the crowd was watching, and afterwards—what then?

Well, afterwards he was thirty thousand times funnier than he had been before.

Why not?

Ah, mes enfants!

(Reprinted by arrangement with "The Granta.")

A GOOD SYMPTOM.



DOCTOR: "Does your father seem better to-day, Johnnie?"

JOHNNIE: "I think he is; heard him cussin' ma this mornin'."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Your friend wants ideas about original costumes for a fancy dress ball. Not very easy, is it? The world is so old that the wonder is that anything new is ever found in it. Let me see. She is fair, a little over twenty, and, of course, she wants to look her best. Would she be inclined to go as the Twentieth Century? It would leave her perfectly free to design her own costume in any style, any material, and any colour that happens best to suit her. Or, why not strike out a perfectly new line, and go to the ball in a "flying costume, as worn by the Princess of Wales in the year 1930, at an aerial party?" That there will be flying machines before very long seems more than likely, and what deliciously zephyrous and diaphanous costumes will not the milliners devise for airy recreations in the near future! A grey-blue cloud of softest gauze-like draperies, with diamonds lurking in the mist-like folds, not put in evidence, but partly shrouded, and therefore appealing all the more strongly to the imagination. How would that do?

Would not an orchid make a pretty fancy dress? Either a bright pale mauve one, with a creamy lip, or a white and yellow and golden-brown. The most original fancy costumes of recent seasons have been seen at the balls at Covent Garden, but I cannot remember any of them just now. Besides, your friend, "A. F. R.," wants something entirely new. Would Trilby do? Her first costume would scarcely be sufficiently conventional, but one in which she appears at the Bashi-Bazouk's is lovely enough for anything.

There never has been such a season as this for all kinds of rich, dark furs. The capes are ornamented with it to a striking extent. A handsome blonde to be seen at Niagara, where the smartest of the smart assemble in the afternoons, wears a black plush cape, with pointed pieces of astrakhan let in the whole way round, the insert being bordered with the new French jet—a most effective sort, the pieces of which are very large, and so cut as to glitter like black diamonds. The high Medici collar is also in astrakhan, as well as the yoke-shaped piece into which the cape itself is gathered. The lining is rich black satin. Another cape is black velvet, with a high collar of the same, bordered with chinchilla and covered

with rich jet. The fronts are also edged with chinchilla, and trimmed with a broad band of the jet. The lining is white or pale grey satin. Green is in great favour, both for gowns and coats, though it does not nearly approach in this respect to purple and mauve and heliotrope. A double-breasted reefer jacket of rifle-green cloth has lapels of orange velvet embroidered with green cord and jet, and hemmed with astrakhan. The hat worn with this has the brim in green felt and the crown in orange velvet, raised very high, with a band of openwork jet round it, and acting as a support to the velvet folds. The skirt of the black cloth dress worn with this was lined with orange silk and furnished with a frill of the same. The silk petticoat was orange, and was much buffed round the edge.

Petticoats are a decided feature of skating costume. In

whirling round they become visible, and the ladies who skate without them must sometimes imagine to themselves that they have sacrificed a sartorial possibility dear to the feminine mind. For instance, when a certain very expert performer displayed a petticoat of pink and black striped silk and satin, with the daintiest possible little pinked-out frills at the edge, the *sans-jupon* contingent must have felt something like a pang of doubt over their own choice.

Some of the new evening dresses are charmingly pretty. I saw one this afternoon, in a shop-window, made with a fall of white striped gauze over pale yellow satin. Violets trimmed it all round the shoulders, and from the waist at either side hung two garlands of the flowers, one rather longer than the other. A sky-blue satin was edged with a frill of equally pale blue chiffon, in which

sprays of pink hyacinth were tucked. A similar trimming finished the bodice round the shoulders. The sleeves of evening dresses are very much puffed, and end midway between the shoulders and the elbow. In this instance a ruche of the chiffon, with a few sprays of the pink blossom, encircled the arms, the sleeves themselves, in blue satin, being gathered under the ruches. Neck ruffs of violets, poppies (generally mauve or yellow), rose petals, and pelargoniums, are useful and beautiful for the long-necked. The lace used on dinner and ball gowns is usually of the most filmy and delicate character, and, being so, it adds greatly to the beauty of the composition. The richest satins and brocades are used for those who can afford to pay high prices, but, fortunately, there



A BICYCLING COSTUME.

are plenty of inexpensive silks and brochés for others whose purses are of the shallow order. I saw some marked 2s. 9d. a yard in one of the best-known large drapery establishments in the West-end. They are quite good enough, especially for those who can make their own evening gowns; for, after all, it is the making that costs. And, if one gives a high price for the material, it is exasperating to find that the dress goes out of fashion long before it is worn out, or else to know that one's friends say privately to each other, when one wears it: "That gown again! Just fancy!"

Of course, the ideal evening gown of the moment is white satin, at something like 8s. 6d. a yard and upwards. But a few of us have to be contented with something rather less—have we not?

The bicycling costume illustrated is in biscuit-coloured serge. The round bodice is double-breasted, and fastens up the left side with three large buttons. The collar and cuffs are black velvet, edged with fur. The toque is also black velvet, with a bow in front, a pair of white wings, and a bunch of violets at the back, a few of them drooping lightly over the hair.

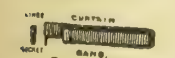
Yours affectionately,

SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

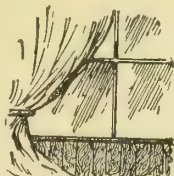
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a good chemist; it is antiseptic and unfermentable. The tablets are in a very portable form. Be very careful not to use too much, as its action is very powerful. It is said that one part of saccharin in 10,000 parts of water is sufficient to perceptibly sweeten the whole quantity.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

APPLE JAM À LA BERNESE.—To each pound of cored, peeled apples allow a pound of preserving sugar, half a stick of cinnamon, seven cloves, two ounces of whole ginger, and the peel of a medium-sized lemon. Put in a preserving-pan all these ingredients except the apples, and add a pint of water for every pound of fruit. Let it boil up quickly until the syrup begins to thicken. Then throw in the apples, and let them boil for half an hour after reaching bubbling point. Stir them well almost all the time, as the syrup is very likely to catch. Some kinds of apples require more boiling than others, but it is easy to tell when they are done, as they assume an amber hue, and become clear and transparent. In putting the jam into jars, lift out the pieces of ginger, cloves, and cinnamon. The lemon peel can be left in. This jam should be put into jars while still fairly hot, and covered over before it becomes quite cold.

ANNIE BELL asks for a recipe for a good warming soup of an inexpensive sort. She cannot have a better sort than mulligatawny. It is not difficult to make, and the water in which a fowl, rabbit, leg of pork or leg of mutton has been boiled, will afford the stock. Failing this, threepenny worth of bones must be bought, and boiled for hours on the day before the soup is wanted. The next day strain this stock. Fry in fresh dripping or butter, three medium-sized onions, and three apples, cored and sliced. When these are of a golden brown, throw them into the stock, with to every quart of stock a dessert-spoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper. The thickening is composed of a cupful of flour mixed to a smooth paste with half a pint of milk. The whole boils together for about an hour, and is served with rice boiled as for curry, every grain separate and distinct. Some people like the rice to be devilled. This is done by adding pepper and onion, and a little curry powder to the salt, which is put into the water the rice is thrown in. This gives it a delicious flavour. With similar stock to the above, excellent Scotch broth may be made; but it must be remembered that for this the liquor in which mutton has been boiled is always best, and for mulligatawny that in which fowl or rabbit has been cooked, the day the broth is wanted. Next morning skim off the fat while the stock is still cold, then put the latter on again in a clean saucepan, and add to it two large carrots, cut in dice, one turnip, one large onion, if liked, clove or garlic, a few peppercorns, perhaps six would be enough, a spray or two of chopped parsley, a head of celery, whole, that it may be easily lifted out before the soup is served, and pepper and salt to taste. This must all boil together for two hours at least. Children often like served with this some small dumplings made of suet and flour.

FROM AN ANTIQUE RECIPE BOOK.

The Arctic Lamp
with Shade Support.

GREEN'S PATENT "ARCTIC LAMP"

When in use exactly resembles a Wax Candle, which remains the same height, however long it has been burning. It will fit in any Candlestick, and has a Support for Ordinary Candle Shades, which cannot take Fire.

SAFE, ARTISTIC, AND ECONOMICAL.
A MOST USEFUL AND LASTING PRESENT.

Price, with Support Shade complete.
6 inch, size of 6's Candle, Brass Fittings - - - 8/- .. Plated, - - - 9/6 per pair
8 " " 4's " " " - - - 9/- .. " - - - 10/6 "

By post 3d. per box extra.

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THE ARCTIC LIGHT CO., 179, Regent St., London.
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The Arctic Lamp fixed
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FRAE THE LAND O' CAKES.

FINEST SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

2s. 8d. tins, kettledrum size, Postage 6d. extra. | 6s. 6d. tins, containing 3 cakes (larger), Postage 10½d. ex.
5s. 0d. " containing 3 Cakes, " 9d. " | 8s. 6d. " " 4 " " " 1s. 1½d. "

WILLIAM SKINNER & SON,

Family Bakers and Confectioners, 477, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

ESTABLISHED 1835.

LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1895.

On FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 21st, and 23rd, the NIGHT IRISH MAIL, due to leave Euston at 8.20 p.m., WILL NOT LEAVE until 8.40 p.m. The mail steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the train at Holyhead.

On TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24th, Special Trains will be run from Willesden Junction at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal Stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from Euston; and from Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham.

The NIGHT IRISH MAIL, due to leave Euston at 8.20 p.m., WILL NOT LEAVE until 9.5 p.m. The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the Train at Holyhead.

The 12.0 night Train from London (EUSTON), due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Wednesday, December 25th, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week days.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Ireland, Lancaster, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. The ordinary Sunday Service of trains will be in operation.

On BANK HOLIDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26th, the Express Trains usually leaving London (Euston) at 12.0 noon and 4.0 p.m. WILL NOT BE RUN; passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. Trains respectively. The 4.30 p.m., London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and passengers will be conveyed by the 5.0 p.m. train, except those for Market Harboro', Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., who must travel by the 3.0 p.m. train from Euston. The 8.10 p.m., Euston to Tring, will not run. Numerous residential trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run.

The Up and Down Dining Saloons between London, Liverpool, and Manchester, will not be run on Bank Holiday, but the Corridor Dining Car trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, December, 1895.

LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON

(EUSTON, BROAD STREET, AND KENSINGTON.)

On DECEMBER 19th, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Thurles, Galway, Sligo, and other places in the South and West of Ireland. To Return within 16 days.

On DECEMBER 20th, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, Enniskillen, Warren Point, Dundalk, Newry, and other places in the North of Ireland. To Return within 16 days.

On DECEMBER 21st, to Londonderry, via Fleetwood, Liverpool, or Morecambe, and thence by Steamer direct. To Return within 16 days.

On DECEMBER 24th (EVENING) to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, Stirling, Inverness, &c. For 3 and 7 days.

To Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Warwick, Wolverhampton and South Staffordshire Stations, Holyhead, Bangor, Carnarvon, Llandudno Junction, Rhyl, Chester, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, and the Cambrian Line, Rugby, Nuneaton, Leicester, Tamworth, Lichfield, Stafford, Crewe, Macclesfield, Stoke, Ashton, Manchester, Oldham, Staleybridge, Stockport, Liverpool, Warrington, Preston, Lancaster, Carnforth, Windermere, the English Lake District, and the Furness Line, &c. For 3 and 5 days.

On DECEMBER 31st, † to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, Stirling, Inverness, &c. For 3 and 8 days.

† By the Excursion Trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North of Scotland on December 24th and 31st, Passengers can also obtain Third Class Tickets at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY, available to return by one fixed Ordinary Train on any day up to January 8th and 15th respectively.

On DECEMBER 24th and 31st, to Leamington, Warwick, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Malvern, Church Stretton, Llandrindod Llangammarch, and Llanwrtyd Wells. For 3 or 4 days.

For Times, fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations, Parcels Receiving Offices, and of Messrs. Gaze & Sons, Ltd., 142, Strand.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, Dec., 1895.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

On TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24th, for three or seven days, and on Tuesday, December 31st, for three or eight days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 9.19, Victoria (L.C. & D.) 8.3, Moorgate Street 8.47, Aldersgate Street 8.49, and Farringdon Street at 8.51 p.m.

RETURN TICKETS at a THIRD CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the train on December 24th to the places mentioned, available for return on any day up to January 8th, 1896, and by the train on December 31st, available for return on any day up to January 15th, 1896.

GENERAL EXCURSION.

On TUESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 24th, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Lake District, &c., returning December 26th or 28th.

IRELAND.

These will also be cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, BELFAST, Londonderry, and Portrush. For particulars see bills.

NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR THE ISSUE OF CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS.

The CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS issued on Fridays and Saturdays during the Winter, available for return on Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, WILL BE ISSUED on TUESDAYS, DECEMBER 24th and 31st for the Christmas and New Year Holidays, available for return on the following Thursday or Friday after date of issue.

Tickets and bills may be had at the Midland Stations and City Booking Offices; and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branch offices.

GEO. H. TURNER,

Derby, December, 1895.

General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

On December 18th, and during the week preceding Christmas Day, CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS available on December 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th or 25th, and for return up to December 30th inclusive, will be issued from Paddington, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, TORQUAY, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, YEOVIL, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c.; and on December 23rd and 24th only, to GUERNSEY and JERSEY, to return within 14 days. Fare 25s. The tickets will be available by all trains.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will leave Paddington Station as under:—

Tuesday Night, December 24th, 11.10 p.m. for Bath and Bristol, returning Thursday Night, December 26th.

11.35 p.m. for Oxford, Chipping Norton, Evesham, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, &c., returning Thursday Night, December 26th, or Saturday, December 28th.

12.30 Midnight for Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelli, Llandilo, Carmarthen Junction, Haverfordwest, New Milford, &c., returning Thursday Night, December 26th.

12.40 Midnight for Cirencester, Stroud, Stonehouse, Gloucester, and Cheltenham, returning Thursday Night, December 26th.

Tickets, Pamphlets, and full particulars of alterations in ordinary train arrangements can be obtained at the Company's Stations and usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

IN THE VAN OF ART.

A TALK WITH THE ARTIST.

It was in the smoking-room of a hotel in the very heart of Wales that I first met him. In such a hotel, at such a season, there are but two classes of men—the men who fish, and the men who paint. He was obviously one of the men who paint. In London the artist has long ago abandoned the outward visible signs of his calling, and dresses like a bank clerk. But my new acquaintance was betrayed not only by his speech, but by the not unpleasant disorder of his dress—the easy luxuriance of his tie, his flannel shirt with turn-down collar, his boots, on which Day and Martin had never shone. If anything were wanting to confirm this first impression, it was supplied by the right-hand lapel of his coat, which was decorated with smears of paint, and his thumb, with which he gesticulated in a manner which you may have noticed is a sort of masonic sign among artists. Dropping insensibly into the conversation, as is the fashion in smoking-rooms, I gathered that he knew every inch of the surrounding country. He had been living in the neighbourhood, I learned, since the early spring; had been painting hard all the time, and found that there still remained much to paint. He had much to say concerning the absurdity of trying to paint landscapes in a London studio from half-forgotten sketches and studies, and was enthusiastic about the “return to nature.” His enthusiasm interested me, and before we parted I had promised to come and see his pictures. It was easy enough to find his place, he said. You only had to walk along the road which he described until you saw it. You couldn’t miss it, for there was nothing else with a roof on it for miles.

So next morning I went forth in quest of the artist. After walking for some miles I began to think I must have struck the wrong road, for there was no sign of human habitation—only the bare hills towering on my right, and a stream which ran noisily through a deep ravine on my left. A sudden turn of the path, however, brought me face to face with a sort of gipsy van, which stood in the shelter of a huge boulder on the very edge of the ravine. The door was wide open, and a glance at the interior showed me that it was not the home of gipsies. It was the home of the artist.

Upon the floor was a bit of carpet; round the sides were canvases, leaning against the walls, some finished pictures, others in various states of advancement. The walls were hung with embroidered stuffs. There were also visible a stove, a sofa, and a banjo, besides scattered colour-tubes, brushes, pipes, match-boxes, and other necessities. At the further end was a curtained recess, but the curtains were parted sufficiently for me to see a long wooden chest, upon which I inferred the artist slept, and above it a shelf full of books. There was a fire in the stove, and upon it a simmering pot, whence I concluded that the artist was not far away. So I sat down upon a rock to wait for him.

In a few minutes he came struggling up through the rocks and bushes which bordered the ravine, his paint-box slung over his shoulders, a canvas in one hand, and a bundle of sticks in the other. His dress was even more elementary than it had been the evening before, for he had no coat, and upon his feet were sandals instead of shoes. And yet I never saw anyone look more thoroughly comfortable, healthy, and happy.

“Ah! you’ve found the studio,” he said, unslinging his paint-box and holding out his hand. “Now come inside, and I’ll show you how to live happily on next to nothing a year.”

We climbed into the van. The arrangements inside

reminded one of those “travellers’ companions,” which are writing-desks, medicine-chests, tool-boxes, and several other things, according to the compartment you happen to hit upon. For here, upon four wheels, were studio, bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, library, wine-cellar, and linen-closet, all dovetailed into one another so nicely that you could lie in bed and put one arm into the library and the other into the kitchen at the same time.

“And you live here entirely?” I asked, when he had looked over the pictures.

“Winter and summer; only in winter I generally find a warmer corner than this.. Last winter I was up in Derbyshire; this winter I am thinking of settling down at Conway. You see, I’m not tied in the least. When I want to move I just hire a horse and start, and when I see a place I like, I stop. Simple, isn’t it?”

“You have no difficulty in finding a pitch?”

“None at all. Of course, I always ask leave from the owner of the land, but he never refuses. You see, I’m quite harmless, and I generally give him a sketch of his house. You’ve no idea how people like to have a sketch of their house, done from the front, carriage-drive and all.”

“Do you stay long in one place?”

“Well, I’ve been here for about five months. You see, my idea is that you must soak yourself in the spirit of a scene before you can express it on canvas or paper, or anyhow. An artist isn’t a snapshot photographer. He wants more than the husk.”

“What made you think of living in a van?”

“Well, I got dissatisfied with London. I wanted to be independent. Now, in London you have to keep up a studio, and a dress suit, and all that sort of thing. Consequently, you have to paint pot-boilers to pay your landlord and your tailor. That is the death of artistic feeling and effort. It struck me that, by living as far as possible according to Nature, I should get a closer grip of Nature, and, besides that, cut myself free from the necessity of money-making. One day I came across a travelling photographer who had a van—this van. Business was bad with him, and he offered me his van for a mere song. I bought it, fitted it up like this, and have lived in it ever since. I wouldn’t live in a house for anything now.”

“But there must be a good many discomforts in living like this?” I suggested.

“I daresay,” replied the artist, “that I do without a great many things which you regard as necessities. It seemed a little strange at first, I confess, to live in the open and do everything for myself. But it doesn’t take long to shake off artificial wants. There are surprisingly few things that you really require for health and happiness. I am quite indifferent to the weather now. Sunshine and rain and snow all have their special beauty, and I welcome them all. I have no anxieties as to living. If I happen on a butcher driving along in his cart, and I take a fancy to a joint, I buy it and cook it. If nothing better comes along, I live on bread and fruit and rice.”

“You don’t bother yourself about newspapers, and elections, and foreign complications, and so forth?”

“I never see a newspaper, except when the baker wraps up my loaf in a back number of the local journal.”

“And what do the country people think of you? Do you have any trouble with them?”

“None at all. They generally think that anyone who goes about in a van must be something in the fortune-telling line. Only yesterday a couple of Welsh girls turned up here and wanted me to tell their fortunes. But, when they discover I’m not a gipsy, they conclude I’m a sort of lunatic, and leave me alone.”

And then we fell to inspecting the contents of the *pot-au-feu*, which simmered invitingly.

There are two ways to contentment. You must either get all you want or want only what you can get. It seems to me that the artist has found the latter way.

THE MARVELLOUS SIGHT OF ANIMALS.

BIRDS are commonly credited with an extraordinary range of vision. Circumstances lend aid to the development of the mental factors in their case. The usual distance at which terrestrial species use their eyes is limited by the ground horizon. But in the case of the soaring birds, such as vultures and eagles, the horizon—the natural limit of sight—is enormously extended. Macgillivray early noted that, though birds of prey have orbits of great size—the eyeball of the common buzzard being one and one-eighth inches in diameter—they do not, as a rule, soar when seeking their prey. The eagle, when hunting, flies low, just as do the sparrow-hawk and the hen-harrier.

Yet the vultures and condors, birds which admittedly do soar when seeking food, have been proved to find carrion by sight. A carcass was covered with canvas and some offal placed upon it. The vultures saw this, descended, and ate it, and then sat on the covered portion within a few inches of the putrid carcass. When a hole was made in the covering they saw and attacked the food below. But the rapid congregation of vultures from a distance to a carcass is probably due to their watching their neighbours, each of which is surveying a limited area. Charles Darwin pointed out that in a level country the height of sky commonly noticed by a mounted man is not more than fifteen degrees above the horizon; and a vulture on the wing, at the height of between three thousand feet and four thousand feet, would probably be two miles distant, and invisible. Those which descend rapidly, and appear to have come from beyond the range of human sight, were perhaps hovering vertically over the hunter when he killed his game.

There remains one undoubted instance in which bird-vision is far keener than that of man. The great grey shrike is habitually used by the men who catch falcons at Valhenswaard to give notice of the approach of a hawk. The birds see it far sooner than the men, and at once gives notice of its approach. This is a single instance in which the specialised acuteness of sight may be due to the fact that the bird in question much resembles in colour the pigeons, which are the falcon's favourite food. But long sight does not seem a common property of bird-vision. The gannets, which catch fish at sea, descend from a considerable height, but they kill their prey on the surface of the water, or near it. Nocturnal birds and animals, though able to see with little light, have no enhanced powers when the light is more powerful; and those animals which, like deer, feed by night and day indifferently, have only developed a keenness of vision from constant fear and vigilance. Horses and cattle, which have the same power of sight by night, have never increased their visual range. Dogs habitually rely on another sense—that of scent—in preference to their eyes, and will walk over a dead bird while their brain is intent on discovering its place by scent alone. Weasels, when hunting, will run up to a human being who imitates the squeak of a rabbit and peer up at him to discover where the sound comes from. The smallness of the eye limits its powers, just as the best telescope has usually the largest object-glass, so the largest eye will probably be the best organ of sight; and, in the absence of any extraordinary developments in the size of the organ itself in animals, their power of vision must, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, be supposed to be proportionately limited.

"TO-DAY,"

JANUARY 4th, 1896,

Will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled

"RAFAEL,"

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY announce that the Ticket Offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, December 16th, to Monday, December 23rd, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the London and North-Western Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the train. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the various town receiving-offices of the company. The ordinary service of express and mail trains will be supplemented by additional express trains as named below:—On Tuesday, December 24th, a special train will leave Willesden Junction at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal stations on the Trent Valley line and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from London (Euston). The 4.30 p.m., Euston to Birmingham, will be divided—the first portion will run express to Coventry and Birmingham, and leave Euston at 4.25 p.m.; the second portion of the train will leave Euston at 4.30 p.m. as usual, and convey passengers for Northampton, Market Harboro', Melton Mowbray, Wellingboro', Rugby, Coventry, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, and Wolverhampton. The night Irish mail, due to leave Euston 8.20 p.m., will not leave until 9.5 p.m. The mail steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the train at Holyhead. The 12.0 night train from London (Euston), due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Wednesday, December 25th, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week days. On Christmas Day a Special Train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Ireland, Lancaster, Preston, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. The ordinary Sunday service of trains will be in operation. On Bank Holiday, Thursday, December 26th, the Express Trains usually leaving London (Euston) at 12.0 noon and 4.0 p.m. will not be run, passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. trains respectively. The 4.30 p.m., London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and passengers will be conveyed by the 5.0 p.m. train, except those for Market Harboro', Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, etc., who will travel by the 3.0 p.m. train from Euston. The 8.10 p.m., Euston to Tring, will not be run.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY, to prevent inconvenience and crowding, have arranged for the booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street stations to be open for the issue of tickets all day on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, December 21st, 22nd, and 24th, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway can be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's City and Suburban Offices. Cheap Excursion Trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc. On Tuesday, December 24th, for three or seven days, and December 31st for three or eight days, by which return tickets will be issued at a third class single fare for the double journey. The single fare tickets issued on December 24th will be available for returning on any day up to and including January 8th, 1896, and Single Fare Tickets taken on December 31st will be available for returning any day up to and including January 15th, 1896. Cheap Excursion Trains will also be run from London (St. Pancras) on Tuesday night, December 24th, to Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Manchester, Liverpool, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, York, Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Lake District, etc., returning December 26th or 28th. Cheap Excursion Tickets will be issued from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations on Thursday, December 19th, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, etc., via Liverpool, available for sixteen days, on Monday, December 23rd, to Dublin, etc., via Morecambe, available for returning on December 28th or 31st and January 2nd, 4th or 7th, 1896; on Friday, December 27th, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, etc., via Barrow or via Liverpool, available for sixteen days; and on Saturday, December 21st, to Londonderry, via Morecambe or via Liverpool, available for returning December 30th or January 2nd, via Morecambe, and on December 28th, 31st, January 1st or 4th, via Liverpool. Cheap Excursion Tickets will be issued from St. Pancras to Southend-on-Sea, Shoeburyness, and Malvern, on Tuesday, December 24th, available for return on the following Thursday and Friday. On Christmas Day Cheap Day Excursion Tickets will be issued to Southend-on-Sea, from St. Pancras, Kentish Town, Walthamstow, Leytonstone, and stations on the Tottenham and Forest Gate Joint Line. On Christmas Day the trains will run as appointed for Sundays, except the Newspaper Express, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 5.15 a.m., which will run to Bedford, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on ordinary weekdays. On Thursday, December 26th, certain booked trains will be discontinued, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

For the benefit of those who like to take their Christmas holidays as quietly as possible the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY will issue tickets at their City and West End offices. The Booking Office at Paddington Station will be open all day for the issue of tickets on December 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23rd and 24th. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between December 18th and 24th will be available for use on any day between and including those days. With regard to the train service, cheap excursions will be run from Paddington on Tuesday night, December 24th as follows:—At 11.10 p.m. for Bath and Bristol; at 11.35 p.m. for Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, Banbury, Leamington, Warwick, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, etc., at 12.30 midnight for Newport, Cardiff, New Milford, etc., and at 12.40 midnight for Gloucester, Cheltenham, etc. On the same evening the 5.0 p.m. and 12.15 (midnight) trains from Paddington to Plymouth will be extended to Falmouth and Penzance; and the 7.0 p.m. train from Paddington to Weston will run to Exeter. A special will leave Paddington at 10.0 p.m. for New Milford, and will call at the same stations as the 9.15 p.m. ordinary train. A special express to Reading, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, etc., will depart at 11.50 p.m. The usual Sunday service of trains will run on Christmas day, but for the convenience of persons who are unable to leave town before the morning of Christmas day, the 5.30 a.m. from Paddington will run as on week days to Oxford, Bristol, Weston-Super-Mare, Worcester, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Dudley and Wolverhampton.

LOANS granted on Short Term Insurance Policies. Reversions bought. Correspondence invited. Distance no object.—Walker & Son, Midland Chambers, Nottingham.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (250 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 136, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

WANTED to BUY, Old Life Insurance Bonus Policies at prices exceeding the Office surrender value.—Apply J. L. SHERRIN, 40, Old Broad St., London.

ADVICE FREE. To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

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The Subscription List will open on Tuesday, the 17th instant, and close on or before Thursday, the 19th inst., for London, and on Friday, the 20th inst., for the Country.

Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Co. are authorised by the Directors to receive Subscriptions for the undermentioned Capital.

THE CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of shareholders is limited.

SHARE CAPITAL - - - - - £250,000,

DIVIDED INTO

30,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

PRESENT ISSUE OF 21,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, payable 10s. on application, £1 on allotment, £1 10s. one month after allotment, £2 two months after allotment.

The balance of the Preference Shares (£45,000) is reserved for issue by the Directors (if required).

DIRECTORS.

The Rt. Hon. the EARL of KILMOREY, K.P. (Chairman), 5, Aldford-street, Park-lane, W.
Major-General G. F. KAYE, 67, Gunterstone-road, W.
WILLIAM LONSDALE, Esq., Hutton Roof, Eastbourne.
CHAS. F. MASSINGBERD-MUNDY, Esq., J.P., D.L., Ormsby Hall, Alford.
CLAUDE ARTHUR PAGET, Esq., Crowe Hall, Ipswich.
THE LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY (LIMITED) are entitled to nominate a Director after allotment.
BANKERS.—Messrs. Brown, Janson and Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, E.C.
ARCHITECT.—Walter Emden, Esq., 105 and 106, Strand, W.C.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Romer and Haslam, 4, Copthall-chambers, E.C.
AUDITORS.—Messrs. Ward and Wilding, Chartered Accountants, Clement's Inn, W.C.
SECRETARY AND OFFICES (*pro tem.*).—Mr. H. E. Winter, 1, Northumberland-avenue, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, under lease direct from the Crown, and under exceptionally favourable circumstances, the well-known and exceedingly valuable building site, situate at the corner of the Haymarket, lately occupied by Her Majesty's Theatre and other buildings, and for utilising the same by the erection of—

- (1).—An Opera House;
- (2).—A number of handsome and imposing Shops;
- (3).—Chambers of a very superior character;
- (4).—A fine and luxuriously-appointed Restaurant.

It has been proposed that a portion of the premises shall be set apart as a Club—to be called the Opera Club—the Committee of which will be elected from members of the Directorates of the Imperial Opera Company (Limited), mentioned below, and of this Company.

Plans for the erection of these buildings have been prepared by the eminent architect Mr. Walter Emden, whose long experience and recognised professional ability fully qualify him to deal with an important undertaking of this description.

The site in question comprises an area of nearly one acre, and is situated in one of the most advantageous positions in the world, having unrivalled frontages to Pall Mall, the Haymarket, Charles-street, and the Opera Arcade, as shown by the proposed ground plan accompanying the prospectus. It will be held direct from the Crown for a term of eighty years, commencing October, 1890, at the unusually low ground rent of £4,200 per annum.

The following figures show the price of land and ground rents paid in the locality of the Haymarket:—

		Per foot.
Hotel Victoria ...	Northumberland Avenue	For the fee, £9 to £10.
Grand Hotel ...	Ditto	Groundrent, 9s. 6d. per ann.
Land in	Pall Mall	" " 8s. 7½d. "
SITE SECURED BY THIS COMPANY... (Nearly 1 acre)	Haymarket & Pall Mall	" " 1s. 11d. "

The new Opera House will be in every respect more commodious than any theatre in the Metropolis. It will provide seats for about 2,800 persons, and every arrangement is being made to render it attractive to the public, and will be sublet to the Imperial Opera Company (Limited) for the whole term, less the last ten days thereof, at a rental of £9,000 per annum.

The Directorate of the Imperial Opera Company (Limited) (as will be seen from the Prospectus shortly to be issued) is composed of noblemen and gentlemen of position, and the names of those who have already consented to become patrons and patronesses are sufficient indication of the wide-spread support which the enterprise will receive in influential quarters. All circumstances point to the successful realisation of the project which is to give to London one of the finest Opera Houses in the World.

The subjoined calculations are based upon the careful estimates of the Architect, but it should be borne in mind that the rentals assessed upon the Shops, Chambers, &c., are believed to be below the amount paid for neighbouring properties of a similar description. With regard to the Restaurant, the estimated rental of £5,000 is moderate, inasmuch as an offer has been made by a celebrated catering firm to take the premises on a long lease, at a rental based on a percentage of the gross takings, the guaranteed minimum being considerably in excess of £5,000. The Directors are of opinion that not only can the proposed percentage be increased before a contract is signed, but that in course of time the turnover will largely exceed the present estimate. They therefore have every reason to believe that the gross income, as set out in the next paragraph, in a few years' time be much increased.

The estimated sources of the Company's revenue when the whole building scheme is completed may be thus summarised:—

Rent of Imperial Opera House	£9,000
" Shops in Pall (8) at £500	£4,000
" Haymarket (8) at £350	2,800
" Arcades (32) at £140	4,480
" Restaurant	5,000
" Club and Chambers... ..	7,000
	32,280
Less Ground Rent	4,200
Interest on Debentures, £200,000 at 4 per cent.	8,000
	12,200

Leaving £20,080

The revenue above mentioned would enable the Directors to declare a dividend of 6 per cent. upon the Preference Capital now issued, and 8 per cent. upon the Ordinary Share Capital, after making ample allowance for expenses of administration, reserve fund, mortgage insurance premium, amortization, &c.

The arrangements with the Vendor are embodied in the Provisional Contract (2) below mentioned, and the funds (£400,000) to satisfy the requirements of that contract will be provided as to £260,000 out of the proceeds of the present issue, and as to the balance on mortgages guaranteed by the Law Guarantee and Trust Society (Limited), which have already been arranged, and which will be subsequently cleared off by the issue of Debentures. The Directors have satisfied themselves that the price to be paid to the vendor is reasonable, especially having regard to two valuations of the land which were made a short time ago by two of the most eminent London surveyors.

A small portion of the site facing Pall Mall is now occupied by a shop and appurtenances, the lease of which expires in 1912. The other buildings in Pall Mall will either be renovated and relet until then or until a surrender of the lease referred to, or liberty to rebuild shall have been obtained, as may seem expedient.

The Vendor undertakes:—

- (1) To deliver to the Company the complete buildings in accordance with the final Plans and Specifications of the Company's Architect, and to procure the transfer to the Company of the Lease referred to when acquired.
- (2) To pay the Architect's fees.
- (3) To pay the Ground Rent until 29th September, 1896.
- (4) To pay the mortgage or Debenture Interest until 29th September, 1896, by which time it is expected the buildings or the greater part will have been handed over to the Company, as provided in the Building Contract.
- (5) To pay all expenses of the promotion and formation, including advertising, printing, &c., up to the date of allotment.

The arrangements have been designed with a view to leaving £50,000 in cash and Preference Shares for the provision of the working capital of the Company; but in the circumstances it will be seen that little or no working capital will be required.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz.:—

- (1) Contract between the Law Guarantee and Trust Society, Limited, of the one part, and Herbert Parry Okeden, of the other part, dated the 31st day of October, 1895.
- (2) Provisional contract between Herbert Parry Okeden, the vendor, who is a promoter of the Company, of the one part, and Harry E. Winter, as Trustee for and on behalf of this Company, of the other part, dated the 26th day of November, 1895; and a further Provisional Contract supplemental thereto and made between the same parties dated the 11th day of December, 1895.
- (3) Provisional contract between Herbert Parry Okeden, of the one part, and Messrs. Perry and Co., of the other part, dated the 11th day of December, 1895, for the construction of the works.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the above-mentioned Contracts, together with a plan of the site, may be inspected at the offices of the Company, where also the plans and estimates may be seen. Various other Contracts have been entered into by the Vendor in relation to the formation and promotion of the Company. Applicants are to be deemed to have notice of such Contracts, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors and any other persons liable to waive any claim they may have for not more fully complying with the requirements of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

It is intended to apply in due course for a Stock Exchange quotation, and to change the name of the Company slightly, so as to indicate the situation of the property to be acquired.

Applications for Shares should be made on the enclosed forms and sent to the Bankers of the Company, with a remittance of the amount payable on application. In cases where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for the surplus amount paid as deposit on such Shares will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment. In cases where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the offices of the Company, and at the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Auditors.

Dated 13th December, 1895.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

The CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY (Limited).

Issue of 21,000 6 Per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

To the Directors of THE CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY (LIMITED).

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being the deposit of 10s per Share due on application for Ordinary Shares of £5 each in the above-named Company,

I hereby request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount allotted to me, and I agree to pay the instalments thereon, as required in the terms of the Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register in respect of such Shares, and I declare that I waive any fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, than that contained in such Prospectus. In the event of my receiving no allotment, the amount to be returned in full.

Ordinary Signature
Name (in full)
Description
Address
Date 1895.

If desirous of paying up in full on allotment, sign also here

IN THE CITY.

THE NORTH QUEENSLAND MINES AGENCY.

LAST week we published some correspondence between this agency and one of its shareholders. Our correspondent, the shareholder, complained that he had been induced by the recommendation of the Agency to apply for shares in the King Solomon's Mines, that the Agency had afterwards promised to get his money back for him, but that after some correspondence he could neither get the promise fulfilled nor any further reply from the Agency. We suggested that the Agency might give an explanation, and we have since received the following letter:—

North Queensland Mines Agency, Limited,
Metropolitan Chambers, New Broad Street,
London, E.C., 12th December, 1895.

SIR,—Our attention has been called to a paragraph in your last issue containing copies of two letters from Mr. A. L. B. Kerr, secretary, and one from Mr. A. W. Stormont, trustee, to Mr. ——. As this last named gentleman says that he cannot get any answer to his letters, I beg you to insert the following letter in your next issue, written by Mr. Stormont, and posted to Mr. —, under date 29th November, 1895.

Mr. — is a shareholder in our company, and as such we, though in no way responsible in the matter, shall not relax our endeavours to obtain for him a return of his money.

Your faithfully,
For North Queensland Mines Agency, Limited,
ARTHUR L. B. KERR, Secretary.

The letter referred to is as below:—

North Queensland Mines Agency,
Metropolitan Chambers, New Broad Street,
London, E.C., 29th November, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your last two letters, dated November 15th and November 26th, we are sorry we have been unable to answer them before, but owing to the absence of Mr. Higgs (of Messrs. Limbury, Higgs and Co.), who is in Paris, we have not been able to give the information you require.

Much as we regret the trouble you have had in the matter of the King Solomon Mine, we must take exception to the tone of your letters. We would point out that we are under no obligation to take up the cudgels on your behalf, and that had you sent your application to us, as all the other shareholders did (and the subscription amounted to a very large sum of money), we should have protected you, as we did other applicants, and have returned your money direct. As you will easily understand, it is necessary before paying over money to a company, like the King Solomon when it is being formed, to see that all the conditions of the contract are fulfilled, and as such was not the case, we could only withdraw from the business, and return the applicants their money.

We still think we can arrange this matter for you, and have written to Mr. Higgs on the subject, and have no doubt we shall hear from him in a few days, when we will communicate with you again.

Yours faithfully,

STORMONT AND TODD,
London Agents, North Queensland Mines Agency, Limited.

Having given our correspondent the opportunity of seeing the above letters he writes us:—

I am obliged by yours enclosing copy letter of 29th November, which I return. This reply reached me after I sent the correspondence to *To-Day*, and I should mention that I wrote North Q. M. A. on November 15th, saying that as I could get no reply to my letters I should take proceedings to recover, and demanding names of the director and solicitor whom they mentioned as promising to return the money. You will see there is a gap from August 24th (I think) to November 29th, during which period I continually wrote without getting any reply.

The correspondence as published in *To-Day* contains a distinct promise to repay my money. This last letter is rather late in the day to say they are not bound to take up cudgels in my behalf.

AN IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR.

In our last issue we referred to an advertisement that had appeared in a Cardiff paper, inserted by a Mr. George Hopkins, and which invited the public to subscribe, and to send him, somewhere in Colorado, "£12,000 in English money" for the purpose of purchasing twelve Gold Claims, and erecting works. In addition to this £12,000, Mr. George Hopkins invited smaller folk to send him sums of £100, promising £100 for the loan of each £100 for twelve months. Among the promises made by Mr. George Hopkins with the object of obtaining money from the public were the following:—

1. For the loan of £2,000 for six months, "six months' net profit of works (over £100,000)."
2. To "take shares at par £250,000 in a company with a capital of £500,000."
3. A profit of £350,000 to the persons who advanced the original £12,000.
4. A promise of £100 for every £100 borrowed.

The person who made these offers, and others similar to them, recently failed in business at Cardiff, and we described the man who, dating from Cripple Creek, Colorado, asked for money on the strength of the promises described above, as "an impudent impostor." A Cardiff correspondent, Mr. R. R. Alward, of Mount Pleasant Farm, Cardiff, takes exception to this description, and asks us to publish the subjoined letter which, though overlong for our columns, we print:—

As a neighbour of some years standing, and friend of Mr. George Hopkins, I cannot allow the uncalculated remarks in your journal to pass without contradiction *in toto*.

Whoever your correspondent is he knows nothing, evidently, either of the man or of the facts, for, notwithstanding Mr. Hopkins' failure to designate him as you do as an "impudent impostor," is proof positive that you too are mis-informed. He was for many years without

exception the most successful provision merchant in the town of Cardiff, a member of the Town Council, and highly respected by a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He could at one period have retired from business with a very ample fortune had he elected to do so, but, subsequently very heavy investments in shipping, of which he practically knew little or nothing, brought about a change in his financial position, and finally ruined him.

Perhaps no better refutation of your unjustifiable remarks could be found than the following:—

First, the steam bakery you refer to, and which you so accurately locate, happens to be in Cardiff and not in the United States, and the money for it was found by friends locally, some of whom were creditors and who sympathised with Mr. Hopkins in his unfortunate position.

Secondly, Mr. Hopkins is not an undischarged bankrupt. He remained here until he obtained his discharge.

Thirdly, and most conclusively, the money Mr. Hopkins asks for has been found and cabled to him.

This would most certainly not have been the case had Mr. Hopkins' character been anything approaching what the fancy of your voracious correspondent has painted it. I have no doubt that when Mr. Hopkins sees (as he will see) a copy of your issue of the 14th inst. he will take steps to obtain an apology, which is certainly due to him, to say the least of it, and which I am perfectly sure he will take good care to have.

I think I may count upon your inserting this letter, this being consistent with the sense of fairness and justice you pride yourself upon.

According to Mr. Alward, Mr. Hopkins got into the Bankruptcy Court owing to "very heavy investments in shipping, of which he practically knew little or nothing." That is a description which would apply to his new rôle of Colorado miner, with this difference—that, whilst he made himself, according to his friend, bankrupt through shipping speculations, he may well make men who do all he invites them to do in his advertisement bankrupt through his mining speculations.

Our correspondent thinks that the best proof of the injustice of our remarks is to be found in the fact that Mr. Hopkins has got the money he asked for. It is a view of the matter that may commend itself to the ingenuous, but hardly to those who know the weakness of the Britisher for wild cat schemes.

If it be true that Mr. Hopkins obtained his discharge before he went to Colorado—and as to that, if we were in error in saying that he had not got his discharge, we were misled by very precise statements—we have only at present to say that if the statement was erroneous, we shall withdraw it. For the rest, whatever Mr. Alward may think, we shall remain of the opinion, and shall say, that a man who, placed as Mr. Hopkins is, makes such statements and offers as those to which we have directed attention, is—an impudent impostor.

THE ROYAL LONDON INVESTMENT BANK

We are accustomed in these days to find many doubtful concerns dubbed "Bank," but we do not recall any instance of a more impudent misuse of the word than in applying it to the concern with the title given above. We learn from an egregious circular that has been sent to us that, "the above-named bank is amalgamated with the 'Egremont' Loan Society, an enterprise founded April 28th, 1890, which has been, and is, conducted on the highest principles of strict honour and integrity." The founder of this precious concern is one Wyndham, "Florance Wyndham," who describes himself as "an experienced man of business whose character and respectability is open to the strictest investigation whether from private enquiry agencies, or trade protection Societies." This "experienced man of business" is not, as he assures us, "actuated by sordid money-making proclivities." No, Mr. Florance Wyndham is much too noble a man to give a second thought to filthy lucre. On the contrary—we are quoting from the man's circular—"he is a person of most independent means, and has a private account with a balance of never less than £100 lying to his credit at the Bank of England." Fancy that! £100, and at the Bank of England, too! Who after this shall say that Mr. Florance Wyndham is not what he claims to be—a man of "standing in the City of London"?

And what is the kind of business done by the Royal London Investment Bank? So far as Mr. Wyndham's explanation allows us to answer the question it is the purchase by him of Foreign Government Bonds, much the same kind of business as that carried on by our old friends Cunliffe, Russell and Co. But what about the loan office? The Chief Constable of a great town has been good enough to send us one of a bundle of prospectuses sent him by Wyndham, and addressed "The Superintendent of the Police ——"! This man with the £100 balance at the Bank of England must be a funny fellow. Have any of our readers had dealings with him? The address of the "Bank" is 42, Charlwood Street West, South Belgravia, London, S.W.

WEST AUSTRALIAN REGISTRATIONS.

The shrinkage in West Australian mining registrations will be seen in the figures given below. The 68 companies of August, with a capital of £7,019,610, dwindled in November to 27, with a capital of £2,834,300:—

Month.	1894.		1895.	
	Number of Companies.	Aggregate Capital. £	Number of Companies.	Aggregate Capital. £
January ...	—	—	13	1,347,000
February ...	—	—	25	1,448,700
March ...	3	65,550	23	2,012,002
April ...	8	189,000	12	1,163,600
May ...	3	102,500	21	1,917,100
June ...	4	355,000	15	1,465,200
July ...	2	91,500	32	2,856,003
August ...	2	70,000	68	7,019,610
September ...	13	821,000	62	7,146,000
October ...	36	2,384,800	50	6,434,400
November ...	20	2,115,107	27	2,834,300
December ...	8	1,170,000	—	—
Totals ...	99	£7,364,457	348	£35,645,915

We are not likely to see much revival until February; but then there ought to be something like a boom—if crushings are favourable.

INCOME TAX ANOMALIES.

The Income Tax Adjustment Agency gives the following illustration of the injustice of the present law as it relates to income tax:—

A trader carrying on an identical business in two shops in the same thoroughfare, separately assessed, and being in different districts for income-tax purposes, did not make anything like the amount of profit at which he had been assessed and paid tax upon for 1894-5, and, had he given notice of appeal early in the year, would have been entitled, without doubt, to repayment of the tax overpaid. As it was he did nothing until he received notices of charge for 1895-96. We then appealed for him with the result that the assessment for 1895-96 was in each case reduced to the figures shown in the accounts submitted. With regard to the claims for repayment, the Commissioners for one district allowed it, but the Commissioners for the other disallowed the repayment on the ground that the claim should have been made early in the year, although the circumstances were in each case precisely the same.

There can be no doubt that the law as it stands works great injustice.

THE COOLGARDIE WATER SCHEME.

THE great want of the Westralian Gold fields is water. In some districts there is a supply which is more or less sufficient, but in Coolgardie it is utterly inadequate. The latest reports speak of heavy rains, but for a considerable time past some of the chief mines have been, if not shut down, almost shut down for want of water. Water, therefore, must be got in one way or another, and great pressure has been put upon the Government at Perth to order, without delay, the necessary surveys and experiments. This pressure has borne fruit, and some time ago it was announced that the Premier, Sir John Forrest, who has been visiting Coolgardie, had intimated that the Government had ordered boring to a depth of 3,000 feet, and if that does not furnish a sufficient supply, Ministers are prepared with a scheme for bringing water from the coast. Estimates and plans have already been prepared, and it is in contemplation to procure a supply of 10,000,000 gallons a day at the outlay of £6,000,000 sterling.

The granite formation of Coolgardie makes it very unlikely that boring will give the required supply. But is the other scheme workable? The water can, of course, be brought from the coast. That is simply a question of expenditure. But £6,000,000 for the supply required for Coolgardie alone! That is a pretty big order. If only Coolgardie wanted water it might be managed, but other districts want it too. Can it be provided for the one and withheld from the others? Hardly. And if it is to be supplied to all who want it, who is to pay the piper?

THE SALE OF GALIGNANI.

It was recently announced that at the end of the year *Galignani's Messenger* will disappear from the newspaper world, and will reappear as the *Daily Messenger*. The paper owes its origin to an enterprising Italian bookseller, who, in the stirring days of Napoleon I., thought to make the catalogue of his books the more interesting by publishing a few news notes in it. Napoleon suppressed it, and in the Franco-German war it changed its whereabouts. Old Galignani made a huge fortune out of it, and the well-known Library in the Rue de Rivoli founded a hospital, and did a number of charitable things. The paper is known to City men as being the principal property offered by the Hansard Union in their continental publishing

scheme. Under their management it stood as an exceptionally well informed journal as to the inner workings of the European courts. It blossomed out into an eight page sheet, and was not run with any possibility of profit. The smash of the Hansard Union, and the opposition sprung upon it by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who founded a Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, paralysed the paper for a time, but, with the change of proprietorship a year or so ago, and a vigorous policy, it has gone some little way towards regaining its old position.

NEW ISSUES.

The Crown Lease Proprietary Company, Limited.—This company is formed with a share capital of £250,000, supplemented by a debenture issue of £200,000, for the purpose of acquiring a building site at the corner of the Haymarket—the site of Her Majesty's Theatre that was—for a new opera house. Besides the opera house there are to be shops, chambers, a restaurant, etc. The opera-house is to provide seats for about 2,800 persons, and will be sublet to the Imperial Opera Company at a very substantial profit. Assuming that the Imperial Opera Company makes money, that the shops underneath are let, that the restaurant does well, and that the management of the Crown Lease Proprietary Company is judicious, this rather bold venture should do well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The North Boulder Gold Mining Company, Limited. W. R. J. (Cardiff).—"Reliable and good investment" are hardly the words to apply to a venture of this kind. The shares can be got cheap, and may turn out trumps. It is a toss up. **The British Tube Company.** J. F. (Glasgow).—Certainly not. See what we said about it in our issue of December 7th. The tube trade is brisk just now, but that is not likely to last and, anyway, this issue is not one we can recommend. **Government Stocks.** L. A. M. (Newbury).—India $\frac{3}{4}$ per cents. **Castlemaine Brewery Company.** W. B. (Crewe).—We have not any very full information about this Melbourne business, but we are told it is sound. **The Ramsgate Marina Pier Company.** A. E. R. (Edinburgh).—We should prefer another investment. We do not much like these pier companies. And we do not advise you to take shares in the Tea Company you mention—**Bank.** H. E. K. (Darlington).—Practically, and at present, the Bank appears to have no capital of its own, and assuming that all the shares now offered are taken up it will not have much. Nor do we see very clearly how it makes its profit, but it no doubt meets a want, and your own experience is to its credit. Whether the scheme is commercially sound is a point upon which we should like more evidence. **Grand Trunk Railway** (Southport).—We should be inclined to purchase to equalise. The traffic so far this month are discouraging, but things are likely to mend with the beginning of the year, and the new management. **Mexican Firsts.** AJAX (Brighton).—We should be inclined to hold a little longer, and we give you the same advice with respect to the Trust shares. **Chartered.** G. P. R. (Huyton).—Yes, try and get away. **Simpson Lever Chain.** E. T. P. (Cardiff).—We fear we have not space for the illustration you suggest, but we understand from Mr. Simpson that he intends to act—as we stated in our issue of November 30th—upon the suggestion of our engineering correspondent to which you refer. **Three Shares.** WILTON (Taunton).—We think Welford's worth buying. Do not touch the nitrates, and you might make a better selection than the Mexican securities you name. We do not like things Mexican. There is no quotation for the coal company's shares. The drapery shares are not likely to see much early change in value. We should be inclined to hold the Maxim-Nordenfeldts. **Outside Brokers.** HILANDER (Edinburgh).—The statements in the circulars of outside brokers, whether personal or otherwise, require to be read with the greatest caution, but our information is that the firm in question is among the best. As to employing them for investment business, it is always best to go to a member of the House. **Two Gold Mining Shares.** NORTH (Glasgow).—We do not think the quotation is likely to move much just now. You will find your other question answered under the head of "Insurance." **Smith and Beresford, W. L. E. S.** (Brighton).—We have reason to believe that you are right as to the change of name, but why should we approach these people "with a bold threat of prosecution"? TO-DAY does its best, and thinks it does a good deal, for its readers, but it cannot pretend to take up the cudgels in Courts of Law for every reader who thinks he has a grievance. As to your obliging observation that we are "perfectly welcome to £10 of the £55" if we can get you the £55, we are not speculative solicitors on the look out for a job, and you lack courtesy in addressing us as if we were. **Two Shares.** K. K. (Kearney).—Have nothing to do with either of them. **Various Shares.** Weary Pilgrim (Edinburgh). Hold the Grand Trunks, as we advised last week, for a rise. Adler's Consolidated are good to buy. The price we gave you for Moore and Burgess shares meant shares without further liability. **Cunliffe, Russell and Co. J. M.** (Falkirk). We cannot advise you to buy Combination A, or any other bonds, through this agency, or, for the matter of that, through any other agents.

INSURANCE.

G. W. (Bristol).—That the opinion of a judge is worth no more than that of other men is proved by the frequency with which their judgments are reversed in the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. If the case of which you send us a meagre report had been carried to the House of Lords, it is probable the Judges of the Court of Appeal would have been found to be wrong. The only thing one can be sure of in the administration of the law is, not that justice prevails, but force. We would willingly publish the correspondence if any good would come of it; we are, however, convinced there would be none. It is plain to us that the borrower made a false statement as to his habits, purposely to obtain a loan, and therefore no profit ought to accrue to a third party from the transaction. The office in question is most honourable in the payment of just claims.

T. C.—You will do much better in the English office.

SOCON.—1. Yes, quite sound; but we presume you require at least an average bonus. 2. Insure in this company. It is the best you have named.

NORTH.—(1) We believe it has a good future before it, but it is not probable that it will earn dividends for a year or two.

BILL OF LONG TIMES.—You have made a mistake. We don't believe either in the company or the secretary. What statement in the prospectus induced you take shares?

SUTTONIAN.—It is a good company, and we advise you to remain.

A. M. (Glasgow).—Bonuses must be small where expenses are large. Consider the claims upon your confidence of some other offices.

R. H. H.—We are obliged for your interesting letter, and will bear in mind the information it contains.

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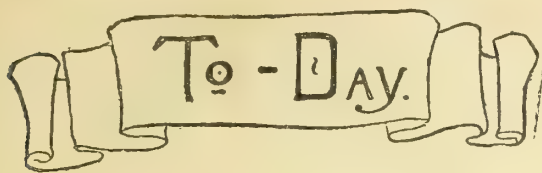
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Is it not time that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, together with some other of its Tory friends, dropped the flippant attitude towards the Armenian question? A light touch in journalism is excellent. Armenians may be very bad Christians, the Turks may not be quite so bad as they are painted by the Radical journals, Lord Salisbury's position may be a difficult one, ill advice may have been given to the Armenians in the first instance. All these things one is prepared to admit, but they do not justify the adoption of a chaffing attitude towards a grave and terrible tragedy. It is easy enough for people in London to feel lightly regarding horrors daily perpetrated a thousand miles away, but we must remember that the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the cruelties of the French Revolution, and the blood of the Indian Mutiny would not, added together, give the ghastly total to be found in the valleys of Armenia at the present moment, and each day the pile of corpses heightens, and its stench grows fouler and fouler, crying to Heaven for vengeance.

Meanwhile Lord Salisbury and his friends make interesting speeches about the concord of the Powers. Sir Philip Currie carries Lord Salisbury's threatening messages, and is laughed from the palace gates, and not until Russia stepped in to interfere, was even the triviality of the guardships settled. Is Lord Salisbury deliberately waiting until the Armenian question has settled itself by the extermination of the Armenians before he takes action? Is England for ever to be trembling at the feet of Russia, too terrified to do its duty for fear of being punished by the Czar? Is this fear of what Russia may do to us in India for ever going to hamper our foreign policy, and to make us ridiculous among nations? England is either strong enough to do her plain duty in Turkey and to protect her possessions in India, or it would be wiser to give them up to a better power.

If we are not strong enough to hold India, then, in Heaven's name, let us go to the Czar, hat in hand, explain to him we are too cowardly and too feeble to maintain our rights, and make him a present of them. Then, perhaps, we shall be able to concentrate our energy upon what is needful. Lord Salisbury in this matter has the country at his back. If Lord Rosebery were shilly-shallying, and smilingly taking insults in the same way, every Tory paper throughout the land would foam at the mouth with virtuous indignation. We are told, until we are tired of hearing it, that Lord Salisbury is a strong man. If strength consists of nothing but masterly inactivity, then a good many men can be strong. There is a difference between being a Jingo and playing the part of a ponderous nonentity. If Lord Salisbury refuses to move for much longer, we shall know it is because he has neither judgment to plan nor daring to execute.

OF course one ought to be very shocked at the case of midwife Eden. She performed an illegal operation on a married woman, who did not desire to become a mother. The operation, clumsily performed, of course, by such a person, resulted in the death of the patient, and the woman Eden was condemned by Justice Day to be hanged. The judge made some noble remarks upon the subject, and various excellent papers have expressed their surprise and indignation that such things "should be possible in a Christian land," etc., etc. I suppose that these good folk are unaware that such operations are as common as can be among the well-to-do classes. Performed by skilful physicians, no danger is incurred by the operation, which is done every day; but the fee is large and the matter is very prettily disguised. Nobody suggests that an illegal operation should be performed. The examination is made by an expert for the purpose of discovering whether the patient is suffering from any disease or not, the result being satisfactory to all parties concerned.

It always amuses me greatly, this virtuous indignation that runs throughout England when something as common as sin is traced to a person who is unable to go about the matter in the customary, but expensive, manner that ensures secrecy and success. We have our monthly club raids in Soho, and the police are greatly praised for their vigour. One or two German sausage manufacturers an ice-cream vendor, and an organ-grinder or two are discovered, actually playing cards for money! The grief and pain of the magistrate is sublime. He commits the miscreants for trial, and they are duly sentenced by a most excellent judge, who, much to his own irritation, has been called away from Ascot to try the case.

I remember a little anecdote told me by a well-known novelist. A leading magistrate had just disposed of one of these club cases. A few cabmen and petty tradesmen had been "raided" in a street off the Seven Dials. The magistrate, having duly committed all the criminals, started to walk to Pall Mall, and met our friend, the novelist, at the corner of the Haymarket. "You are late," said the novelist, as they linked arms and proceeded westward. "Yes," replied the magistrate. "It was that — street case. Another gambling

club raid, you know. It is really terrible the way this gambling spirit is spreading among the people. We shall have to put a stop to it with a firm hand.

The novelist sympathised with him, and together they proceeded to the —— club. "The usual limit?" said the novelist, as a few minutes later they took their seats together at the card table. "Well, I don't know," said the magistrate; "you can't get much fun out of sovereigns, let's make it a fiver." "All right," said the novelist, "I don't mind," but, before he got up, he had lost thirty pounds to that magistrate. The world is full of quiet fun, and one does not have to look far for it.

To return to the case of the woman Eden. The business from her point of view is serious. To talk of making her an example is ridiculous hypocrisy. Prevention, in one form or another, is practised by all the upper classes, and is now as much a recognised custom as marriage itself. Of course, it would be much better for this difficulty of over-population to be faced frankly, but it is always the custom in England to talk cant on such matters. Counsel for the Crown with two children of his own will be eloquent upon the sin of some poverty-stricken woman who has endeavoured to avoid bringing children into the world that she cannot afford to rear.

Eminent judges, who have practised prevention themselves ever since they were married, become speechless with surprise at the immorality of people who have ten children already and wish to avoid an eleventh. In many cases childbirth to a delicate woman means certain death.

Eden was called in at the entreaties of both husband and wife, and urged that any risk was better than practical certainty of death. To call a mishap of this kind—in the present state of civilisation—"murder," is wicked nonsense. If the woman Eden had been hanged it would have been a disgraceful legal murder, made still more disgusting by the lying hypocrisy with which the case has been surrounded. As it is, she has been made a martyr to English hypocrisy.

Robert Cain is a professional footballer. He was brought before the Sheffield magistrates on Friday, November 29th, charged with assaulting a man and his wife. Cain, after leaving a public house, commenced by pushing this man, and, on being remonstrated with, knocked the poor fellow about until he became unconscious. The injured man's wife came to his succour, whereupon Cain struck her an ugly blow on the face, knocking her up against a wall and blacking her eye, and he followed this up by striking her in the mouth with such force as to knock three teeth out. The stalwart "full back" then walked off. I notice that on the day following his appearance before the Bench, the Sheffield United Football Club included him in their team against Preston North End. What a sportsmanlike spirit permeates the Bramall Lane Football Club Committee!

Charles Quin, another professional football player, belonging to the Newcastle United Club, was charged on December 5th at the Newcastle Police Court with assaulting a married woman named Taylor. He followed a woman, trying to get her to go home with

him. As she would not, he struck her about the head until she became insensible. Quin has been six times before the Bench for drunkenness and assaults. He was sentenced to three months with hard labour. Nine *employés* of the Everton Football Club at Liverpool have been charged with fraudulently pocketing gate-money. It is alleged that these frauds have been systematically carried on. I do not for one moment say that all professional football players are brutes and thieves. But I do say that since the wide introduction of professionalism into football an enormous number of blackguards and bullies have been swept into the game. I do say that when you turn a game into a business, as football has been turned, you drive away the true sporting element and invite rowdyism. I do say that a sport connected with such men as are found in the ranks of professional football players is on the direct road to extinction.

OUR teetotal and vegetarian friends will find Dr. Granville's article in the *National* more interesting than pleasant. Says Dr. Granville: "The meat-eating peoples prosper; the vegetable feeders have failed. Are we not at this moment witnessing the cruelty and corruptibility, and anticipating the collapse of the greatest meat-scorning and teetotal nationality which disgraces modern civilisation? Man is a cooking and brewing animal, and his proper food consists largely of meat, with a due amount of vegetables, and a sufficient quantity of alcohol." I have been at some pains myself to direct the gaze of the teetotal idiot towards Turkey. According to the Caines and the Somersets all the crime in the world is the result of drink. If man only did not take alcohol, sin and evil would disappear, human nature would be delegated to Saturn, and the millennium would at once arrive.

PERHAPS they will explain how it is that their sweet friend, the teetotal Turk, contrives to massacre and pillage the alcoholic-imbibing Armenian. Alcohol, properly used, has done much to further the best interests of civilisation. Good wine has had a more important share than has ever yet been acknowledged in the softening and sweetening of our natures. It has had its share in turning the callous savage into a tender-hearted, sympathetic man. Quarrels and hatreds were generally drowned in the vassail bowl of our forefathers. Had Mohammed not shut his followers off from one of the best gifts of God, had the Turk let his heart be warmed towards sympathy by the kindly glow of the wine-cup, Constantinople would not now be the centre of savagery, and the drinking nations of the West would not be combining to clear out and cleanse this teetotal corner of Europe.

My list of cruelty cases I must leave over until next week. I am hoping that my remarks on this subject may have proved of some little use. Certain it is that the examples of magisterial folly this week are fewer than usual, while the number of magistrates who are beginning to see the necessity for checking cruelty by imprisonment grows daily. The Aston magistrate, for instance, the other day sentenced a man to fourteen days' hard labour for ill-treating a wretched old horse which he had bought for a song. The man had previously been fined for cruelty to the same animal.

WE have been able to make arrangements with the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation by which Post Office employés, travelling in sorting carriages in performance of their duties, will be included in our insurance scheme.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging a subscription of £5 5s. to the Pluck Fund from Mr. A. W. Gamage, of bicycle fame. T. M. sends me 5s., and D. W. E. 2s. for John Hickey. I have sent a cheque for a guinea to George Bowker, of Oswaldtwistle. On November 14th, Bowker rescued a girl from drowning in the canal at Aspen Pit. At the point where the occurrence took place the canal banks are straight walls, with deep water close up to them, so that Bowker's action in jumping into the water was undoubtedly one of exceptional bravery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

TO NUMEROUS SUBSCRIBERS.—Over a thousand copies of TO-DAY were stopped at the Post Office last week by the authorities because a small inset put in at the last moment happened to have been set up by another firm of printers. We consulted the authorities before putting it in as to whether it would be allowed to pass. They assured us it would, and the copies were taken to post at the usual time; but the jacks-in-office at St. Martin's-le-grand apparently wanted to be fussy. They are pompous people, with not enough to do, and they like to show their importance occasionally, by irritating the public. We finally had to take the copies back and correct the technicality, and re-post them, thus causing vexation to our subscribers and expense to ourselves.

B. C. B.—Any open letter you forward will be sent on.

H. J. R.—The question is a legal one, and of a nature which could only be answered to yearly subscribers.

H. J. S.—A Wesleyan minister, of Greenock, writes to tell me of a millinery establishment where, to his knowledge, the girls employed lead bright and happy lives. The proprietress of the establishment, he tells me, takes a delight in giving her employées pleasure. With a little sympathy, so much might be done by employers, and that at a small expense, to make the lives of those who help them brighter. My correspondent fears that it is impossible for such methods to be carried out in the large emporiums of London and elsewhere. I do not see where the impossibility comes in. In some of the better houses efforts are made to make the shop as much like a home as possible for the workers, with excellent results. A little sympathy with one another would oil the wheels of life, but the crust of selfishness and indifference lies very thick upon the human skin.

A. C.—Were I to reply at length to your letter, I should only repeat answers that I have given again and again on this subject of vivisection. Nothing has ever been discovered by vivisection as yet of the slightest use to man that could not have been discovered without vivisection, while often it has led to incorrect results. I have talked to many doctors on the subject, and the more cultured of them have always admitted that there is grave doubt whether the system has not been misleading. Animals and men differ so much in construction. If you were to start a crusade for the vivisection of men and women, I might be prepared to go with you. The knowledge gained would be exact, and the only objection that could be raised against the system would be a purely sentimental one, and surely you, as a man of science, would not like the progress of knowledge to be hampered by mere sentiment. As to your remarks about cruelty to animals, your letter stamps you as a callous, if not a brutal, man. Such men as you are the great stumbling-block in the path of humanity. You say you want to escape being bored by accounts of men who thrash their horses. "Life is too short to worry over other men's gee-gees." There are a large number of people in this world who, as long as their own carcasses are well filled, and their own backs warm, care nothing for the suffering of others. Let the whole world shriek with pain, you say, in effect, so long as the sound does not come near your delicate ears to irritate you. It is this sort of animal-like indifference that has been responsible for all the suffering and all the wrong that has cursed our existence. I am sorry to say that your letter only makes me feel contemptuous towards you. You are the man that has always seemed to me typical of evil. A brute may have a spark of humanity somewhere in him, a villain has good, but the easy-going, polished, pleasant-spoken, callously-selfish, feeding animal, is neither man nor beast. You are kind enough to warn me that my "cruelty crank" may do harm to the paper. Good Heavens, man! do you think that we none of us have any opinions that are not to be bought and sold by the promise or loss of a few twopences?

J. C. W.—I think it is probable that I did mean what you suggest. Possibly I was chaffing my correspondent for mixing up things as he did. I should have thought you might have seen this. Write to S. French, 89, Strand, regarding the plays. He will give you all the information you want. The rest of your queries I am handing to the Bookseller.

P. H. D.—Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Co., are, I believe, a sound firm, and they will pay you the money if you win, but you must remember that these transactions are pure gambles, on all fours with horse-racing. I see no objection in gambling to a judicious degree, but of course it is absurd for anyone to talk about such transactions as "investments without risk." The risk is very large.

R. F. E.—If you knew a little more about newspaper business, you would know the difficulty an editor has in keeping his eye on all departments. I see no objection to a Stock Exchange gamble, provided that the transaction is understood as a gamble, but of course it is absurd to advertise as though the business were a mere investment without risk. As soon as the contract has expired, the advertisement will either be altered so as to make its real nature perfectly plain, or be stopped altogether.

A. B.—Dr. Hutchinson, of Cavendish Square, is the best authority on the matter, but it would be necessary for your friend's medical man to accompany him and explain the case.

G. P.—We have many subscribers in the Transvaal and the paper is sent to them by post. Thank you for your kind wishes.

E. E. C.—Thanks very much for your kind letter. Am glad you find so much pleasure in TO-DAY and *The Idler*.

A. S. tells me that she considers TO-DAY a man's paper, and that therefore it is a paper for women, because it enables them better to understand man, and she thinks TO-DAY may widen their thinking.

J. W. J.—You flatter my vanity, but I have to admit that I am not an authority on all subjects. To arrive at a conclusion regarding vaccination v. anti-vaccination, would demand a great deal of study. Write to the Secretary of the Anti-Vaccination Society.

CORRESPONDENT.—I thank you for cutting. Teetotalers will find it very difficult to reply to Mr. Faithful Begg's straightforward, commonsense letter.

C. W. A.—I can see nothing irreverent in the story myself.

J. S. R.—Your letter is full of kindness, but, unfortunately, my correspondent does not reside in London.

J. M. M.—Many thanks for your kind letter and enclosures. I am glad to think that TO-DAY is liked among the Freemasons.

E. M. K.—Thanks for your kind letter. My correspondent, unfortunately, is not resident in London, or I should have been delighted to have sent on your letter.

H. G.—The ladies I referred to would, I know, be hurt at any present, however kindly meant. I cannot return the P.O.'s, as you do not give me your address. Perhaps you might let me add the amount to the Pluck Fund.

CARLISLE CLERGYMAN.—Some dozen correspondents have called my attention to the very silly behaviour of the Rev. W. M. Shepherd, of Carlisle, who was "grieved, shocked, sorrow-stricken and disappointed and pained," because a lady belonging to his choir appeared in an amateur performance of *Iolanthe*. It is such men that make religion ridiculous and bring the Church into disrepute.

ANGLO-SAXON.—Literature would be of no use as a guide to speaking. You should study the speeches of public men—of Bright, of Gladstone, and other acknowledged masters.

F. H.—Your minister must have been a very unthoughtful or a very ignorant man. Mrs. Carlyle must have been an exceedingly trying woman to get on with, and Carlyle displayed the irritability which is the painful prerogative of genius. A large number of exceedingly little-minded folk have fastened upon the domestic troubles of Carlyle (as though the home of genius was the only place where domestic broils ever occurred) like vermin on a sore. I would be willing to allow every man who did as much good as Carlyle to throw six dinner plates across the room every day of his life. The man was the greatest teacher of the century, and his life was as beautiful as a human life can be. All your ministers and clergymen boiled together in one stew-pot would not produce as much virtue as was in him.

ERIC and other correspondents draw my attention to the shameful conduct of the Rev. John Kelty, of Liverpool, paid secretary of the Church of England Temperance Association. Mr. Kelty, simply from the word of the man Huckle—a proved perjurer, employed by the Temperance Societies of Manchester for the purpose of spying upon and injuring people at their trade—tried to blast a policeman's character and ruin him for life by putting about concerning him utterly lying statements. Mr. Justice Kennedy held that the Rev. Mr. Kelty was privileged to utter these falsehoods concerning the policeman; so Mr. Kelty sneaks out of his richly deserved punishment. I suppose the Rev. Mr. Kelty in his zeal for injuring and slandering other people has never had time to read his Bible, or he would know that not the least of the ten commandments is "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." One cannot congratulate the Church of England Temperance Association on its servants.

A. M. W.—The details you enclose are too scant for me to form an opinion. M. S.—"None" is, of course, a singular pronoun, and should employ a singular verb, but custom has frequently sanctioned its use in the plural. Therefore, each

case in which it is employed must be governed by independent taste and judgment. Custom, when it reaches a certain height, always overrides, or rather, corrects grammar.

S. S.—I am not sufficiently experienced to tell you which tyre is the best. I use a Dunlop myself, and it has lasted me for two years with some slight repairs; but they are, of course, very expensive. Enquire among friends of your own who are actual riders, and then you will get an unbiassed opinion.

MYN.—If you have actual chest measurement, under the arm pits, of thirty-eight, and not an ounce of fat with it, you have nothing whatever to complain of. Dumb-bell and Indian club exercise, rowing and swimming, all help to expand the chest. Indeed any exercise does that causes one to make an effort to expand the lungs. Many people speak well of the indiarubber apparatus you refer to.

N. D. P.—You forget that happiness is a matter of temperament as much as of surroundings. The polar bear can live very happily where you would be intensely miserable, and he would never be able to understand your discontent.

PLAIN AND UGLY SHOP GIRL.—Happiness, as I have explained to another correspondent, is a matter more of temperament than circumstance. Many of your sentiments are excellent, but what I find throughout life is that we none of us try to understand each other. We shut ourselves up in our own little castle of individuality, and everyone outside our feelings and opinions we call foolish or bad. We each have our own little world, and it is like nobody else's little world. We have got to live in it ourselves, and other people's experience and other people's advice is all useless to us, because they do not understand our world, as they have never set foot in it. Your world is happier than most people's, and much credit is due to you, for you have fashioned it apparently with courage and good nature.

D. C. (Cape Town).—The matter is very fully reported in all the London papers, and you have already as much information on the subject as I have.

C. G. G. pleads that women should be urged towards the manly virtues. Writes my correspondent: "Are not courage, wisdom, truth, honour, sincerity and liberality of heart and mind as needful for women as for men? How else but on this same strong basis can we rise to be the true efficient 'helpmeets'—lifting not weighing? Our duties may be different, but the same fundamental principles make the woman as a man."

W. M. tells me that he has made up his mind never to ride in a 'bus or a tram that is not properly horsed. If more people would follow his plan there would be very few public vehicles improperly horsed.

TRAVELLER.—I would not publish your letter for worlds. Its suggestions would be seized upon by advertisers and carried out. J. S. C.—Thanks for your letter.

W. H. B.—Your letter is full of sympathy, but I have used my discretion in not forwarding it. Just think how many thousands upon thousands of girls there must be compelled to work at uncongenial employment. And what would happen were they all to make up their minds to become nurses? The ranks are already overcrowded as it is. All work is interesting to those who can take an interest in it. I have heard experienced nurses complain of the drudgery and monotony of the life. Our friend suffers from the natural craving of youth for enjoyment, and no work will remove this longing. Pleasure and happiness are necessary parts of a healthy life.

A correspondent tells me that Paynter and Smith are one and the same firm.

M. B., H. H. C., and LEFEBORE are thanked for their letters, which will be replied to next week.

Communications have also been received from J. B. and SIR ROGER (anonymously).

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

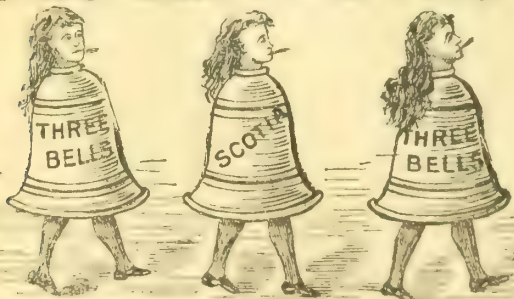
CLUB CHATTER.

I DARESAY that my readers, who have gone through that wonderfully interesting exposure of the backstairs of Monte Carlo, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will find that story of the bogey bombs and the blackmail that I published a long time ago. Talking of the mysteries of Monte Carlo, a future historian will read the story of that remarkable "win" recorded this week, and having studied the chances, and become acquainted with the possibilities, will say, "How did Wolff Joel, although he was a friend of Barnato, manage to do it?" Indeed, Mr. E. W. Smith, a journalist whose duties compel him to know Monte Carlo as well as any man, says that if the number of *coups* is as given in the published telegram, it would be impossible, even though playing the maximum, to win more than 120,000 francs, instead of the 380,000 francs, as stated. Even though the successful gambler may not have made known the whole of his game in the mention of the twelve successive reds, and the obtaining of four maximums on and around the 9, the half an hour, declared to be the length of the sitting, appears insufficient to net £15,000, though favoured with an unbroken run of luck.

ONE felt that, with the comparatively indifferent success of *His Excellency* at the Lyric, and *The Chieftain* at the Savoy, the union was bound to come some time or other, if the two gentlemen wished to score another success; but it is none the less welcome to the public now that it has come—this joining of hands on the part of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. They are now engaged in writing a new opera, and, if I know anything of the process, Mr. Gilbert will bring to Sir Arthur a complete copy of the libretto, lyrics and all, and Sir Arthur will point out that it is not quite up to the true Gilbertian standard, and that there is a character in it whose songs he (Sir Arthur) positively declines, on any pain or any penalty, to set to music. I believe it was due to just such a process as this, on the last occasion when Mr. Gilbert insisted and Sir Arthur declined, that the famous rupture between the pair came about; but, if he follows the rule of previous efforts, Mr. Gilbert will thereupon return home and rewrite the piece, or a pretty good part of it, and will make it fifty times better than before. Sir Arthur will be pleased, the libretto will have been benefited, the musician will work up to the level of the inspiring and melodic libretto, and the public will be happy.

If report be true, there is a very great struggle at the Lyric to make *The Bric-à-Brac* Will a success. It seems that, after Mr. Fitzgerald had written the libretto, Mr. Hugh Moss, who is responsible for the production of the piece—and he is a very old hand at the business—had to take all the matter in hand and rewrite a great

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part of it. The cast, with the exception of Mr. Frank Wyatt, was peculiarly weak, but at the last moment Miss Florence St. John has been called into service to pull the piece through, and it will be a tribute to her power and attractiveness if she succeeds.

THE other evening I looked in at the Aquarium to see the lady cyclists racing round the track which has been improvised in the building. Some of the girls—more particularly those in the French section—are fairly pretty, and many are not; some appear to be barely twenty, while others, I should say, without unkindly particularising, must be nearer forty. But, after going some hundred times at top speed round the track, the youngest (Mlle. Marcelle) of the section I saw, and in which Mrs. Grace and Miss Blackburn were alternately leading, appeared at the final only to escape fainting by a very great effort. Both the leaders—Mrs. Grace, who came in first, and Miss Blackburn, who made a very good second—struck me as looking wretchedly ill; and when the last struggle was over their faces were white and drawn as with pain, and they seemed exhausted to the last degree of endurance.

For a little time, at least, the Rugby County Championship will not occupy the public attention so much as it has done of late. The supremacy of the South-East is still an open question, as Surrey and Midland Counties have to meet again, and the second match has been arranged for next month. Surrey were a little unlucky at the Crystal Palace, and it is to be hoped that better fortune will await them in the Midlands. Down West, Devon have triumphed over the other three counties, and thus retain the championship of that district. They are, however, scarcely likely to win further honours, and the issue really rests between Yorkshire and the winners of the South-Eastern division. If Surrey can

only pull through, Londoners will have the opportunity of witnessing the final struggle for the Championship.

A KEENER struggle than that between the North and South fifteens at Hartlepool last Saturday has rarely been witnessed. The pace at which the game was contested was exceptionally fast, and taxed the stamina of the forwards to the utmost. The Southern pack were the first to give way under the strain, and it was evident that they were quite beaten a quarter of an hour from the finish. One of the Southern forwards remarked after the match that, even at half-time, he thought the side would lose—he could feel there was a lack of life about the pack. On the other hand, the Northern forwards kept up the high pressure right up to the end, and their untiring energy was quite remarkable. There was perhaps a lack of finish in their work, but their strength and dash were all that could be desired.

It was essentially a forward match, with very little of modern back play. That, however, was perhaps as much the fault of the backs as anything else. Moreover, the few attempts at passing were not of a high standard, the wing three-quarters being greatly at fault. Holmes, the Lancashire man, missed three chances of getting away; Fookes, the Yorkshireman, and Fegan were certainly weak; and even Thomson was below his customary form.

On the other hand, the centre three-quarters on both sides played uncommonly well. It was no fault of theirs that the back combination was disappointing. At half-back, Cattell and Maturin for a time worked together very well, but as the game advanced they lost their form, and Taylor, the Northumberland man, made it clear he was the best half-back on the field.

WITH regard to the constitution of the England fifteen

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to oppose Wales at Blackheath on January 4th, those who saw the North and South match will probably agree with the selection of the Rugby Committee. It was a wise step to choose the five Yorkshire forwards, who are resolute players and have the advantage of youth, and with Carey, Bromet, and Mitchell, the England front rank is undeniably formidable. In hand to hand passing—the leading characteristic of last season's English forwards—the present pack are decidedly inferior, but they are composed of stouter material. It is the contest with Scotland that we have most reason to fear, and experience has shown that in those encounters bulldog pluck, sheer physical strength, and endurance count far more than real science. The eight chosen forwards possess those qualities and something else besides, and, moreover, our Scotch rivals would rather not meet sturdy Yorkshiremen.

THROUGH the failure of the wing three-quarters the Rugby Committee escaped from what would have been an awkward dilemma. Three of the centres—Valentine, Murfitt, and Baker—were clearly worthy of their places, and it would have been hard luck for anyone to have been passed over. The proper thing has been done in selecting all three. Valentine and Baker will play together, and Murfitt will go on the wing, a position he has filled before now. Thomson again gets his place, and it may

be safely asserted that England will be stronger at three-quarter than last year. Cattell and Taylor are again the halves, and Maturin must be considered unlucky. Despite several good things, Byrne, who let England down last season, made too many mistakes to be trusted again, and the Committee were quite right in selecting Houghton, who played a sound, if not brilliant, game.

WHEN the struggle for the new Football Association Cup is entered upon, on the 1st of next February, Millwall Athletic, Southampton St. Mary's, and Tottenham Hotspur will, together with Woolwich Arsenal (who were exempted from participation in the qualifying competition) have the distinction of representing the South of England clubs. How they fare will, of course, depend very largely upon the result of the draw, and it is to be hoped that, in this respect, better luck may attend them than was the case a year ago. The Southern representatives were on that occasion almost identically the same as now, Woolwich Arsenal, Millwall, and Southampton St. Mary's being included, and Luton Town taking the place now occupied by Tottenham Hotspur; and in every instance a club belonging to the First Division of the League had to be opposed.

In two cases certainly the South-Country team enjoyed choice of ground, but Luton were no match for

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matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.

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Preston North End, and Notts Forest easily overcame St. Mary's. Woolwich Arsenal had to journey to Bolton, and Millwall to Sheffield, with the usual result in the competition for the Association Cup that, after the open-

ing round, the struggle for the trophy was left to the North and Midlands. Both the Plumstead and the Millwall elevens have at times shown excellent form this winter, but, though the Arsenal stand fairly high in the

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Second Division of the League, and Millwall head the Southern League, the time is not yet when anything like confident anticipations can be indulged in of the Cup being carried off by a South Country professional team.

I UNDERSTAND that Sir Claude de Crespigny's book will be published early in 1896. It will be dedicated to the Duke of Beaufort. Sir Claude has been so busy on it that he has even given up riding in steeplechases. I wonder how many spills Sir Claude has had. I suppose he will tell us in his reminiscences. Perhaps one of the worst was at Lingfield, when he remarked to the surgeon, who wanted to sew up the wound at once, "You have no needle strong enough to go through my thick skin."

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

IGNORAMUS.—To answer your first question in full would take at least a page of TO-DAY, and I am afraid I cannot afford you that space. Consult any good modern book on etiquette. A black tie may be worn with evening dress on informal occasions, but it is better to err on the right side, and wear white when you are not sure which is correct. If a watch chain is worn it must be of a small unpretentious pattern.

J. S.—I think you would find life in the Army both pleasanter and safer than life in the London Police, but if you are determined on joining the latter, your best plan would be to apply at Scotland Yard.

A. L.—There are four hotels in Paris that I can safely recom-

mend if you want to be comfortable, and are not anxious to be extravagant. There is the Hotel Oxford and Cambridge, in the Rue d'Alger (Rue de Rivoli); the Hotel Byron, in the Rue Laffitte; the Hotel Marsollier (familiar to you if you have read Phillips' "As in a Looking-glass"); and the Hotel Portugal, in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, close to the Louvre. But, in any case, take my advice and simply arrange for the bedroom. It is much better to dine out. The dinner in the small French hotel is about as exhilarating as in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. It is difficult to answer your second question, because it all depends on the wife. There is the *Carnet du Diable*, which is the success of the year, but which sails closer to the wind than anything I have ever seen, and there are good pieces at the Nouveautés, the Porte St. Martin, and, naturally, at the Théâtre Française. The Opera is also open two or three nights a week. For a typical French music hall, go to the Alcazar, and an hour at the Casino is not badly spent after half-past ten if you want a glimpse of the life where no regard is paid for the morrow. I should advise you to buy a crate of *confetti*, and go over for the New Year's Fête.

H. H. S.—In the par. mentioned you will note that "Z" is the predominant letter. All these "Z's" are valueless; therefore, the message commences with "2," which in this case is 3. Z No. 2 is deleted, and 8 comes out I, or 1, for no figure 1 is used on the tape-wheel. T is 9, and, going forward ten letters every time, the message works out as indicated two weeks ago.

SEVERAL correspondents, who, as I gather from their letters, are very patriotic "Hartlepudlians," write me to the effect that the North v. South match was played at Hartlepool, not West Hartlepool, as in my last week's notes. One correspondent says: "As is always the case when a new town ousts an old neighbour from its premier position, there exists a great deal of jealousy—to put it very mildly—between the two. As an inhabitant of the 'Old Place,' I feel a certain amount of disappointment at seeing our rival coming in for the undeserved honour of a notice in such a connection and in such a journal as TO-DAY is universally acknowledged to be."

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

We have arrived a step nearer to the selection of a poet laureate. It has occurred to someone that before we choose the prince of poets it might be as well to know what poetry is. In this emergency, Lord Halsbury rushes in where critics fear to tread, with the following definition:—

A poet is a man who writes poetry, and poetry is the composition of a poet.

Now we can go ahead. We know where we are.

* * * *

Am just stocking the new and enlarged edition (Messrs. Cassell and Co.) of Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," one of the most useful and entertaining works of the day. It is now about a quarter of a century since the first edition was published. I congratulate the venerable author who, by the way, is in his eighty-fifth year, on the completion of so arduous a task—a task which has caused him, in the words of the poet, "To shun delights and live laborious days." The book itself will be invaluable to me in answering correspondents who are unfortunate enough not to possess it.

* * * *

The Christmas number of the English edition of the *Paris Figaro* (Goupil and Co.), is a marvellous one, with its gay frontispiece by Jean Beraud and exquisite coloured illustrations. There are stories by Gyp, Alphonse Daudet, Armand Sylvestre, and Jacques du Tillet. Gyp is very sparkling, but Alphonse Daudet's "Lighthouse of the Sanguinaires" is a model Christmas story.

* * * *

A Wild Western bookseller worked off a story (I hope it isn't a "chestnut") on me the other day, after spitting all over the shop and driving away six of my best customers. "I've had mighty hard luck lately," he said, gradually leading up to a loan; "and the hardest streak of it was when the local authorities fined me five dollars because my goat knocked down an old school marm on the public highway. I wanted to know what Act they worked under, so they produced a statute beginning "Anything *abutting* on the road. And I had to pay!"

* * * *

Have finished reading "Phyllis of Philistia" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), by Frankfort Moore, and am again struck by the wit and epigram of this most genial of all Irishmen, whose touch is as light as a feather and whose deft sarcasm pierces the joints of the most carefully prepared armour. There is always an intense desire among Mr. Moore's creations to live their lives, and not to dream away existence. In his present book there is very little plot. George Holland, a popular preacher, works himself up to a fury over the peccadilloes of the patriarchs, and Phyllis breaks her engagement with him. She will not allow the women of the Bible, especially Ruth, to be spoken of as if they were mixing in the world of to-day. The chief interest in the book centres round Phyllis's friend, Mrs. Linton, who is carrying on a flirtation with the great New Guinea explorer, Herbert Courtland. Courtland risks his life a hundred times in order to shoot the meteor bird, so that he may give the skin of this unique specimen to Mrs. Linton for a fan, and is only saved by Phyllis from the quagmire in which his feet are already set. She sees the danger for both of them, intervenes at a very critical moment, and ultimately marries Courtland herself after Mrs. Linton has become a widow and fallen in love with Holland, the clergyman. The book is full of witty phrasing, and, in the scene between Courtland and Mrs. Linton, where they are both on the brink, written with an intensity and poetical expression which carry one away. Mr. Moore displays an intimate, and hitherto unsuspected, knowledge of patriarchal history:—

"There was Solomon; for instance. He was usually regarded as a person of high intellectual gifts; but there was surely a good deal in his career which was susceptible of piquant treatment. And then someone said that Noah should have had a chapter all to himself, also Lot. And what about the spies who entered Jericho? Could the imagination not suggest the story they had told to their wives on their return to the camp, relative to the house in which they had passed all their spare time? They supposed that Jericho was the Paris of the high-class Jews of those days."

Again:

"This induced Mr. Geraint to tell a story about a poor woman who fancied that melanite was a sort of food for children that caused their portraits to appear in the advertisements, so she bought a tin of it and gave it all to her little boy at one meal. It so happened, however, that he became restless during the night and fell out of the cradle. That happened a year ago, Mr. Geraint said, and yet the street isn't ready for general traffic again."

And here is some very serious truth, beautifully put:

"A man is as his mother has made him. He is with her from the moment she loves his father. She is evermore thinking of him—he is precious to her before the mystery of his birth is revealed to her. He grows up by her side, and loves her because he knows she understands him. She does understand him, and she understands his father better by understanding her son."

* * * *

"A Flash of Summer," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is of the dreary order of literature—by which I do not mean that it is uninteresting, but it belongs to that class of book which leaves the reader depressed and weary to the last degree. Life, from Mrs. Clifford's point of view, is a dreary pilgrimage at the best. If so, it would surely be kind to allow us to forget it for a little in our literature. Mrs. Clifford's heroine is a girl of no will-power whatever. With such, of course, life must be more or less sad. Fate, we are told, is character; and to the weaklings, with their vague longings, life will always be sad. But it is at the best a thankless task for literature, to be for ever showing us these melancholy corners of existence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. E.—If you are getting tired of the customary tonics, try Conyngham's Cocoa Wine before each meal. For brain fog you can't do better than have a glass, mixed with water, by your bedside and sip it until you fall asleep. All these hypophosphites and things are not particularly beneficial in other respects. If the Cocoa Wine fails, try an expert on insomnia.

A. G. wants to know whether anyone can enlighten him as to origin of the phrase, "They do these things better in France." The earliest similar expression that he can find is in a letter from Paris, February 27th, 1848, in which occur the words, "They manage more artistically in Paris."

W. C. C. is good enough to write me that the poem "If we only knew" is by Mr. M. B. Sparr, formerly entertainer with Maskelyne and Cooke. It is published in a book sold at the Egyptian Hall. CELIA.—Not more than 5s. A. G. D.—Not worth more than 10s., as it is not the authorised account of the voyage. F. W.—Yes, "Alison," not "Addison." Best Roman histories are Mommsen's and Downey's. Froude's works are published by Longmans, but I have never heard of Froude's "Lives." G. C.—L'Estrange's translation is considered good, but neither that nor Colton's any particular value. UNKNOWN (no initials).—Clair's "Astrologie Elimater," 7s. 6d.; "Universal Songster," 6s. Any second-hand bookseller. CARLISLE.—Sells at 6s. "BERTIE," Chatto and Windus, 4s. 6d. P. A. EMERY.—Unknown; perhaps American. W. A. H.—Horace Cox, Breems Buildings, E.C., 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 10d. "BETA."—Works on the different branches of Palæontology are illustrated; no general atlas of illustrations published. "A CONSTANT READER."—Byron's works no value unless first editions. The others no value. "BOOK SEARCHER."—"Foreign Classics for English Readers," published by Blackwood, of Edinburgh, 2s. 6d. each.

D. G. JAMES.—Shelley died 8th July, 1822. He was supposed to have been drowned near Leghorn, but a year or two ago startling rumours were afloat that his boat was run down by fishermen whose object was plunder. His body was cremated (the heart refused to burn), and the ashes buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. I have often chatted with his friend, Trelawney, who snatched Shelley's heart from the fiery furnace. Trelawney once showed me Byron's cap and a handkerchief which had been dipped in the noble poet's blood.

DOLLY.—Carefully study the best poets in order to learn technique. If the incident really happened, you were very fortunate.

REHEARSING THE PANTOMIME.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

December evening. Busy, lighted stage of London Theatre, preparing for the Twenty-sixth. Battalions of ladies in walking-dress are coming on at back to rhythm of stately crashing march from overcoated, bowler-hatted orchestra. Small committee of Manager, young stage Manager, Maitre de ballet at footlights. Auditorium of the theatre fast asleep under bed clothes of brown holland.

MANAGER (roaring). Stop! stop! stop for mercy's sake! (*Procession stops and giggles, music also stops.*) That's not the way to walk in a historical procession. I don't want you to take a short cut. You must go all round the stage twice, down round here, and then divide. See what I mean? And you, miss (*to large young lady in giant hat*), who are you supposed to be?

LARGE YOUNG LADY (*with hauteur*). Lady Jine Grey.

MANAGER. Very well, then, keep time with the others, Lady Jane Grey, and don't you go and lose your head before you're axed. (*Chorus much diverted. Maitre de ballet dances with ecstasy.*) Go right back all of you, and come on again. (*To conductor*) Let's have it once more.

IRISH CONDUCTOR. Ye'll pardon me venturing to offer a suggestion, but it shtrikes me that pwhen—

MANAGER. Oh something's always striking you. Play up!

(*They play up. Procession comes on again followed by mature lady grasping parasol, seated in high car. Mature lady bows.*)

MANAGER. Let's see, who are you?

MATURE LADY IN CAR (*shrilly*). The United States.

MANAGER. Well, where's that girl that sings the song about America? (*To lady with music case who comes on.*) Hurry up, my dear. No time to lose, you know. Stand just here now and sing well out, there's a good girl.

GOOD GIRL (*apologetically*). I've got the slightest touch of a cough, so that I'm not really what you'd call—

MANAGER. I don't want to hear your cough, missie; I want to hear your song. (*To conductor*) Now!

CONDUCTOR. Once more, sorr, I ask permission to remark—

MANAGER (*briskly*). And get ready at the back for that comic scene with the hansom cab. And be on hand for the chorus there, and (*severely*) not quite so much chow-row, if you please. I can't hear myself speak. Fire away, my good girl. Don't forget the American accent.

GOOD GIRL (*sings*),

"I guess you've heard of Christopher, Colombus

Was his other name;

He sailed across the herrin' pond, it was

A right down artful game.

He sighted land —"

MANAGER. Put your hand over your eyes and peer about.

GOOD GIRL (*obeying*).

He sighted land and said "Hooray!" I've

Got here and come to stay;

And he looked out for a Yankee girl!

(*Speaks*). But wait a bit now. Don't you go and think that Chris had a straight flush that time.

No, sir!

(*Sings*).

But the Yankee girl says "Reckon I'll wait,

I dunno what's your fighting weight;

But whatever it is, I'd like to state,

That I'm gwine to marry a marquee."

CHORUS (*swiftly to energetic beating of conductor's baton*).

But the Yankee girl says—

(*They finish song.*)

MANAGER (*critically*). Not so dusty, but you'll have to practice a good deal. You don't put enough go in it.

This is the way you ought to do it. A lot of coyness till the last line and then give it out for all you're worth.

(*He sings refrain in hoarse bass voice, and pulls end of handkerchief modestly.*)

MANAGER (*concluding*).

I'd like to state,

That I'm gwine to marry a marquee!

See what I mean, don't you? And now where's that comic scene with the hansom?

(*Front of stage clears. Hansom drives on with comic man as horse in shafts. Horse stops and slaps shoulders with front leg for warmth.*)

SECOND COMIC MAN (*as driver, to Manager*). Let's see, what do I say first? Oh, I know.

Of all the fares that e'er I've had, this is the fairest.

(*Looks through trap door.*)

Oh sweet one, my 'ome and true 'eart wilt thou sharest?

LEADING LADY (*descending from cab with ill humour*).

Heaven only knows how I shall get out of this confounded cab night after night, let alone matinées, if there isn't a step fixed or something (*speaks her lines*).

Take that old boy and have a liquor up

I know what 'tis myself to want to sup.

(*Goes off grumbling to herself. Comic business between horse and cabman. Horse tosses for drinks and wins. Cabman discovers that the penny is two-headed. Horse fights him; eventually places cabman in shafts and himself takes seat and drives him off. Small children at side much amused. Manager goes up to see a dance tried.*)

YOUNG STAGE MANAGER. Now wherever is she gone to again? That girl can never be found when she's wanted, somehow. The airs these— (*Sees her in box*) Come along, Miss! We're waiting for you. I thought you were lost.

LEADING LADY (*in box, with acrimony*). Well, you thought wrong, that's all. It isn't the first time you've made a mistake, and it won't be the last if that nasty temper of yours doesn't improve and— (*disappears grumbling; reappears at side of stage still grumbling.*) Lots of boys lobbed into the profession by mistake, and then take it upon themselves to order people about like so many— (*To conductor resignedly.*) Now when you're quite ready perhaps you'll start the music, or must I do your work as well as my own?

CONDUCTOR. We're waiting for you, madam, and if ye'll only give the worrud—

LEADING LADY. Oh start, for goodness sake. Some of you musical chaps are all jaw. (*Sings with restrained manner and some asperity.*)

"I'm the best of all the boys in town,

I never am by chance cast down;

I'm a favourite one with all the chaps I know;

But it's no use having fine new clothes,

Or kissing sweet girls 'neath the rose,

For what you want, my dear old chaps—

(*Steps back and slaps her skirt*)

Is rhino.

You're safe if in your purse you've r-h-i-n-o,

Without it you're an m-u-g;

It's no use trying to cut a s-h-i-n-o

Unless you've got the £. s. d."

(*Marches round to chorus whirling crook stick; returning to face conductor at last note.*)

LEADING LADY (*moodily*). The whole blessed thing will go for nothing on the night. I'm perfectly sure of that.

CONDUCTOR. Will we try it over once more?

LEADING LADY (*amazedly*). Try it over once more!

(*With indignation*) Good heavens, man, d' you think I'm made of cast iron? D' you think I'm going to stand here hour after hour singing my songs just to please you? Eh?

CONDUCTOR (*goaded*). Your singing don't please me, my dear madam. It nivir did and it nivir will. But I thought perhaps ye'd allow me to offer— (*Row imminent. Manager re-appears, soothes perturbed lady, tells her what he heard a man say about her to-day; administers to conductor imitation reproof.*)

MANAGER (*mopping forehead*). Thank goodness *that's* over. Now we'll see about that nursery scene with the little kids getting out of bed. (*To children at side*). Come along, youngsters; lay down there on those pieces of wood and then when the band plays soft music wake up and rub your eyes like this and yawn, and then take up these bolsters and have a rare old game of shying them at one another. (*Crowd of fifty pig-tailed infant girls obey confusedly*). That's it. Go it? Throw away!

CONDUCTOR. Will ye kindly give me haf a minute in order that I may point out—

MANAGER (*ignoring him*). Now you all come down to the footlights here, and stand in two rows—(*to infant with cold*). Do leave off sniffing, there's a good little girl.

INFANT WITH COLD. I cad't help it, sir. I've had a dasty cold 'agging about be for dearly a bodth.

MANAGER. Well (*vaguely*), you'll have to take something for it. We can't have little girls here who sniff. The public don't pay their money to hear you sniff.

INFANT (*with spirit*). It's do pleasure to be, sir, odly if I try dot to do it I'b ted times worse.

MANAGER. Do the best you can. Now then! (*to conductor*), wake up there! Give them the symphony.

CONDUCTOR. I'd like before we try this little tune over just to ask—

MANAGER. Play up! (*orchestra plays up*).

INFANT CHORUS. (*singing shrilly*).

"We are such happy children, and we love a bit of play, (*Nodding to each other*) Oh yes we do, oh yes we do, We sleep quite sound at night, you know, and gambol all the day,

(*To each other*) Oh yes we do, oh yes we do.

But when we say we gambol we don't mean a game of cards

Such dreadful things we never—"

(*They repeat song several times. Manager looks at fat gold watch*).

MANAGER (*to other members of committee*). I'm going to run out for five minutes and get some supper, and you two—

SMALL CHILD. Please, muvver says may I be a wabbit or a 'are instead of a little dirl?

MANAGER (*definitely*). No, my dear, you can't. You tell your mother it's too late now to make any change. (*Resumes*). And whilst I go out to get something to eat—and drink—that Quaker girl's song and dance had better be tried through again, and you might do that front scene with the restaurant and get What's-her-name to try her dance—she can't dance for buttons, that girl—and—

CONDUCTOR. I'd like to offer wan word before you—

MANAGER (*appealingly*). Now don't you begin to worry me, there's a good dear chap. It takes me all my time to listen to you. Save it up for another time.

HE DIDN'T WANT ALL.

OLD GOTROX.—Confound your audacity, sir. Do you know that my daughter has a million of her own, not to speak of the dowry I shall give her?

Indigent Suitor.—Don't misunderstand me, my dear sir; she can keep the dowry.

MIXED.

WOOL.—How did Chapley's breach of promise suit end?
Van Pelt.—His conscience acquitted him, but the jury found for the plaintiff.

HOW HE KNEW.

TOMMY.—Ma, I know why babies go to heaven when they die.

Mother.—Why, my boy?

Tommy.—They haven't any teeth to gnash.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I WUNNER if them as gives wye ter temper 'as any noshing 'ar ridiclus they horfun mike theirselves. The other dye theer were a ole lyedy settin' inside the 'bus at the fur end, with one o' them humberellers with a big crook to it lyin' acrorst 'er knees. Oppersite to 'er were a pore old gent, short-sighted in his eyes and wearin' of gig-lamps by consequence. Well, 'e gort up ter git horf of the 'bus, and it so 'appened that the crook o' thet lyedy's humbereller caught 'im rarn'd the leg. 'E, bein' 'alf-blind, didn't see as he were draggin' the humbereller along of 'im and went on. She, not meanin' ter do no 'arm, seein' 'er humbereller glidin' horf of 'er lap ketches 'old of it by the other end and gives it a good pull. As a matter o' course, thet tripped the ole gent up, and hover 'e went, a reg'lar flyer, along the floor o' the 'bus. 'E dropped 'is pawcels, 'is spectacles come off, 'is 'at come off, pretty well hevry-think come off as wasn't tied on. The ole thing 'appened in less than two seconds.

Yuss, I don't sye's as it were a pleasant thingter 'ave 'appen to yer, nor I don't sye as I shud 'ave injyed it myself, but the fuss as that ole gent mide were suthink astonishin'. Afore 'e fell over 'e looked like a narse mild, Crisching gent; when 'e gort up, blimey if 'e weren't like a bloomin' volkiner in a stite of earth-quake! Fust 'e turns on that pore ole lyedy, and gives 'er 'is opinyuns on things. 'E says as she ought ter be prosycoted, thet if the perleece did theer dooty she'd never be allard to carry that man-trap (meanin' the humbereller) abart with 'er, and it ought ter be burnt by the 'angman. The pore ole lyedy kep' apoligyzin' and egspainin' as hev'rythink she'd done in 'er life were unintentional, but 'e wouldn't be paserified, and went on at 'er like a 'ouse afire. Hall of a sudding 'e looks rarn'd and sees me grinnin' at 'im, so 'e leaves the ole lyedy and goes fur me. 'E says that I'm drunk while in the exycoshun of my dooty, thet 'e'll report me fur imperdence, thet 'e'll bring a action fur damidges against the comp'ny, thet 'e'll do all manner o' fancy things o' thet sort. "And nar then," 'e says at the finish, "if yer' as anythink ter sye, sye it." I thenked 'im kindly for the permissing, and pintoed out to 'im that while 'e'd bin jawin, the 'bus 'ad gone a 'undrid yawds past the Succus and 'e'd 'ave ter pye fur another tickit; with thet we gort rid o' the ole gent. I ain't yet 'eard whether 'e's reported me or nort, but I shard sye it don't matter either wye.

* * * *

My ole fawther used ter sye thet when the lawf were agin yer the on'y wye ter storp it were ter jine in it yerself. Theer's a deal o' truth in thet, as theer mostly was in 'is remawks, but blimey if it's an easy thing ter do. Sometimes yer sees a chap 'oose 'at's blowed horf. It goes bowlin' darn the street, and 'im awfter it, until it gits tired, and goes over in a puddle. You watch thet man's fice as 'e pick's up thet 'at and shikes it afore puttin' of it on agin. 'E knows as ev'ry soul in the street is lawfin' at 'im, and so 'e does 'is best ter smile 'isself. On my word, whort a smile thet is! It ain't like nutthink egsep a dead fish or the slit in a pillar-box. Anyhow, it ain't like a smile. But then it 'appens frequent thet whort is the most joodishus thing ter do is likewise the 'awdest, hotherwise theer might be more men like myself.

NODD.—All the neighbours say that my baby has such a sweet voice.

TODD.—They ought to know.

"Did your sister say that I had improved in looks?"
"Practically that; she said that you had changed."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ELEANORA DUSE.

"YES," said the great actress, "I have had many experiences; too many, but they are more like trials, trials that have cost many tears and the remembrance of which makes me cry, cry, every time when I play Lydia di Morane, in 'Visitors at the Wedding.' I feel then as if my soul was ready to go out in one great sob.

"It was ten years ago, in Rio. The yellow fever went from house to house, from palace to hut, gathering in victims. One day at rehearsal, Diotti appeared with the pallor of death on his brow, tired, hardly able to stand on his feet.

"What ails thee?" I asked. "For God's sake tell."

"Nothing—a strange feeling; my head is not right; but come, let us make a start."

"And he did begin. I saw he was not himself. I saw him tremble as if shaken by intense cold.

"Do not attempt the impossible," I said. "I am going to close the theatre."

"And thy fortune?" he made answer, "all thy fortune is at stake. I will be better to-night; let us proceed with rehearsal."

"Suddenly, in the midst of an exciting situation, he broke down. It was the fever. What were we to do? We had to play because we were under contract; we had to play because a great many tickets had been sold; we had to play because the Shylockian impressario wanted his pound of flesh; we had to play while he was lying alone, deserted, fighting the battle of death.

"On the first evening—*Fedora*. The house, as was stated, sold out, and I—a failure, in all that word implies. The theatre—a great, immense structure—I myself small, insignificant a person of no consequence. My voice—great God! how should my voice penetrate into the *parterre*? I believe I might as well have said, 'Loris, I love thee,' as 'Loris, leave me'; nobody would have known the difference. Add to this that there was a continuous whispering and murmuring in all parts of the house, in the boxes, in the galleries, everywhere, all the time, from the beginning up to the curtain's fall. My heart, my head, my voice, they seemed not to belong to me. I had no power over either. I was thinking of him all the time—of him alone.

"At last the performance closed, I ran home, and in the darkness of my room threw myself on the floor. I had never felt so lonely before.

"Next day—Intermission. We played only three times a week. The newspapers gave their final decision. They said I had something about me that attracted attention; but my voice—well, half of what I had said they could not hear, and the other half they were unable to understand. The following day we had our second performance—*Denise*. The theatre—that immense barn—empty! Only three or four rows of seats were taken, and to the right and left two or three boxes.

My poor Denise, so simple, so devoid of all sensational elements; no toilettes to speak of, no jewels—the audience listened to her during the first act; they paid some attention in the second, too. In the third act I had a crying scene, and I cried real tears, and the audience cried with me. Mine was the victory, but the battle was not entirely won yet, for the part of Fernando was essayed by another; he who had been my Fernando was still battling with death. And the thought of him, of the patient sufferer, would never cease to agitate me that evening. It stood between me and the part I was trying to play. He always was before me, cold, pallid, shaking, his features distorted and his eyes glassy. In vain did I endeavour to throw off this feeling; in vain did I argue with myself that art demanded from its followers the sacrifice of self-negation. I could not be otherwise. He was always before me—that poor man, that good man, who never harmed anybody in the world. He was to die amid strangers, while we, his friends, played comedy!

"Comedy, indeed! Is there anything more tragic

than life? And there, before those footlights, I prayed: 'Oh, Madonna, save my friend! Save him, for he has a father and a mother whose only hope in life he is. Save him, and take me in his stead! Let me die; let me lose everything—my renown, my talents, my future—but save him!'

"Two days later, and all was at an end. And we continued playing comedy. As for myself, I heaped success upon success, and every triumph I earned increased my sorrow, made me more wretched. Why had Heaven refused the offering of my poor self?

On the evening of Diotti's death-day I played *Fernande*; and then and there I became what I am—then and there I felt for the first time that I had a heart, that I had soul and blood in that heart. Then and there I learned that life is not base—only sorrowful and hard to bear. This I felt. Do you call it an event? I don't know whether it is important enough to be so classed by others. As for me, it was the markstone of my life. *A life in a life!*"

THE COURTESY OF NAPOLEON.

EVERYONE who served the Emperor felt the same zeal. It was not that he was hard or exacting as some people have been pleased falsely to report, he was even very easy to please; provided one was punctual he was very indulgent to slight faults in those who waited on him. Always extremely polite to everyone, he never received the smallest service without thanks, and always addressed his *valets de chambre* as Monsieur. When he crossed the hall where they were in waiting he never passed them without saluting them. It was the same when the Emperor came to visit the Empress; he always spoke to us with much politeness, and sometimes with great kindness. In short, he took such an interest in all who composed his household, that once anyone was attached to it, no one, the meanest, could be sent away without the Emperor's authority. I can recount a fact in proof of this, of which I can guarantee the authority. One day on reiterated complaints being made to him, Marshal Duroc wished His Majesty to approve of the dismissal of one of his footmen. Napoleon asking the reason, the Grand Marshal told him that according to reports made to him the man was heavily in debt, and continually dunned by creditors. The Emperor—and this proves to what extent he entered into the minutest details of his household—demanded of Marshal Duroc how long the man had been in his service, and what was the origin of his debts. "Reflect well, Duroc," he said, "that a man ought not to be sent away from me on slight grounds; it would be a stain on his character, he would be unable to find a place anywhere else. Make me a new report." The Grand Marshal, wishing to know the truth himself, sent for the footman and learnt that in fact these debts had been acquired before his entrance into the Emperor's service, that he had even payed off a part of them out of his salary, but that he still owed two thousand francs, and that he was the father of five children. Furnished with these facts, the Marshal made a new report. "You see now," said Napoleon, "that they have acted too hastily. Tell him that I will pay his debts, but tell him at the same time, that if he makes any more while in my service, he shall be sent away irrevocably.—From *Memoires de Mlle. d'Avillon, Femme de Chambre à l'Impératrice Josephine, 1833.*

BIGAMY PROHIBITED.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday-school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?" said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

CHINESE JUGGLERS AND THEIR MARVELS.

GOING through the Chinese quarter of the British settlement of Hong Kong one day, and noticing a large assembly of natives gathered in a park, generally used for a fair ground, I thought I would spend a little of my spare time and ascertain the attraction that was as yet unknown to me. This ground, or park, is nearly always filled with Chinese, who come here to drink their tea, buy their fruit, have their letters written, and consult the fortune-tellers, who, they believe, can foresee the rise or fall of the Mexican dollar on the morrow, and whether their clients will gain money in their next business undertaking. In India, where every wandering dervish is able to perform tricks little short of the marvellous, one gets accustomed to seeing trees and ropes rising from the ground before one's eyes, and little boys disappearing at the other end of the same, etc.; but in China these tricks are not often to be seen, and what feats the Celestial can perform are usually of a low and mean, and very often of an indecent character, unfit for the Christian eye to witness.

But I saw from my place on a tea-table (for which I had to pay handsomely) that, though filthy in person and appearance, this juggler contemplated doing a trick I had never seen, and, overcoming the natural disgust caused by his dirty body, remained, curious to watch him through. He was one of the thinnest and most villainous of his class I have ever seen. His coat—consisting of raw cotton sewn and tied together on an old frame of native cloth—was lying by his side, and while he sat thus in the middle of the ring it seemed possible to count every rib and bone of his body. He had a pair of the usual loose trousers, originally blue, but now decidedly greasy, and from his loins hung suspended a murderous-looking knife. He was assisted by two women, who kept up a continuous chatter with their tongues; also by a little dark-eyed boy about five years of age, who was standing by his chief. The women were equally as dirty as the man himself, and every once in a while up would go their hands to their coarse black hair, or make a quick grab at some part of the body where an itch was felt. I had been there a few minutes when the women began exhorting the audience to subscribe cash to enable them to carry out such a trick as they contemplated putting before them. This audience was just like all Chinese audiences—uninterested, but unwilling to move on any further until they had seen all. Very little cash rewarded the ceaseless begging of the women. Red "joss" paper was now lighted, and bits of the burning stuff were thrown high into the air; red candles and "joss" sticks were ignited all about the circle, and a great brass gong was beaten. This noise, added to the beating of tom-toms, succeeded in drawing still more Chinamen to the crowd already gathered. At intervals silence would be ordered, the women would hastily run over a phrase in a shrill key, some taps of the drum and beating of the gong, and another phrase, and so on.

The fakir stopped his drum as if in anger, and, catching the little boy, threw him down upon the ground, with his head thrown back between his shoulders. He quickly drew his knife, and thrust it apparently right into the little fellow's stomach. The pretended anger, the apparent surprise and terror of the two women, their entreaties not to kill, the great spurt of crimson blood, the white face and staring eyes of the victim—all these parts were so well acted that they took everyone by surprise. The audience seemed terror-stricken at the butchery done before their very eyes, and while the foremost of them remained motionless, those in the rear, hearing only the cries, began pushing and squeezing those before them. I myself did not know what to make of it at all, having been taken by surprise by the unexpected grief of the women. The Chinese, especially the women, can cry and pretend to be broken-hearted on the slightest provocation. The performance was new to

Hong Kong, therefore none of the present audience had ever seen the trick. Some of the wiser ones refrained from anything except opening their mouths. They awaited future developments. Others, less patient, and with natures more excitable, threatened and gradually drew the ring about the performance closer and closer. The women, seeing this, immediately changed their tactics, and told them that they would quickly restore the boy to life and health. This had the desired effect, and the dirty little pieces of copper cash began falling all about the ring, when they were carelessly picked up by the two women. In the meantime, the performer sat there, grim and motionless, except when he would give the knife a slight twist, causing fresh spurts of blood to flow over his body and the body of the little victim. Taken altogether, it was a ghastly sight, and I longed for them to bring the affair to a hasty conclusion.

The boy's face—probably owing to application of a chemical preparation—was blanched and spotted as if affected by leprosy. Not a move or stir from the little body. After a time fresh joss paper was lighted, and the fakir withdrew the bloody knife. The body was now held over the fire, the drum was again beaten, accompanied by the old gong and a sort of flute used by the Chinese. Add to this the horrible noise of the sing-song entreaties of the women for more money, and you will imagine what an experience it was to me. The boy was now laid down upon the ground, the blood rubbed from his body with some old rags, and the performers, continuing with the abominable noise, walked slowly about the body, invoking the departed spirit to return to its earthly frame. After a few minutes of this hypocrisy, the watchers were rewarded by signs of returning life; the little fellow's eyes opened, his arms were extended, and he slowly rose to his feet, as if he had been awakened from a deep sleep. I could not see any wound on his body; the blood still covered his skin in some places. The knife I could see was no "trick" knife, and was so rudely formed as to make impossible the concealment of any secret spring. Where the blood came from I cannot tell. The boy was wholly naked, and the man was naked to the waist. Of course, then, he had no sleeves. You will ask, then, how is such a trick done? I do not know, and I must refer you to higher authorities upon this subject.

There are many thousands of jugglers of the common kind roaming about through the many provinces of China, and they can be seen in every big city, somewhere near one of the gates or about the temple courts. The outfit is very simple, and all is hidden by a greasy bag or basket. The main part of the outfit consists of tins and hollow receptacles, iron balls, and invariably an iron sword. A very clever trick is that of placing an empty tin vessel upon the ground in the centre of the ring or on your floor (if you have overcome your scruples and allowed the juggler inside the house, having taken great care to chain up everything movable). The watching and expectant eyes are then rewarded by seeing the tin gradually fill with water until it overflows and threatens to ruin your carpet. The contents seem to come and go simply at the beck and call of your performer. He takes up the can, puts it to his lips, and drains it of every drop. He places it near his eye, his ear, or his nostrils, and, lo! and behold! it is seen to fill again. I saw this done on shipboard one day when the performer proved himself so obliging as to cause "sam-shu," or native rice wine, to flow instead of water, which was eagerly tasted by some of the sailors.

A very common but dangerous trick is that of swallowing iron balls, usually performed by the street fakir or beggar. It is sometimes kept until the last, as it usually leaves the performer in an unenviable and miserable state of health. The iron balls used are each about one-and-a-half to two inches in diameter, made of rough cast iron. One is swallowed, and its progress down the throat is easily traced by the huge lump that appears. Another ball is entered into the mouth and made to follow. The performer now begins to feel uncomfortable.

the pupils of his eyes dilate, and his face changes colour under the dirt. The next ball, the third, is now sent on its dark way, and is seen to go very slowly down the throat. Now comes the disgusting part, to watch his antics as he exerts all his energy and force to get it down. After the lump caused by this ball again disappears he gives a great bound into the air, and comes down sharply to his feet, when can easily be heard the sharp click as the third comes in contact with its fellows. Then follows the minute of horrible agony as he strains himself in great pain, his hands pressing his stomach, and body bent almost double. He coughs and forces until one, then two, then the last ball all roll from the mouth and into the dirt.

The trick of the match-sticks is as follows:—The juggler takes three or four common sulphur matches, and enters them one by one into his ear. After a few seconds of facial contortion he brings the matches out of his nostrils or up through his mouth. He then proceeds to lift his eyelids, and slowly, but steadily, pushes the splinters over the eyeballs, into his head, when they find their way out through his ears. Perhaps some of the readers of this will exclaim: "A physical impossibility!" All I can say is that men with sharper eyes than mine have failed to find the secret of the trick, if there is any. The performer is always naked to the waist, the matches are genuine, and the trick is performed every day, in almost every street, at every theatre and market-place. Even tourists, who have only one or two days, or, as sometimes is the case, but a few hours' time in Shanghai, can witness on the hotel steps all and more tricks than I have mentioned. Every juggler, as I have said, carries a sword, and every one of them is able to fill his stomach with cold iron when rice is not handy. Not fancy and flexible pieces of burnished steel, that accommodately wind and twist to the wishes of the European sleight-of-hand performer, but a rude, rusty, jagged piece of metal resembling hoop-iron, is the sword of the Chinese juggler. They are two and sometimes three feet long, and are thrust far down into the body. The performer then struts about, smacking his stomach, and for once he is quiet, and not a sound is heard. When the juggler eats fire, he lights a lot of paper and shoves it with chopsticks far down his throat. He pretends that the fire does not go out, and fanning his ears he causes his mouth and nostrils to emit smoke like a small steamer.

This trick, if not prevented by conscientious Europeans, he will turn into one of the most disgusting, to the delight of his Chinese audience. The trick itself is simple and harmless; the fire smoulders, and when he breathes hard the confined smoke escapes. He can also cause a full-grown rabbit to come forth out of what was known to be a bundle of rags, and make it walk about your steps; but this is simply sleight-of-hand, as the rabbit always turns out to be the same filthy animal used, and quickly finds its way again to the mysterious basket. A very clever trick is that of swallowing ten or more needles. The juggler follows them with a piece of silk thread, one end of which remains outside. Pull out the thread, and you will find it move through the eyes of all the needles.

HIS LAST DINNER.

THE Congo basin is inhabited to a great extent by cannibal tribes. In a poor, half-ruined hovel there sat an aged and emaciated cannibal. Trade had been far, very far, from good of late, the action of marauding tribes had destroyed that feeling of confidence without which commerce is paralysed. In addition to this, a traveller had introduced among this simple people the American game of draw-poker; already impoverished by business losses, the cannibal came up on fours against a straight-flush. It was a poignant and pauperising experience.

And now?

Friendless, without means, almost starving, the cannibal sat in his hovel. It was furnished with a floor, a cookery-book, and the light of the setting sun. There was nothing else. The cannibal sat on the floor and by the light of the setting sun read the cookery-book. He was reading the recipe for Friendly Pie. It began:

"Take a small neighbour, not too old, wash thoroughly, and cut into suitable lengths——"

He could read no more. It was too tantalising. The hovel was solitary, and he had no neighbour. He was very, very hungry. There seemed to be a fever in his brain. Once or twice he went outside and dipped his burning head in the Congo basin to cool it.

He had no relations who would help him. They were angry with him because he had gambled away the small residue of his fortune. His eldest brother had said to him sternly, "You have placed yourself entirely outside the family circle."

How he wished now—in the desperation of hunger—that he *could* place himself outside some of that family circle.

When he returned for the last time from his elementary shampoo into his dilapidated hovel, he found a change. The floor was still there, and so was the cookery-book, but the light of the setting sun was gone. "Never can keep anything, unless you lock it up," he said, irritably, to himself.

As he sat there in the darkness, it became more and more borne in upon him that he must eat something. He gazed at the floor, at the cookery-book, and at himself. The floor and the cookery-book were inedible. There was but one thing left.

* * *

In the early morning some of his family circle approached the hovel, and entered. It may have been a longing for reconciliation, or it may have been merely an appetite for breakfast that brought them there. The best of us are only human, and our nature is sadly defective.

They found no trace whatever of the aged cannibal.

"Where is he?" asked the youngest brother. "If he is dead, where is his body?"

The elder brother realised what had happened. He passed his hand wearily over his eyes.

"He has foiled us!" he said. "In one sense he died last night—but in another he only dined. George, carry the big saucepan back again. We shall not breakfast this morning."

WHY NOT ?

Too fair for a lover's kiss!

Too pure for a lover's touch!

I can only dream the bliss;

To live it would be too much!

And if it might be my care,

To guard you from all offence,

I know I could leave you there,

In your perfect innocence.

But, ah, some man will profane

Those lips with his rude caress,

And your form will bend and strain

As his strong arms closer press.

Since a lover will be found,

In the coming by and by,

On that sweet and holy ground,

Why, dear, should it not be I?

ELIZA AND THE AWFUL COLD.

BY BARRY PAIN.

BEFORE I was married, Eliza's mother said to me more than once: "When anybody's ill, there's no one like Eliza. She is most attentive." That is true. I don't think Eliza's mother put it at all too strongly.

A short time ago I caught a cold in the head. It was really an awful cold, leading to handkerchiefs out of all proportion to our income, and altering slightly my pronunciation of the letters "m" and "n." One of our clerks told me I made too much fuss about my cold.

I replied: "It is a codstad source of addoyadce to be."

There was not one word of sympathy. He burst into a loud, unmannerly laugh. I turned my back on him and walked sharply away. After that several of the men in the office seemed to think it to be in good taste to get me to say words and sentences containing the letters "m" and "n," in order that they might turn me into ridicule. I said to one of them who had gone, I thought, a little too far:

"All I cad say is that your dotiods of good taste are dot bide."

However, he had not sufficient sensitiveness to feel the rebuke. On the following day the whole of the clerks in the office chose to imitate the slight peculiarity in my pronunciation. I treated them with contempt. I said: "It is a batter of suprebe iddifferedce to be, whether you bake a bock of be or dot."

Eliza's conduct was quite different. She was, as her mother said, most attentive.

* * *

On the day that I caught my cold in the city, I had no sooner returned home than Eliza saw what was the matter. She said that she would take measures.

I thanked her.

"If," I suggested, "you would get a little cabphor from the chebist's, that's a good thig for a code."

"Yes," she said, "but that's no use alone. I've nursed mother through many a cold, and I know what ought to be done."

Apparently there was a good deal that required to be done.

* * *

Speaking in a general way, I do not care to go to bed at a quarter to seven. But Eliza insisted upon it, and as she was obviously actuated by the kindest feelings, I did not like to make any serious opposition. Nor do I care to feel like a human cruets-stand, but she seemed to think mustard-plasters essential, and she said her mother thought so too. I should be ashamed to make much fuss about what I have to eat and drink; I hope I am above that. Still, one cup of gruel is hardly a sufficient supper, and I said so. She quoted the proverb that if you feed a cold, you'll have to starve a fever.

I told her that she had got the proverb just the wrong way round.

"Mother always has it that way, and I don't think you're any wiser than she is. You can have a seidlitz powder, if you like."

I refused rather snappishly, and she said that it was not much pleasure to nurse a man who objected to everything you did.

* * *

My cold had not gone in the morning. I breakfasted on gruel and ginger lozenges. By this time Eliza, who was untiring in her attention, had used up on me all the different medicines she had in the house. She said if I would stop away from the office, there were one or two other things she would get from the chemist's for me in the course of the morning. I explained that if I stopped away it would disorganise the business. So I went up to the office with a comforter, a respirator, two overcoats, and a rug for the knees. As I came in, one of the clerks called out—

"Why, that bundle of clothes is moving!"

I said nothing, but I just gave him one look.

* * *

As soon as I got home Eliza sent me to bed again. I took the quinine, the glycerine jujubes, and the sarsaparilla. But I refused to inhale steam from a kettle, or take more than one pinch of medicated snuff. She was rather annoyed and said that it was no good getting things for me if I refused to use them.

* * *

I recovered from the cold on the very day that Eliza had bought two new patent medicines for me. She seemed disappointed, but said she would keep them for next time.

I hope there will be no next time. I dislike the vulgar jokes at the office. Of course, I have Eliza's affectionate and devoted nursing, but—well, I would just as soon not have another of those awful colds.

WHY THEY WON'T INSURE HIM.

He is hale, and stout, and hearty,

He is sound in wind and limb;

His cheeks are bright and rosy,

And he is not adipose. He

Had never one day's sickness,

And his eyes possess the quickness

Of strength, and youth, and vigour;

He's a herculean figure,

And is quite as strong as Sandow—

He can lift with ease a landau.

Of health he is the picture;

And at feats of great endurance

Not one can equal him.

On his diet's placed no stricture,

And at any kind of party,

He can shift a lot of food.

He is hale, and stout, and hearty,

And his appetite is good.

Once he went to some insurance

Firm to get his life insured.

They read the application;

And the M.D.'s asseveration

They with eagerness perused.

They were filled with admiration,

But 'twas changed to consternation

When they heard his occupation;

So, without much hesitation,

Then and there his application

They immediately refused.

To more companies he's written;

He has searched each place in Britain—

To refusals grown insured.

He has fetched his testimonials;

Gone through awful ceremonials;

Still appears quite cool and calm, and

Never thinks that it's a bore;

Though the doctors have examined

Him a thousand times or more.

And they all, with keen precision,

Give the very same decision—

That such a healthy fellow they

Had never seen before.

Yet, despite his health and vigour,

And his herculean figure;

Though he's strong as any "nigger,"

Still uninsured is he.

And, although it may seem funny,

Yet for neither love nor money

Will a company insure him—

He's a Football Referee!

CLARA: "I'm afraid this hat doesn't go well with my complexion."

Maude: "Well, it won't be necessary for you to change the hat."

AN EYE-OPENER.



MR. SOFTLEIGH (who has been waiting half-an-hour): "Did you tell Miss Helen I was here?"

TOMMY: "Yes, sir."

MR. SOFTLEIGH: "And what did she say?"

TOMMY: "She said, 'What, that ass again?'"

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY

B. A. CLARKE.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

THE week night service at the Bempton Street Mission Hall was nearly over. The more devotional worshippers, who kept, on principle, a bar behind the instrument, had just finished the last hymn.

With the pronouncing of the Benediction, the meeting broke up into conversational groups. A woman with a shawl over her head captured the attention of a score of parents near the door.

"It 'appened a Toosday," she began. "There was nuthin' to do, and I was feelin' a bit dull and lonesome. My 'usband, 'oos a rare 'un to keep up anything like Christmas, 'ad overeat 'isself, and was lyin' asleep in the arm chair. It came into my 'ed, sudden like, to see 'ow Mrs. Grant was gittin' on, and round I went, as Mrs. Grant 'ere can bear me out."

"Gospel truth, every word of it," said that lady, impressively.

"I was parsin' the Mission when I 'eard a racket comin' from the Popes' kitchen, which, as you know, is next door. 'Ho,' sez I to myself, just like I'm torkin' now, 'that's hour 'all keeper givin' a Christmas party. I'll just step down into the arey, friendly like, and see 'ow they're gittin' on. The blind didn't come to at the corner so I could see right into the room. There, if you please, was Mr. and Mrs. Pope hand their family, all as large as life, sittin' at dinner. The Cattle Market clock went a quarter to seven while I was standing there, and they was just finishing their puddin'. Quarter to seven, mark you, by the big clock on the Cattle Market tower."

The orator paused. The tribute she looked for of surprise and exclamation flowed in steadily.

"They couldn't 'ave set down at one and kep' at it straight on," said a white-headed man doubtfully. "Pope 'as a rare twist on 'im at times, for certain—I've sat next 'im at the Parents' Teas—but five hours at the rate 'e travels would be beyond any man, I should think."

"They might 'ave gone out to dinner at a relaytives,

and then come back and 'ad their own. I've known that done before now," said a gaunt girl with a fringe.

"I know," said a woman whose reputation as a domestic mismanager was a certainty; "the Popes 'ad a large goose; I see Mr. Marshall give it them. When it come to be cut it was pink in the middle, not bein' cooked through, so they all 'ad to wait while Mrs. Pope set to and done it again, which as she 'ad let the fire go down took 'er a long time."

The woman with the shawl shook her head. "Hall wrong," she said, triumphantly. "My 'usband tackled Mr. Pope about it the next day. The nobs, e' sez, halways dine in the evenin', so on Christmas Day me and the missis done the same, and never enjoyed a feed like it in our lives."

"He was always inclined to be uppish, was Pope," said the man with the white hair.

"The authorities ought to take it up," said the Tract Distributer, warmly. "A time-server and a respecter of persons is not a fitting man to exercise authority at a Christian door."

It was a grievance of the speaker's that he was denied the official entrance to the hall, and had to find his way to the public meetings with the unprivileged throng.

"Wait a minute!" said the woman; "you haven't heard the best bit. 'Oo else d'ye think I see there? Miss Chick, mistress of the Hinfant School, *hand* Sekertary of our Mothers' Meetin', in a black dress with frillin' round the neck, larfin' at a 'all-keeper's jokes as if he'd bin the Lord Mayor 'isself."

"We shall hear of this from Mrs. Pope," said a woman. "On Sunday evenin's she'll be wantin' to sit up on the platform, I shouldn't wonder, alongside of 'er dear friend.' Did you hear, mum, 'ow they managed to git her?"

"My 'usband never thought to ask. Somethin' to do with the young 'uns that's in 'er class, I expect."

A lowering of the gas throughout the building warned the conference that it was time to break up. As the people filed out into the streets a good many attempts to draw the doorkeeper were made. Mr. Pope replied cheerily to all his questioners, but without adding to the stock of information. Mrs. Pope, who had been

cleaning up the large hall after the Band of Hope, joined her husband at the door.

"The parents was very curious about our Christmas dinner. They was all of 'em on to me about it as they come upstairs."

"You didn't tell them anything, I hope?"

"Why not?"

"If you have breathed a syllable about Miss Chick I'll never think the same of you again!"

"All right, Polly."

The woman slipped her arm through her husband's.

The dressmaker's secret was absolutely safe.

The distribution of Christmas dinner at Bampton Hall is a great function. Two hundred and fifty cooked dinners are taken away by the destitute of the neighbourhood, to be consumed at their own homes. The distribution itself is a simple matter, but the preliminary arrangements necessitate, or secure, an army of helpers, and the big schoolroom, at twelve o'clock on the 25th December, is always a cheerful sight. The Christmas morning we are concerned with was no exception. If anything, the bustle was greater than usual. In addition to the staff of the Mission, there was a score of well-dressed visitors from the squares, counting, sorting, wrapping up things, and displaying an amount of resource and ingenuity that no one would have supposed these operations capable of calling forth. Everybody was at work, smiling, and consciously philanthropic. There was one exception. At a table some distance from the others a superior-looking woman was making pretence of filling paper screws with salt. A few minutes previously she had been in the thick of the helpers, weighing out half-pounds of cold beef. She had thrown up this occupation suddenly, without saying a word. The action excited no comment, though an inkling of its meaning would have startled Miss Chick's colleagues a good deal. The Infant Mistress was hungry—ravenous—and the smell of the provisions was making her feel faint. To be sharp-set on Christmas morning is, in Bampton Street circles, a matter for congratulation; but in this case there were no anticipations to give pleasantness to temporary pain. Miss Chick had no prospect of a good dinner. She was the only one in that gathering, including the very poor who were beginning to assemble at the bottom of the room, of whom this could be said.

The minutes passed, but the heap of salt in front of the dressmaker did not diminish. Miss Chick was in a brown study. It was not hunger that filled her thoughts so much as curiosity about what might be written upon her face. She had the notion that to those capable of reading between the lines (there were a good many lines, unfortunately) the whole story of her struggles and privations was legible. Perhaps the little whispering group in the middle of the room was even now discussing it, and planning some underhand stratagem for her help. They could outwit her so easily, they thought. They would send her assistance, and it would never even enter her head that she had been the subject of relief. For the moment she hated them all from the bottom of her heart. The Superintendent broke in upon these imaginations by asking her to cut up the puddings.

"I would sooner go on with what I am doing, thank you," she replied.

"Oh, nonsense! One of the children can do that. But you we must have for the twos and threes."

The invitation was tempting. To help two fifths of a Christmas pudding, and be able to meet the eye of the man who follows with a ticket for three, is not within the compass of everyone. The match of Miss Chick at the task there was not in the whole Mission. On previous occasions her accuracy and coolness under interested criticism had won her fame.

The recollection, though, of her previous collapse was still in Miss Chick's mind.

"I would sooner go on with what I am doing, thank you," she said again, with tight lips.

Mr. Sampson turned away. To ask, and be refused, was a new experience for him at the Mission, and his

face showed that the novelty was not welcomed. Poor Miss Chick! She had gone through so much to earn the approval of this man, undertaking all sorts of philanthropic labours for people better off than herself, and it was hard now to forfeit it by a mistake.

Bad as it was, if her action had been understood, she told herself, the calamity would have been ten thousand times worse.

Miss Chick watched the proceedings from amongst the non-combatants. There were features in the scene she had never noticed before. There was no sort of envy in her heart towards the receivers of the good things.

It was her humour to identify herself with particular recipients, take possession (in fancy) of their basins and dinner tickets, and make the grand tour of the tables, receiving the beamings of perfect strangers with such composure as she had at command.

The game was soon over. "In an incredibly short space of time two hundred and fifty cooked dinners had been given out, packed fearfully into impossible receptacles, and the apathetic proprietors dismissed with handshakes and a verse of the Christmas hymn.

"We never had the meat so nice, I think," said Mr. Sampson, when the last of them had gone away.

"I am certain that it was never so perfectly cooked," said the Superintendent of the morning school.

"It was quite a pleasure to cut it up," said Mr. Marshall—the same sentences having been exchanged by them after every distribution for the past dozen years.

On the subject of the puddings, an equal optimism was not possible. Some batches had been above criticism—Mrs. Sampson's two dozen, for instance—but others were held to have been below the mark.

"I declare," said Mrs. Marshall, "I felt quite sorry for the people when I was cutting up that dozen; you know whose I mean?"

Mrs. Sampson nodded. "Ah, well!" she said. "we shall know better another year whom to trust with the materials."

And this remark, like her husband's, had done duty a good many times before. The ladies kept these misgivings to themselves. The touching delight of Mr. Sampson in the absolute perfection of all the arrangements they had not the heart to disturb. They watched him going round the room, shaking the worst offenders by the hand, and congratulating them upon culinary triumphs, and smiled indulgently. Men were only grown-up children—pathetically gullible. And besides, the superintendent's cordiality and thanks would do instead of his wife's, and much saving of a rather tender conscience would result.

Mr. Sampson found himself in the neighbourhood of Miss Chick.

"The puddings turned out splendidly," he said.

"Won't you come over and taste them?"

"I don't think I want any," said the infant mistress, mendaciously.

"No one goes away without trying the Christmas pudding. Why, you helped to make them!"

"It must be quite a small piece, then," she stipulated.

Mr. Sampson conducted her to his wife's table—a sea of white paper islanded with segments of puddings. There were knives lying about, and the visitors were helping themselves. A girl in a sealskin jacket had just cut herself a large slice. "I'm just ravenous," she protested.

Miss Chick was more modest.

"Why, you won't be able to taste it with that mite!" said Mrs. Sampson.

"Miss Chick's thinkin' of that dinner that's waitin' 'er at 'ome," said the hall-keeper, who on Christmas morning was a privileged man. "She don't mean to spile it."

Miss Chick laughed, but it was not a very cheerful affair.

Mr. Pope's eyes happened to be upon her. "Well, I'm blowed!" he said to himself, under his breath.

"Wot's your address?" he inquired suddenly.

"Fifty, Freeling Street," she replied. "Why?"

"Only someone was arskin' the other day, and it seemed silly-like for me not to know."

It was with a heavy heart, a quarter of an hour later, that Miss Chick pushed open the door of her room. The

Mr. Chick had been one of two hundred to found an "Albatross" habitation, and the photographer (cunning fellow) had caught them in the historic act.

Upon the mantelpiece the outline of a case of wax fruit was just visible. The sight of these household gods



"WE NEVER HAD THE MEAT SO NICE, I THINK," SAID MR. SAMPSON.

place was full of fog. The fire, though, burned cheerfully. Its light fell upon the opposite wall, illuminating the portrait of Miss Chick's father so brightly that, to affectionate fancy, his individual features were distinguishable.

seemed to exercise a soothing influence.

"I have never pawned or sold anything, or been in debt," said the dressmaker (living alone, she had acquired the habit of thinking aloud), "and it's something to have come through an illness and be able to say that."

Miss Chick's spirits fell again when she examined her supplies. The scrap of mutton was smaller even than she had feared. It was not worth laying the table for. She ate it from the dish in a few mouthfuls, and, dividing her stock of bread into two equal portions, consumed one, sitting over the fire.

but the goal was in sight, and Miss Chick reckoned she had about won.

"I will go to bed very early," she said. "If I can *only* pull through to-day! I can remember," she continued, addressing the flames, "when on this night of the year I used to be afraid to close my eyes, because when I



"I AM BEGINNING TO THINK," SHE SAID, "THAT I ONLY HAD A LUNCHEON AFTER ALL."

The other moiety was reserved for breakfast—the last meal for some time the dressmaker would have to provide for herself. On the morrow she was to keep house for a rich client who was going out of town. It had been a race with starvation, getting through the last few days,

next opened them Christmas would be gone."

Moved by some train of recollections, she walked across to the framed portrait and kissed the speck that stood for her father, careless of how many strangers she might be including in the salute.

After this ebullition Miss Chick resumed her seat in front of the fire; but her mood had changed. She fished a school hymn-book from the recesses of her pocket, and, opening it at "His Nativity," went straight ahead. She sang flat, and through her nose, but it did not matter. Neither was it of consequence that she was shabby and half-starved. She was laying treasures of gold and frankincense at the foot of the manger-cradle, and the music that was flooding the chamber proceeded from angel lips.

Mr. Pope, who had come up to see her, knocked twice without making himself heard. He pushed open the door and looked in. The infant mistress had her feet upon the fender, and was rocking to and fro as she sang.

He advanced into the room, and the noise disturbed her.

"Is there anyone Mr. Sampson wants me to visit?" she said, springing up. "I have had my dinner, and am quite at his service."

"It's not that, miss. Mr. Marshall giv' me a goose, and Mrs. Sampson sent round such fruit and vegetables from 'er shop as you never saw."

"I'm very pleased."

"It's the honour of your company I come to request. The children are mad to have you," he added apologetically.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Pope. I shall always remember it; but—what did I say when you first came into the room?"

"You said you'd had your dinner."

Miss Chick's face fell. She had let herself hope that the unfortunate speech had not been heard.

"No one could eat two good meals straight off, could they?"

"I suppose not—leastways, not a lady, admitted the hall-keeper, reluctantly. Then an inspiration came to him. "No one wants you to eat two meals right off. *Our dinner-hour this evening is 'arf-past six.*"

"Two Christmas dinners in a day!" the dressmaker laughed nervously. "What an idea of my appetite you must have!"

Mr. Pope held his ground.

"What do you generally do when you dine of an evenin'?"

"I have never had a late dinner in my life."

Miss Chick was a woman with a conscience. Beyond the point of respectable comfort she would perjure herself for no man.

"Ow do the swells manage? They 'ave luncheon; and that's wot you've 'ad—luncheon, neither more nor less."

"I told you, Mr. Pope, that I had had dinner."

"Nine out of ten dinners are luncheons, if people only knew."

"Gentlefolk would scarcely have meat and things, as much as one could eat, and dine afterwards?"

"If I wos to tell you arf wot I know about the aristocracy, you wouldn't believe me. My dorter is takin' in a story—a penny a number, that's hall—but the feedin' in it passes credulence. And toffs! Well, the company you meet with in the Sunday School library books ain't to be mentioned with it!"

"And there is no difference, it tells you, between dinner and lunch?"

"There is a difference. To start with, you lunch in English, and dine mostly in French or Latin."

"I don't think I understand."

"No more don't I, miss, not rightly. Then, agen, at lunch, the joints are mostly cold."

"My meat was cold to-day. I seemed to fancy it that way."

"Sup, now, would be quite out of place. I don't ever remember readin' about sup at lunch."

"I did without soup; it's a trouble to make for only one."

"Vegetables, too, are hardly the thing. A potato roast in the skin there'd be no objection to." (This was in case Miss Chick had brought away one from the dis-

tribution.) "But sparrergrus and 'ot-'ouse peas form no part 'of the midday refrection.' Then, of course, there's the dessert. The Honourable Reginald sat toyin' with a superb *Guillume poire*.' 'The Lady Mildred paused in the act of conveyin' a morsel of pineapple to 'er enchantin' mouth.' This, of course, happened at dinner," he added.

"I have not had any of the things you mention," said the dressmaker. The faintness of the morning was returning, and she had to sit down.

"I am beginning to think," she said, "that I only had a luncheon, after all."

"Come, now," said the hall-keeper, wringing her by the hand, "that's splendid! You had better come round now, and give us the whole afternoon."

Artful Mr. Pope! How the postponement of the banquet would be taken by his wife and children was more than doubtful. The presence of the guest would effectually prevent them from expressing their views.

"I will follow in half-an-hour," said Miss Chick. "I must make myself look a bit smart."

So, after all, Mr. Pope had to weather the domestic hurricane alone.

Mrs. Pope, red in the face from bending over the fire, met him at the door.

"She's coming round in 'arf an 'our," he said.

"Well, I shall be quite ready; the goose will be done to a turn."

Mr. Pope followed her into the kitchen. The bustling cheerfulness of the woman made his task harder. Once when a boy he had put a stone through a pane of plate-glass. Breaking the news to his father he had felt just as he did now. It came at last with a burst.

"I told Miss Chick we were going to have dinner at half-past six."

"What?"

He had to give the whole story.

"The goose will be ruined; I suppose you are aware of that?"

"Can't it be——"

"You are not goin' to learn me how to cook! A nice lot of falsehoods you and Miss Chick 'ave told between you! Don't stand staring there! If you really want to help, fetch the American clock from the bedroom and push forward the regulator. It gains a *hour* a day, as it is."

Mr. Pope returned after executing this commission, and his wife kissed him. "It was the Lord Jesus you told all them lies to," she said. "They'll be counted as if spoken to Himself."

The next few hours were spent by the Popes and their visitor in a semi-circle around the fire. The whole party, of course, was ravenously hungry. The two smallest Popes sat throughout with clenched teeth, and when the smell of the goose was more than ordinarily in evidence, were hard put to it to refrain from calling out. One would like to be able to record a marvel, and say that that was the happiest Christmas afternoon in their lives; but perhaps it was a sufficient miracle that they were able to pull through at all. The American clock plunged along and served them gallantly. It was not really much later than a quarter to six when they sat down. Everyone was helped (such platefuls, the little Popes despaired of being able to observe a regular sequence in their eating, there were so many things), and still there was a pause. Mr. Pope rose from the head of the table, and stood with his hand up to secure silence, though no one had spoken for two minutes. "I think, frien's," he said (the hall-keeper often addressed his wife and little ones as friends; he had formed himself upon Mr. Sampson, and it was only at home that his gifts could find exercise); "I think, frien's, on an occasion like the present we could not do better than begin with the Doxology, which we will sing to the familiar toon of the 'Old 'Undredth.'"

"Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

And when the grace was finished they all fell to.

HOW TO SUCCEED ON THE STAGE.

A CHAT WITH MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

"No, I come of a most untheatrical family," observed my young host smiling. "I fancy few actors have begun their career at an earlier age than myself. I had already passed my army prelim., when I made up my mind to go on the stage. I was then sixteen and a half, and thought myself fortunate in obtaining an engagement as super at the Grand Theatre, Islington, where Charles Warner was then producing *In the Ranks*."

"Yes, I certainly served a very thorough apprenticeship," he added, thoughtfully, "I was a prompter for three years, occasionally taking small parts, and this all over the provinces, as well as taking part in two of the Kendals' tours in America. Perhaps it will interest those readers of *To-Day* who are stage-struck to learn that during those years I only earned fifteen shillings a week, and often worked from ten a.m. to one p.m."

"And do you really recommend the course you pursued to a would-be actor?"

"Yes, I am convinced it is best to begin at the bottom and work your way to the top. I do not much believe in the old-fashioned stock company idea. I should advise a beginner to enter a good company, and work steadily year out and year in with a leading actor or actress. I learnt a great deal by being so much with Mrs. Kendal; she was very kind, and took a great deal of pains with me. As for the Conservatoire system, of which we hear so much, it would only be of value if the leading members of the profession, say Irving and Ellen Terry, would themselves teach the classes, and take an active interest in the institution."

"And when did you get your first chance to show what stuff you were made of?"

"In *Walker, London*," he replied, promptly. "I played the part of Andrew Macfail five hundred and ten times; and then I became part-author with Mr. Brookfield, of *Under the Clock*, a kind of *revue* played with great success at the Court Theatre. In it we passed in rapid review the events of the previous twelve months; Mr. Brookfield taking the part of Sherlock Holmes and I that of Dr. Watson. Mr. George Edwardes saw me in the little piece, and offered me a three years engagement."

"And what was your first Gaiety rôle?"

"What used to be Fred Leslie's part in *Little Jack Shepherd*; but before coming to the Gaiety I acted in *The Transgressor*, and also went to America to take part in a pantomime."

"And how do you like burlesque, Mr. Hicks?"

"I enjoy it immensely," he answered, "but a great many false ideas obtain about this class of work. People think that burlesque owes its success entirely to costumes and scenery, with a song or two thrown in. Now, as a fact, burlesque work is the most difficult branch of the profession. The actor or actress whose ambition it is to succeed in this line must sing and dance and act; and sing as well as do those who devote their whole time to the acquirement of either of these three accomplishments. The other day the public were told that £59,000 were taken at the Gaiety in eight months, and many people seem to think that this result was achieved without much trouble." And Mr. Hicks smiled significantly. "Why, think of the constant changes that have to be perpetually introduced."

"And what do you think of the gag question?"

"Well," he replied, frankly, "gag is essential in this class of play; and a really successful burlesque actor must always be ready to supply good stuff full of topical allusions at a moment's notice. As to the question of costumes and scenery, of course, they are important, and brilliant accessories have often pulled through a bad play; but, as I said before, in anything like burlesque, the dancing, singing, and acting, must, each and all, be good of their kind, or the public are dissatisfied."

"I believe you have been very successful as a dancer?"

"I have endeavoured to strike out a new line for my-

self, but, of course, before I came to the Gaiety, I had not much opportunity of showing what I could do in this way."

"Do you find that your American experiences are of any use to you?"

"Yes, I am very fond of Yankee audiences, though they are harder to please than the English public."

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

CHRISMUS is a tryin' time. It comes but once a year an', blimey, if it come any orfner we'd all be broke. It's a sort o' test, yer know, is Chrismus-week. The man as can go through Chrismus-week withart exceedin' the limits—well, 'e reely is a joodishus man, an' no mistake abart it. Pore ole 'Ankin! 'E ain't come throo it nort as 'e'd 'ave wished. 'Is injoodishusness, it come along of 'is luck. We hall know what 'Ankin's luck is. The on'y time as 'e ever bet 'e put 'is money darn on a fursiken artsider, and pulled it off. 'E's one of them cawn't go wrong, as fur as luck's concerned. So, in course, when we's a raffle fur a tukkey at foppence a 'ead, 'Ankin wins that blooming tukkey. I knowed e would; I was so bloomin' sure of it that I offered 'im twice 'is money fur 'is chawnce. But no—'e won that tukkey fur 'isself. Well, the drawin' fur the raffle took plice on the quiet and 'andy fur the public as we mostly yoooses. So we dropped in fur a glawss awterwuds. Ankin were feelin' pleased with 'isself. I porse 'ere ter remawk that if ever a man mikes a reg'lar 'opeless 'elpless fool of 'isself, nine times art of ten 'e does it when 'e's feelin' perticular pleased with 'isself—sims ter mike 'im so keerless, some'ow. Anywe 'Ankin e 'ad 'is drink, and stood drinks, and others stood 'im drinks, and haltergither 'e went beyond the barnds. No, 'e wasn't whort you'd call absolutely, yer know. But you cud see as 'e were a bit above 'isself, otherwise he wouldn't 'ave said as he wornted ter mike it up with the Prince of Wiles and be fren's agin. Anywe, a full hower afore closin' time I felt it my melingcholy dooty ter tike 'im by the 'awm and lead 'im as fur as 'is own door-step, jest ter kip 'im art o' mischief.

'Is ole missus opened the door ter 'im. I don' know whort occurred, fur I left in a bit of a 'urry, but next mornin', 'Ankin were lookin' very darn in the mouth, and said thet though pussonally 'e alwise knew when 'e'd had enough, and acted accordin', 'e'd come ter the cornclousion that beer were a mistike, and then 'e awst me whort I were lawfin at!

* * * *

It mye possibly appen as some imputtinent pussons mye be wishful for ter know 'ow I gits through Chrismus-week myself. Well nar, thet's a privit matter, and I don't see whort call anybody's gart ter put the questshing. Still, if I were awst and 'ad ter awnser, I shud sye as I gort throo it feerly so fur. Theer's bin nutthink as yer cud prop'ly call injoodishusness. Still, I mye 'ave bin bord'rin on the edge, so ter speak. Ho yus, it's a parful upsettin' time, is Chrismus—a time when yer needs ter watch yerself per'ticlar close.

* * * *

And no sooner is yer over Chrismus than yer on the top o' the noo year. If Chrismus is likely ter mike yer go it a bit art o' cheerfulness, blimey if the end o' the year don't do the sime thing art o' puttin' yer in the dumps. Yer finds yerself a year older, and earnin' no more money, no 'andsomer, no better, no richer, no nutthink, and likely with less money put by nor yer 'ad the year before. If thet don't give yer a 'ump as nutthink but two threepenn'uths, drunk warm, is any cure fur, I'm a Dutchman, which, I'm prard to sye, I ain't.

ELIZA AND THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

BY BARRY PAIN.

"ELIZA," I said one evening, "do you think that you are fonder of me than I am of you, or that I am fonder of you than you are of me?"

She answered, "What is thirteen from twenty-eight?" without looking up from the account-book.

"I do think," I said, "that when I speak to you you might have the civility to pay some little attention."

She replied, "One pound fifteen and two, and I hope you know where we are to get it from, for I don't. And don't bang on the table in that silly way, or you'll spill the ink."

"I did not bang. I tapped slightly from a pardonable impatience. I put a plain question to you some time ago, and I should like a plain answer to it."

"Well, what do you want to talk for when you see I am counting? Now, what is it?"

"What I asked was this. Do I think—I mean, do you think—that I am fonder of me—no, you are fonder of I—well, I'll begin again. Which of us two would you say was fonder of the other than the other was of the—dash it all you know what I mean!"

"No, I don't, but it's nothing to swear about."

"I was not swearing. If you don't know what I mean, I'll try to put it more simply. Are you fonder than I am? There."

"Fonder of what?"

"Fonder of each other."

"You mean is each of us fonder of the other than the other is of—the each?"

"I mean nothing of the kind. Until you muddled it, the thing was perfectly clear. Well, we two are two, are we not?"

"Of course, I know that, but——"

"Wait a minute. I intend that you shall understand me this time. Which of those two would you say was fonder of the other than the other was of the other, or would you say that each was as fond of the other as the other one was? Now you see it."

"Almost. Say it again."

"Would you say that in your opinion neither of us was fonder of the other than both were of each, or that one was fonder of the other than the other was of the first, and if so, which?"

"Now you've made it worse than ever. I don't believe you know what you mean yourself. Do come to supper and talk sense."

I smiled cynically as I sat down to supper. "This doesn't surprise me in the least," I remarked. "I never yet knew a woman who could argue, or even understand the first step in an argument, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Well," said Eliza, "you can't argue until you know what you're talking about, and I don't know what you're talking about, and you don't seem to know yourself, or, if you do, you're too muddled to tell anybody. If you want to argue, argue about one pound fifteen and two. It's Griffiths, and been sent in three times already."

"Don't shirk it, Eliza. Don't try to get away from it. I asked you which of us you thought was the fonder of the other, and you couldn't understand it."

"Why, of course, I understand that. Why didn't you say so before?"

"As far as I remember, those were my precise words."

"But they weren't! What you said was, 'If neither of us was fonder of both than each is of either, which of the two would it be?' or something of the kind."

"Now, how could I talk such absolute nonsense?"

"Ah!" she said; "when men lose their temper they never know what they're saying!"

I had a very good answer to that, but just at the moment the girl brought in the last post. There was a letter from Eliza's mother. There was also an en-

closure in postal orders quite beyond anything I had expected, and she expressed a hope that they might enable us "to defray some of the expenses incidental to the season." As far as my own personal feeling is concerned, I should have returned them at once. In some ways I daresay that I am a proud man. I have been told so. But the poor old lady takes such pleasure in giving, and she has so little other enjoyment, that I should have been reluctant to check her. In fact, taking the money as evidence of her affection, I was pleased. So was Eliza.

"Pay Griffiths's twopenny-halfpenny account to-morrow," I said, "and tell him that he has lost our patronage for ever."

* * *

We did not recur to the original question. Personally, I should say that, in the case of two people it might very well happen that, though at one time the affection of one for the other might be greater than the affection which the other had for the one which I originally mentioned at the same time, yet at some other time the affection which the other one had for the other might be just as much greater than the affection which the first one had for the second, as the difference was in the first instance between the two. At least, that is the general drift of what I mean. Eliza would never see it, of course.

PECULIAR HOBBIES.

A VERY peculiar hobby was that of an old woman who had been employed at court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding cake. The cakes to which the fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land. The place of honour was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, and nearly every Royal marriage that had occurred since the accession of William IV. was represented in this curious collection. Lord Petersham, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for walking-sticks, and also for various kinds of tea and snuff. All around his sitting-room were shelves, those upon one side laden with canisters of Souchong, Bohea, Congou, Pekoe, Russian, and other varieties of tea. The shelves opposite were decorated with handsome jars, containing every kind of snuff, while snuff-boxes lay here, there, and everywhere. Lord Petersham prided himself upon possessing the most magnificent array of boxes to be found in Europe, and was supposed to have a fresh snuff-box for every day in the year.

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers, and wigs, of all shapes, sizes, and fashions. This curious hobby was rivalled by that of a late King of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique. A King of Wurtemberg boasted the possession of above 9,000 copies of the Bible; and a nicotine-loving American revelled in a treasury of pipes, of which he could count 365 specimens in meerschaum, briar, glass, china, and clay. The Duke of Sussex, brother of King George II., had a pair of hobbies that were as wide as the poles asunder. He was an indefatigable collector of Bibles and of cigars. Pope Pius IX. was a collector of slippers. He always had twenty-four pairs in his wardrobe, made of red cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a solid gold cross; his chamberlain being strictly enjoined not to part with a single pair, however well worn they might be, to any of the many devout applicants for them.

"TO-DAY,"

JANUARY 4th, 1896,

Will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled

"RAFAEL,"

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Have you heard of the latest cure for a headache? It is to walk backwards for ten minutes. Rather a curious effect a sight of this exercise would have on persons who might not understand its object. Fancy a servant coming into the room where a patient was cautiously promenading backwards. What *would* she think? And what animated converse would ensue in the servants' hall!

I hear that the great headache medicine, caffeine, is being used in such excess as to produce serious derangement of the health. The same was said a few years since about anti-pyrine. So have a care!

I want to tell you two good dog stories. One is about a fox-terrier, a delightfully intelligent animal that belongs to the Burtons. He is accommodated with a chair at luncheon every day, a plate on which nice little bits are placed for him, and a table-napkin is tied round his neck as a preliminary to the meal. This dog, called Jack, has decided musical tastes, listens to Mendelssohn with equanimity, but howls frantically at Chopin. He has not been tried with Wagner yet, but still shows very plainly his preference for smooth, melodic compositions and his dislike of involved and difficult passages of counterpoint and strained effects of modulation. The soldier son of the house came home on long leave some time ago, and resolved to convert Jack to a more up-to-date appreciation of musical composers, and with that view, compelled him to sit in the drawing room while Chopin was being played, and stopped him every time he howled. Well, dear, what was the consequence? Everytime the wretched dog sees his instructor approach the piano, he dashes out of the room and out of the house, hiding away for hours.

Now is he not a wonder? And you must not think I am exaggerating, for every word of my story is true.

Here is the other. A small but self-important pug, walking with its mistress and wearing a black coat to match her mourning, was noticed by a little Scotch terrier, who evidently strongly objected to the colour of the pug's coat. For a minute or two the terrier viewed him from the top of some steps, his ears at full cock and his eyes visibly expanding, and then there was a rush, a scramble, canine exclamations in treble tones, expostulations from the pug in monosyllables and retorts from the terrier, dissyllabic, like vocal double knocks. Finally, the terrier succeeded in tearing off the mourning coat, and with his sharp, white teeth, speedily reduced it to fragments, while the wretched little owner sped down

the street in full retreat. Now who shall say that dogs have no taste in dress?

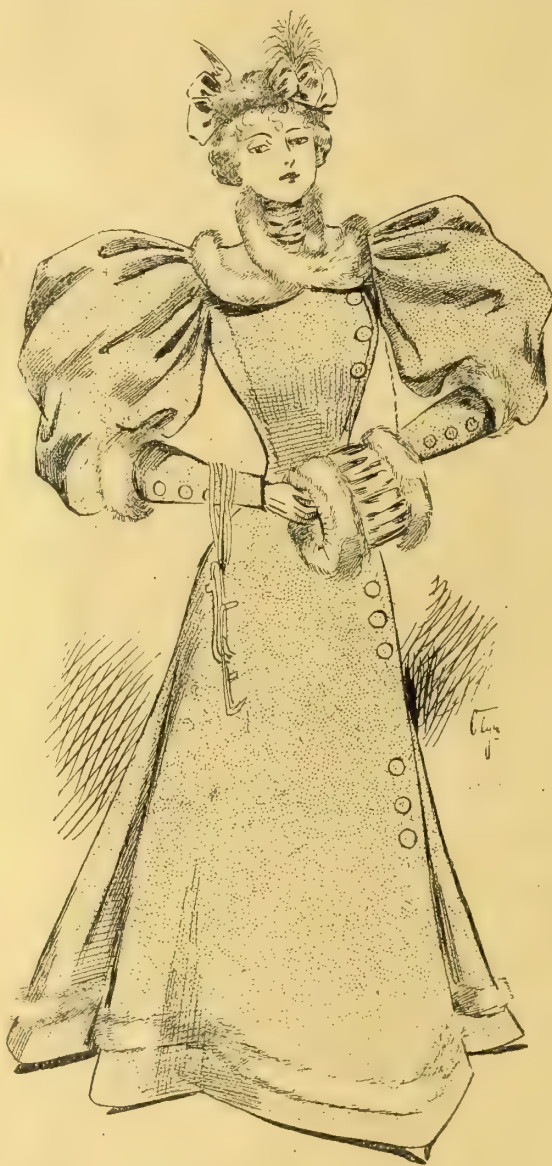
The latest idea, by-the-way, in human adornment, is the padding of gowns and coats upon the hips. This, of course, is for the very slight; the willowy figure that we meet so often in fiction and so rarely in real life. Does it not seem odd that while some women are fighting with inroads of fat, others are padding themselves out to get rid of a lean and meagre look? Padded hips are a result of the craze for Louis XVI. dresses.

Angles are unfashionable, though all the new gowns are designed for slight figures. We all know the sort of girl whose clothes look as if they had been hung out

on her bones, so very angular is she, from the want of sufficient flesh to cover them. The worst of her is, that she admires her own meagreness and feels no desire to improve. If she did, I could tell her such pleasant ways of correcting her faults, that she would be quite in a hurry to set about amending them. For instance, she might eat pastry and buttered toast to any extent, revel in well-boiled potatoes, fresh fruit, and milk puddings, have jam sandwiches for tea every afternoon, and be lazy in a big chair with a novel after her lunch or early dinner. But to her who has grown stout, and then repents of it, all these joys are sternly denied. Oddly enough, though excess adipose tissue is a much more tolerable extreme than its opposite, it is one which almost always renders the subject of it anxious to get rid of it. She seeks advice on the point, but has she resolution to follow it? Only when a new gown is looming in the immediate future! Is it because all the new fashions are designed for the slim that the stout and comfortable so invariably regret their stoutness? When the dressmaker takes the tape, passes it round the waist of her customer, and says "twenty-six," or more; then comes the psychological moment when self-indulgence is regretted. "Why can't I resist buttered scones for tea! Twenty-six inches! Dreadful! And I had

jam tarts at lunch yesterday! I really must reform;" and for a few days she does abstain. Please remember, dear comfortable ones, that in practising too much abstinence, and getting rid of flesh too rapidly, you may possibly improve your figures, but you will very probably by no means improve your faces. When round cheeks sink in, they have a way of looking wrinkled and haggard. Far better have a waist of twenty-six inches and an agreeable outline of cheek and chin with some soft suggestion of vanished youth still lingering about the face, than have a waist of nineteen inches, and be old and wrinkled about the lips and eyes.

Hats grow more and more stupendous, so far as the trimming is concerned. Quantities of *chiné* ribbon,



WINTER WALKING DRESS.

velvet, flowers, and feathers are massed together in a fashion that must be highly provocative of headache, Shall we start a Simplicity League, you in Gibraltar, I in London? It would be no use. We should never get the smart to join, and the un-smart practice it already in a manner that hardly recommends it. Their stringy hair, shapeless hats, ill-fitting jackets, and shapeless boots, to say nothing of gloves several sizes too large, are all as encouraging to the worship of simplicity in dress as the sight of muddy water as a beverage would be to the tippler.

Let me know all about your Christmas boxes, and please note with approval that this is the first time I have mentioned the word in this letter.

The material for the Winter walking dress described in our illustration is purple woollen crêpon, and the fur is blue fox, the grey tint of which goes well with the purple. Groups of buttons in threes appear to fasten down the front breadth of the skirt at the left side, and do really fasten the plastron of the bodice. The shoulder-cape is trimmed with the fur, and the puffs of the sleeves are edged with the same. Three buttons fasten the tight part below the elbows. The muff is made of shot grey and purple taffetas bordered with blue fox.—Your affectionate
SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE MINSTER MAGAZINE, AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE SACRIFICE OF SAM.

BALDFACED BILL stumbled, almost fell, recovered himself, then stood stock-still, and, turning his head, looked appealingly into his master's eyes.

"What's th' matter, Bill?" asked Sam. "Cast a shoe? Dam' 'f ye hain't," he continued, after dismounting and examining the foot the horse held up for inspection. "Ought t' 've had ye fixed up more'n two weeks back, ol' hoss." He took out his knife—a sort of pocket blacksmith and carpenter-shop—deftly removed the rest of the nails by which the shoe hung to the hoof, put the shoe in his pocket, then stood up and scratched his head.

This was serious business. Here he was, over sixty miles away from home (and in a hurry to get there), in a sparsely settled portion of the country, and without the slightest idea of where or how he was going to find a place where he might get that shoe reset. True, he had no business riding an animal that required the services of a farrier, but Bill was not a native horse, and, having worn shoes when Sam first got him, he had been kept shod ever since.

It was twenty odd miles back to Taborville, whence Sam had started that morning, and he disliked the idea of returning that distance just to have a shoe set; so, after some minutes' meditation, he decided to go ahead and trust to luck, and, after walking about three miles (a painful task for a cowboy), he "met-up with" a man travelling in the other direction, who, much to his relief, told him that there was a cross-roads just ahead in the timber, with a store and a blacksmith-shop situated close by.

Sam thanked him, and passed on, but presently, much to his surprise, the stranger turned and galloped back to him. "I thought I'd tell ye," he said, "bein' as ye're a stranger, th't ye'd best not dally 'round that place none—an' don't drink nothin'. Ye see," he went on to explain, "theys be'n fellahs turned up a-missin' th't was heerd of last right 'bout yere. Nothin' wa'n't nevah proved, but it's a purty good place f'r t' fight shy of, I reckon."

"Good! You bet I'm right glad ye tol' me—I sho' am. I don't think I'll dally none whatevah." Then Sam and the friendly stranger parted, and Sam found his way to the cross-roads.

The blacksmith was at work when he came along, but assured him he would attend to Bill "in a jiffy." Four or five men were loafing about the place, and they at once proceeded to take note of, and comment upon, Bill's good points—a fact that Sam would have duly appreciated had he been able to convince himself that their attentions were altogether disinterested. As it was, however, he viewed with suspicion all their overtures towards striking up an acquaintance, and found it difficult to treat them with the civility that South-Western courtesy demands—albeit they were, to all appearances, just as honourable and upright citizens as himself. In fact, they looked just like the average frontiersman whose time, for the moment, hangs heavily on his hands, and, but for the warning of the friendly stranger, Sam Stires would doubtless have "mixed free" with them. As it was, he inadvertently admitted that he was going to El Rio, and was in a hurry to get there; but he sensibly refused all invitations to "likker up," on the ground that it didn't agree with him.

The blacksmith's "jiffy" lasted until almost six o'clock, and, whilst he was engaged on Bill's foot, the loafers wandered out, one at a time, and disappeared up the hillside, presumably in the direction of a house, and this reminded Sam that it was supper-time, and that he was hungry.

"Bout supper-time, stranger," said the blacksmith, suddenly, as though divining his client's thoughts. "Ha'n't ye bettah come up an' graze with we-all, an' let th' job go f'r a bit?"

"Cain't do it, pardner," Sam replied somewhat hastily, thereby confirming the other in a certain suspicion he

held concerning Sam—i.e., that he was a marshal's or sheriff's deputy—" 'cause, ye see, I got t' be a-movin' right peart, an' gittin' t' Rio. 'Bliged t' ye, all th' same. I'll jes' go ovah t' th' store an' git a snack w'ile ye finish th' job."

There was a little, faded, sharp-featured woman behind the counter in the little store, and her keen black eyes studied Sam critically as she proceeded to serve him with the cheese and crackers he called for. Presently a tall, big, square-shouldered fellow came in and stood by the door, and the woman went and joined him. They conversed in low whispers for about a minute, and Sam, dimly suspicious, glanced at them two or three times. The last time he saw that they were looking at him. Then the woman, with a half-laugh, shrugged her thin shoulders and said, aloud, as the big man turned to go out—

"*Quien sabe? Quien sabe?*"

The moment the big man was gone, however, she hastened to the back of the store, looked into the bar-room, apparently to make certain that it was unoccupied, then came up to Stires, who was hastily gobbling his lunch, and asked, in a whisper—

"Stranger, be you a dep'ty?"

"Me? No, o' co'se not. Whut——"

"Co'se," said the woman, with an impatient gesture, "I might 'a' knowed ye wouldn't say so, ef ye was. Look yere," she went on hastily, coming closer and laying a hand on his arm. "Y're in danger, mister! Le' me tell ye, w'ile I've got th' chanst, th't ye wantuh git out o' this real quick, an', say, *don't* take th' Rio trail *fur*. Leave it a mile out, an' cut 'cross to'ds Amity Fo'ks—heah me?"

"Yes'm, I sho' do; but whut——"

"Don't stop t' ast no fool questions. That big fellah's Ned Flynn, an' yere's w're 'e hangs out a lot. They'll git ye, ef ye don't look out. I'm tellin' ye this, 'cause—'cause—well, nevah min'. Only, *git* a move on!"

Sam lost no time in seeing that Bill was properly "fixed," and, getting started, he took the strange little woman's advice and turned towards Amity Forks, thereby preserving, no doubt, a whole skin. He asked himself many times why the woman should have taken the trouble to warn him, but was unable to find any reason for it.

As a matter of fact, the woman herself could have given no reason, beyond that essentially feminine "because."

* * * * *

The face of Ned Flynn haunted Sam. Why, it is impossible to say, for Sam Stires, like the rest of his family, was not at all imaginative. There was nothing remarkable about the face of Flynn, the outlaw, excepting the fact that it belied the character of its owner, being a square, honest face, with two clear, honest blue eyes, while Flynn—well, everybody within a hundred miles of the line knew what *he* was. Nevertheless, that face bothered Sam all the way home and for two or three days afterwards, and he could think of no reason for its constant appearance before his mental vision until, one afternoon shortly after his arrival home, he started out for the Huston place to see Mat. Then, as he forded a creek near the Huston ranch, he remembered the man he had met there one time, who, he had been told after his arrival at the house, was Harry Armstrong, his much-heard-of but never-before-seen rival for Mat's affections. And he remembered now that the stranger's face was the face of Ned Flynn, outlaw and "rustler."

After making this startling discovery he rode more slowly, in order to recover his mental equilibrium. He was in doubt how to act in the matter, for he was by no means absolutely certain that he was correct, and he knew that to tell Mat of his discovery, and then find that he was mistaken, would jeopardise, if not ruin, his own chances with her. Wherefore, he resolved to proceed with caution, and to assure himself that he was right before going ahead.

"Say, Bart," he asked, in a confidential tone, of Mat's

brother, who rode a mile or two with him on his homeward way late that night, "who's this yere man Armstrong, anyways?"

Bart Huston laughed. "Gittin' scairt of 'im, Sam? Didn't s'pose *he* was worryin' ye *at* all, I sho' didn't."

"Oh! I don't car' p'ticlar," said Sam, hastily, with a gesture of deprecation. "On'y I'm jes' sort o' cur'us 'bout 'im, that's all."

"Wa-al, fact is I d'no's I know much *about* th' duck," confessed Bart. "Seen 'im oncet, didn't ye? Wa-all, all I know 'bout 'im is, th't 'e's got a ranch oveh on the Pecos, an' 'nothet one oveh b' th' Two-Mile—ol' Watrous' place, ye know. Say's 'e's goin' t' sell aout th' Pecos place, an' move oveh t' this country atfeh th' fall raound-up."

"Seems t' be a purty sort o' fellah. He's some eddicated, too."

"M-hm," grunted Sam, as though it was immaterial, all this information about his rival. And he said nothing more to Bart on the subject, but certainly "kep' a-thinkin' a lot," as he would have expressed it. He must make sure that his surmise was correct, and then—well, Mr. Armstrong, or Flynn, or whatever his name was, would not only be decidedly out of the running, but was in a fair way to conclude one of his visits at the Huston place at the end of a *reata*.

But before Sam had time to think out the best plan for assuring himself of "Armstrong's" identity with Ned Flynn, he learned that that gentleman was expected, in a few days, on a visit to Mat; and this information, volunteered by Bart, whom he met on the range, decided Sam—who had been at the point of deciding for about two years—on a course of action, and the very next day he rode over to see Mat.

As he rode up to the house, he noticed that it looked singularly quiet, and (so timid was he by this time) he almost hoped the "folks" were all away, and that he could again postpone asking Mat the question he had so long been wanting, yet fearing, to ask. But Mat herself met him at the door.

"W'y, howdy, Sam!" she ejaculated. "I'm right glad t' see ye! Didn't know, f'r sho', but what 'twas some one a-comin' t' carry me off!"

"I've a right good notion t' do it," said Sam, with what he considered remarkable audacity—and then he failed to follow up this opening, but asked: "Be ye all alone, Mat?"

"I sh'd say alone! Maw 'n' paws gone t' taown, Bart an' ev'ry han's on th' range, an' even ol' Manuela's done skipped—went oval on th' creek to a Greaser fun'ral. But go an' put Bill up an' come in. We'll have suppeh, right soon."

Sam returned to the kitchen, and sat there, with eyes and mouth open, watching Mat as she flitted gracefully about the room preparing supper. He took in every detail of the tall, lithe figure, the pretty face, and the thick, tawny hair, with its little curls that clustered about her neck. He wondered if she would ever let him handle those curls.

"Well, come 'n' graze, Sammy," she said, finally. "I reckon they ain't but us two t' eat, this time."

"Wondeh whut she'd say ef I sh'd tell 'er I wish't it was jest us two al'ays?" thought Sam. But he did not say it, being very timid, and very hungry, beside. After supper, however, they sat out in the "gallery," and Mat gave him an opportunity to speak.

"Seems funny, don't it, f'r jest us two t' be a-settin' yere?" the girl said, smiling at him frankly.

Sam swallowed spasmodically; his throat hurt him.

"Why not f'r al'ays, Mat?" he said, finally, in a husky voice. "Mat, darlin', s'pose me 'n' you fix it up t' be t'gethah f'r evah? Don't—don't stop me," he went on, as the girl rose to her feet, and would have spoken. "I be'n tryin' t' say it f'r two yeaahs. Mat, will ye marry me?"

The girl had one arm across her eyes and was sobbing.

"Oh, I wish't ye hadn't, Sam! I wish't ye hadn't 'a' spoke! I hain't treated ye right, Sam, I hain't. I——"

"Wh—why——"

"I s'pose I got t' tell *you*, Sam," she said, more steadily, but with eyes averted. "Ef I got t' tell ye—oh, Sam, I was married t' Harry Armstrong last winteh, when I was ovah on th' Pecos!"

Sam sank limply back in his chair.

"Ye don't mean it; ye sho' don't mean it, Mat!" he gasped.

But the girl nodded her head affirmatively, and bit a corner of the handkerchief she held to her eyes.

"I cain't b'lieve it, Mat—I sho' cain't!" said poor Sam, plaintively. "Le' me think."

So engrossed were they that they had not heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and both were startled when someone rose up suddenly almost in front of them, and cried, hoarsely:

"Good God! Mat, where can I hide?"

"Ned Flynn!" ejaculated Sam, starting to his feet dazedly.

"Harry!" shrieked the girl, as the man, pale, bare-headed, and dishevelled, threw himself from his drooping horse and staggered towards them. One side of his face and neck were covered with blood.

The girl sprang forward and threw her arms about him.

"What is it, Harry? What is it?"

"Nothing," said the man, grimly, "only they've sent out three posses after me, and I'm *caught*. There's a lot of 'em just behind. If I could get over the Two Mile——"

Sam started forward.

"Haow fur b'hind are they?" he asked, in a queer voice.

"Right on my heels," replied the other man, with the calmness of despair. He sat with his head buried in his wife's lap, and did not look up, seeming to care not at all what happened next.

Then Sam did something that surprised himself.

"Get inside, you two!" he said, roughly, and tossed his hat to Flynn. Then he ran and leaped into the saddle the other man had just left, jammed his spurs into the weary horse's flanks, and, with a wave of the hand, was off toward the hills—and not a quarter of a mile behind him, when he struck the road, were half a dozen horsemen.

They were just turning into the road leading to the ranch when they caught sight of him crossing the road ahead, and, with loud yells, they raced after him.

Sam knew that the horse he rode could not last long, but he still had time to think of what he had done, and what would be done to him. He knew what generally happened to persons who aided the escape of men like Flynn—but he reflected, grimly, that he had his revolver on, and they should never hang him, at least.

But—why had he done it? He did not feel sorry, really, but he could not comprehend his own action.

"Ping!" They were shooting at him now, and the bullets were flying uncomfortably close. If he could only reach the timber! He glanced back, and it gave him a pang to see how rapidly they were gaining upon him.

His horse stumbled, fell, and threw him; but he was back in the saddle in a moment and urging the poor creature on. Again he looked back. One of his pursuers suddenly halted his horse, dismounted, and, with his knee for a rest, began pumping lead after the fugitive. One—two—three shots missed him. He hoped he was drawing out of range. Then——

"What's th' matter wi' that?" asked the man who had dismounted, as he came up and joined the rest. It was Sam's cousin, Will Stires. "Through th' back, hey?" And he turned the body over. "Slick an'—good Gawd! It's Sam! You fellahs don't s'pose he'd be mixed in with——"

"Not by a dam sight!" said one of the others. "They's someth'n funny 'bout this deal—Sam wa'n't in it."

And up at the Huston place other members of the posse had closed in upon the house, dragged Ned Flynn, outlaw, from the arms of his shrieking wife, and, without any useless delay, were just at this moment giving him the punishment he had so long and so richly deserved.

GRANTING A LEASE.

In Ian Maclaren's new book, "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), there is an amusing account of the negotiations between a farmer and the laird's factor for the renewal of the former's lease. Hillocks, the farmer, a year before the lease expires ostentatiously makes everything look as bad as possible, clumsily repairs fences, stuffs straw in broken windows until the sound panes of glass are invisible, and goes about with an expression of chastened grief. Then comes the fight between Hillocks and the factor over the improvements to be made at the landlord's expense:—

One June day Hillocks sauntered into the factor's office and spent half-an-hour in explaining the condition of the turnip "breer" in Drumtochty, and then reminded the factor that he had not specified the improvements that would be granted with the new lease.

"Improvements," stormed the factor. "Ye're the most barefaced fellow on the estate, Hillocks; with a rent like that ye can do yir own repairs," roughly calculating all the time what must be allowed.

Hillocks opened his pocket-book, which contained in its various divisions a parcel of notes, a sample of oats, a whip lash, a bolus for a horse, and a packet of garden seeds, and finally extricated a scrap of paper.

"Me and the wife juist made a bit note o' the necessities that we maun hae, and we're sure ye're no the gentleman tae refuse them.

"New windows tae the hoose, an' a bit place for dishes, and maybe a twenty pund note for plastering and painting; that's naething.

"Next, a new stable an' twa new byres, as weel as covering the reed."

"Ye may as weel say a new steadin' at ance, and save time. Man, what do ye mean by coming and hawering here with your papers?"

"Weel, if ye dinna believe me, ask Peter Robertson, for the condection o' the oot-houses is clean reediklus."

So it was agreed that the factor should drive out to see for himself, and the kirkyard felt that Hillocks was distinctly holding his own, although no one expected him to get the reed covered.

Hillocks received the great man with obsequious courtesy, and the gudewife gave him of her best, and then they proceeded to business. The factor laughed to scorn the idea that Lord Kilspindie should do anything for the house, but took the bitterness out of the refusal by a well-timed compliment to Mrs. Stirton's skill (Hillocks' wife), and declaring she could set up the house with the profits of one summer's butter. Hillocks knew better than try to impress the factor himself by holes in the roof, and they argued greater matters, with the result that the stable was allowed and the byres refused, which was exactly what Hillocks anticipated. The reed roof was excluded as preposterous in cost, but one or two lighter repairs were given as a consolation.

Hillocks considered that on the whole he was doing well, and he took the factor round the farm in fair heart, although his face was that of a man robbed and spoiled.

Hillocks was told that he need not think of wire-fencing, but if he chose to put up new palings he might have the fir from the Kilspindie woods, and if he did some draining the estate would pay the cost of the tiles. When Hillocks brought the factor back to the house for a cup of tea before parting, he explained to his wife that he was afraid they would have to leave in November—the hardness of the factor left no alternative.

Then they fought the battle of the cattle reed up and down, in and out, for an hour, till the factor, who knew that Hillocks was a careful and honest tenant, laid down an ultimatum.

"There's not a tenant in my time so well treated, but if ye see the draining is well done, I'll let you have the reed."

"A' suppose," said Hillocks, "a'll need tae fa' in." And he reported his achievement to the kirkyard next Sabbath in the tone of one who could now look forward to nothing but a life of grinding poverty.

HER DIFFICULTY.

Mrs. Exclusyvvve—I wish you wouldn't introduce me to any more people by the name of Smith,

Mr. Exclusyvvve—Why not, my dear?

Mrs. Exclusyvvve—I find so much trouble in forgetting their names.

"PHYLLIS OF PHILISTIA."*

IN Mr. Moore's latest story, Phyllis has broken off her engagement with a clergyman who has written a book which contains disparaging remarks on the patriarchs and women of the Old Testament. She is now discussing the situation with her friend Ella Linton:

"Don't be too sure, my dear Phyllis. If there is one thing more than another about which a woman should not be too positive, it is whether or not she loves a particular man. What mistakes they make? No, I'll never believe you turned him adrift because he wrote something disparagingly about Solomon, or was it David? And I did so want you and him for my next day. I meant it to be such a *coup*—to have returned to town only a week and yet to have the most outrageously unorthodox parson at my house—ah, that would indeed have been a *coup*. Never mind, I can at least have the beautiful girl, who, though devoted to the unorthodox parson, threw him over on account of his unauthodoxy."

"Yes, you are certain of me—that is if you think I should—if it wouldn't seem a little——"

"What nonsense, Phyllis! Where have you been living for the last twenty-three years that you should get such a funny notion into your head? Do you think that girls nowadays absent themselves from felicity awhile when they find it necessary to become—well, disengaged—yes, or divorced, for that matter?"

"I really can't recollect any case of——"

"Of course you can't. They don't exist. The proper thing for a woman to do when she gets a divorce, is to take a box at the opera and give the audience a chance of recognising her from her portraits that have already appeared in the illustrated papers. The block printing has done that too. There's not a theatre manager in London who wouldn't give his best box to a woman who has come straight from the Divorce Court. The managers recognise the fact that she is in the same line as themselves. But for you, my dear Phyllis, oh, you will never do him the injustice to keep your throwing over of him a secret."

"Injustice! Oh, Ella!"

"I say injustice. Good gracious, child, can't you see that if it becomes known that the girl who had promised to marry him has broken off her engagement to him simply because he has written that book, the interest that attaches to him on account of his unorthodoxy, will be immeasurably increased."

"I will not do him the injustice of fancying for a moment that he would be gratified on this account. Whatever he may be, Ella, he is at least sincere and single-minded in his aims."

"I have no doubt of it, my only joy. But, however sincere a man may be in his aims, he still cannot reasonably object to the distinction that is thrust upon him when he has done something out of the common. The men who make books know that that sort of thing pays. Someone told me the other day that it is the men who write books embodying a great and noble aim who make the closest bargains with their publishers. I heard of a great and good clergyman the other day, who wrote the *Lives of the Saints*, and then complained in the papers of his publishers having only given him a miserable percentage on the profits. That is how they talk nowadays; the profit resulting from the '*Lives of the Saints*' is to be measured in pounds, shillings, and pence."

CAUSE FOR WATCHFULNESS.

"THERE is one thing every married man ought to do."

"What is that?"

"Tell his wife his business."

"That's all right, as long as he doesn't try to tell her hers."

IN THE CITY.

THE CANADIAN (DISTRICT) MEAT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Never perhaps in the history of company promotion was there a more vivid illustration of the lengths to which vendor and promoters will go, than is furnished by the history of this company, which, through two of its directors, made its last appearance in the Law Courts a day or two ago, when Mr. Justice Romer agreed to a compromise under which two of the directors, Sir William Marriott and Mr. Hicks, each agree to pay £1,000 and costs in discharge of the claims of the liquidation against them.

It may be useful to recall the origin of this precious company. A few months before the company was floated—it was brought before the public in November, 1889—a young man named Bender—a Canadian, if we mistake not—chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the small and decaying Canadian town known as Three Rivers. The place is situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and has never thriven. Whilst there Mr. Bender heard many complaints of stagnant trade. A shrewd fellow, he persuaded the corporation of the town to give him a concession of some common land within the City limits. He represented that the concession would enable him to influence British capital to the place, create an important industry, and make the town a thriving port. The Corporation jumped at the idea, gave him the concession, and promised him a bonus of £2,500 if he succeeded in forming a company. Hurrying to London without waiting for the ratification of the concession—as a matter of fact the Corporation had no power to grant a concession and therefore it was invalid—with nothing to sell but a mere assignment of the benefits of a resolution containing an offer which might have been withdrawn next day, Mr. Bender disposed of his “rights” to parties who resold them to the public—or would have resold them if the public had been fools enough to subscribe the capital—for £150,000!

The chairman of the company was Sir William Marriott, at the time Judge-Advocate General. As a lawyer he knew that it would be improper for him as a director to underwrite, and so—to quote from the report of Tuesday's proceedings before Mr. Justice Romer—“a correspondence commenced between him and a Mr. Godfrey Isaacs (who was a son of one of the directors), which resulted in Mr. Godfrey Isaacs underwriting £6,000 on behalf of Sir William Marriott. Sir William had said, however, that he must be absolved from liability as to the £6,000 before he should consent to allotment—that was to say, he only consented to the allotment on the understanding that he was not to be landed.” A somewhat similar arrangement was made with other directors, and the legal proceedings to which we are referring were among the consequences.

Now, note how the £45,000 capital of the company was distributed—

The vendor, Bender, got £7,000.

The promoters (the Isaacs) got £12,800.

The Hansard Union (for printing prospectuses, etc.), got £3,000.

The underwriters got the balance of £21,700.

The company lived less than six months. Without capital, without even the concession, without the power from lack of means to do business if any profitable business had been possible—which is more than doubtful—it went into voluntary liquidation, and would have been comfortably wound up but for the pertinacity of some shareholders who insisted upon the supervision of the court. Since then the directors have had very unpleasant proof of how responsibility can be brought home to them by determined shareholders. It will be well if the lesson bears fruit in other directions.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN COMPANIES.

THE CHALLENGE.

THE statutory meetings of Simpson's Lever Chain Company, and of Simpson's Lever Chain (Foreign and Canadian) Company, were held on Tuesday, and the statements of the Chairman were of a very encouraging character. Until now it has not been possible to execute orders very rapidly owing to the incomplete state of the works, but these Draycott works are now in order, and last week the machines began to be made there. There are orders on hand for some 300 chains, and it is important to note that the Company has received a single order for

the conversion of 500 machines. The Directors expect, too, to do a large business in affixing the chain to other implements, such as lawn mowers, agricultural implements, &c.

The Foreign and Colonial Company has hardly got to work yet, but the value of the patents it holds may perhaps be judged from the statement of one shareholder at the meeting that he was prepared to make an offer of £150,000 for the French rights alone.

We have to thank the *Irish Field* for a very kindly reference to the position taken up and maintained by TO-DAY with respect to the Simpson chain. It has seemed to us that most of the cycling journals indulged in very unfair criticism of it. Time alone can decide finally upon the merits of the chain, and our object has been to secure for it a fair field, to prevent the public mind being prejudiced against it without sufficient cause. As we have already stated, the challenge abandoned by Mr. Gamage has been taken up by Dr. McCabe, who has secured a first-rate man for the machine he will run against the Simpson Lever. The challenge will most probably be fought out early in the coming year. The *Irish Field* closes its reference to the matter by frankly explaining the reasons which have induced Dr. McCabe to take up Mr. Simpson's challenge. Our contemporary writes:—

We hope next week to be in a position to give further particulars, but here would like to state shortly the reasons which induced us to take up this challenge. In the first place, we may confess that we are anxious to win the £1,000, and as we mean to spare no trouble in inducing the best man possible to ride for us, we have every reason to hope that we will win it. Secondly, we are anxious to see a bicycle race run for such a sum of money, and believe that it will cause enormous interest all over the kingdom. Thirdly, but by no means of least importance, we want to have this chain put to a conclusive test, and neither adopted by the trade without trial, nor howled out of the cycling world by its hostile critics. The cycle trade have stood well by the *Irish Field*, and we are going to enormous expense about this match—expenses altogether beyond the £100 staked on the result, in order that no mistake may be made—a mistake which would be disastrous alike to trade and cycling public. On the other hand, if the chain is good enough to beat our picked man—for we guarantee to get at least as good a man as our opponent—then our readers may feel sure that there is a good deal in the chain, and while we shall be the poorer for the loss of this bet and its attendant expenses, we feel sure that we shall be gainers by the increased numbers of readers which our enterprise in the matter will obtain for us both at home and in England.

[Nothing can be fairer and franker than that, as it seems to us.]

A PECULIAR COMPANY.

Under this heading we made reference, in our issue of December 14th, to the Rebman Publishing Company, Limited, and we print below a letter from Mr. Rebman, in which he takes exception to our comments. The scheme of co-operation upon which the company rests appeared to us to be an extremely fanciful one, and there is nothing in Mr. Rebman's letter to lead us to a different opinion. We will, however, take advantage of Mr. Rebman's invitation to look at the “exact figures” of the business at the time of its sale to the company, and if we find that we have done Mr. Rebman any injustice, we shall not be slow to admit it. Mr. Rebman writes:—

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in the issue of TO-DAY, of December 14th, which reflects most seriously upon the Rebman Publishing Co., Ltd., and which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

I have to complain that the article is generally most inaccurate and misleading, and especially so in the following particulars.

In the first place, the name of the company is the Rebman Publishing Co., Ltd., and not the Redman.

You state that medical men throughout the country have been invited to apply for shares, a statement utterly without foundation. The company has been promoted and formed by a few friends, and the circular in question has been sent to none but friends either of shareholders or Directors, or customers of the business.

I can hardly think that the writer of the article has read—or, at any rate, if he has read, that he has understood—the pamphlet in question, or the system contained therein.

I do not pretend that co-operation, *per se*, is my original invention, but it is the opinion of my advisers and myself that the application of the idea in this company is new.

I am quite prepared to offer £10, to be given to any approved clarity, if the writer of the article can find any other company, or any other memorandum, Articles of Association and share certificates containing a similar scheme of co-operative profit-sharing as that adopted by this company.

Again, the object of the company is not fairly stated. It was not formed merely to acquire the business formerly carried on by myself, but to extend it to other branches of medical supply.

My publishing business is not exclusively confined to American works, as it includes original English books and also authorised and reliable translations of foreign literature.

It was not deemed desirable, from a trading point of view, to publish the full accounts prepared by Messrs. Smith and Nelson, but they have always been open to the inspection of shareholders or intending shareholders. A certificate was accordingly prepared by them stating the result of their investigation as bearing upon the dividend paying prospects of the company.

For obvious reasons the company would not agree to have published the exact figures unless they had been going to the public at large for subscriptions, but they will be pleased to show them to you at any time.

Your inference that 6 per cent. on this combined issue would require less than £240 per annum, is wrong in *fact*. The writer has left out all calculation of 6 per cent. on £10,000 shares taken by me as part of the purchase price of the business, and which necessarily form part of the

first issue. The certificate also expressly stated that the calculation of 6 per cent. has been made after deducting my salary as managing director, a point entirely omitted from the article.

In conclusion I may point out that the company has now been working successfully for nearly six months, and is not in the course of formation as your paper would imply. I have no desire to enter into any controversy, but wish to give you the true facts of the case so that you may rectify the serious errors and misstatements which your paper has, no doubt inadvertently, made.

Yours faithfully,
F. J. REBMAN.

A SOUND INVESTMENT.

OUR last issue contained the prospectus of what looks like a sound industrial concern, viz., that to be known as Rosher and Co., Limited. The company is formed to take over the business of the old-established London firm of F. Rosher and Co., horticultural builders, and cement, brick, and sanitary ware merchants, together with eight pottery, cement, and brick-making works in various parts of the country, but all having good facilities for transport either by rail or water. The businesses are to be taken over seem to be all very sound, and Messrs. Rosher's business has been established for upwards of two centuries. The issue is of £54,000 in 4½ per cent. debentures, and £110,000 in shares. The debentures should be a sound security. The valuation of the properties to be acquired, not including stock-in-trade to be taken over, shows a substantial margin over the debenture issue, and without taking any account of goodwill. Present profits, after meeting fixed charges, are sufficient to pay a good dividend on the share capital, and extension of the output, for which the present issue provides, may reasonably be expected to add to those profits.

SIR JOSEPH RENALS.

Sir Joseph Renals was banqueted at the Grand Hotel on Monday night, and left for Australia on Friday. Many complimentary things were said about him at the banquet, and we are free to join in the wish that he may have a pleasant trip, and return to the old country hale and hearty. He goes to Australia in search of health—and claims—and we hope he will find both. In a position of greater freedom and less responsibility than that which he has recently occupied, it will matter less what he may say when indulging in after-dinner oratory. But we may hope that he will remember that even an ex-Lord Mayor does well to weigh his words at public functions, and Sir Joseph is likely to attend a good many whilst in Australia. He is a good fellow at bottom, but he made a sad mess of it at the Mansion House.

THE MODEL BUILDING SOCIETIES.

A VERY well informed correspondent sends us the following lucid explanation of the Conner Building Society system:—

About seven or eight years ago, Mr. Arthur Conner came to Liverpool, and advertised lectures in schoolrooms up and down the city on the subject of Building Societies on the "model" principle, having previously made arrangements with various men in the city to act as secretaries of the various societies which, by means of the aforesaid lectures, he founded. These secretaries, *pro tem.*, canvassed their personal friends, first to become directors, and then through them obtained persons to become members of these societies. The principle which Mr. Conner introduced was, and is, on paper, perhaps the best system of co-operation in building societies without expense, or, at any rate, very small expense, of management that could well be devised, but in actual practice and experience the results are very different, and hence, I suppose the reason of the dissatisfaction of your Scotch correspondent. The idea is, shortly, this—the society is complete when 200 members have joined the concern. The shares are subscription shares of £100 each, the subscription is 6d. per share per week; each book of shares may be from half share to not more than five in one book. The average number of shares held by the members is, in the society of which I was a director, nearly the whole time of its existence, about 3½ shares. Now before the membership is complete, that is, a less number than 200, only £100 at a time is lent on any security, but after the membership is complete any amount not exceeding £500 is lent. The society begins to lend as soon as £100 has been subscribed by the members, even if the society's membership is not completed as regards the numerical limit, which is done in two ways, namely, by ballot and alternatively by sale. When a ballot is decided on, the member who wins the privilege of borrowing £100, may take the money up, or may sell his right to it to any other member. The value of the right may be estimated when the society itself will give as much as £10 per cent. for it. The member who has won the appropriation must be clear on the books, that is, he must not be in arrear with his weekly subscription. If he decides to borrow the money, he has the use of it for 16½ years free of interest, paying the amount back by instalments of £6 per cent. per annum. The society is supposed to lend on the full market value of the property. My experience is they never lend more than the value, but rather under estimate the value of the security. Now, if the member decides to sell to another member, for a consideration, which would be something more than that the society will give, the member purchasing can borrow the amount, of course, in his stead; but should the society purchase the appropriation they resell the same by auction to the competing members for a sum ranging from £36 to £52 per cent., which amount, less the sum paid by the society to the winner of the ballot, represents the profit on the transaction. Now this sum of, say, £52 per cent., which is equal to 3½ per cent. interest, is paid back to the society at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum until discharged, and then the borrower begins to pay back at the same rate the principal sum advanced. The society may then, after having received sufficient money in subscriptions, declare a "sale" of an appropriation, which finds a ready market at from £45 to £52 per cent., which is all profit, although it may be called

deferred profit. Of course, the working expenses have to be paid out of this profit. The working expenses of a society after the first year average between £80 and £90 per annum, of which the secretary, who (like Mr. J. H. Wilson, of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, and his solicitor), it is almost impossible to dismiss, even if the members so desired, receives, according to rule, not less than £40 per annum. The secretary's duties are not very heavy, merely an hour's attendance once a week or fortnight, as the case may be, to assist in receiving subscriptions, and once a month practically directing (as usual), the directors in the administration of the society's affairs. In the first year the founding expenses have to be met, of which Mr. Arthur Conner gets for lectures, copyright, account books, etc., something like £30, and a very liberal amount it is. When once Mr. Conner has got his fees, etc., the society is never afterwards troubled by him. The directors receive 2s. per an attendance to receive subscriptions and a like amount for attendance at Board meetings. The secretary has a knack of getting rid of directors who will not follow his lead—of course, whatever happens, the secretary must look after his £40 per annum. The working expenses are during, perhaps, the first five years, taken from the subscriptions or capital, although they are not supposed to be, nor is it ever shown on the balance-sheets, which, in this instance, are skilfully manipulated so as not to show it; but it cannot be helped, as the money must come from somewhere. At the end of, say, five years the society has actually realised enough of its premium to pay all the working expenses from the commencement of the society, and is then shown on the balance-sheet. Now, in my opinion, there is nothing to prevent the society on this system from fulfilling all its expectations, if the members who join it would get rid of the idea that the society is a savings bank which takes in their money to pay it out again on call. But members who join with the expectation of winning an appropriation soon get tired, and cease to continue to pay their subscriptions. The British workman, as a class, has not patience to become rich, and so never will be rich. It is only the few, who are content to wait while things mature, who ever realise the satisfaction of having a competence to rely upon when old age overtakes them in the evening of life. One reason, I think, why these truly working-men's societies have not succeeded is the exposure of that archfiend, Balfour. The thrifty have been frightened for their hard-got savings, and have lost confidence in all systems of building-society co-operation. The result is that nearly half, and in some instances as much as three-fourths, of the members have given notice of withdrawal, and the consequence is that the subscriptions do not come in, therefore no appropriations can be made, and the societies are left struggling for existence. They want to pay the subscriptions back to the withdrawal members, but as the money lent only comes back at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum, they necessarily have to wait a long time to get it. The withdrawal members do not realise that when they joined the society they practically undertook to pay into the society £33 6s. 8d. per £100 share at the rate of 6d. per week, so that with the co-operation of his fellows £100 per cent. could be collected and lent to him or his fellows; he pays in perhaps £3, and then gets tired and wants his money back; but it has been lent practically with his sanction to be returned at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum. He should reckon up how long it will take to collect his £3 at 6 per cent. per annum. And further, by his weak-kneed action he has not only baffled and disappointed his fellow-members, but hinders them from obtaining the advance to purchase their houses from the society. Therefore the withdrawing member should wait with patience until his money is repaid into the society.

In my opinion the worst feature of these societies is the smallness of them. I don't know why the number should be limited to 300 except it is that Arthur Conner, Esq., may get more copyright, etc., fees.

If these societies were amalgamated into one concern in each town or district, instead of existing on the verge of liquidation by the dozen, there would be good use to be made of them, but if they won't gain assistance and support by uniting their resources, they should at once be wound up and finished with, because it is practically impossible to pretend to be a building society if the income available for advancing falls to as low as £150 per annum, and that contributed by perhaps seventy or eighty different persons, £150 might perhaps purchase a tiny workman's house, but if even it does, how long will those seventy persons have to wait before they can even have the privilege of commencing to pay back the money borrowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for 16½ years? The thing is ridiculous on the face of it. Yet I believe there are many societies in that position, thanks to Balfour and Co. They should be wound up or transfer themselves to other societies. The latter could easily be done, if the secretaries did not stand in the way for the sake of their "vested interests." I myself was interested in transferring a weak society to a stronger one about six years ago, but the secretary was the same person for both, with result, we completed the latter society in point of numbers, and it succeeded well until the Liberator crash, which we felt it then and have done ever since.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

American Rails. ANXIOUS (Brighton).—Naturally Mr. Cleveland's extraordinary message has affected the value of these securities, but there is certain to be recovery, even though it only precedes the terrific fall that would follow what, to most of us, is in the highest degree unlikely, namely, war between England and the United States about a strip of land between British Guiana and Venezuela. **Cunliffe, Russell and Co.** LOCKSLEY HALL (Kidderminster).—Yes; Ottoman bonds bought from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. are quite genuine, but you would pay much more for them than if you bought through a more regular source. **Mersey Railway Company.** ANGL0 (Liverpool).—Not in the immediate future, but we should hold. **New Hope Gold Mine.** A. M. S. (Nottingham).—We have seen nothing of it. **Best Financial Weekly.** SUBSCRIBER (Carmarthen).—It would be invidious on our part to name any one paper, but the *Economist* and the *Statist* are the leading recognised authorities on financial matters, amongst financial papers. **The Rate and Taxpayers' Assessment Protection Association.** (Sheffield).—We shall be glad to have your facts. **The World's Treasure, Limited.** CECIL (Belfast).—If you will give us the specific point upon which you want information, we will do our best to get it for you. **New Grand Opera House.** INVESTOR (Belfast).—You ought really to be in a better position than we are to express an opinion as to the outlook for this undertaking. You are a Belfast man, and must know something of Belfast wants in the way of amusement, and how they are at present catered for. Assuming, however, there is room for a new grand opera house in your town, it does not follow that what Mr. Warden has to sell is worth the £66,500 he asks the public to give him for it; and upon the papers before us, we should be inclined to question if it is. **Two Mining Shares.** J. C. (Middlesborough).—Both very speculative. **Humbar and Company, Limited.** SHAREHOLDER (Birmingham).—We should be disposed to sell. The company will hardly better its last Report, as there are some rocks ahead. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** J. F. 'Bath'.—See what we said last week and what is said in another column.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS' 17th Grand Pantomime, CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.30. For full particulars see daily papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

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THE LAST TOUCH ... CHARLES KENNETT BURROW

TWINS ... RICHARD MARSH

Ten Illustrations by HAL HURST.

"The glass door opened to admit a lady"—"Cecil! where are you?"—"He was taken aback."—"He took it from her hand."—"Mr. Buxton has declined to acknowledge my acquaintance."—"Hubert glanced from one to the other."—"Laid his hand on Hubert's shoulder."—"A lady came down the staircase."—"Listening at the door."—"Hubert brandished the chair."

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WHEN WE WERE IN JAPAN ... DOUGLAS SLAËN

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A GHOST TRAIN ... W. L. ALDEN

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

"I could see it standing close to the water-butt."—"I sat down in the wash-basin."—"I got hold of the brake-wheel."—"I fell into a snow-bank."

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Illustration by HAL HURST.

"John tucked her in beside himself."

LONDON IN 1930: A FORECAST MRS. HUMPHRY

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"Had smitten the tuning-fork on his knee."—"Sank down heavily upon his seat."

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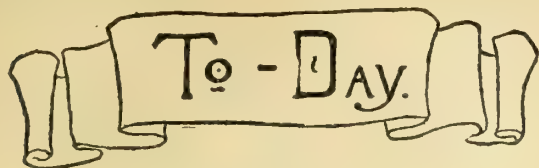
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Raymond Blathwayt, Miss M. A. Belloc, Frederick Dolman, Miss Friedrichs, and G. B. Burgin. Illustrations by L. BAUMER.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

OF course President Cleveland's message is only an electioneering dodge intended to catch the Irish-American vote. No American statesman dare call his soul his own if the Irish-American voter prefers a claim to it; and American statesmanship, unfortunately for that great country, can, under the present political necessities reigning at New York, never rise above the level of a Tammany Hall candidate's address to the "free and enlightened citizens" of his particular ward. But, making every allowance for President Cleveland's natural desire to maintain his position, his manoeuvre has inflicted a greater injury upon his country than can be excused by the exigencies of a political contest. It is in bad taste, which, perhaps, is a small matter. It proves President Cleveland and his company to be underbred and lacking in dignity, and it makes America highly ridiculous. No one for a moment supposes that President Cleveland would make Venezuela an excuse for plunging his country and Great Britain into a war, and his threats, of course, are idle bluster, excusable only in the ungrammatical leader-writer of some *Berlinopolis Spread Eagle*, or *New Athens Voice of the People*. But great nations with responsibilities to civilisation do not indulge in the irritating bombast of quarrelsome card-drivers, and President Cleveland should remember that the idle vapourings fit for a frothy office-seeker cannot be indulged in, without grave danger, by the representative of one of the leading Powers of the world.

THE educated American, one has not the slightest doubt, regrets the language of President Cleveland as deeply as it is regretted in Europe, but it must not be forgotten that below the surface of American life there still remains unextinguished much of that spirit of Bombastes Furioso that has done so much to make America ridiculous in the past. Its ignorant provincial papers, and its irresponsible tub-thumpers, still foam at the mouth whenever the name of England is spoken, and

hurl at us, with all the force of their little spleen, the language of the cock-a-hoop street gamin. Not much fanning would be required to stir the mouldering embers of this happily dying sentiment into a fierce fire, and grave responsibility rests upon the politician who, for mere party ends, would plunge the two countries into what would practically be civil war. English public opinion has been well advised to treat the whole question rather as a poor joke. One trusts that no word may be uttered on our side to fan the flame. We leave it to such men as President Cleveland to talk about a war between the two countries with a light heart. England would never enter upon such a contest until the last word that a self-respecting nation could offer in the cause of peace had been spoken. No annoyance, short of such insult as no nation with honour dare accept, should tempt our statesmen to utter one syllable of angry retort.

AMERICA is a great nation and a powerful nation, a nation we respect, a nation that, both from feelings of prudence and friendship, we would desire to remain at peace with. All we ask is that America should treat us with the same respect that we shall always accord to her. But she must remember that she is dealing with a people who, before now, have had to stand in arms before the combined forces of Europe. A people that, unaided, for twenty years faced the forces of European combination marshalled under the genius of Napoleon, is not likely to lose its head at the threats of a President Cleveland. One would beg our American friends to quietly read the history of the country from whose loins they have sprung, to ponder upon the character of the men whose blood runs in their own veins, and then to ask themselves if the language of President Cleveland's message does not ring rather ludicrously.

CRUELTY cases reaching me this week are as follows:—At the Moot Hall Police Court, Newcastle, a man named Thomas Moore was charged with starving a horse which he had bought for a sovereign. He had purchased another for fifteen shillings. The wretched creature had been turned into a field without food or water. The sergeant said the animal's bones protruded through its skin. The defendant's excuse was that he intended to send it to Hamburg—to be worked there, I presume. But the animal saved all further trouble by dying of starvation. Much laughter was caused in court by this amusing case. Moore was fined five shillings. I should like to know the name of the brutal magistrate presiding at the Moot Hall Police Court.

AT Magherafelt, in Ireland, before Messrs. Andrew Brown, Gerald Griffin, R.M., A. B. Vesey, M.D., Francis Auterson, M.D., John Keenan, William Harbison, and James Kilroe, a man named Charles M'Nally, for cruelly ill-treating his horse by working it with sores under the collar two inches in length, with its mouth cut by the bit, and its body covered with angleberries, was fined one shilling! At Belfast, before Messrs. F. G. Hodder, R.M., and Thomas McClelland, a man, for having worked a horse while it was suffering from lameness and paralysis, was fined half-a-crown. In county Carlow, the Right Hon. Henry Bruen and his brother magistrates have decided that plucking a fowl while alive is "neither cruelty nor torture." Possibly the Right Hon. Henry Bruen's only regret was that he was not there to see the fun.

At the Kendal Police Court, before Messrs. J. Rhodes, W. H. Musgrove, and T. Wilson, for working a mare whilst lame and suffering with sidebone and ringbone, John Thompson was fined fifteen shillings. Before the same magistrates three boys were charged with so worrying three sheep that two of the creatures died, and the other was seriously injured. The animals had been ridden and bruised to death. The magistrates met the case by fining the ringleader a sovereign. The Bench added they could have put him in prison if they wished. A sound birching would have done good to all three.

At the Weymouth Petty Sessions, before Messrs. J. E. Robens, Mr. J. G. Rowe, T. J. Templeman, R. Thomas, and C. J. Freeman, a waggonette driver named Gillingham, of No. 8, Park Street, pleaded guilty to starving a horse until, according to veterinary evidence, it was mere skin and bone. The animal staggered from weakness. Defendant admitted that he had only bought half a hundredweight of corn since the summer. The veterinary surgeon added that the animal was free of disease; "it was a case of starvation palpable to anybody." The Bench imposed a fine of sixty-nine shillings. Of course, the money was paid, with a grin. Gillingham can go on starving horses, and make the business pay very handsomely. The Weymouth magistrates only wink at him, and the Weymouth summer visitors will encourage him.

I HAVE had a visit from the representative of Messrs. Burt and Company, who are the people mainly responsible for the Exeter tramways. Messrs. Burt and Company appear to be the victims of fate. I gather that they are inspired by only two ambitions. One is, to please the people of Exeter, the other is to provide a pleasant home for horses. In fact, Messrs. Burt and Company appear to be pure philanthropists. They pay extravagant prices for their animals, their object being to set a good example to other tramway proprietors, and, by their action, to improve the breed of omnibus horses throughout all England. If there is a fault to be found with them, it is that they over-feed and under-work the animals. The result of this is that the horses become weak from luxurious living, and contract diseases. In fact, they suffer from a sort of rich horses' gout.

MESSRS. BURT AND COMPANY'S representative also informs me that one of the leading veterinary surgeons of Exeter—I was unable to get the name of the firm—is employed at a large salary to look after these horses, to see that they have everything they want, and that they are kept amused and comfortable. Then one of the best managers in England is employed, in case the veterinary surgeon should not do his duty, and, in addition to these two, there have also been engaged the services of a certain famous warrior, not unconnected with the Devonshire yeomanry. This gentleman, I am told, is a man of great experience in dealing with horses. He knows their little ways, and what will please them, and his services have been retained purely with the object of still further adding to the happiness of the lucky animals owned by Messrs. Burt and Company.

AND yet, in spite of all this tender solicitude, wicked and spiteful people go about complaining of the cattle, and shameless magistrates say they are a disgrace to the city. Messrs. Burt and Company find it impossible

to account for the fact that some of their horses are not quite in a position to take first-class prizes at Agricultural Shows. It must all be the fault of the sub-assistant-deputy stable-boy. The veterinary surgeon employed at a large salary to administer to the wants of their over-indulged teams may be, they think, too busy to see after his work. Then, again, the excellent manager, he is a very busy man. It is absurd to expect him to look after the horses or the men. Then, again, there is the above-alluded-to warrior. Of course, the military affairs of the nation are pressing upon his mind, and it is difficult for him to be always on the spot. No; it is all the fault of that sub-assistant-deputy stable-boy. I really feel sorry for Messrs. Burt and Company in their noble efforts. I shall be happy to receive subscriptions from grateful Exeter residents to raise a statue to them in the market-place.

SCOTLAND, I gather, is burning with indignation against me. I have described the Highland cattle as small, fierce animals. The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* is sure that no human being that was not villain enough to be born within four miles of Charing Cross could have so maligned the beloved cow of its country. I happen to have been born some hundred and fifty miles away from Charing Cross, but I feel sure the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* would not believe it. Such a shameless wretch as myself deserves to have been born within four miles of Charing Cross, even if he were not. My northern contemporary admits that even cockneys find their way to Scotland, "particularly into those localities where a tourist can dine once every day." I confess frankly that that is the kind of locality I do like. My *Edinburgh* contemporary is severe upon this cockney habit of dining once every day.

BUT the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* is unkind generally to us cockneys. It says we go to Scotland with cheap tickets. I should like to get hold of this cheap ticket. I have always found it a most expensive trip. It says we drop our "'h's' as thick as leaves on Vallombrosa along every popular tourist route." (I do like a newspaper writer who is not ashamed of a touch of poetry.) The writer of the article goes on to give anecdotes of funny things that Cockneys say in Scotland, but I am not up in Scotch humour, and I fear to quote lest I should confound the amusing with the serious story. Here is one of the anecdotes. A wicked Cockney is in Linlithgow, and a noble Scottish guide tells him that this was where Moray fell. "Who was this Mr. Murray?" says the wicked cockney (I can forgive a cockney for not being able to catch a proper name as pronounced by a Scottish guide). "Who shot him? Was it a political crime?"

I FEEL sure that this anecdote is intended to point a moral, but puzzle as I will I cannot discover it. The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* goes on to assure me that the Highland cow is not ferocious. It appears that they are occasionally ferocious towards cockneys. I wonder if a Scottish cow is on the staff of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*? The writer thinks it possible that I saw a stag and mistook it for a cow with a chair on its head. This, I presume, is Scottish badinage. The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* must not

be so angry with us cockneys or it will get into trouble with the Scottish hotel keeper.

Seriously speaking, why are our Scottish cousins so intensely touchy? I have got a cow of my own in a field in Oxfordshire. Any Scottish journalist who cares can come and call it savage. He can say it is ferocious. He can abuse it up and down a whole column if he likes. It won't trouble me, and if we keep the paper away from the cow no harm will be done, but I must not slang a Highland cow in a paragraph without the whole of Scotland apparently rising to defend it. The next time I go into the Highlands I want to take the editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* with me. I want him to visit with me some farms I know, and mildly irritate the small bull of his country. He says it is only their fun. We shall see what he says when he gets to the next wall, and we shall also see if the bull really can distinguish between a base cockney and a virtuous Edinburgh journalist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

MEDICO.—I really cannot spend my time teaching you your work. If you want to study the subject of Premature Burial there are books, pamphlets, and newspaper reports on the subject. *The Spectator* has been publishing a great deal of correspondence on the subject of late.

J. H. B. J.—Extravagant nonsense never did a cause any good. The children who have learnt these Band of Hope songs will, when they come to years of discretion, see the folly and absurdity of them. It will create in them a disgust for everything connected with the word "Temperance." The flabby twaddle which does duty for teetotal teaching I am certain drives men to the other extreme—they become so irritated with it. The memory of reasonable words may come back to a man and help him, but the memory of drivel only harms the cause in which it appeared. Silly things are worthy only of ridicule.

PLAIN BUSINESS GIRL.—You have a happy disposition. Thank Heaven for it, but do not imagine that all the rest of the world must, of necessity, be built on your lines.

G. S. B.—You must be either a very young man or you must be new to literature. Twenty per cent. of the fiction published is announced as perfectly true.

J. B.—It is never any use shirking the facts, however unpleasant. There is much about the Jewish character to be admired, but patience and courage under physical suffering is not a strong attribute of that section of the community which dwells in the East End of London. If it is, then most of the doctors and nurses at the East-end hospitals must be liars, for dozens of them have told me the same story.

H. H. T.—The subject is too far reaching a one for me to discuss in this column. Thank you for your letter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER.—Thanks for pamphlet, which may be useful to me.

A. G.—I am glad to find *To-Day* so much to your liking, and I thank you for cutting from the *Liverpool Evening Express*. I have never said unpleasant things about the game of football. It is a game I admire and love to see played. I have said unpleasant things about the people who are bringing it into disgrace, and turning a game into a money-making scheme. Football is no longer a game in England. It is a trade, and a very shady trade.

F. W. W.—I thank you for cutting, but the article throws no new light on the subject whatever. It is merely a repetition of the old stock meaningless tirade against bimetalism. "Currency and credit go together." "Tampering with the gold standard must shake the basis of our whole currency." "Exchange must be based upon a value recognised as sound and permanent." Of what value are such phrases in a practical argument? They remind me of Disraeli's famous answer when asked his policy—"We rely upon the instincts of an ancient people."

CAROLUS.—It is a good thing that hypocrites should be made to understand that their cloak of religion is easily seen through.

R. D. S. tells me that physiognomy is an exact science. He sees how long a man's nose is, and he knows what that man will say when the eggs come up cold; and from the left eyelid he can judge whether a man will be a loving husband or good son, while a dent in the middle of the chin at once reveals his ability for mathematics. At least, my correspondent does not say all this, but I judge that is what he means. Years ago I

studied my own face according to the laws of Lavater, and I came to the conclusion that I was the greatest scoundrel unhung. From that moment my belief in physiognomy dwindled. I felt that if Lavater was right I was wrong, and that, of course, as we say in Euclid, is absurd.

S. L.—You do not send me Messrs. Paynter and Co.'s advertisement, but the whole business looks very much like a weak imitation of Smith and Co.'s humbug.

W. W. D. AND J. R.—Cheerfulness is a matter of temperament and bodily health. To the strong, life is full of promise. To the weak, it looks dreary. Thank your stars you are strong, and can face the future hopefully, but do not grow conceited concerning your own superiority in this matter. Nothing is easier, when we are cheerful ourselves, than to tell everybody else to cheer up; and nothing is more exasperating to a person in trouble than to be told to look on the bright side of things. After you have lived a little longer, and have perhaps suffered a little—though I hope not much—more, you will know that hearts cannot be tuned by the key of conventional phrases.

DEBATER writes me: "In a debate on the question 'Is Great Britain Degenerating?' it has fallen to my lot to speak in the affirmative. Can you recommend me any works on the subject?" Now this letter is typical of about a dozen I receive every week, and I am beginning to wish that debating societies were at the bottom of the deep sea. All they do, to my mind, is to encourage confounded laziness. Young men join them apparently for the pleasure of hearing their own voices. I have no objection to their doing so, but I object to their thinking they are going to save themselves all trouble by writing to me on the subject. I am not a universal private secretary for every member of a debating society. If the society is worth joining, and the debate is worth taking part in, then it is worth working for. We do everything on the cheap nowadays. We get up a subject not by studying it, but by asking somebody else to tell us what to say about it. My good young friends, you will never learn anything in this way. You have got to grind it out for yourselves, and if you are such lazy skulks that you have not pluck to do this, then, for goodness sake, retire from the debating society and join a Penny Nap Club, for that is all you are fit for. "Is Great Britain Degenerating?" Will I kindly write his speech for him and send it down? My opinion is that Great Britain is degenerating if it turns out many youngsters similar to my correspondent. He is the sort of man who wants to learn French without a master in six easy lessons, who pays his guinea and expects to be turned into a first-class dancer in a lesson or two, and who goes to a riding-school and expects to be able to hunt in a week. The result of all this sort of thing is conceited incompetence and thick-headed ignorance. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth putting your back into it and working hard at it. If it is not worth this, then do not worry your friends and yourself about it.

"TO-DAY-ITE" encloses me an *Insurance Agent's Review*. That paper is annoyed with me for having taken up the matter of child insurance. The writer says he knows me, and is surprised at my having done such a thing. He says I had been misled by the wicked influence of the Rev. Mr. Waugh. I hope, before I have done, to make the *Insurance Agent's Review* still more indignant with me.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—(I wish correspondents would allow me to address them by their initials.) I am extremely doubtful concerning these agencies which undertake to start a lad in life in the Colonies, or in America, for sums varying from £20 up to £100. Of course they are full of excellent testimonials, and

LOANS granted on Short Term Insurance Policies. Reversions bought. Correspondence invited. Distance no object.—Walker & Son, Midland Chambers, Nottingham.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

WANTED TO BUY, Old Life Insurance Bonus Policies at prices exceeding the Office surrender value.—Apply J. L. SHEERIN, 40, Old Broad St., London.

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

SPA, BELGIUM, twelve hours from London. Cercle des Etrangers, with Roulette and all Monte Carlo attractions. For details address Secretary, Racing, Pigeon-Shooting, and Lawn Tennis, Concerts and Theatre. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia, &c. Resident English Physician.

"TO-DAY."

JANUARY 4, 1896.

This Number will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled

"RAFAEL,"

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

there can be no doubt that some of their clients succeed, but I have known three or four cases where parents have scraped together, with great difficulty, a sum of money to send a lad out, and he has found himself, when he has got there, in a position little better than that of a day labourer. I would rather give a trustworthy boy the money in his pocket and tell him to go out and see what he could do. There can be no doubt that a lad of energy and resources would find work and would climb up—of course, at the cost of a terrible amount of roughing it—but, if he be sound at heart, that should be a benefit to him. No young fellow can be “assured” of his position, unless he is a man with capital. If the boy is not too old, why not let him join the army as a private? Many gentlemen do, and work their way up rapidly. His father’s memory would be in his favour, and the officers would be only too glad to encourage him forward.

G. E.—Educated thought is slowly but surely pushing out this narrow-minded intolerance. Thanks for your letter.

L. M. G.—I am delighted to find that *To-Day* is so appreciated by women. Upcott Gill publishes a handbook on bookbinding, and there is also a very interesting work on women’s professions entitled, “Professional Women and Their Work,” published by Horace Cox, of Bream’s Buildings.

F. H.—Send me on one of the letters you speak of, if you will not be hurt supposing I do not appreciate it to the same extent that you do.

A. S. (A Swiss Gentleman) writes me:—“Referring to your most just crusade against the leniency of your J. P.’s concerning cruelty to animals, I beg to draw your attention to the fact that lately in Bale (Switzerland) a young Spaniard was sent to gaol for three days for setting fire to a mouse over which he had previously poured petroleum.”

W. J. H.—(Do not ask me to reply to comic pseudonyms.) Journalistic remuneration depends entirely upon the paper contributed to. Study composition in your spare hours, by all means. Your style at present is exceedingly clumsy.

J. R. K.—Mr. Whistler is an artist. The meaning of the words, “epigram” and “paradox,” you will find in any good dictionary. The joke in the phrase “Shakespeare and the musical glasses,” lies in the comical juxtaposition of two such diverse matters.

L. A. asks me if I can give a literal translation of the following, “Aia thz ztenhz.” I expect the sentence is a cryptogram. It does not seem to belong to any language.

R. W. F.—I have read your very kind letter with pleasure, and am glad to find myself so much in agreement with “progressive young men.” Your Pluck Fund contribution is acknowledged in another column.

A. W. S.—A sportsman does not spend all day shooting tame birds as they are placed in front of him. Such a man is merely a poulterer. I find myself in agreement with the rest of your letter.

C. W. draws my attention to the action of Mr. David Davies and the members of the Merthyr Board of Guardians. One of the guardians very generously offered to pay for the paupers’ Christmas beer out of his own pocket. But Mr. Davies, with the cruelty of his class, did his little best to deprive the poor people of this comfort. The lady guardians, of course, were on the side of harshness and ungenerosity.

ESME.—I am afraid you would be disappointed with London when you came to live in it. One corner of it is very gay and bright, but it is full of long, sordid, dismal streets, where poverty and ignorance and stupidity lurk as close as in any country town. I cannot agree with you that genius should excuse a man’s life.

C. C.—I thank you for your very kind letter. I cannot reply to your question in *To-Day*; it would savour of egotism.

E. T. G.—I derived much pleasure myself from the play, *Mrs. Tanqueray*, so I can sympathise with much you say, but of late the problem play has been boomed to excess, and there is no harm in a protest from the other side.

LEBEFORE, who describes himself as a busy, old-fashioned family doctor, writes me a very pleasant letter, encouraging me in many ways. He adds: “About premature burial, I think you are quite right. I assure you I seldom, very seldom, see the dead body. ‘I am informed,’ and am expected to certify accordingly. I can only suggest that all bodies ought to be kept fourteen days after death, and then inspected for signs of putrefaction by some public officer appointed for the purpose.”

H. H. C.—You ought to try to get an introduction to someone connected with shipowners, otherwise it would be difficult for you to get such a berth. If you find your daily work distasteful, try to get some interest in life outside it. A hobby is an excellent thing.

G. H. W.—I am glad to find Dr. Cameron Lee so sensible a man on the subject of smoking. No man ever thought evil while he had a pipe in his mouth.

A. D. J.—You have much cause to complain of your parents and schoolmasters that they did not flog your laziness out of you when there was a chance. At twenty-two your case is getting hopeless. Fate may be kind to you, and may by the kindly whips of starvation, shame, and wretchedness, do some little good to you, but if she does not come to your assistance in this way, God help you! You will never be worth the ink you have used in pitying yourself. I can understand the girl you refer to rather disliking you. If she is a girl of any sense she must feel a great contempt for you. The love of a man who cannot wake up and do his work is an insult to any decent woman.

E. B.—There must be thousands who must be leading a lonely life, pining for a little friendship and sympathy, and there are thousands of big-hearted men and women only too willing to give love and sympathy, but we are whirled about through life like leaves in a wind, and we never know those who will be glad of us or those we should be glad of. There seems nothing that we can do except to keep our eyes wide open on the one narrow path where we ourselves walk; to be sure that while we are looking abroad for recipients of our sympathy we are not neglecting those close at hand. Do not think I am trying to preach. The same question that you put, “How can we help these others?” strikes most of us at one time or another, but when we contemplate the world as a whole we are apt to despair at the magnitude of the work. We cannot help those we do not come in contact with, but upon the road of life men and women must pass and repass, overtake and walk beside, many who would be glad of help, and it is among these that one’s work lies.

MISERABLE.—You are miserable in the same way that a small kitten always looks very serious. All life is before you and it is puzzling you. At twenty-eight you will be more cheerful. Work out your beliefs and disbeliefs for yourself and do not hurry. You have to find your religion. Each man has his own. Think for yourself and listen—I don’t mean to human voices, but the voices that will come to you in silence. As to your cynicism—well, we are all cynical at eighteen. People with brains grow out of it. You feel unsofable because you have not yet been licked into shape. There are a lot of corners about a young man, and the world has to take him up and roll him up and down a bit, and kick him a little until he gets smoother and finds he can fit in. “Sartor Resartus” you can get for fourpence halfpenny.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

DOUBTFUL.

“I see that you are going away, old man. Are you going for good?”

“I don’t know; I am going to get married.”

“IN EVERYBODY’S MOUTH” The Three Bells



CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.

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CIGARETTES.



CLUB CHATTER.

THE *revues* at the Paris theatres this winter are comprehensive, but none of them are particularly brilliant. The eternal sex question is taken up at the Scala under the title of *Paris fin de siècle*. All the prettiest and most famous *demi-mondaines* are on show in it, and Emelienne D'Alençon, who manages to get her name frequently associated with that of the King of the Belgians, plays a leading part. Meanwhile, hardly a day passes now without some announcement appearing that one or another of these women is not engaged in writing the story of their lives—which would show that literature is in its infancy. Elsewhere the mining boom is the subject of the *Revue*, and naturally Madagascar is not overlooked. Taken altogether, there is a desperate lack of novelty in the Parisian variety theatres to-day, and with Yvette gone to America, crying bitterly in an interviewer's arms at the notion that English people thought that her songs were not all they might be in the cause of virtue, things are dull, and the prospects of the boulevards being turned into a huge fair for New Year's day is not displeasing.

THE defeat of the Oxford team in Paris is to be regretted, coming as it does on so many French triumphs in our own sports. I fancy the University team were badly off-colour, which is not to be wondered at if it is true that overnight they were knocking about at the Moulin Rouge and elsewhere. The defeats caused a painful surprise in English athletic circles in Paris, more especially as the French declined to regard the victories in any other light than being perfectly in keeping with English and French form anywhere and at any game.

SOME time ago I spoke about the closing of the notorious Café Americaine in Paris, so well-known to every English visitor of a roving nature. It is now reopened—but, oh! how changed! In appearance it is much like a glorified milk-shop, and the proprietors are frantic in their endeavours to let the world know that it is now the very place to take a bun and a glass of milk.

THERE are few clubmen that will not be glad to hear that one more attempt is to be made to found an English club in Paris, as no doubt it will be thrown open to the members of certain British clubs on their travels. Somehow or other, all previous attempts in this direction have come to grief, which is extraordinary, considering the vast English colony in the city. A friend, living in Paris, told me the other day that the reason was largely to be found in the clannish disposition of those engaged in different callings. Trade and professions do not care to meet, and there is a strong religious element in the English colony. Then, again, there is the gaming question. One set will not join unless they can play for whatever stakes they like, and the others decline to be a party to any scheme that will ruin homes and break mothers' hearts. Once a good gentleman who joined a club there seriously suggested that there should be a little singing and prayer. This new club is in good hands, and more will be heard of it.

WHEN are we to have another quotation on the Derby? Mr. R. H. Fry, who is looked upon as the largest operator in the ring, does not seem inclined to do business, and I suppose none of the other ringmen will step in where "Red Hot Fry" does not care to tread.

TIME was when Derby books were all the rage. The Marquis of Anglesey will not readily forget Lord Lyons' year. He made a £10,000 book, and the first bets he made were £10,000 to £100 Lord Lyon, and £10,000 to £100 Rustic. The owner took the wagers, and the horses ran first and third, and what is more, were the favourites at flag-fall. The Marquis lost nearly £8,000 on his venture. Sir J. Willoughby, who has lately made

a fortune in South Africa, was rather fortunate with his Derby book.

Nor so very long ago it looked as though boxing was doomed. The National Sporting Club, however, has resuscitated the noble art of self-defence, and clubmen are loud in their praises of the way in which the contests are managed at the Covent Garden establishment. No difficulty is now experienced in getting a good purse.

WHOEVER attends a carnival at the N.S.C. can rest assured that the fact will not be proclaimed to the world, for the management have made it a *sine qua non* with the Pressmen that the names of visitors are not to be published.

WHEN Lord Dudley took to racing his speculations reminded old sportsmen of his lordship's father, who thought little of laying £2,000 on a horse in one hand. However, the present earl soon tired of the Sport of Kings, but his younger brother seems likely to take his place in the world of sport. Not only does he own horses, but he rides them himself, and everyone is of the opinion that, with a little more experience, the Hon. R. Ward will take high rank amongst the gentlemen riders.

COLONEL NORTH is desirous of giving his horses a change of air, so next season they are to be trained at Newmarket. The Colonel is very fortunate in having Mr. Robert Peck as his adviser, and the "star" jacket will probably be very much in evidence during 1896. Mr. R. Peck used to train for the Duke of Westminster, and sold Doncaster to His Grace for £14,000. He is the father of Percy and Charles Peck.

It will be noticed that, in the match that has been arranged between Roberts and Dawson, nothing is said about the push-stroke. That the "odious push" should meet with the approval of Roberts is greatly to be regretted. As champion, he should show the way, and play nothing but fair strokes. I hear of many clubs where the "push" has been barred this season.

To those who follow racing closely, the contemplated retirement of John Watts, the jockey, will come as no surprise. For some years Watts has found it very trying to keep down to 9 st., and to keep on undergoing such severe privations would only be courting death. Watts thinks Persimmon will win the Prince of Wales his first Derby, consequently he has accepted a retainer from H.R.H.

WATTS is not old, having just turned 34, but he has had a long, and, what is more, an honourable career. He was born at Stockbridge, and apprenticed to Tom Cannon, who has turned out such wonderful riders as his three sons, Mawson, the late G. Brown, and Robinson, who is now doing such wonders with Mr. Bassett's horses.

THERE are few important races that have not fallen to Watts. The Derby three times, Oaks four times, Two Thousand Guineas twice, One Thousand twice, St. Leger four times, Newmarket Stakes twice, Jubilee Stakes, Northumberland Plate, Great Ebor Handicap, Lancashire Plate, Middle Park Plate, Champion Stakes, Cambridgeshire, Liverpool Cup twice, and Manchester Handicap is indeed a record that will bear comparison with even the deeds of Archer, Fordham, Robinson, Wells, Chifney, Buckle, and other giants of the past.

WATTS will, of course, set up as a trainer. At one time he was mentioned as the successor to Matthew Dawson, but Lord Rosebery's horses are in future to be trained by Walters.

At present there are 118 public trainers in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Of these W. E. Elsey, whose es-

tablishment is situated at Baumber, Lincolnshire, has no fewer than 20 patrons; Swatton, Craddock, Armstrong, R. Sherwood, Lund, and Joe Cannon have more than a dozen masters each.

THE four most fashionable stables are those presided over by Marsh, J. Porter, R. Sherwood, and Mr. G. Lambton. Marsh has charge of horses belonging to the Prince of Wales, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Wolverton, and Baron de Hirsch. J. Porter's principal patrons are the Duke of Westminster, Lord Alington, and Sir Frederick Johnstone. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord Dunraven, Lord Howe, Sir R. W. Griffith, and Mr. B. Williams are connected with Sherwood's stable, whilst Mr. Lambton manages for Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, and Sir H. Farquhar.

THOSE who rule over the world of Association football are such keen men of business that it is remarkable they do not give the public any matches of more than ordinary interest until five out of the eight months during which the game is permitted have passed away. To some extent, no doubt, this state of things is inevitable, the re-

construction of the competition for the Football Association Cup, now several years ago, necessitating a series of qualifying rounds and the consequent elimination of the great clubs from participation in the early stages of the contest. Previously, it was possible to get two of the strongest elevens in the competition meeting in a cup-tie before the season was a couple of months old.

UNQUESTIONABLY the system at present in vogue leads to a better test of excellence than that which obtained during the first few years after the institution of the trophy. Under the old method a club, with a run of luck, might reach the semi-final round of the struggle without meeting a single really formidable team; whereas, nowadays, every one of the thirty-two elevens must either be an organisation of sufficient importance to have been recognised by the authorities, or, by victory in a division of the qualifying competition, have demonstrated during the immediately preceding months the possession of skill above the average.

At the same time, the Association authorities would

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probably have been well advised to arrange for one or two fixtures of importance to be decided before Christmas. The Rugby people have county matches in plenty, and international trial games, ending with the great struggle between North and South; whilst Oxford and Cambridge, under the older code, possesses an importance which does not attach to the corresponding contest between the Universities at the Association game. Against this fine list of Rugby matches there is scarcely anything at Association football to arouse widespread interest.

DESPITE this seeming disadvantage, however, the Association game cannot in any way be said to lack popularity, and, now that the draw for the first round of the Cup has been made, attention far and wide will be directed to the prospects of this season's competition. Not until Saturday, February 1, have the ties to be played off; but the mere draw may be said, with some

degree of confidence, to have already destroyed, in a considerable number of instances, whatever prospects certain clubs may have possessed of succeeding Aston Villa as holders of the trophy.

PARTICULARLY unfortunate have the Southern clubs been in the draw. Seeing that, in a field of 32, only four hail from the South-Country, and that of these four only one—Woolwich Arsenal—was exempted from participation in the qualifying competition, Southampton St. Mary's, Tottenham Hotspur, and Millwall Athletic being the survivors in the last three divisions of the preliminary struggle, under no conditions could the prospects of ultimate victory have been at all hopeful; but, inasmuch as three out of the four play away from home, and Southampton St. Mary's, who enjoy choice of ground, have to meet Sheffield Wednesday, it is once more ex-

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ceedingly improbable that any South Country club will reach the second round.

Of the 32 competitors, one-half belong to the Midlands, ten to Lancashire, four to the South, and two to the extreme North. Eight of the Midland teams are drawn to play at home, and six of the Lancashire elevens enjoy similarly good fortune. Both of the Sheffield teams have to travel, and United may easily find Burton Wanderers too strong for them, while it will be interesting to note whether the recent improvement in the play of Everton has been sufficient to beat Notts Forest at Nottingham—a task they failed to achieve in the League game. The great match of the round promises to be that between Derby County and Aston Villa, which may result in the holders being knocked out in the first round.

A GERMAN friend of mine was recently bewailing the impossibility of finding Englishmen who could play skat—the great German card game—and the hopelessness of getting them to attempt to learn it. "It is," he said, "as superior to anything you play here as champagne is to ginger-beer. It has more science than whist, more variety than solo whist, and more excitement than poker, and yet I only know one Englishman who can play it decently, and with him it is never early enough to begin, or late enough to leave off. You English want to know all there is in a game in five minutes, or you won't bother with it." The last remark is, perhaps, not wholly devoid of truth, for I first tried to master the intricacies of skat about two years ago, from a very handsomely got-up treatise, written by Professor Heffman, and published by Routledge and Sons; and it struck me then that skat was a pastime that one acquired with difficulty and forgot with ease. For three players,

however, it is unquestionably the game *par excellence*; but it wants personal instruction to make it readily intelligible. Should this not be available, a fair general knowledge of it can be cheaply obtained by getting Louis V. Diehl's "Skat," published by George Bell and Sons, in their shilling Club Series.

THE exasperating frequency of hands where one card alone, such as a king or ace, supported by a deuce only, or king or ace bare, debars the holder from calling *misère* is an experience common to every player. The petite *misère* call enables him to surmount this difficulty by throwing the dangerous card away, and I cannot help thinking that if the four cards so thrown off were exposed instead of concealed the scientific interest of this form of *misère* would be greatly enhanced. To withdraw from the pack four cards of unknown value, leaving each player in ignorance of three, must necessarily baffle the shrewdest player. By way of illustration, say second hand calls *Misère*, and first hand leads King of Clubs (showing thereby that he does not hold the Ace), *misère* hand goes the nine, third player the jack, fourth the eight. Query, is Ace of Clubs with the caller or has it been thrown off? And the further play of the suit is purely a matter of chance, for if persisted in it may give the caller a discard, and if abandoned, not only enable him to get clear of the ace, but deprive the partners of several opportunities of renouncing. The *misère* under such conditions loses all scientific interest, and becomes little better than an amplified edition of the "misery" of nap. On the other hand, the disclosure of the four cards thrown off in advance, though it unduly indicates the state of one suit with each player, narrows and simplifies the issue, and makes it possible to follow it up with precision.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

In "An Adventurer of the North," by Gilbert Parker (Methuens, 6s.), we have the last of that somewhat turgid adventurer, Pretty Pierre. The book is a collection of short stories, some of which have already appeared in *The Idler*. These stories deal with the Far North of the Hudson Bay Territory, and are written with that extreme care which is so characteristic of Mr. Parker. One cannot help wishing sometimes that he would let himself go, the evidences of self-restraint are so numerous. And Pretty Pierre has not the saving grace of humour. He is picturesque, loyal, chivalrous, but he always, except at the last, gets everything his own way. But when the reader has discounted this feeling, he will find Mr. Parker's stories very interesting. Mr. Parker has assimilated the spirit of that wondrous frozen land, particularly in the finely imaginative story of "The Red Patrol," where Pretty Pierre plays the youthful clergyman for his soul, and the Scarlet Hunter asks:—

"Why have you sinned your sins and broken your vows within our house of judgment? Know ye not that in the new springtime of the world ye shall be outcast, because ye have called the sleepers to judgment before their time? But I am the hunter of the lost. Go, you," to Sherburne, "where a sick man lies in a hut in the Shikam Valley. In his soul find thine own again." Then to Pierre: "For thee, thou shalt know the desert and the storm and the lonely hills; thou shalt neither seek nor find. Go, and return no more."

In pursuance of this doom, Pretty Pierre makes a melodramatic exit, with the woman who loves him, into a burning prairie. The story most after my own heart is "The Spoil of the Puma."

"To hear the thrum of the pigeon, the whistle of the hawk, the chatter of the black squirrel, and the long cry of the eagle, is not lonely. Then there is the river and the pines—all music; and for what the eye sees, God has been good."

The book is filled with the life of the open air, the wild free doings of Nature's creatures. Perhaps, after all, the Aboriginal Briton was not so badly off as we suppose; at least, he never had trains or busses to catch and to live the life of a great city. Let us be supremely grateful to Mr. Parker for mountain, hill, and river, wild beasts, and Pretty Pierre.

Here is an amusing instance of how Scandinavians regard their own authors. The writer, who is good enough to send me the following, apparently resides at Wandsworth Common:

Sir,—Referring to the poem by the Swedish author, August Strindberg, in this week's TO-DAY, it has puzzled me why the three Scandinavian authors, Henrik Ibsen, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, and August Strindberg should always have their works translated. Surely there is bad literature in every country, without encouraging writers like the above-mentioned, who really contribute nothing towards the advancement of literature. At the present moment, Strindberg is creating quite a "fureur" in France, through his articles in *Le Figaro*, simply because he holds some extraordinary views with regard to morality. The consequence is, that all foreigners think that the Scandinavians hold such views and lead such lives as are described in Ibsen's plays, etc. That the fact is not so, is proved by the expulsion of Strindberg from his native country. Being a true Scandinavian myself, I cannot but regret that our "bad" authors should be freely discussed in the foreign press and their works translated, while the "good" ones are practically unknown to most English people.

IN THE SHOP.

The Meteor Library, madam? Oh, yes; here's Mr. Brownlow Forde's "The Sign of the Snake." Poetry, sir? Try my friend Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Spring's Immortality," with a tasteful cover by Mr. Whitelaw. Mr. Bell is a great friend of Hall Caine's, and is now hard at work on his life of Miss Christina Rossetti. The volume will serve as an introduction to her prose and poetry. Something Russian, sir? Here's a translation of Turgenev's "Tales from the Notebook of a Sportsman" (Lamley and Co., 3s. 6d.). "Old Maids and Young?" It is by Miss Elsa D'Esterre Keeling,

the well-known short-story writer. Something about aeronautics, sir? Here's Mr. Cresswell's "A Knight of the Air" (Digby Long), which is full of exciting adventures. What is "The Desire of the Eyes," madam? To behold you in my shop; but there is also a collection of short stories by Mr. Grant Allen before he got up to the hill-tops and suffered from mountain-sickness. Here, Mr. Grant Allen's hero comes to the conclusion that "It is better, nobler, finer to marry a woman you love and respect—a woman who can bring out whatever there is of higher and holier within you—than to marry the daughter of a dozen marquises." I should think so, too.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. K.—Can anyone give my correspondent who writes to me under above initials, some typewriting to do? It is an appeal *ad misericordiam*, but I am afraid her chances are remote. She is a lady, has one son, also an expert typist, whom the damp climate of England is slowly killing, and she was making a comfortable living until the Board Schools came along and took away her pupils. Now that we are over-educating the masses, it is surely time to do something for the thousands of ladies who have been left destitute owing to the action of the Board Schools. I will forward any communication to H. K. that may be sent in.

A correspondent, whose initials I have mislaid, wants to know the origin of the phrase "Whom the Gods love die young." It is to be found in Herodotus. See "Don Juan:—"

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,

And many deaths do they escape by this;

The death of friends, and that which slays even more—

The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is."

A learned Fifeshire correspondent, to whom I am greatly indebted, writes as follows:—Having read the article in yours of November 9th entitled "The Wonder Side of the Bible," I wondered greatly at the statements made, considering how much is now known of the early history of the printed English Bible. The Vinegar Bible is no rarity, being in many libraries and private collections throughout the kingdom. There is one in the cathedral at Chichester that lay on the desk, and nobody seemed to know that it was Baskett's celebrated edition of 1717. No doubt in all editions of the early Bibles and Testaments there are blunders, but what the writer of this article cites as so are not blunders, but words in common use at the time. The text in Matthew's version, rendered in Psalms xci. 5, "eny bugges by night" was just as good as "the terror by night." It was repeated in Taverner's Bible of 1539, "eny bugs by night"; it was in the 1549 and 1551. In Chaucer it is used—

"For fere of beres or of bolis blake
Or elles that black *buggys* wol him tak."

In Zachary Boyd's "Last battell of the Soul in death" "God's boaste seemed to him, but bugges things mado to fear children." Robert Burns says:—

"Ghaist nor *Bogle* shalt thou fear,
My ain kind dearie, O."

and Jamieson in his Scotch Dictionary has
Bugge Bugbear.

It was in 1539 that the Great Bible appeared; but Cranmer had no share in it, neither translating, revising, nor printing. All he did was writing the preface to the second edition. Regarding the Geneva Bible, and the use of the word "breeches" it is in the "Golden Legend" long before 1560; Caxton has it, "They toke figge lewis and sewed them to gyder for to cover their membles in maner of breches." It is not a peculiarity of the Geneva Bible to give the V for the U, as you will see from above quotation from Caxton that he spells lewis for leaves. All previous Bibles do, and I enclose a leaf from R. Jugges' 1552 Testament to show this was common. The writer is strangely in error about the word treacle; there is no such spelling in any old Bible. He seems to imply that it first appeared in the 1568 Bishop's Bible. It was in Coverdale, 1535, that had the text. "There is ne more Triacle in Galaad." In Matthews' Bible, 1537, it is Tryacle. In Taverner's 1539, Tyracle; and in 1549 it is changed to Treackle. He surely has never seen an old Bible, as these forms continued till 1602 when they disappeared. Cranmer in his preface to the Great Bible states that "Triacle is a sovereign medicine made out of venomous wormes." The first edition of the Authorised, in 1611, is called the "Great He" Bible, but the *He* is neither a translator's nor printer's error. On the best authority it is a correct rendering of the Hebrew text. It was repeated in the quartos of 1612 and 1613, and, strange to tell, it was in the 1599 Geneva black letter as "Hee went into the citie." In the early Genevas the pronoun is left out, so it reads, "and went into the City." Since 1613, I know of no Bible butreads "she," so gentle Ruth must go back, in spite of her being three centuries rehabilitated, and no reproach can be cast upon the "Great He" Bible, nor its authors, as a potent error. The real errors form a curious and interesting story; the obsolete and strange expressions are worthy of being recorded, and a good history of the English Bible has yet to be written.

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

VI.

THE INDIAN CARDSHARPER AT WORK—THE DOCTOR AND HIS DROPSICAL PATIENT—A RAJA GAMESTER—THE FAITHLESS SECRETARY'S PROPOSAL—THE DOCTOR'S TEMPTATION—EXCITING PLAY—THE CRISIS.

THE cardsharp in India is a very different sort of individual from his professional brother in this country. The game played by him is different, the cards are different, he does not keep pieces of the pasteboard conveniently hidden up his sleeve, or concealed in secret pockets. His plans are more elaborately prepared; he makes sure, before beginning, that he will be a heavy gainer in the end, and is content to play a waiting game. The patience with which these fellows seem to be endowed is remarkable. The cards used are round, one-half having flowers or animals painted on them, the other half of the pack being blank. The game is simple, yet attractive. The dupe is always allowed to win at first, the stakes go on increasing, till suddenly the tables are turned, and the unfortunate victim finds that in one game he has lost not only all he had already won, but his own money as well.

A case of this kind was narrated to me by the dupe himself. He was a doctor, enjoying a good practice in the East.

One day, he told me, he was called upon by a Hindu, who, from his dress, appeared to be the servant of a native prince. The man betrayed considerable excitement, and explained that the doctor's services were required in a most urgent case. He had been sent by a certain Raja, then residing in Bombay, and the doctor was wanted to attend a favourite servant who was lying seriously ill.

The doctor, deceived by the man's dress, and his apparently excited manner, expressed his readiness to set out at once. His visitor took him to a carriage which stood at the door, and they drove off together. The doctor was taken to a bungalow, which he found handsomely furnished, and moving about the rooms he saw a number of gaily-liveried servants, which conveyed to him the impression that he was in the house of a nobleman. After a short interval he was taken to a chamber wherein lay the invalid he had been brought to prescribe for. That man, the doctor found, had been suffering from dropsy for a long time, and he feared that he could not do much for him. On hearing this alarming piece of news, the man who had brought the doctor thither disappeared, but immediately returned and signed to the doctor to follow him. In another room, reclining on a couch, a man who, from his rich dress and sparkling jewels, had all the appearance of a native prince, invited the doctor to sit by him. He spoke in very good English, and said he hoped it was not true, as his secretary had informed him, that his servant was dangerously ill; but the doctor could only reply that His Highness's servant was in an advanced stage of dropsy, and that he feared his services could be of little avail. On hearing this, the Raja—for so he appeared to be—affected to be deeply moved, and pled hard and earnestly that the doctor should do his utmost to save the man.

The doctor was touched by the concern of the prince for his servant, and tried his utmost to relieve the sufferer. After a few days, to the doctor's own astonishment and the Raja's delight, the patient seemed to be recovering. His Highness's joy, in fact, was so unbounded, that he took a ring from his finger and insisted on the doctor accepting it.

Another day the doctor came, and this time the

scene was changed. He found the Raja sitting playing at cards with a stranger, a man he had not seen in the house on any of his previous visits. His Highness was in a most hilarious mood, and immediately informed the doctor that the reason of his happiness was that the dropsical servant was so greatly improved as to be almost better. Then he invited him to sit down and watch the game. The doctor did so, and saw, to his amazement, that the Raja was playing in a most reckless fashion. Every game he lost, and at the end of each game he took notes from a cash-box by his side and threw them down, calling out, "Double the stake; double it this time!" till latterly the doctor saw, to his horror, the Raja's opponent lift up notes worth twenty thousand rupees. Then only did His Highness seem to recover his senses. He refused to play further, scattered the cards on the floor, and hurriedly left the room. The other player only smiled, and walked away complacently with his gains.

The doctor, shocked at what he had seen, asked the servant—or secretary, as he was called—who was the man who had gambled with the prince, and said he was sure he was a sharper. But the secretary only laughed at the doctor's concern, assuring him it was nothing. The prince was an inveterate gambler, though he played so recklessly; but it mattered little, as he was rich, and could well afford to lose.

On the doctor remarking that it was very foolish of His Highness, the man took the doctor aside and asked him if he would not play with the prince and win some money. But the doctor declined, on the ground that he could not afford to play for such high stakes. The secretary persisted, but—crafty scoundrel that he was—he displayed an evident desire that the doctor should gamble with the prince, not so much for his own sake as for his—that is, the secretary's. He explained that he could not play with his own master, but would lend the doctor money to play for him.

The doctor went home and thought the matter over. If he did not play, he considered, the Raja would find someone else with whom to gamble. He had seen sufficient of the game, too, to perceive how simple it was, and how easily the cards could be manipulated by the dealer, or shuffler, to win. He thought, therefore, there would be little harm in taking, perhaps, a thousand rupees to try his luck.

Next day he went to see his patient as usual, and was afterwards received by the Raja, whom he satisfied as to the progress of his sick servant. Then His Highness ventured upon the subject of gaming. His secretary, he said, had told him that he (the doctor) had been much amused with the game he saw the day before, and would like to try his skill. The Raja called for the cards, and the play began. The doctor manipulated his cards as he saw the Raja's opponent do the day before, and he, of course, won. The trick was so simple that he was amazed the Raja did not see through it. The game proceeded, and as the Raja continued to lose he grew more reckless, insisting on the stakes being increased, till finally he stopped in a rage, and retired as he had done the day before.

The doctor and the Raja's secretary then counted the winnings, which amounted to 4,800 rupees, leaving the doctor—with 10 per cent. on the amount he had won with 2,000 rupees with which the secretary had furnished him, as had been privately agreed upon—the sum of 1,920 rupees. After another day's play the doctor became thoroughly infatuated with the game, and was quite prepared for a third afternoon's play for higher stakes. If the Raja, he thought, was so stupid that he could not perceive, or so reckless that he did not see through, the trick, he thoroughly deserved to lose his money.

The doctor, therefore, went back, and the game went on as before, the Raja losing again, and growing more and more excited as the money was drawn over to the doctor's side of the table. At length, in an apparent frenzy, the Raja threw all that his cash-box contained

upon the table, against which the doctor, who was intensely excited too, laid his all.

This was the crisis. The cards were dealt, the Raja having previously shuffled them. There was a shout of triumph as the cards were turned up.

The Raja had won!

"Come on again!" he cried. "A lakh of rupees on this game!"

The doctor gave no response. He simply looked on aghast. He had lost 20,000 rupees of his own money, all he had won, and 40,000 belonging to the secretary as well.

Before leaving, the doctor expressed regret to the secretary for having lost his money, and the latter replied that he had borrowed it. If the doctor did not play again and win it all back, he would be a ruined man.

The doctor left the Raja's bungalow disgusted for allowing himself to be carried away by the temptation to gamble.

That night, as he was looking at the ring he got from the Raja, he noticed a green stain on his finger. He pulled it off, examined it, rushed off, and showed it to the nearest jeweller. It was only brass, and the supposed diamond was but a bit of common crystal. Then it dawned upon him that he had been the dupe of a gang of swindlers. And so it was.

When he returned to the bungalow it was empty.

The Raja, his retinue of gorgeously-apparelled servants, the man dying from dropsy, the handsome furniture—all were gone.

The Raja was but the chief of a clever band of swindlers, and the dropsical patient was a poor man who had been discovered in some part of the native town, and been hired for the occasion.

(To be continued.)

WHERE WOMAN REIGNS SUPREME

How surprised many new women of the civilized nations would be if told that far from being in advance of all her sisters in the world, she is lamentably behind in many vital points. There exists in a far-off, out-of-the-way place on this globe a community where women have supreme, unquestioned and imperious sway over man. A celebrated Russian traveller, Count Nicholas Notovitch, tells of some strange things from the land of the Ladakhs. These people inhabit a territory covering an area of 30,000 square miles, known as Middle Thibet, and the count estimates the population at 140,000 souls. Metaphorically speaking, they can be classed among the most elevated tribes in the world, their homes being on an average 29,000 feet above the level of the sea. The women of the Ladakha tribe, says Mr. Notovitch, are far in advance, both in physical graces as well as intelligence, of their semi-civilized sisters of other tribes and nations. While, as a rule, they are below medium height, their figures are of exquisite symmetry and grace. The rareness of the mountain air gives them an exceedingly clear complexion, of which they are very proud. They have eloquent mouths, with excellent teeth, and their faces are continually wreathed with smiles. Their disposition matches this make-up, being sunny and amiable. They are extremely neat. Though on account of the altitude the climate is very rigorous, they spend a great deal of the time bathing. In their costumes they show a charming inclination for the picturesque bizarre. They will often combine filmy laces and many-hued fabrics with handsome though sombre-coloured furs in the most bewitching fashion. They know how to show off and heighten their personal charms to advantage, and are inordinately proud of their dazzling white necks.

One would think that with such an example the men would be the personification of gallantry and rich in physical favours, but the very opposite is the case. Never was there a tribe of men whom Nature has treated more

shabbily than the Ladakhs. She has evidently used up all her nice material on the women, and what odds and ends there were left have been utilised for making the most absurd caricatures of men. Not a shadow of an Apollo is found among them. They are thin, stunted, often hunchbacked, and have very small heads badly set on sloping shoulders. Their weazened features are grotesque, with the high cheek-bones, low, retreating foreheads, flat nose, emphasised by an enormous mouth with thin lips. In the matter of dress they affect a painful indifference, their general make-up suggesting a dilapidated crazy quilt. If one meets a Ladakh wearing a shirt he may be at once set down as an ultra swell, as this useful garment is totally unknown save among the very rich. The care bestowed on their persons may better be imagined than described, as Notovitch says they never wash except by compulsion. There is a severe law subjecting a man to heavy fines if he does not wash himself at least once a year!

The men of this place are totally subservient to the rule of the gentler sex. The women dictate the laws which govern the community through the priests, who, almost without an exception, are appointed by themselves. They decide any questions that arise from disputes regarding taxes or other tributary measures enforced by law. All this self-assertiveness on the part of womankind among the Ladakhs reaches its culminative point in polyandry (plurality of husbands), which is practiced to the fullest extent among these people. The men have little or no voice in the matter of courtship. The young woman makes inquiries about the standing of the family of which her prospective husband is a member. If satisfactory, she notifies the mother of her choice that she chooses him for a "jingtuk" (lover). Consent is always readily obtained and the marriage feast prepared. The man is in duty bound to provide to the best of his ability for the family support. A wife has the unquestioned prerogative to take unto herself as many husbands as she pleases.

Jealousy is something totally unknown among these curious people, and love in its general acceptance is to them incomprehensible. The husbands, far from resenting an addition to their circle, greet the newcomer with unalloyed joy. The most curious rites are observed when a new husband has been chosen. At early dawn the happy groom, accompanied by his prospective fellow husbands, repairs to a place in the mountains set aside for these ceremonies. As many horses as there are husbands are then killed by the officiating priest. The hides of these animals are then stuck upon poles and turned toward the west. Not a word is spoken till the last horsehide is in position, when all present break out in a loud chant, which is kept up for some time. A small bit of the hoof of each horse is then put into a little bag and hung around the neck of the last husband, who has the additional pleasure of paying for all the horses killed. The bride is never present at this ceremony, from which, as soon as ended, the husbands return to their common home, where a jolly feast is in waiting. The family life is, as a matter of course, full of bewildering complications in regard to relationship. The children only recognise the mother, and have apparently no affection whatever for the multiple father. The Ladakhs live a sort of Arcadian life. Stealing, murder, or other crimes, are totally unknown, and this happy state of affairs must be attributed to the benign influence of women, whose power here is supreme.

A CEREMONY DISPENSED WITH.

COUNT DE BROKLEIGH: "Don't you hate to ask your wife for money?"

BARON DEDBROKE: "I'm never compelled to. I manage her business affairs."

"CANNIBALS have a redeeming trait, after all."

"What's that?"

"They're very fond of children."

A HUNT FOR A DINNER.

THE invitation, which was addressed to M. and Mme. Tamponet, read as follows:—

"We have just received a hamper containing a superb trout and a pullet stuffed with truffles. The trout is not to be delayed, so pardon this hurried invitation, and come and dine with us this evening."

Tamponet's face took on an expression of joy that every gourmet will understand, for Tamponet wielded a famous fork. That very day the couple had had a quarrel about the dinner—onion soup, fried whiting, a boiled shoulder of mutton, and lentils.

"Whom is the invitation from?" asked madame.

"Wait a moment, I'm trying to make out," said Tamponet, and he murmured, "Rousse—Bouss—ah! Rousseau!"

"Oh, the Rousseaus!" exclaimed Mme. Tamponet. "Very kind of them, I'm sure. Well, what's the matter with you, looking at the letter like that? Come, let's get ready."

"I—I said Rousseau, but I am not sure—it seems to me that—" then, thinking he has it at last—"ah! Boussieux—at least, I think so. Rouss—Bouss—no, it's neither an R nor a B, it's an H," and he began mumbling again: "Heis, Hass, Hiss, Houss—ah, our friends the Houssards!"

"Well, if we can't make the name out, we shan't go, then," concluded Mme. Tamponet, "and it'll teach people who invite us to dinner to sign their letters legibly."

"But our friends rely on us," Tamponet declared. "We must take a carriage by the hour and go to all three places."

"All three places!" repeated Mme. Tamponet, ironically. "Do you think I am going to go on a wild-geese chase with you from one end of Paris to the other?"

"Well, then, I'll go for you."

"Or rather for the trout and the pullet."

"They're better than your fried whiting, your boiled leg of mutton that's all gristle and tendons, and your lentils!"

"Oh, I know you would go all over Paris for a good dinner! Bah! your gluttony is disgusting." And the discussion ended there. Mme. Tamponet slammed the door of her room after her.

An empty cab passed the door as Tamponet left the house. He hailed the driver, and the carriage stopped.

"By the hour," he said.

"Right you are! Where to?"

Houssard living nearest, his address was given first. In ten minutes Tamponet was there. He hurried up the three flights to the Houssards' floor, and rang the bell. An instant later, he was received by Mme. Houssard.

"My dear M. Tamponet!" she exclaimed, rising painfully from an easy chair; "what happy thought brought you to see a poor invalid laid up with the headache? How kind you are! It is not my reception day, I am not expecting anyone, my husband is dining down town, and you can't imagine how tired of myself I was getting."

Tamponet could make no adequate response to such a cordial greeting. "You are too good, my dear madam," he stammered; "unfortunately, I cannot stay long."

"You must stay as long as you can. How is your charming wife?" and the invalid continued to eulogise the wife, while the husband, who dared not look at his watch, could not take his eyes off the clock.

"You are noticing my clock," said the lady presently; "is it not pretty? My husband bought it for me at a sale, and it was a rare bargain. It has quite a history—rather a long story, but—"

Tamponet jumped up in affright. "My dear madame," he exclaimed, "I could never forgive myself if I let you fatigue yourself with a long recital, when you have such a headache," and, as she laid her hand on his arm to detain him, he seized the extended hand, shook it, and escaped.

Our gastronome next gave Boussieux's address.

Mme. Boussieux was at home. Her husband having left for Havre that morning to be gone three or four days, she had told her cook and the maid that she would dine with some friends, and that after her late breakfast they could take the day off. As soon as the breakfast-table was cleared, the servants left. Their mistress immediately got a cab at the neighbouring stand and was driven with all haste to a famous restaurant, where she ordered an elaborate dinner for two.

Just as Tamponet was about to ring the bell at Boussieux's, the door opened to give passage to a white-costumed individual, who stood aside, holding in his hand an empty hamper, on which could be read the name of the famous restaurant.

"At last!" sighed Tamponet, and his mouth fairly watered. "Here it is." And he went in.

An individual in a dress-coat, with white tie and gloves, was standing in the ante-room.

"I suppose you are in the same box as myself?" said Tamponet to the personage in evening dress. "You're waiting for a servant to announce you, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the other; "I am a waiter from Voisin's famous restaurant, and I am to serve dinner as soon as an expected guest arrives."

"Hum! I must be keeping them waiting," thought Tamponet; and, seeing the door of the drawing-room open, he entered the room, his excuses on the tip of his tongue.

He was surprised to see no one there. But doubtless Boussieux had taken the men into his study to give them an absinthe, while the ladies must be in his wife's room. And he went down the long hall, at the end of which was Boussieux's study. Here a new surprise awaited him. The door was closed, and he heard no voices from within.

While Tamponet was thus searching for the guests, a little conjugal drama was taking place at the other end of the apartment. Boussieux, having met the Havre merchant, who had himself started for Paris, at the Rouen station, returned with him. They had arranged their business affair on the train, and Boussieux, as soon as he reached Paris, had hurried home, where he expected to find his wife at dinner. As he had his key, he had come in without ringing the bell, and, seeing the before-mentioned personage in the ante-room, had stopped in surprise.

The waiter made himself known, and added that the expected gentleman had just arrived; as for himself, he was just about to serve dinner.

Not comprehending what all this meant, and fearing to comprehend it, Boussieux turned pale.

"Expected gentleman? Who expects him?" he demanded.

Boussieux was a very Othello.

"Madame," replied the waiter; "madame ordered dinner for two."

Boussieux bounded forward, burst into the dining-room like a whirlwind, and saw the covers laid for two.

At that moment the bell rang. Mme. Boussieux ran to the ante-room to admit the impatiently-awaited friend; a quick shade of vexation came into her face as she foresaw some obstacle. Feverishly she tore open the note; a sudden illness made the projected dinner impossible.

By this time the husband was in his wife's room, where he had thought to surprise her with her lover. Seeing no one there, he returned and burst in upon his wife.

"At last I find you!" he said, in a voice of thunder. "For whom was all this splendour ordered from the restaurant?"

The guilty woman had an inspiration. "What a ridiculous scene your jealousy is making!" she replied, calmly. "The second place was laid for a lady I have been expecting."

"Enough of your brazenness!" roared Boussieux. "The gentleman you expected is here."

"A gentleman!" she replied, with an ironical smile. "Very well; if he is here, find him."

The noise of the discussion had reached Tamponet. "Ah, there they are," he said to himself, and he entered the room just as the jealous husband was about to begin his search for the man who had shattered his domestic paradise.

Mdme. Boussieux was thunderstruck.

"You!" cried the husband, seizing him by the throat. "A friend, too!" he roared, shaking the unhappy Tamponet, who was gasping as if he were about to die. "It's always one's friends who do these things."

With that he drew a revolver from his pocket. The sight of the weapon gave poor Tamponet the energy of despair. With a violent wrench he broke from the infuriated husband and fled for his life, hastened by the sound of the pistol-shots.

The reports of the pistol had drawn the other tenants from their rooms, and the *concièrge*, who was busy on the upper floor, hurried down with all haste, while, his six shots expended, the terrible husband re-entered his own apartment to have an explanation with his wife. The tenants saw only the man who was tumbling, rather than running, downstairs. They all immediately set after him, crying, "Stop him! Stop him! Murder!" And when the fleeing man, now frightened out of his senses, arrived at the street door, where his cab awaited him, he beheld a great crowd collected by the pistol-shots and uproar. At sight of this man—bareheaded, pale, haggard, his hair ruffled, and his clothing in disorder—the crowd had no doubt that he was some terrible criminal, and when they saw him hurl himself into the cab, calling to the driver, "Quick as you can—ten francs tip!" and heard him reply to the driver's question as to their destination, "Wherever you like!"—then they were convinced.

"What's the row here?" demanded the policemen, running up; and, when the matter was explained to them, they dragged the supposed assassin from the cab where he was hiding, more dead than alive.

"Hold on! That's Tamponet!" exclaimed a passer-by, who had stopped through curiosity.

"Ah, my good friend!" sobbed the unhappy man. "Speak for me—tell them I am not the assassin! In fact, it is I they wanted to kill."

"He an assassin!" exclaimed the friend. "Why, he's a respectable tradesman; I've known him thirty years."

"That's an accomplice!" yelled the crowd; "he wants to save him. Arrest him, too!"

The officers put Tamponet back into the cab, made his friend get in beside him, and ordered the driver to take them both to the police-station. There they had an explanation. The supposed accomplices proved their identity. Tamponet recounted the history of his invitation, showed his letter, and the sergeant, after having laughed long over the adventure, dismissed the prisoners.

Both entered the cab, which was still waiting for Tamponet, and the friend gave his own address to the driver.

"Where are you taking me?" asked the hero of our tale.

"To my house—you must dine with us."

"Dine! Ah, my friend, all this has sadly spoiled my appetite," replied Tamponet, in a broken voice.

The carriage stopped, and they entered the host's house.

"My dear," the latter said to his wife, "I have brought home to dine with us my old friend Tamponet, who has just had a most amusing adventure. He has been surprised in a rendezvous with a lady!" and he burst into laughter.

"I protest, madame!" exclaimed the guest; "I——"

"That's all right; you can explain at table," laughed his host; then, to his wife, he added, "What have you for dinner?"

"Onion soup," the lady replied, "and——"

Tamponet started uneasily.

"After the soup," the lady continued, "some fried whiting——"

"Heavens!" gasped our gastronome.

"A boiled shoulder of mutton," added the good woman.

"And lentils!" cried Tamponet.

"How did you know that?" asked the lady, in surprise.

"Just a fancy that came to me," responded the guest, with a sad smile; and he added, to himself: "To think that I have brought all these troubles on myself because I would not eat this same dinner at home!"—*From the French of Jules Moineaux.*



SHE: "Why don't you marry her? She's a jewel, a pearl!"

HE: "Yes, I know she is; but I don't care for the mother of pearl."

HOW WOMEN ARE ARTIFICIALLY BEAUTIFIED.

A CHAT WITH A COMPLEXION DOCTOR.

MADAME C. occupies a luxuriously furnished flat in a quiet West-end thoroughfare, and as I made my way up the heavily carpeted stairs, in the wake of a smartly-dressed maid, whose figure and complexion a duchess might well have envied, I was met by a current of delicately scented air such as one encounters when passing a perfumer's. I was shown into a small but elegantly appointed waiting-room, the maid remarking as she left me to my own devices, that Madame C. would be at my disposal in ten minutes or so. A pretty lacquered writing-table for the use of clients occupied the window, and on it were trade lists, a copy of the Clergy List, and this year's Peerage. On a Chippendale table in the centre of the room were the current fashion journals and leading illustrated papers, whilst on a what-not were several lists of Madame's preparations bound in white silk or white leather, and a bulky volume in red leather, containing scores of letters from princesses, duchesses, ladies of title, society beauties, and other commoner folk, speaking, or rather writing, most flatteringly of "Madame C.'s wonderful and efficacious system," "the excellent complexion massage I have undergone with such satisfactory results," "the marked and marvellous improvement I have noticed since Madame C. has had my case in hand," "marvellously efficacious remedies," "the delicate nuance she imparts to the complexion," "the improvement Madame C. has effected in both my figure and skin is wonderful," and "Madame C.'s exquisite preparations, which soon have a marked and delightful effect upon the complexion." By the time I had casually perused these complimentary letters the door opened and Madame herself appeared.

Madame proved to be a brunette of rather more than medium height, her figure would have been considered by a *modiste* superb, although her waist was so exceedingly slender that "rational dressers" would no doubt have expressed a contrary opinion and prophesied terrible penalties to come. Her complexion was naturally exquisite. Indeed, had it not been, would not she have laid herself open to the remark, "physician, cure thyself"?

Madame professed herself delighted to have a chat. "For," she remarked, "I have nothing to hide. I am not a person dealing to any large extent with secret methods. I merely devote myself to the art of beautifying the beautiful, and making the plain less so."

"But surely," I exclaimed, laughing, "you do not intend to let me into all your secrets?"

"There is very little that I shall not be perfectly willing to tell you, provided, of course, that you do not divulge the names of my clients, which would never do. I do not pretend that all the preparations I use are my own invention; in fact, I use the best of the cosmetics of various good makers. I have a few of my own prescribing, of course, but were I to tell you the secret of their component parts I don't think it would benefit you or anyone else."

"What is your system?" I inquired.

"Briefly it largely consists of face massage, ordinary massage, and the teaching of ladies to 'make-up' appropriately and well. 'Painting,' some unkind people call it," Madame continued, with a smile, "and I suppose I must admit that it really amounts to that in the cases of a good many of my clients. And, after all, why shouldn't a woman paint if it makes her more presentable, and provided doing so injures her in no way? And where the cosmetics used are of the best quality they have no injurious effect, I assure you, but rather the reverse."

"You have a great many clients of all sorts?" I queried.

"A great many clients in the upper and upper-middle clients," Madame corrected. "You see my terms

are not low; a course of my treatment costs from three to five guineas, and all good preparations are expensive. My clients have to use them, or I decline to have anything to do with their cases. I occasionally have a free client, as a girl with good features who has an opportunity of recommending me to her friends is a valuable sort of advertisement. Make-up is a good deal more indulged in than most people suppose, it would not be an excessive estimate that every other woman in the upper and upper-middle classes uses cosmetics of some sort or other, rouge and powder having increased in use a hundred per cent. during the last five or six years. You know my daughter is with me in the business? No? Well, she is, and I employ more than half a dozen assistants besides. Of course, I do not teach them all the secrets, but three of them are in reality sharing partners, and take over all save the most delicate or aristocratic cases. Two of the remaining ones attend to the sales department, and another to the teaching the art of make-up to ladies' maids. You would be surprised," Madame went on, noticing my look of astonishment at her last statement, "what a number of ladies send their maids to me to learn the art of making up. And some of them, I must admit, are remarkably clever at it too. A maid who can do this sort of thing well is worth £10 or £15 a year more immediately, and so some of them come to me on their own account."

"You would scarcely like to explain your system, I suppose, Madame?" I queried.

"I scarcely think you can expect me to do that," was the smiling reply, "but my daughter happens to be engaged in a 'free' case just now, or will be in a few minutes," continued Madame, consulting the clock on the mantelshelf, "and you are welcome to come with me into the operating room."

Madame rose and led the way along a short passage into another room about 30 ft. by 20 ft., which was fitted up on one side with marble-topped dressing tables with swing and side mirrors and wash bowls of white porcelain let into the centre of the marble slabs, very much after the style of those at a luxuriously appointed hairdresser's. On the other side of the room, and at one end, were glass show cases, containing cut-glass bottles, porcelain phials, china and alabaster pots, velvet cases, and daintily tied-up paper packets without end. Along the wall were other glass cases, no doubt containing "stock." In an alcove was a beautifully modelled wax figure (which, at first glance, quite deceived one), wearing a fifteen-inch corset of Madame's own designing, of which she was evidently immensely proud. The manifold advantages possessed by this patented article were carefully explained to me, but I only clearly remember that it was constructed to improve the figure, and that by wearing it ladies could ensure their waists being far smaller than Nature intended, with a minimum of inconvenience. Certainly Madame's charming daughter and her assistants possessed abnormally slender figures, and this with apparently excellent health and spirits.

Whilst I watched with curiosity the "free" client, who is a young lady employed in a West-end milliner's show room, being massaged, and then made up by Mlle. C.'s deft fingers, I inquired of Madame how many cosmetics and preparations were employed.

"Between twenty and thirty," was the reply. "The process takes about an hour and a-half to two hours, and our fee is usually a guinea. Of course, when once the skin is got into good order (if the lady is able to make-up properly herself) it need not be repeated oftener than once in six weeks or two months."

Madame's *salon de toilette* gave me an overpowering impression of expensiveness. I suggested this to her.

"Oh, yes, good cosmetics are expensive. You can get rouge for 1s. I believe, and face powder for the same sum, but I don't sell such things. Step here one moment." Madame crossed the room to a rose-wood cabinet containing eight or ten drawers. "This is a toilette cabinet which contains everything in the way of make-up and manicure that can be desired. In all about seventy

different articles and preparations, all of which would be used by a fashionable woman more or less frequently." Pulling open one of the drawers, which were lined with rose-coloured plush, Madame took out of its shaped resting-place a small, flat, alabaster pot. "This is *rouge fin*, of which there are three tints here, and it costs a guinea and a-half a pot. I have a more expensive kind, but this is all that can be desired. There are three sorts of complexion powder, each of which costs half a guinea," she continued, opening another drawer. "Then there is the lip-salve at 10s., cold cream at 5s., blanc de perles at 10s. 6d., *creme d'Imperatrice* at a guinea a pot, and numerous other articles at similar prices. These cabinets, one of which I sold to-day as a wedding present for a titled bride from her mother, cost from 60 to 70 guineas completely fitted up. You see everything is of the very best."

"It costs a very considerable sum to be beautiful, I can see," I exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," replied Madame, "the beauty bills of a good many of my clients run into three figures for cosmetics and massage, etc., every year."

"One more question, Madame. Do ladies really enamel?"

"Yes. I try to prevent it where I can, in all cases except those where the skin is hopelessly bad. But there are half a dozen women in Society who actually enamel. Several come to me to be done about every three months. It is a painful, tedious, and expensive thing, I can assure you. Women make-up a good deal more than is supposed, as I have already hinted; and it may interest your readers to know that the women of Great Britain use something like ten tons of simple rouge and nearly fifteen times as much face powder every year."

BLACKMAIL.

(Being an extract from the note-book of a private school-master).

THE position of assistant master in a private school is a very difficult one. You would find more delicate tact in one master who could keep his place in this school than in the entire diplomatic service. I cannot keep my place here. I am going—but I am going of my own accord. That is to say, I am going in order to avoid being blackmailed any further by Melsham. Melsham is only thirteen years old, but he has already found out how beautiful and easy is the life of those who live on 'black-mail.'

On Wednesday morning, in the course of the Scripture lesson, I had tried to make the boys see that a hasty temper could be checked and cured. I gave them a simple little rule: "Check yourself, when you are about to use an angry expression, and count four slowly. When you have finished, you will find that you no longer want to use an angry expression at all." When I sent the class to their seats, by some accident Smithson and Melsham missed the form, and came down heavily on the floor. Melsham counted audibly "One—two—three—four—four-and-a-half." Then he rose with a look of resignation on his face, and caused the entire class to titter and annoy me.

"Very well, Melsham," I said, "I did not tell you to count out loud and make a fool of yourself. You must write me a hundred lines."

That afternoon I wanted to catch the fast train to town, and put in a morning performance somewhere. I missed the fast train, arriving on the platform just as it was leaving. I stamped my foot and exclaimed audibly—for I was much annoyed—"Damn it!"

Then I saw to my horror that young Melsham was standing on the platform close beside me, and must have heard what I had said. He looked at me impressively, and touched his hat. I smiled pleasantly, and said, "Well, my little lad, what are you doing down here?"

"I came down to get weighed, sir. Sorry you missed

your train, sir. There isn't another for an hour, and then it's only a slow. Oh, sir, I wanted to ask you if I had any imposition to do for you? Smithson said I had, but I don't remember it."

I told Melsham that I did not remember it either. I bought chocolate at the railway refreshment-room, and gave it to Melsham. I felt that I was in his power. In full hearing of him and of two railway-porters—the porters were all on the friendliest terms with Melsham, and would have confirmed his evidence—I had said a bad word. I was quite unable to form any plan on the spur of the moment to explain the thing away. The only thing I could think of was to propitiate Melsham. It was weak and cowardly of me, and it increased the strength of his position. The next day I had occasion in the morning to rebuke Melsham, and, as he had done no work, he went to the bottom of the class.

Immediately after school he came up to me and said, "Have you seen the new railway time-table, sir? It begins to-day. If it had begun yesterday, you would have caught that train. I hate being at the bottom of the class. It's Latin Grammar this afternoon. I don't know as much Latin Grammar as the others, but I know some things in it that they don't—such as the principal parts of *cado* and *caedo* asked together, or the genitive of *jecur*." This was, I felt, equivalent to saying: "If you don't let me go up top of the class this afternoon, I'll tell." The look in his eyes was distinctly threatening. In the afternoon he secured the coveted place at the top of the class by giving me correctly the genitive of *jecur*. There was a little grumbling, because the genitive of *jecur* was not included in the lesson set for that day. "That has nothing to do with it," I replied sharply; "it is one of the things you ought to know. I am ashamed that only one boy in the class *did* know it." That repulsive brute Melsham came up to me afterwards and said, "Thank you, sir—I mean, I am glad I got top. Now, I particularly want to keep top."

This was too awful. I was being led from culpable weakness into actual dishonesty. I bought some more chocolate and gave it to Melsham. Then, when it was too late for any explanation, I attempted one. I mentioned to Melsham the ease with which one word might be mistaken for another.

"Especially is this so," I said, "if the two words are both of one syllable and contain the same vowel sound. For instance, the word 'hash' might easily be mistaken for 'ham.'"

I thought this was very subtle of me. It was intended to suggest to the mind of Melsham that what I really said on the station platform was "Dash it!" It did not work. Melsham remained quite silent, with an unmoved countenance, for a minute or two, and then burst into uncontrolled laughter. He said he was laughing about something that he had seen in the papers.

Some days have passed since then. Melsham never does any work, and yet he is always top of the class. The rest are almost in a state of mutiny, and talk of rank favouritism. Occasionally Melsham is disorderly. Then, for the sake of appearances, I give him impositions, but he never dreams of doing them, and I dare not enforce them. When he walks into the town with me, he mentions railway-stations as we pass the confectioner's shop; then I always go in and buy him more chocolate.

Yes, I must certainly resign my post here.

(Reprinted by arrangement with "The Granta.")

REASON ENOUGH.

HE: "Why can't we be good friends?"

SHE: "Because I intend to marry you."

HELEN: "Shall I return his presents?"

MABEL: "No: I don't want them."



POLICE : "Pat, look out ! Here comes a mad dog."

PAT : "That's all right, it's me life that's insured agin accidents."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE QUEEN OF AJASSA SIDE.

BY

A. J. DAWSON.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

“When I last saw Waring—
(How all turned to him who spoke!)
‘You saw Waring? Truth or Joke?
In land travel, or seafaring?’”

—Robert Browning.

“Fly to the desert! Fly with me!
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice, what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?”

—Thomas Moore.

It was J. L. Powell that told me all about the affair of Dr. Keith Boswell, when he (Powell) was leaving Lagos. Powell is not an imaginative man—he is too rich to be imaginative—and what he told me was truth.

No one knew exactly why Keith Boswell lived in West Africa, but everyone was glad to have him there. He had a large private income, and, though it is true he practised as a doctor, yet he generally refused his fees, and everyone saw that he made next to nothing out of his profession. Still, he remained on the coast, and went through periodical little attacks of fever in the most good-humoured way imaginable. This was peculiar, because West Africa is not a pleasing place in any single sense. However, Boswell knew pretty well every white man from Sierra Leone to the Congo, and used to dodge up and down from port to port, spending a week with one man and a month with another, in a sociable and altogether charming and indefinite manner.

He was young, too—under thirty years of age—and the kind of man who would be popular and well-known anywhere. He was a born Bohemian, was Dr. Boswell, and he loved to lead a strange, adventurous kind of life. Any whimsicality, any odd experience, or unusual way of doing things, pleased his fancy, and, amongst other peculiarities, he was addicted to mixing himself up in native life. There were times when he had been seen and recognised in the garb of a river chief, and he made no secret of his habit of attending native feasts and ceremonies of various kinds. Then he could converse fluently in half-a-dozen different African dialects, from Fantee to “Benin side,” and he could eat palm-oil chop

with any darkey breathing. These things are all very well in the way of amusements to be occasionally indulged in, but as a habit they are as bad as opium-smoking—for a white man. Men who know nothing about it may, and will, continue to rant about their



IN THE GARB OF A RIVER CHIEF.

coloured brethren, and racial equality, till all's blue—or whitey-brown—but the man who, in practice, ignores the laws of colour, makes a mistake, and generally suffers for it.

Now, all went well with Dr. Keith Boswell, and he was probably the most contented man, on the coast, till

he attended the ceremony of the installation into office of young King Munyar. The old king had died of over-eating and want of exercise, and his son Munyar was to be formally installed in his place at the age of about seventeen or eighteen. Munyar was a splendid barbarian, and at that age—the early prime of tropical manhood—was about as fine a specimen of the African savage as one could wish to see. He had never been allowed to attend a mission school, or to receive any education, and it is probable that in his short life he had never known what a thwarted desire or an unrealised wish meant. Keith Boswell arrayed himself in all his most gorgeous African paraphernalia, and went up to Ajassa to join in the three days' feasting and rioting that were to precede Munyar's coronation.

On the evening of the first day of the feasting, he took a stroll through the village, and on his way back stopped outside Chief Karelal's camp. That was in the broad light of day, when the rays of the sinking sun were sending a warm red glow over all the thatched roofs, and beautifying even the bodies of the drunken natives, who were lying round about on the ground. The reason of the doctor's stopping by Karelal's camp was that, standing in the doorway of the main hut, he saw the most beautiful girl in West Africa.

Keith Boswell liked native beauty, and he was simply stupefied by this vision of loveliness in burnished gold. Any man would have admired her, for when an Ajassa woman is pretty she is a beautiful object, and, further, though it was not everyone that recognised the fact, Karelal's daughter Sadra was the finest looking girl on the coast. Her skin was the colour of very fine and highly polished copper, and in the light of the setting sun it was golden. Her hair was very long, and had a wavy ripple, but not a sign of wooliness in it. Her hands and feet were tiny, soft, and dimpled; her figure was a dream of graceful curves and lissom undulations, and her delicate features were far more like those of a highly-bred Arab than a West African. Karelal, her father, was an ugly enough man, in all conscience, though of exceptionally fine physique, but her mother was an Accra woman, and the child of generations of savage kings.

The doctor gazed in fascinated wonder at her till she raised her wonderful black eyes and looked at him, and then he stammeringly wished her good evening, speaking in her native dialect. The girl smiled, for she at once recognised his nationality, and answered him in very good English, though in the sense of her own language. Her accent was good, and her pronunciation correct, but she used the forms of speech and the peculiar, picturesque grouping of words of the Ajassa vernacular. "May the night be pleasant to you, son of white men," was what she said, and this struck pleasingly on Boswell's ear; for, as a rule, when the native learns the language of the North, he speaks it with prosaic correctness, if well educated, or with almost unintelligible incorrectness if only partially schooled.

The doctor stood there, leaning on the roughly-constructed fence and talking to the beautiful girl, till the darkness of the tropical night made her invisible, and the singing and shouting of the men who had before been sleeping rendered her musical voice almost inaudible. She had dropped into the vernacular, which Boswell spoke with perfect ease, and, as she turned in the doorway and wished him "Good-night," she called him "friend." He could hear the jingle of her bracelets and neck ornaments as she moved, and he felt a strong desire to walk into the enclosure, to touch her little hand—the hand which, in the darkness, he could not see—but he was still fairly cool, and so, having bid her "Good-night," turned and walked towards the king's camp.

He charmed the heart of Karelal with flattery that night, and told the chief that he would like to meet his wives and family. In Western Africa there is very little of the secrecy and reserve that characterises the domestic life of an Eastern potentate, and Karelal readily promised to make the white "medicine man," who was always so friendly and liberal with advice, known to

his women-kind. He went further, and asked Boswell to come with him, after Munyar had been made king, and spend some time in his permanent camp in the centre of his own district, fifteen or twenty miles away. The



IN KARELAH'S CAMP.

doctor thought of the beautiful girl who had told him her name was Sadra, and all the adventurer and Bohemian in him made him eagerly accept the invitation. Now, this was unwise, because Sadra was not of his colour, and, further, though he did not at the time know this, she was intended as a wife for the young king in whose honour Boswell was feasting.

King Munyar admired the white doctor immensely, and was pleased to have him as a guest during the feasting and ceremonies of the Royal installation. He used to copy Boswell's dress and manner, and was proud to have the man as a friend. The doctor, on his side, admired Munyar as a picturesque young savage, and liked him as a good-natured fellow, and as a power amongst the natives. Beyond this there was nothing between them, and they had not known each other very long. During the three days' revelry which preceded the final ceremony of coronation, Boswell spent several hours in Karelal's camp, and, before the week was over, he and Sadra were very good friends.

Then came a general exodus of visitors from the settlement—Munyar having been duly proclaimed king—and Keith Boswell proceeded in Karelal's big war-canoe to the chief's home in the interior. Sadra's father had a very extensive camp in his own village, and

was able to entertain the doctor in very good style. His slaves and subjects traded away every year a large amount of palm oil and kernels for him, and all the luxuries that were imported by the white merchants on the coast Kareliah enjoyed possession of. During the day he was generally out and about in his canoe, or being carried by his slaves, and Boswell was free to sit with, and talk to, the chief's beautiful daughter for hours together. Sadra's mother was faded, and long past her prime, and Kareliah rarely spoke to her, though his dependents always showed every respect to the mother of the "Queen of Ajassa Side," as Sadra was called. She earned this name partly by reason of her wonderful fairness and beauty, and partly because everyone considered that, when she married, she would be Munyar's favourite wife.

It was a strange life that Boswell led in that wild jungle home, where no white skin, save his own, was ever seen. And the strangeness and oddity of it fascinated him, apart altogether from the influence which Sadra exerted over him. So little was known of white men in that district that the doctor was treated with almost reverential deference, and his slightest wish, though only half expressed, was promptly carried out by willing hands. Sadra's mother liked him for the courtesy with which he always treated her, and was flattered by the attentions which this white friend of the king paid to her daughter and herself. She rather encouraged his friendliness with Sadra, and, when it was discovered that the "medicine man" liked to sit talking with Kareliah's lovely daughter through the long, hot mornings, and in the early nights, when the chief was away, then instructions were given that no man or woman should disturb him. No wonder that romantic and adventure-loving Boswell grew passionately fond of the black-eyed beauty. No wonder that, as he lay for hours at her feet, talking tenderly to her in the vernacular, and watching the sunlight dancing on her polished skin, he lost sight of the danger of his position.

He was living among savages, very few of whom had even learned to speak his language, and he was many miles away from the haunts of the white residents of the Coast. Still he lived a life of ease and luxury, and day by day he was left basking in the sunshine of Sadra's tropical beauty.

Weeks passed by and the doctor half forgot his real life and the associations of civilisation. Time is nothing to the native of West Africa! Year in and year out twelve hours' sunshine is followed by twelve hours' darkness, and the savage life goes on with nothing to mark its progress save the wrinkling of once glossy skins, and the stiffening of limbs that have been lissom as the panther's. This is all the native knows of time, and he

hardly thinks of even these things till the end of his strong life approaches.

Kareliah grew accustomed to having the white man in his camp, and liked to see him there. It was a fine thing to have a white "medicine man" residing in one's camp! Whether his visitor had been, or was to be, with him a week or a month, or a year, was nothing to the chief, and he never thought of it. Boswell himself soon ceased to count the days, and as Sadra with native readiness fell into his ways of talking and thinking, he learned to live solely in and for this strange love of his.

It was easy for the cultivated white man, who spoke her language with more fluency, if less correctness, than she herself—it was easy for this man who taught her so many strange and beautiful things, to teach her also to love him. He did so, and, with all the force of her half-savage and wholly beautiful nature, she loved and worshipped this visitor from an outer world. He had no intentions, but his vague and dreamy ideas about the

girl were all perfectly honourable, and when Kareliah, warned by a tale-bearing slave, came suddenly upon them seated lovingly together, Dr. Keith Boswell said that he wanted to marry Sadra, the chief's daughter. They were sitting together in a small room, during the intense heat of the morning, as they had become accustomed to do. The doctor was telling her over again the old story, of how he had felt his heart go out towards her when he had first seen her in Ajassa, as she had stood in her father's camp with the evening sunshine glowing over her. He had one arm thrown round the beautiful girl's slim waist, and was in the act of kissing her sun-coloured forehead, when Kareliah burst into the room. Boswell learnt what it was to deal with the bare savage, with the



THEY WERE SITTING TOGETHER IN A SMALL ROOM.

venerer scraped off, when he rose to face the chief's first mad wrath. He began by saying that it was his wish to marry Sadra, as white men married the women of their love.

"You marry Sadra!" screamed Kareliah, in the vernacular. "Sadra is the bride of a king, not of a white monkey—not of a medicine man who knows not the mangrove from the bread-fruit tree! You white ape from the North! You may go to marry some weak-limbed slave in a mission station! You, snake from fever-stricken swamps! I received you as a guest, and the king's friend; and you, child of a catfish! would rob me of my daughter, the chosen of a king!"

Now, to Keith Boswell, the idea that even Kareliah could consider him less than the equal of black King Munyar seemed absurd, and he said as much.

"Oh, treacherous jungle-cat!" bellowed the chief; "dog that would 'chop' at my table, and sleep on my bed, whilst robbing me, stealing from me, my flesh and blood! But you shall go out into the swamp before my slaves cut you down before my eyes! As for you, bush-

rat!"—here he turned, blazing, to his daughter—"you I will sell to the Mahommedans, who will carry you as a slave through the desert to their sandy home in the far-away North! You, worm, shall not marry a king, and may Ju-Ju choke me if you shall marry a dog of a white medicine man! Go!"

He thundered out the last word with such prodigious fury that instinct made the girl drop her lover's arm, and walk slowly towards her mother's rooms. Then Keith Boswell, the white doctor, tried to conciliate Karelah, the savage chief, and gain permission to marry his daughter. Karelah spat on the ground in his contemptuous rage.

"Go, slave! go, dog! go, snake! Out of my sight, monkey, before you die! And, when you are gone, cheer yourself, and remember that to-morrow I take Sadra to the coast. I will show you and her how the chief rules his people! I will sell her to the Mohammedans, and she shall be a slave, and a carrier to the half-breeds!"

Boswell was forced to go. He could gain nothing but death by remaining. And, as he walked out into the glaring sunshine, his heart ached within him, for he knew full well that it was no unusual or impossible thing for a native to sell his children to the Mohammedan pilgrims, who, combining "pork and beans" with the gospel, traversed the trackless Sahara on foot, and, having got through their trade and their religious rites of the coast, returned by the way they came to Algiers and Moorish Africa. As he walked blindly on through the plane trees, and over the trailing roots of yams and mangroves, he realised for the first time what an absorbing passion his love for Sadra had become. In the dreamy happiness of his life during the past six or seven weeks he had never seriously contemplated his position, far less paused to analyse the qualities of that feeling which had made him content to sit for hours at the feet of Sadra, the perfect beauty of the tropics. Now he realised it all, and he swore, in his own mind, as he stumbled over the swampy ground, that he could not and would not live without her. He wandered on through the jungle till he came to the river-bank. Then he began to look about him under the overhanging mangrove branches, and to think. Sadra was going to the coast. Ah! He crept quietly about until he found a light, slender canoe that he knew would answer his purpose, and then, using the grotesquely carved paddle with the ease of habit,

he shot out into the dazzling brightness of the sunshine, and started on his way down the river towards the coast.

For a white man, alone, to paddle a canoe down the Ajassa River in the heat of the day, and in the teeth of mangrove flies, miasma, and mosquitoes, is—well, Boswell reached the coast, because Powell saw him when he arrived, and bought from him the little property he had there, and paid him cash for it. The doctor said he was going to leave the coast, but gave no further particulars.

The next day but one a large Mohammedan caravan of pilgrims started for the far North, and it was said that Chief Karelah had sold his lovely daughter to the leader of the tribe. When the wanderers were winding their way out of the settlement, Powell saw a man walking in the rear of the procession, and dressed as an Arab trader. Powell considered the man wonderfully like Dr. Keith Boswell, and hailed him by that name. The Arab trader turned, and held up a brown finger of warning, on which there glittered an unmistakably English ring.

J. L. Powell was a man who never interfered with other folks' affairs, and he stood silent whilst the long procession passed slowly out of sight. Dr. Keith Boswell was never seen in West Africa again, and only one man who knew him in those days has ever seen him since.

When J. L. Powell was wintering in Morocco last year, he wandered somewhat out of the beaten track, and reached an inland village called Tehemut. This place consisted almost entirely of dingy and dilapidated-looking residences, tiny bazaars, and squalid huts. On a stretch of rising ground at the back of the settlement, however, stood a splendid, though rambling, one-storey building of Moorish architecture, surrounded by tall palm trees, and all the beauties of sub-tropical vegetation.

"Whose place is that?" asked Powell, of his Arab servant.

The man made inquiries, and learned that the building was "the palace of the Great White Caid from the South, Ben Keitha," who lived with his queen—"a beautiful goddess, whose skin shines like the sun."

J. L. Powell smiled, and rode up the hill to the gates of the palace grounds. There he was stopped by two Fantee slaves from the Coast. He took out a card, and scribbled on the back of it these words: "J. L. Powell, of the West Coast, would like to see Doctor 'Ben Keitha,' and talk of old times."

He was admitted, and escorted to the main hall of that gorgeous white house; but what he saw and heard inside is something he has solemnly sworn never to divulge.

TRUE.



SHE: "I think Miss Solo has a miserable voice."
He: "Yes, it's not what it's cracked up to be."

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEALED PACKET TRICK—THE DISTRESSED SIREN AND THE SYMPATHETIC MARWARI—A HEAVY LOAN—THE AGED TRADER'S SUSPICIONS—"THE SEALS OPENED"—A RUINED JEWELLER—A GHASTLY BAIT.

THOUGH the sufferers from the "sealed packet" trick are many, and though it would be imagined that those very shrewd men of business, the Marwari money-lenders and native jewellers, amongst whom victims are mostly sought, would be on the alert for the swindlers, I never heard of a case in which the artful ruse failed. No doubt the well-assumed simplicity of the swindlers who play upon the characteristic avarice of the Marwari, and the very tempting offers made to him, cause him to imagine that he has a very soft customer to deal with, and delude him into reposing that trust in his client which proves his undoing. But it is not so much his skill as a conjurer upon which the chief of the swindling gang relies for success, as clever acting, which is essential to gain the confidence of so artful a man as is the Marwari himself.

One afternoon a Marwari was sitting outside his shop in the bazaar when a landau, drawn by a pair of gaily-caparisoned horses, stopped at his door. From the carriage descended a Hindu lady, who, from her rich dress and the servants accompanying her, appeared to belong to the house of a native chief. She looked round the shop, admired the show of jewels, and made some purchases. During the next few weeks she was a frequent visitor, and the Marwari was elated at having secured so wealthy a customer, who always paid the price demanded without demur.

One day she appeared all alone. She was excited, and seemed to be in deep distress. She was in need of money.

Now, the lady was very handsome, and the heart of the Marwari, close-fisted though he was, melted with pity. But her demand for 20,000 rupees rather staggered him.

He had not, he said, so much money in his possession.

But could the Marwari not get it for her? She had but recently come to Bombay; he was the only man she had had any business transactions with so far, and she could think of no one else to help her out of her difficulty. She wanted to purchase some property, but was short of the required sum by 20,000 rupees. She had, however, jewellery worth 50,000, which she was ready to pledge with him, and at the same time pay him whatever interest he wanted.

The offer satisfied the Marwari. The lady gave him her address, and he promised to call in an hour with the money she required.

He was punctual. Cases of valuable jewellery were laid before him, and he found them really worth a great deal more than his beautiful client had valued them at.

Terms of interest were agreed upon for three months, by which time the lady expected to be able to redeem her jewellery. The valuables were returned to their cases, which she wrapped carefully in calico, tied securely with cords, and sealed with wax, explaining to the Marwari that she did so for his satisfaction as well as her own, so that they might know at a glance if the packet were tampered with.

The seals being fixed, a man who appeared to be a lawyer's clerk, and who seemed to have been in waiting, was called in. A document was drawn up, in which the Marwari agreed to advance 20,000 rupees for three months, at five per cent., holding as security the jewellery in the sealed packet; while the lady agreed that at the end of three months, did she not redeem her jewels, they should become the property of the Marwari, who

should be at liberty to sell them at whatever price he chose.

Both parties having signed the deed, the lawyer's clerk took the paper away, and the Marwari, having handed over the 20,000 rupees in notes, also departed, *carrying with him the sealed packet!*

A few days later, the Marwari was sitting in his shop, talking with an old trader who had come in for a gossip, when the Marwari began telling him of the excellent speculation he had made; but his chuckling ceased when he noted the serious, inquiring look on his friend's face. He had seen the lady coming to the shop, and would not have cared to trust her with so much money. To his eyes, she had not the appearance of a high-caste woman, though he did admit she was beautiful. He then rose, and went off with the parting advice not to wait till the three months had expired before breaking the seals.

The Marwari was puzzled. He had himself seen the jewels tied up and sealed securely enough. It was impossible she could have deceived him. No! He would not let her think, by breaking her seals, that he had distrusted her. Yet, as the days went by, he became more and more a prey to the doubt inspired by his aged friend. Why did his beautiful customer not come to see him now? Since her first visit, she had never absented herself so long. He would call at her house, if only to inquire for her health and pay his respects.

He went, but was amazed to find the house empty.

He rushed back to his shop, brought the sealed packet from its hiding-place, tore off the calico, and found—stones, certainly, but not at all precious! They were only bits of road metal, set in dried mud!

The woman escaped, but it was not long after that she, judging from the description given to the police, reappeared in Bombay in a new rôle, and daringly and successfully carried out another trick, very different in method from the last.

This time she did not pretend to be a high-born lady, but dressed and adorned herself like a servant in the employ of the wife of a native noble; while her chief confederate was not a man like the one who impersonated the law-clerk, but a little girl, a pretty child of five or six years.

Indeed, it would be difficult to quote a case of swindling in which more consummate coolness, more cunning, more surprising celerity in getting out of reach of danger, were displayed than by this woman.

Calling at an art shop in the bazaar, she spent a long time examining the jewellery, from which she at length selected a large number of valuable trinkets. They were not for herself, she explained, but she asked the jeweller if he would bring them to a certain house in the Girgaum quarter of the city, as her mistress, who was too unwell to come out, wanted to make some purchases.

The jeweller was delighted, and promised the woman a very handsome honorarium if she made good terms with her mistress for him.

The woman agreed; and so, leaving his shop in charge of his assistant, the jeweller set off for Girgaum with the woman, carrying with him the articles selected, which were worth 10,000 rupees.

The woman showed him into the *dewankhana*, or drawing-room, where a little girl, bedecked with handsome gold neck-ornament, bracelets, and anklets, was playing upon the floor. That child enacted a very important part in the game as well.

Asking the jeweller to be seated, the woman requested him to give her the case of jewels, in order that she might carry them to her mistress for approval.

The man felt loth at first to part with his valuables; but, as he afterwards confessed, he never imagined the woman would disappear with the jewels, and leave the little girl, decked with such trinkets as she wore. He accordingly delivered over the case to his customer, and allowed her to depart.

She did not remain away long, and returned saying that her mistress was very well pleased with what he had brought, but she still had 40,000 rupees to dispose of.

She then enumerated what was wanted, to which the jeweller replied that he had not so many valuables amongst his own stock, but he could procure them. That being agreed upon, he promised to return on the morrow, which he did. Once more he was received in the *dewankhana* by the same woman, while upon a couch, to all appearance asleep, lay the child, covered with a piece of muslin, meant to prevent the flies disturbing her slumbers.

To the woman the jeweller presented a wealth of magnificent diamonds, which he said were the best he could procure from his brother merchants, and were altogether worth the price stated—40,000 rupees.

Again he felt some unwillingness to allow so much valuable jewellery out of his sight, particularly as it was not all his own property. He had heard of men being taken in by people getting things on approbation, and disappearing with them. But, seeing the child slumbering so peacefully, he thought the woman could not very well go away without her. He accordingly assented, and allowed her to carry off the cases.

For a long time he sat, thinking and calculating how much profit he would make out of the transaction. He allowed a whole hour to pass. The woman, he thought, must be having some difficulty in persuading her mistress to pay the price demanded. More time went by. He grew uneasy. He fell a-thinking again, and, as he mused, his eyes rested on the child.

A strange fear began to creep over him. How still the child lay! He noted now, what he had not discovered before, that one of the child's hands which was exposed had a curious unnatural colour.

A longing possessed him to look upon the face he could not see. He softly crossed the room and tried to peer through the semi-transparent muslin. There was no motion under it; not a sound of breathing could he detect. He raised the muslin, and discovered, to his horror, not the child he had seen the day before, but *the dead body* of another!

Then the awful thought struck him that he had been swindled—duped by a designing woman, who had robbed him of valuables worth nearly 50,000 rupees, the major part of which, too, did not belong to him.

He dashed through the door she had left the room by, and found himself in an empty, unfurnished chamber. He rushed from room to room, but the place was deserted.

After leaving the jeweller seated in the *dewankhana* with the dead child—which, it was afterwards discovered, had been hired for a few hours from a poor coolie woman, who had been promised a handsome reward when the body was returned—the swindler must have made good use of her time, for, notwithstanding all the efforts of the police, she was never captured.

(To be concluded.)

A SEASONABLE POEM.

In "Q's" charming collection of stories, "Wandering Heath" (Cassell and Co.), there is a delightful little poem called

UPON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Now winds of winter glue
Their tears upon the thorn,
And earth has voices few,
And those forlorn.

And 'tis our solemn night
When maidens sand the porch,
And play at Jack's alight
With burning torch.

Or cards, or kiss i' the ring—
While ashen faggots blaze,
And late wassailers sing
In miry ways.

Then, dear my wife, be blithe
To bid the New Year hail;
And welcome—plough, drill, scythe
And jolly flail.

For though the snows he'll shake
Of winter from his head,
To settle, flake by flake,
On ours instead,

Yet we be wreathed green
Beyond his blight or chill,
Who kissed at seventeen
And worship still.

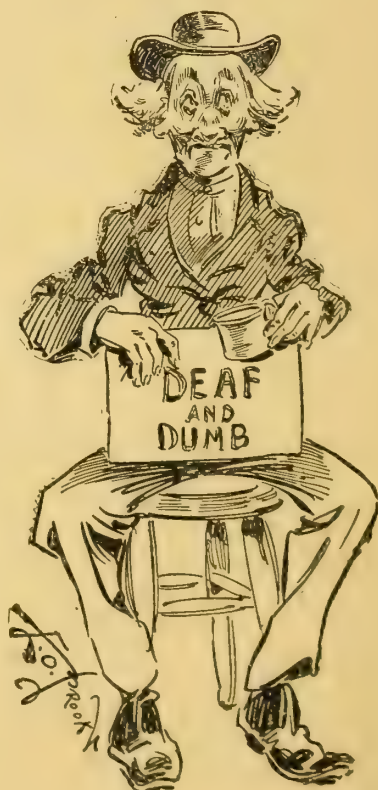
We know not what he'll bring;
But this we know to-night—
He doth prepare the spring
For our delight.

With birds he'll comfort us,
With blossoms, balms, and bees,
With brooks, and odorous
Wild breath o' the breeze.

Come then, O festal prime!
With sweets thy bosom fill,
And dance it, dripping thyme,
On Lantick hill.

West wind, awake! and comb
Our garden, blade from blade—
We, in our little home,
Sit unafraid.

IMPOSSIBLE.



COULD NOT TELL A LIE.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

PORE old 'Ankin! 'E's 'ad a nawsty thing 'appen to 'im. It were along of one o' them boys. I've spoke my mind afore on the subjic o' boys. They isn't whort they yooosed ter be in the dyes when I were a boy myself. They're a cheeky set o' young blaggards nar-a-dyes, with no respec' fur nobody nor nutthink. I dunno whort the reasing is, but I dart if they gits the strap as often as they needs it. Ter keep a boy darn an' give 'im a sense of 'is dooty to 'is elders, theer's nutthink like a good sarnd walloping once a week. Sims ter me as if them boys in the street 'ad mide a special mawk of 'Ankin. They're alwise a tryin' of it on with 'im. Sure as ever 'e goes up on the top of his' bus, you'll find two or three o' them boys a-riding on the step, and they don't do it 'cos they wornts the ride; they does it art o' bloomin' 'eartlessness fur ter mike a mock of 'Ankin, but as fur the trick as one of plyed off on 'Ankin the other dye—well, I'll tell yer abart it.

* * * *

When 'Ankin wornts ter stawt the 'bus, 'e gives a whistle—kind o' pitent whistle of 'is own it is. The other dye 'is 'bus 'ad storped at the corner. 'Ankin were standin' on the edge o' the step, both 'ands in 'is pockits and thinkin' abart nuttink, when hup comes one o' them boys unbeknown ter 'Ankin. This boy sees 'is chawnce, an' gives a whistle as were the very imidge of 'Ankin's. Horf goes the 'bus; hover goes 'Ankin on 'is silly fice. The boy busts art a lawfin' an' runs fur is life. 'Ankin gits up and goes arter 'im, chises 'im hup the street and rarnd the corner, and at lawst ketches 'im and lands 'im one over the crust. Yer see, 'Ankin 'adn't noticed as theer were a copper stan'nin' by. But you bet your boots thet boy 'ad though—boys mostly does see hall theer is ter see. "Hall right, mister bloomin' 'Ankin," 'e sings art. "Nar you've done fur yerself." Then 'e turns ter the copper. "'Ere, mister sargent," 'e says, "tike this man. 'E's ersolted me and I chawge 'im."

* * * *

Yus, 'Ankin give the boy sixpence and gort art of it. But it's a pretty stite of affeers ter 'appen in this chrisching country I don't think. Whort, I awsts, are we a-comin' to. A thing like thet is blank annerchy—thet's whort it is. If I was in Pawlimunt I wud' ave a ac' pawsed mikin' it compulsery fur every boy in this land ter git a lickin' once a week, and horftner if necessary, accordin' ter the tiste an' discredshun of the fawther.

A STIRRING ESCAPE.*

In Mrs. Strain's book, dealing with the siege of Derry in 1689, we have the following stirring account of the heroine's husband's escape when watched by Colonel Lundy:

"The fire had burnt low, which was my signal, as well as my pretext; but I dared not to go near it without leave, because of the pistol on the mantelpiece, which Lundy had forbidden me to approach. So I sat up, like one rousing herself out of a doze; in truth, we had all been silent enough to have passed for sleepers. I pressed my husband's hand, to assure myself that he was not asleep, and at the answering pressure I held it for one moment to my heart. This was to give him notice that I was about to attempt something, so to ensure his attention and his aid when I should need it. Certes, 'twas a warnin' he could not choose but heed, for its beating was so strong that there was no other strength left in my body,

neither to breathe, nor to hear, nor to see. My throat was as dry as a sanded page, my ears were full of the sound of rushing wind; there was a kind of blackness between my eyes and whatever they tried to look at. But it was very needful to hear and to see and to speak—even to speak calmly and in my ordinary voice—so I grasped at my will as one grasps the bridle of a runaway horse; I forced my heart down out of my throat by main striving. For one mighty moment I lifted up a voiceless prayer to Heaven; then I sat up and spoke to Lundy. And, to mine own wonder, I spoke plain and quiet; my voice sounded in my own ears even unconcerned.

"'Sir,' said I, 'who's to mend the fire?'"

"'Well, I can scarce do it,' said he, stretching himself; 'but you may, if you desire it.'"

"I rose, and went forward slowly to the fireplace; I stooped over it, bringing the brands into place that were scattered, and, as I stooped, I contrived to let my great-cloak slip from my shoulders, as if by accident. It lay beside me as I lifted the fresh billets that lay ready on the hearth, and piled them on the old, making a great show of deliberateness, so to gain time. For my hands were cold to numbness, and my knees seemed too weak to support me, even while I knelt.

"Then I rose slowly to my feet, and it was upon a sudden as though a flame of fire flashed through me from head to foot, turning me to steel. I stooped slowly for my mantle, and shook it out, as though to wrap it round me; but, instead of that, I wrapped it, quick as lightning, round the head and arms of Lundy, seated in the chair at my side. I wrapped it round him, fold after fold, before ever he had time to struggle. Having so much of vantage, 'tis even possible I might have mastered him by myself; but I had no need, for my husband was by my side in an instant. He took the pistol from Lundy's knee; had he taken thought to fire that, it had gone ill enough with my husband and with me. But, by Heaven's favour vouchsafed to us, in the sudden bewilderment of my attack he put his hands up to draw away the cloak from his face, not down to grasp and fire the pistol that lay on his knees.

"'Quick, Mary!' said my husband, drawing the cloak still closer round Lundy's face; 'make haste! Fetch me a rope or something to tie him; we mustn't murder the man!'"

"There was no rope at hand, but I bethought me of an excellent substitute. I whipped a sheet off the bed and tore it into wide strips that would bind him every whit as safely. I had certainly grudged it bitterly, at any other time, to destroy the good Hollands linen in such prodigal fashion. But a woman's pride in her plenishing is but as the small dust in the balance, when her husband's life and liberty are the weights in the other scale.

"My husband took one of the bands of linen, and passed it quickly two or three times round Lundy's body and the back of the chair, tying it firmly behind, I taking my turn to hold the mantle firmly in its place. This done, he unwrapped a fold or two thereof, and drew down Lundy's arms; these in like manner he secured to the back of the chair and to his body, tying them securely just above the elbows.

"'Now,' said he, 'Mary, take you one of the pistols; be ready to ho'd it to his head the moment I uncover his face. If he attempt to call out, shoot him as he'd have shot me.'"

"'I will,' said I, taking the pistol.

"I thought we had made good speed in securing him, but, for all our haste, by the time we unwrapped the cloak from his face his breath was so far gone that there was little fear of his crying out. His wit was not gone, however, though his breath was spent, and so I placed the muzzle of the pistol against his temple.

"'We will do you no harm, Mr. Lundy, if you will be still,' said I, 'and we will let you get your breath before we gag you; but, if you attempt to give any alarm, I will shoot you dead on the instant.'"

* "A Man's Foes," by E. H. Strain, (Ward, Lock and Co., 3 vols., 15s. net).

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Don't you think that the fashionable world is far more sensible in the matter of footgear than it used to be? One seldom sees very high heels now, except in the ball-room, where they are supposed to aid the clever dancer. Contrary to the rule of the ballet-dancer, isn't it? But boots and shoes are now made sensibly wide in what shoemakers call "the tread," and, though the toes are still rather pointed, the extra comfort of wide soles is at least accorded.

I have often pitied elderly husbands for having to sit opposite dreadful looking feet, which really disfigure the home hearth. Until we are fourteen we dress to be warm and comfortable. No more complex motive enters into the matter. Soon after that age, things become complicated by an anxious desire to look nice, and this lasts on and on, with most of us, until we are old and frail. The first sign of its diminution appears in the *chaussure*. Smart boots and dainty shoes are replaced by comfortable and extremely hideous ones, with elastic set in up the sides, made of some sort of cashmere, and heels omitted. Felt house shoes are taken into favour somewhere about this period, and these certainly are a most repellent form of footgear. A man would not dream of adopting it unless he should happen to be suffering from the gout; but the majority of elderly ladies begin to grow careless about the feet. If they could only realise how depressing it is to the ordinary mind to see shapelessly-shod ankles and once pretty insteps marred by a lack of vanity, they would summon back some of the lost conceit, and make it do duty once more. There are, however, some bright exceptions, in the shape of women who are so delicately dainty in their care of themselves that there is never any occasion to criticise them in this way.

A little vanity is useful. Without any, some of us would be awful objects.

With the New Year, one begins to look forward and make a vague, unconscious forecast of what lies before us. To set the great things aside for the moment, one wonders whether skirts will grow any wider in '96. If so, where will they stop? The latest variation of the fashionable gown measures eight yards round the hem. No; it is not accordeon-pleated! This skirt is plain. And to think of eight yards of drapery round the small ankles of one mere woman! Is it not absurd? And at the waist the fit is of the closest! There is not a

fold to be seen on the hips of the smart. Even at the back there is only just sufficient to do away with the flat, unfinished look that no fulness would inevitably impart.

What a month for balls this January is! I was reading the list in the *Court Journal* this morning, and supplementing it by some that we happen to know of, and the two together total up in a way that promises much for girls who love the dance and prospects of pretty ball gowns. I shall have something to say on the subject next week.

Madame Melba's lovely voice is well appreciated in the States, where she is on tour with an operatic concert company, of which she is the bright particular star. I read in an American paper the other day that her rendering of "Ah forse é lin" created the greatest enthusiasm, and she was recalled again and again at the end of the programme. You see, she has not only a delicious voice but produces it in a most artistic and finished manner. It is sweet and brilliant, two qualities that do not always go together. And then, happy woman! she is extremely pretty. Surely the fairy god-mothers must have assembled in force when she was being christened.

I saw Loie Fuller the other day in a wonderful Paris gown—a marvellous "confection." This word just describes it, for both art and skill had combined to produce an effect that was rich without over-elaboration, striking in colour, and yet subdued in tint, with only a hint here and there of brilliancy and glitter.

By the way, have I told you that I saw Lady Yarborough at the play last week, wearing a perfectly delicious little pink satin cape with a thick ruffle of pink

chiffon round the neck and a bunch of roses at the throat? She looked prettier than ever in this becoming and dainty garment. You should see Miss Alma Stanley in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." Her black cape of frilled chiffon is lined throughout with soft pink roses, and the sombre blackness of the chiffon is relieved by bands of ivory-tinted guipure, lined with pink satin.

To say the most fashionable fur is sable is sometimes a hollow mockery. Sable is costly, and there are persons in the world, even in this age of luxury, whose purses are light indeed, and whose balance at the bank is not of an enlivening kind. To enforce sable as an indispensable trimming is to imitate the doctors who recommend old port or eighty shilling claret to certain patients who smile wistfully enough when they hear the advice. But mink is cheap and good, and musquash, when dressed like sealskin, looks remarkably well and is nearly as warm.



DRESS FOR A DANCE.

Raccoon, when dyed brown, is fairly effective, and skunk is in great demand for trimmings just at present.

Our illustration represents a dress for a dance. The skirt of this pretty dress is eau-de-Nil silk in its palest tone, and the bodice is accordeon-pleated pink chiffon, trimmed with bands of turquoise, pearl and silver embroidery. The puffs of the sleeves are in the chiffon, looped across with eau-de-Nil silk, and turquoise embroideries. The belt and shoulder-knots are in green and pink chine ribbon.—Your affectionate SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

SUSAN SIMPLE.—Laver is now in season. It is sold in nine-penny tins and is ready cooked. It has only to be made very hot before being served with mutton roast or braised. It is a sort of transparent seaweed, and tastes like spinach, only that it has a peculiar flavour of the sea which is much appreciated by epicures.

I know many a hard-working woman who, simply because she lives alone, will not take the trouble to cater for her own physical needs. She forgets to provide for dinner, and snatches a mouthful in some unhomelike, uncomfortable restaurant, going home to "tea with an egg," or some other shabby little meal, which, it is true, most of us women would prefer in the comfortable surroundings of our own little *ménage*, however humble it may be, to a dinner of four or five courses taken out of doors in a large public room surrounded by strangers. It is a mistake, though, hard-working friends! Why not pay a little more, and have the regular comfortable home dinner, which lubricates the energies, so to speak, and gets the whole system in good working order? A good rule for the solitary journalist or daily governess would be to treat herself as if she were her own brother. She would not allow him to neglect his meals or to dine off a penny roll, a pat of butter, and a cup of chocolate, as she often does herself. Let her, therefore, put herself on honour to arrange her own diet as though she were catering for a near and dear male relative.

HALIBUT STEAKS À LA PERCIVAL.—Procure two or three rather thick steaks cut from the widest part of this excellent fish, which is quite equal to turbot when perfectly fresh. Wash the steaks in salted water and dry them well. Flour them and put them into an earthenware dish; a tureen will do. Sprinkle them with lemon juice, pepper, salt, and a few grains of Nepaul

pepper. Dissolve in a stewpan four ounces of good butter, mix with it the liquor of a dozen oysters, and throw it over the steaks. Then set the dish in a brisk oven. In about half an hour the fish will be ready to serve. Five minutes before sending it to table, place the twelve oysters on the top. Serve the steaks in the dish in which they were cooked, with an ornamental paper round it. For sauce, if needed, make half a pint of melted butter, and into it pour a glass of chablis. There is no necessity for any sauce with the above. It should be dry, crisp and browned, though perfectly tender and flaky within.

BAKED tomatoes. Put in an earthen baking dish the contents of one tin of Italian tomatoes, with the bumps well broken up, seasoning it with pepper, salt, and the juice of one large onion. Add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and grated bread crumbs enough to give the dish a nice consistency; shake crumbs over the top, and speck it with a few tiny bumps of butter; add a spoonful of sugar, if you wish to correct acidity, and bake thirty or forty minutes.

Tomatoes vastly improve a dish of macaroni, or what is better to use instead, spaghetti. Boil spaghetti in salted water or beef stock till tender, and serve it with tomato sauce and grated Parmesan cheese. The sauce is made by boiling down the contents of one tin of tomatoes till it is reduced by one-half, first adding one chopped onion, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, and pepper and salt to taste. When boiled, and they must be slowly boiled, press them through a sieve and add cayenne pepper, and, if you like the flavour, a bay leaf. This makes enough for half-a-pound of spaghetti.

If there is too much for one day, a baked dish can be made for the next. The surplus should be saved without mixing. Put a layer of the boiled spaghetti in a baking dish, moisten it with tomato sauce, and cover it lightly with grated Parmesan cheese, filling the dish in this way, and over the top layer put about a dozen little lumps of butter and bake, covered for the first fifteen minutes, then let it get a light brown and serve.

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—I have been very far from well lately, and I am still not quite so fit as I should like to be, but I have recovered sufficiently to resume my correspondence. For goodness sake don't write to me any more about "a Dickensey Christmas!" The Christmas season is a period of bills and bile. If you want to go out and help starving cripples and succour the poor, why on earth can't you do it comfortably in the middle of summer? I can see no reason for wanting to love my neighbour, and do unto all men as I would they should do unto me, because fogs are prevalent and east winds abound. It is just the time of year when I pay my rent and loathe my landlord. You must remember that the founders of Christianity knew nothing of our weather. They dwelt in a land that was holy, not in a climate that is wicked. When they went forth to spread the light, they found that the heathen, especially the heathen of Northern and Central Europe, habitually indulged in a big mid-winter orgie. The arrival of the shortest day indicated to the heathen that the rigors of winter were passed, and every hour brought them nearer to the spring, which meant open weather, and increased facilities for cattle grazing, hunting, and warlike expeditions. So they sacrificed to the gods of their idolatry, and ate till they couldn't see. Apprehending the difficulty of upsetting a custom of unknown antiquity, the founders of the True Faith simplified matters by sanctifying it. They retained the primitive date, but the mass said really celebrates the birth of a Saviour to the world in the month of August. The great festival has therefore come down to us with the substantial part of a Pagan orgie grafted on to it. As a reasonable being, bearing all the facts of the case in my mind, I can never work myself up into a condition of enthusiasm about it. In fact, I can conceive no more abhorrent method of celebrating what we do celebrate than by eating a lot of indigestible food and talking a lot of slushy, sentimental twaddle, which we don't mean. As decent Christians, it is our plain and simple duty to feed the hungry and deal honestly with all men, just as much at Easter or Michaelmas as at Christmas. Right and wrong do not vary with the seasons. Much, therefore, as I rejoice at the marvellous success of the *Daily Telegraph* Cripples' Fund, I am equally pleased to see that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has postponed its own especial Children's Fund until Midsummer.

Take it all round, charity in this country is one of the things that I do not understand. Our splendid hospitals are supported by voluntary contributions. But they are compelled to expend at least a fourth of what they collect in touting and begging for the other three-quarters. Surely hospitals are necessary, or they are not. If they are, they ought to be supported by the State out of a special, local, or general Imperial tax. As rich people give largely to charity, they naturally would not object to paying a larger tax than the poor.

The way in which we stick to our old-fashioned and cumbrous institutions, is very remarkable. With the death of the kindly and courteous Mr. Pigott, I had thought that the Licensor of Plays would pass away in all but name. So did a great many other people. But we were destined to a rude awakening. Mr. Radford, the new licensor, recently came down on Miss Eweretta Lawrence because she did not give long enough notice of her intention to produce *Miss Galatea*, and the performance had to be postponed for three days. Then came Robert Buchanan's turn with the *New Don Quixote*. The author immediately rushed into print, and, according to latest advices, the objections of the Censor have been overcome, but another play, *The Siren*, still remains under the ban. You know my views on the Censorship so well that I need not recapitulate them at length. I will only say that it strikes me every day as more and more re-

markable that we continue to tolerate a system which is incapable of logical defence. In the days of Mr. Pigott the arguments in his favour were mainly personal. Everybody liked him, and many of his old friends resolutely opposed any attack on his position. This condition of things no longer prevails. The office must now be judged apart from the man. Surely the end cannot be very far away.

Curiously enough there was some fuss about a play called *The Siren* so far back as 1869. It was produced at the Lyceum, when the theatre was under the management of the late Mr. Charles "Allerton." He was the first manager to provide his audience with footstools free of charge. His venture was not a success, however. Being well-known in society—his mother was a lady of title—and being, moreover, very popular, he had no difficulty in getting together, at the old Albemarle Club, a syndicate—a thing hardly known then in connection with theatrical affairs. The shares were £100 each, and Allerton thought he could attract the public with a mixed programme, risky French plays one night—Shakespeare another. John Ryder and Charles Coghlan were both in his company. *The Siren* was one of the French plays, and Allerton produced it when his management was on its last legs. He was the soul of honour, and practically beggared himself ultimately to pay everyone, but there was some doubt about salaries, and some had fallen into temporary arrears. In *The Siren* there was a big scene, where Allerton, as a young and romantic musician, played something ecstatic upon an organ, while the wicked Siren posed in the moonlight, over a fountain of real water outside the window. A real organ was impossible, so a dummy was rigged up, and behind it one of the orchestra performed nightly on an harmonium. For doing this he received extra pay, but for some time it had been owing. He did not complain, however, and nightly played on. When rumours of a collapse reached his ears, however, he became rather peremptory. Allerton persuaded him with soft words. He acquiesced, but one fine night was firm. Allerton pointed out that unless he played, the scene could not go on, and the curtain must fall. "Very well," said the musician, and to his harmonium he went. Everything progressed satisfactorily. Allerton sat down at the dummy organ, and his gestures were most correct and expressive. It was impossible to believe that he was not actually playing himself. When the tune came to an end he was about to rise, when, to his horror, the organ wailed on. The Siren, who had taken her proper cue, came down from the fountain and coughed. Still the organ played. The Siren thought she had made a mistake, felt annoyed, and retired in angry confusion to the moonlight. The tune went for a second time to the bitter end. Once more the Siren came forward, and once more Allerton was about to rise—but with the *vox humana* stop full out the organ rang out above all possible dialogue. On it went—the Siren wouldn't go back, she tried to speak, but in vain, Allerton madly played on the dummy keys, and looked in despair to the wings. "Tell him to stop," he shouted, in a hoarse stage whisper. "Tell him to stop." But on the organ went. The audience began to titter. There was a hurried consultation behind the scenes. Still the organ played. The Siren sat down fiercely. Then the stage manager got as near to Allerton as he could without being seen. "Why the deuce doesn't the idiot stop playing?" asked Allerton, frantically. Out came the diapason, and the long notes of the organ filled the entire theatre, but above it came the awful whisper from the wings, "He says he won't stop playing till he is paid!"

I believe he was eventually paid the three months' back salary in gallery sixpences.

Had he lived, Allerton would have made a mark in literature. When roller-rinking was first at his height, and all society was mad about it, he wrote an article in

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARriages as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

Vanity Fair, entitled "Green Peaches," which had such a remarkable effect that the fashion collapsed then and there. This seems a strange assertion to make, but ask anybody who was financially interested in a rink at the time I mention, and you will find that it is absolutely true.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

THREE THEATRICAL SUCCESSES.

A singularly dull dramatic year closed with two genuine successes obtained by plays as badly named as they could possibly be. In fact, they both made a hit, being badly handicapped.

"What do you think of the title of our new Adelphi play?" asked one very much interested of a witty lady.

"What is it?"

"One of the Best!"

"One of the worst," she promptly replied.

And so it is, for as it turns out it does not even mean "one of the best of good fellows," which William Terriss certainly is, but "one of the best" of crack regiments to which the handsome young Highlander is attached. A far better title would have been "The Victoria Cross," for this is the incident that makes women faint and shriek in the gallery—the incident, I mean, where poor Terriss, the unjustly accused young officer, is mauled and pulled about by a brutal sergeant, stripped of his gold lace, honours, buttons, and decorations, and is graciously permitted to retain his Victoria Cross, which can be sacrificed by no possible humiliation or degradation. And then, of course, the gallant Terriss, having preserved the Victoria Cross, hands it over for safe custody to his lady love before he is marched off to prison for stealing plans of fortifications, which he had himself invented. This is the most comical crime of which I have ever heard.

Portsmouth is in danger of invasion. It is not definitely said who our enemies are; but, at any rate, a foreign gentleman—he may be a Frenchman or a Belgian—is sneaking about, bribing villains to sell the plans of the fortifications of Portsmouth. By the way, it would have been good fun to have made him a smart Yankee speculator or politician, which means pretty much the same thing. Now, as a rule, the scientific work of the War Office is done by the Royal Engineers. Engineer officers go through a pretty severe training in order to make plans for fortifications. But the Adelphi dramatists think differently. They allow Portsmouth to be defended by a young subaltern of a low Highland regiment, assisted by the general officer in command, who is an *aide-de-camp* to the Queen, a post which, with the exception of three or four personal *aides-de-camp*, such as Royal Princes, is usually given to officers on half-pay or the retired list. Anyhow, Lieutenant William Terriss, V.C., is working on the plans of Portsmouth. He could have stolen or copied them twenty times over in the course of the day, and to the surprise of everybody, he is accused of stealing his own work which he has just looked up in a cupboard. Needless to state, that deplorably wicked Mr. Abingdon has stolen them, concealed them in the old coat of the aforesaid Terriss, and Miss Jessie Millward has been ungrateful enough, in this instance, to aid and abet Abingdon in his conspiracy against the unfortunate Terriss, who is promptly court-martialled and sentenced to be publicly degraded. Do you remember how we all laughed in England when Dreyfus was degraded the other day in Paris? How theatrical and absurd, we all cried. So like the French to make such a fuss and to pull a poor wretch to rags and tatters in order to make sport for the men. But, behold, it is done on the Adelphi stage, and not one murmur or protest is raised against it! The reason is obvious, and it is the very same reason that was urged against the Dreyfus affair. It is purely theatrical, and therefore effective. Besides, at the Adelphi, it is extremely well done, and Terriss, V.C., looks so handsome and miserable at the same time that he enlists

the sympathies of everyone in the theatre, and the very special interest of the hysterical young lady in the gallery accompanied no doubt by her favourite soldier. I wonder what the effect would be if the sergeant were a little less brutal, and if he appeared to act strictly under orders and against his will? I suppose it would give the dramatic interest of the scene to the sergeant, and not to Terriss, and, of course, that would never do, would it?

The new Adelphi play is bound to be popular, for it is what is called "a very showy piece." William Terriss is in his element. Miss Jessie Millward and Mr. Abingdon are admirable, and the character assigned to Miss Ostlere is so slight that few notice her evident lack of experience. But it is curious, is it not, that when we hear so much of good actresses out of work, that we find so many amateurs in harness?

The second good, but very badly-named, play on my list is the new *Frou-Frou* piece at the Shaftesbury, which Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Philips call *A Woman's Reason*. What this title means, I, for one, cannot say. The woman in question is a flighty, worldly Christian, who marries an earnest and industrious Jew, gets sick to death of him, runs away with another unconscientious Christian, leaving her half-Semitic infant building bricks in the deserted drawing-room, and, after tears and repentance, is taken home again to Judah by her forgiving spouse. In spite of the obvious *Frou-Frou* recollections, a more interesting and pathetic play is not to be found in London than the one happily secured at the Shaftesbury, and it is to be hoped that its great success and charm will influence Pinero and Co. to take to human nature again, and hold the mirror up to it once more. Here we have a divorce play, as much as *The Benefit of the Doubt* was a divorce play, but how infinitely more attractive in every respect! It is quite as well written as the comedy Pinero just shelved, far more witty and incisive, and infinitely better acted. On the stage of no French theatre to-day can such acting be seen as that of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the new *Frou-Frou*, Mr. Charles Coghlan, the successful tempter, and Mr. Lewis Waller, the earnest Hebrew. Mrs. Tree, now that she has got her chance, proclaims herself as one of the very best, if not the best, of our London actresses. She has two gifts—great experience and conspicuous intelligence. She is an artiste with a very big brain, and there are not very many of those running around. I do not want to see better acting than that of Mrs. Tree in the last act of the Shaftesbury play, both with Mr. Charles Coghlan and Mr. Lewis Waller.

As to Charles Coghlan, he is a riddle. When he is bad he is very, very bad, and when he is good no one on the stage can touch him. It is inconceivable that an actor so fine as Mr. Coghlan was in *Diplomacy* and *Enemies*, and is in the new play under discussion, could have made such a mess of *Mercutio*. He does not seem to be the same man. In this part we have the ease, the grace, the elegance, and the nature that we used, in days gone by, to get from Bressant, Delaunay, and Dieudonné. It is worth going many a long mile to see Charles Coghlan play the seducer and man of the world in this very successful play. Mr. Lewis Waller has never been seen to greater advantage. With sudden determination he has abandoned his jerky style, which was becoming a manner, and is as easy and natural as his clever companion. Master Stewart Dawson is emphatically the best boy-child ever seen on the English stage in the memory of the oldest playgoer, and Miss Florence West does all she has to do with great charm and distinction. Everyone should hurry to the Shaftesbury to find out what *A Woman's Reason* really is.

The third successful *fin de l'an* work, I need scarcely say, is the pantomime at Drury Lane, which baffles all description. When I tell you that the bill of one costumier alone—M. Alias, of course—amounts to nearly £15,000, the ladies will guess that no expense has been spared. The gorgeousness is there; the fun will come after, when Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and Mr. Lionel Rignold have pulled themselves together. Two performances a day will doubtless suggest some

gags and wheezes, for every liberty is permissible in a Christmas pantomime. There is no question of a bad title, for it is called *Cinderella*, to which the children will not object. The success is made here by a magnificent lady called Marie Dagmar. I somehow think she ought to have been the Prince and clever Miss Ada Blanche the Valet.

ON BARBERS.

I AM not constant to my barber. It is from no fault on either side. I fancy that at heart there is genuine respect between us. But the fact is, we exhaust each other in a fortnight. The vivacity of our first confidences upon the weather loses its freshness after a little time, and although we both honestly seek, by every possible artifice, to infuse an insincere enthusiasm into our remarks, the effort soon begins to tell upon us. Then comes a day when there is a guilty evasion in our eyes and pretence no longer serves us. Even diligent study in meteorological terms has its limits, and when the game is up we are too proud to wallow in the bitter lees of empty commonplace. I know then that the time has come for separation. No word passes between us, but there is a secret intelligence. We part like one spent volcano from another and I reluctantly seek another shop.

These brief periods of acquaintanceship vary strangely. There are some barbers who have a genius for protracting the evil day. They are like the Roman general, masters of studied delay. Often when the end seems near, some new and striking diversion, opening out rich and unexplored fields, drags out the issue. I follow nimbly in the wake, and the engagement becomes hot once more. But there are few who have resources such as this. Occasionally the barber throws up the struggle before he has finished lathering me, on the very first day, although I do all I can to tempt him to experiment and even lead the way into paths that should be familiar and easy of traverse. But it is not everyone you can inspire with the ardour of ambition.

There is safety in silence, of course, but familiar speech, I imagine, draws us nearer to one another and evokes a tenderer interest in our skin. But on one occasion the little drama became a tragedy. It was a new shop, and a very dingy one. The chair was stiff and from it rose a tall, unsympathetic rest whose severity could not be softened into any manner of indulgence for the customer's head. The barber was a small thick-set man, with fierce eyes and a heavy brow hanging over them.

I sat down with my usual easy grace, and led off in the game with a well-known opening, but I got no response.

In grim silence and with a resolute hand the barber applied his brush; then whipping out a ferocious razor, he nimbly ran it over my chin. He had got to the most delicate point where even practised men will suspend remark, and had the blade pressing right at my throat, when suddenly he asked in a gruff voice:—

"What is your opinion of Herbert Spencer?"

Now, I consider myself to be in no way lacking in courage, but I cannot conceive a more inopportune moment than this for starting on a theological controversy. I do not mind being dogmatic when my barber is away up by the ear; I can be mildly assertive when he descends to the chin; I do not even abjure my opinions when he hovers around my lip. But I deem it to be no unworthy weakness to temporise when he has reached my throat. I do not care for an argument advanced on the point of the sword. Galileo denied that the earth moved round the sun when put to the rack; and there are times when the bravest general must acknowledge himself hopelessly beaten and surrender with what grace he may.

It was a terrible moment, for I felt by the glare of my barber's eye that he had strong views—views quite

incompatible with the temperance and evenness of mind demanded by the situation. There was nothing to be done but to prevaricate, and not without a tremour I followed his blade with a vague cloud of ambiguous phrases until he had reached safe ground and a reply—cautious and strictly moderate—might be hazarded. I had reason to be thankful, for he launched forth into invectives of startling vigour, and tore over my face as though every hair were a stubborn philosopher and he were clearing the earth of their presence. Gathering new courage, I ventured a mild and most inoffensive remonstrance. I admit it was ill-advised. The barber stopped, gazed fiercely at me, and then commenced a long and elaborate harangue. In vain I interjected complete and abject assent. In vain I threw my most cherished convictions to the winds. He was not to be bought by belated agreement. The lather grew stiff upon my cheek, and then cracked. Catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror, I saw that my face resembled a chart of the watersheds of Europe. I was in despair, and he in his most elaborate period, when suddenly the door bounced open. A customer entered.

"Sit down, sir," exclaimed my tormentor eagerly, pausing in his eloquence. "Ready in a second!"

Alas, the prospect of three halfpence was too strong for his theology, and in a moment I found myself shaved, powdered, and free. I drew a breath of relief and departed hastily. I never returned.

The philosophical barber, however, is not common. Hairdressers, as a class, are singularly serene. They are ruffled by no excitement, animated by no enthusiasm, moved by no passion. Calm, silent, undistracted, they have outlived the tumult of youth and have acquired all that deep equanimity of spirit that comes from a clear and ordered view of the vanity of earthly wishes. A man who has the courage to confine his interests within the narrow limits of the puff-box, and to whom the only distracting problem of life is as to whether you prefer powder or bay rum, can boast a certain simplicity which is not unheroic. There are some who add a little complexity by inquiring whether the razor goes smoothly, and others seek to raise the curtain of the future by asking your views on singeing or shampooing. There must always be speculative souls even when the material is scanty. But I do not think that barbers of experience are in favour of adding this disturbing element into their lives.

On one occasion I endeavoured to do without them. My constant vicissitudes were producing a melancholy that threatened to darken my life. But my experience was not a happy one. The human element was gone from the operation; I missed the companionship. It became a dull, bald, uninteresting domestic act which I felt would narrow my sympathies. But I had a new surprise when I returned to my old haunts.

"You've been shaving yourself!" observed the barber, not offensively or with malice, not even with a touch of indignation; but firmly and in sorrow.

I was amazed. It gave me new insight into the subtlety of an art that could so readily detect the hand of the amateur. Doubtless there he saw upon my face forlorn hairs left straggling in neglected corners, or even a stray tuft darkening the even plain, like rough undergrowth after a prairie fire; and unregulated tendencies, maybe, where the roots faced north instead of south, or sent forth uneven sprouts.

An art it certainly is and no well-ordered mind can be other than scandalised that so eminent a profession should be the target of cheap literary satire. There is a vulgar taunt in Martial, for instance. He tells us of a Roman barber who was so slow that whilst he was shaving one beard, another one grew in its place. I cannot conceive an act of grosser treachery than that a poet should utilise the delightful moments, when the warm brush sends a glow to the brain and makes the moment grateful for cheerful reverie, to cast about for an epigram with which to transfix his benefactor. Barbers in

these days, at any rate, are not fond of dallying with their work. I have even felt aggrieved at times that they have shown indecent haste. To free my face from its dark disguise is a task which should be as lovingly regarded as restoring the portrait of an old master. A really æsthetic barber, I have reflected, would love to linger over his occupation, bringing to light, with pious care, each lineament, and revealing it in its full perfection at the end with the pride of an artist. But with what a practised ease his blade achieves the work! How it runs above the face, dips into the valleys, ascends the hills, glides along the plains; how astutely it manoeuvres around a doubtful corner, out-generals an obstinate patch, evades the ear, yet boldly rounds the promontory of the chin!

There was one of my barbers, let me confess, who had a genius for procrastination. He had none of the bold dash that sweeps triumphant over the field and mows down all opposition in a resistless charge. He seemed more fitted for guerilla warfare. His method consisted of small engagements, of hand-to-hand combats, of isolated attacks, of petty ambushes and desperate sorties. He fought hard all along the line, often returning to storm the fortress that at first defied him, and struggling for every inch of ground, as though he were contending with overwhelming odds. This sort of thing gave the enemy courage and I cannot say that he ever really got a decisive victory. He decimated the foe but did not exterminate it. I have no doubt he would have made a good corporal, but he was unfitted for the broader duties of a general, and I had to abandon him, although he had a fair fertility of speech.

It was once my fortune to see something of the pathetic side of the art. One morning I walked into a favourite haunt in Fleet Street. To my surprise I saw an unfamiliar face, and a strange one, too, in such a place. It was an old man, a little bent with years, with a grizzly beard thinned by age. I found that he had come as a substitute for his son, who was off on a brief holiday. He had been a barber in his day—but that was surely long ago—he was old enough to have shaved Thackeray and perhaps even oiled Disraeli's well-kept hair. And here he was once more, called forth from retirement, back in the field of action in the days of a new generation which had no memory or respect for past achievements and sat impatient under his trembling hand. There was something affecting in his laboured movements, and the clear distrust in himself, which he sought to conceal; for his cunning no longer stood him in stead, and his fingers shook as they travelled slowly, but with painful care, over the faces of his customers. He was as a ghost of the past trying to take his place in the present. There was something pleading in his eyes, as he welcomed me as briskly as he might, and a feverish effort to strike up unaccustomed gossip, recalling, as best he could, the small talk with which he had made himself popular a generation back. It was so evident that he dreaded discovery and be denounced as no longer worthy to wield the implements of his trade. I tried not to shrink under the uncertain stroke of his blade, and conversed with cheerful indifference.

"Does it run smoothly, sir?" he asked; his voice sounded wistful and anxious. Upon the reply depended his credit.

I hastened to reassure him, and not even when I saw him furtively seeking to patch up a wound he had caused did I affect to notice. Was I heroic? I weighed personal safety in the balance with deference to old age and a former Agamemnon, and the scale sank heavily on the side of my tormentor. I shall not forget his beam of pleasure when all was over, and he fancied he had concealed the fraud and reasserted his cunning.

I looked in at night and alas! the old man was not there. Someone less tender-hearted had discovered him.

W. H. S. J.

THE CONVICT'S ESCAPE.*

A CONVICT named Florent has escaped from the penal settlement of Cayenne, and tells the story to his Parisian friends as if some other man were the hero of it:

"When the man had buried his comrade in the sand," Florent continued slowly, "he walked off alone straight in front of him. Dutch Guiana, in which country he now was, is a land of forests intermingled with rivers and swamps. The man walked on for more than a week without coming across a single human dwelling-place. All around death seemed to be lurking and lying in wait for him. Though his stomach was racked by hunger, he often did not dare to eat the bright-coloured fruits which hung from the trees; he was afraid to touch the glittering berries, fearing lest they should be poisonous. For whole days he did not see a patch of sky, but tramped on beneath a canopy of branches, amidst a greenish gloom that swarmed with horrible living creatures. Great birds flew over his head with a terrible flapping of wings and sudden strange calls resembling death-groans; apes sprang, wild animals rushed through the thickets around him, bending the saplings and bringing down a rain of leaves, as though a gale were passing. But it was particularly the serpents that turned his blood cold when, stepping upon a matting of moving, withered leaves, he caught sight of their slim heads gliding amidst a horrid maze of roots. In certain nooks—nooks of dark shadow—swarming colonies of reptiles—some black, some yellow, some purple, some striped, some spotted, and some resembling withered reeds—suddenly awakened into life, and wriggled away. At such times the man would stop and look about for a stone on which he might take refuge from the soft, yielding ground into which his feet sank, and there he would remain for hours, terror-stricken on spying, in some open space near by, a boa, who, with tail coiled and head erect, swayed like the trunk of a big tree spotted with gold.

"At night he used to sleep in the trees, alarmed by the slightest rustling of the branches, and fancying that he could hear endless swarms of serpents gliding through the gloom. . . .

"And when at last, after a long, weary tramp, the man made his way out of the forest, and beheld the sky again, he found himself confronted by wide rivers which barred his way. He skirted their banks, keeping a watchful eye on the grey backs of the alligators and the masses of drifting vegetation; and then, when he came to a less suspicious-looking spot, he swam across. And beyond the rivers the forests began again. At other times there were vast prairie-lands, leagues of thick vegetation, in which, at distant intervals, small lakes gleamed bluely. The man then made a wide detour, and sounded the ground beneath him before advancing, having but narrowly escaped from being swallowed up and buried beneath one of those smiling plains which he could hear cracking at each step he took. The giant grass, nourished by all the collected humus, concealed pestiferous marshes, depths of liquid mud; and amongst the expanses of verdure spread over the glaucous immensity to the very horizon there were only narrow stretches of firm ground with which the traveller must be acquainted if he would avoid disappearing for ever. One night the man sank down as far as his waist. At each effort he made to extricate himself the mud threatened to rise to his mouth. Then he remained quite still for nearly a couple of hours, and when the moon rose he was fortunately able to catch hold of a branch of a tree above his head. By the time he reached a human dwelling his hands and feet were bruised and bleeding, swollen with poisonous stings. He presented such a pitiable, famished appearance, that those who saw him were afraid of him. They tossed him some food fifty yards away from the house, and the master of it kept guard over his door with a loaded gun."

* "The Fat and the Thin." Zola. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.)

IN THE CITY.

THE OUTLOOK.

TRADE is improving, money is abundant, but any general and substantial improvement in the price of securities is unlikely whilst our affairs abroad wear their present menacing appearance. We have to reckon with—

1. The trouble in the East.
2. The trouble with the United States.
3. The trouble in the Transvaal.

Lord Salisbury is the greatest peace minister of our generation, but he has to deal with an emotional people, and when a party led by men like Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, demands war upon the Turk, we may hear at any moment of the British Fleet forcing the Dardenelles, and be faced by the Eastern question in its acutest phase. That mean unrest, and unrest means low prices.

A war with the United States over a strip of territory on the Venezuelan frontier is less likely than it was a fortnight ago, but the danger has not passed. To those who may be more sanguine we recommend the careful reading of the letter from the New York correspondent of the *Times*—a most able and informed person, who has done yeoman's service in the cause of peace—which appeared in the issue of that journal of December 30th. At any moment the flame may flare up again, and whilst that can be said much better prices are not to be looked for.

The news from Johannesburg is not reassuring. Our private advices speak of war as unlikely, but the Uitlanders have substantial grounds for complaint. They complain, and rightly, of the alteration of the law bearing upon naturalisation, of interference with the liberty of the subject, and interference with the Press, of the education policy of the Government, and its refusal to meet the legitimate demands of the mining community. Sooner or later their demands must be complied with, for the Boer population—some 50,000—is stationary, while foreigners are pouring into the Transvaal at the rate of 4,000 per month. Civil war is not probable, because, for one thing the foreign colony is not unanimous—Germans and Americans are siding with the Boers—but whilst the movement lasts, and it must last until the Government—a very slow moving machine—makes some concessions, there will be unrest, and unrest means a damper upon mining speculation.

Add to these troubles the watchful enmity of France—how many weeks should we remain in Egypt, and at peace with France, after the declaration of war with, say, the United States?—the scarcely veiled hostility of Germany—note the tone of the German Press upon the Uitlander controversy, and the Emperor's recent action—the steady hostility of Russia whilst we block her way to the sea in the near and farther East, and he must be a sanguine man who thinks it likely that until these troubles become less acute we shall see anything like a renewal of the "boom" of six months ago.

THE MINING MARKET.

The great feature of the year just closed has been the "boom" in South African shares, and the development of the Westralian market. We must go back many years for any parallel to the mining excitement of 1895. By the middle of September Transvaal companies alone, with a nominal capital of about £50,000,000, had a market valuation of £215,000,000, while the capitalisation of other mining and kindred undertakings in South Africa brought the total up to over £300,000,000. Then came the crash. Rand mining shares, which had been quoted at 44, went down to 23; that is to say, the market value of the shares of a single company fell over £7,500,000, while the aggregate shrinkage was close upon £100,000,000. Even now the aggregate market value of these companies is largely in excess of prudent valuation.

The variations in Westralian market values have been much less serious, because there had been no such inflation as in the South African market, but in some cases it has been very considerable. Take, for example, three representative companies:

	Nominal Capital.	Highest Market Value.	Present Valuation.
Associated Gold Mines of W.A.	£375,000	£937,500	£468,750
Black Flag Proprietary Consolidated Gold Mines of W.A.	600,000	1,400,000	325,000
	375,000	562,500	160,000
	£1,350,000	£2,900,000	£953,750

Here we see the market valuation of three companies over a million and a-half in excess of the nominal capital in the middle of September, and nearly £400,000 under it at the end of December, the shrinkage in the valuation in the three months being not far short of two millions sterling.

Assuming peace is maintained, it is not unlikely that we shall see very considerable activity in the Westralian market during the present year. The registration of new Westralian mining ventures in London in 1895 amounted to nearly £40,000,000, and we shall probably see higher figures for the current year. The Westralian goldfields have many difficulties to reckon with—imperfect communications, the lack of water and of fuel, the scarcity of labour, militate seriously against profitable working, but these difficulties are being grappled with, and we may hope that they will be removed in no long time. Still many of the companies floated during the past year are foredoomed to failure. As we have pointed out time and again, in nine cases out of ten the Westralian Companies have been overcapitalised, whilst the sum set aside for working capital has been inadequate. Take, for example, the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia. This company was brought out with a capital of £375,000, it was formed to acquire and develop "nine of the best mines on the Coolgardie Gold Fields," and out of the £375,000, £325,000 went to the vendors, leaving £50,000, or less than one-seventh of the total issue, for working capital. In many cases the working capital has not been more than one-tenth of the nominal capital. The result must be reconstruction, so as to raise fresh capital, as already with the Golconda and Mount Burgess properties, or liquidation. If confidence in Westralian mining ventures is to be restored and maintained, vendors must be content with much smaller payments, and managers of ability and repute must be employed. There is plenty of gold in Western Australia that will pay handsomely for the cost of getting it out, but there must be give and take as between vendor and investor.

CHAFFEY BROTHERS, LIMITED.

From time to time we have heard a good deal about Chaffey Brothers, Limited. A Melbourne company with an authorised share capital of £2,000,000, a certain number of its shareholders are on this side of the water, and it has been incessant in its appeals to English youth to settle upon its lands. In one way and another the response to these appeals has been considerable. The irrigation colony of Mildura was started, and it was intended to demonstrate the wonderful results to be produced by irrigation. But for one reason and another the experiment has ended disastrously to all concerned. The settlement consists of 450 resident owners, cultivating 6,935 acres, and 119 absentee owners, for whom 2,207 acres are under cultivation. It is said that the resident owners have spent an average of £50 per acre, and the absentees £40 per acre upon the land, which makes a total of £430,000. In addition Chaffey Brothers, Limited, have spent £400,000, and the expenditure in the town proper is put at £130,000. Thus the total expenditure is close upon a million sterling, yet the state of affairs is so critical that, we are told, the only chance for the settlement rests in assistance from the Colonial Government. The money seems to have been unwisely spent, and though Chaffey Brothers, Limited, had a large nominal capital they appear to have undertaken a work too heavy for their resources. "Money," says a local correspondent, "has never been sufficiently plentiful, and the consequence is that the works are not in the condition best adapted for their purpose. The channels do not hold water, and the leakage has in several places turned the land on either side into swamps, where bullrushes grow luxuriantly. Then the soakage has brought the salt which the soil contains to the surface and utterly destroyed its fertility so far as the soakage extends. Chaffey Brothers, Limited, are unable to remedy defects like these, for the simple reason that they have no funds. Their capital is spent, they cannot borrow, and their revenue from the settlement has almost wholly ceased. Sales of land have stopped, and for the land already sold there are arrears due to them of something like £40,000. Then, again, the settlers have been put to great straits in their effort to pay the water rate, which is equivalent to a charge of 20s. per acre per annum. Some of them raised money for the purpose, obtaining advances on their raisin crops to the extent of 2d. per lb., and they now find from their account sales that owing to bad quality, or the market being

choked with supplies, the raisins did not even realise that price." Altogether the experiment—a very interesting experiment—has been a sad failure. It does not prove that irrigation is a failure, but it demonstrates that great caution, judgment, and knowledge are indispensable if it is to succeed. It remains to be seen whether the Government of Victoria will come to the rescue of the Settlement. Having regard to all the circumstances it seems unlikely, but we may be sure that help will be extended to it if the Government of the Colony can see its way to assisting it.

THE WATCH TRICK.

We have, from time to time, exposed the methods of certain watch sellers who seek for custom mostly amongst servant girls and others little able to take care of themselves. A Birmingham correspondent sends us further evidence of the methods of these people.

At the beginning of December an agent called on the servant of our correspondent, and practically insisted on leaving a small silver watch and chain with her. She said she did not want it, but the agent replied that she could keep it until she decided, and that she could pay a shilling on deposit. He then asked her—as a mere form—to sign a paper, which she did without troubling to read it. On December 6th she received the following printed note from Messrs. Howard and Co., 611, Chiswick High Road, London, W.

We have pleasure in enclosing payment card relating to the goods kindly ordered through our representative, and trust that same will give you every satisfaction. We shall be glad if you will inform us by return, on enclosed post-card, when it will be convenient for you to send us your first payment.

The girl wrote that she did not want the watch, and that it certainly was not worth the £2 12s. which the payment card showed to be due from her. Thereupon, Messrs. Howard and Co. wrote on December 9th as follows:—

Madam,—In reply to your letter we are much surprised at your saying you wish to return the watch and chain, but must distinctly inform you that we will not agree to take same back on any account as you gave our agent a genuine order, which we intend enforcing at any cost. If you are out of a situation, or should fall ill at any time, we shall be willing to wait a reasonable time for payment, provided you let us know in advance.

Yours truly,

HOWARD AND CO.

How the girl was to let them know "in advance" that she was about to be ill, Messrs. Howard and Co. did not explain. At this stage she prudently put the matter before her employer, who wrote on December 21st as below:—

My servant has handed to me your correspondence with her.

She has never ordered a watch from you. I now return it to you, and shall require an acknowledgment. If I hear of the slightest further difficulty in the matter, I shall place it in the hands of the first firm of solicitors in this city, and shall not hesitate to expose your agent's methods.

Having no reply, our correspondent wrote again on December 24th as follows:—

Unless I receive a full and complete acknowledgment of the return of the watch, sent back by me to you on the 21st inst., by 12 o'clock on Thursday next, the 31st inst., I shall take some steps that will surprise you.

To this came an answer from Messrs. Howard and Co., dated December 24th, as follows:—

In reply to your letter, we have to-day received watch returned by you.

Our correspondent puts the value of the watch at about £1. We agree with him that "every employer who knows the unscrupulous ways of these watch sellers, should warn his servants not to allow anyone to leave a watch with them on any account."

INSTITUTE W. SCHIMMELPFENG.

In our issue of November 2nd we referred to a letter we had received from a Manchester correspondent, enclosing a communication from the above-named Institute, asking for minute particulars of his business position, the request coming from a person and an institute of which our correspondent knew absolutely nothing. We have now received a letter from the London manager of the Institute, Mr. C. L. Reinhardt, in which he says:—

The Institute W. Schimmelpfeng is admitted to be the most important undertaking of its kind in Europe for furnishing reports upon mercantile firms; it enjoys the highest respect not only in the United Kingdom, but also throughout the continent, where it has its own offices in most of the principal capitals, and in the United States, Canada and Australia, where it is represented by the Bradstreet Company. It counts among its subscribers the foremost firms in Manchester, so that your correspondent could have found out there with very little trouble what I have just mentioned.

If the Institute receives an inquiry about a firm and addresses itself amongst others direct to the firm in question, with the suggestion that they should communicate all particulars which could in any way tend to promote their interests or credit, surely such procedure does not merit reproach, but, on the contrary, the fullest praise, and this would be accorded to a similar straightforward action in any other trade. Your Manchester correspondent was in no way forced to send a reply, and I think you will agree that it was entirely in his own interests that we addressed ourselves direct to him.

Our small pamphlet, "Why a Merchant should furnish to the Institute W. Schimmelpfeng a statement of his financial condition," which is mentioned in your paragraph, explains the advantages, etc., of personal statements, and I enclose a copy for your kind perusal.

You are doubtless well aware of the superficial manner in which commercial inquiries regarding the standing of firms are often made, and how frequently a straightforward and capable merchant stands in danger of being refused credit, simply because pessimists consider his capital too small, or speak unfavourably about him, without having duly taken into consideration all the necessary circumstances.

If my explanation I think you will be of opinion, that it is a benefit for the world of commerce to have an institution of high standing, which, as in the case in question, shows the utmost consideration to a merchant about whom an enquiry is made, by affording him an opportunity of furnishing accurate particulars about himself.

Our Manchester correspondent will hardly agree that it was "entirely in his own interests" that the Institute communicated with him, and Mr. Reinhardt cannot be surprised at business men refusing to give him the very confidential information he asks for. The Institute may be all that Mr. Reinhardt says it is, but its method of approaching strangers seems, to say the least of it, open to criticism.

MOORE AND BURGESS, LIMITED.

A FORTNIGHT ago we were able to give the salient features of the Moore and Burgess Report, which has now been circulated among shareholders. As we said then, the figures are "not exhilarating." The ten months working in London covered by the Report shows a loss of £2,672, and the figures of the Provincial Company, covering about the same period, show a loss upon working of £1,288. Thus the two companies have dropped between them £3,961 without counting the year's office and general expenses, amounting to £1,685, and which bring up the aggregate loss on the year to £5,646.

If these figures gave an accurate idea of the present position and prospects of the company, we should say that the sooner the company wound up its affairs the better for all concerned. But this is not the case. In the first place, a very considerable saving in management expenses (£954 upon the year) has been effected, and the full effect of this retrenchment is not seen in the figures now before us. And in the next place, under the skilful management of Mr. Lawrence Brough the London and Provincial shows have for some months past been making substantial profits. Here are the exact words of the report:—

The directors are glad to be able to state that the position and prospects of the company since the reopening of the Hall in London, on August 5th last, have enormously improved, and for the first time since the conversion of the entertainment into a limited company, the business of the provincial tour, which commenced at Hastings on August 5th last, on new lines, and under the vastly improved conditions (referred to by the chairman at the statutory meeting of the company held in January last), and under the management of Mr. Lawrence Brough, has been a conspicuous financial success, and has resulted in a considerable profit to the company. The directors are now confident of their ability to continue this satisfactory state of things, and to make the touring in the provinces a valuable source of revenue to the shareholders.

Under these circumstances shareholders may fairly hope that the coming year will see a distinct appreciation in the value of their holdings. So confident are the directors of their ability to make the Provincial tour a financial success, that next season they intend to run two tours in the Provinces.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Randfonteins. VERAX (Aigburth).—The answer to both your questions is in the affirmative. We advise you to hold your shares, which are well worth the money you gave for them. **The Meaning of Terms.** JACK (Bideford).—A "deferred" share is a share that receives no dividend until after other shares have received a specified dividend, a "preference" share is one that receives a specified dividend before the ordinary shares get anything. There is no greater liability on the one class of shares than on the other. **Loan of £1,000.** SUBSCRIBER (London).—We can be of no assistance to your friend in indicating where he can get an advance of £1,000. A mere salary of £800 a year, without security of any kind to lodge, would not enable him to get the money. Men die, and salaries are lost. Has he no assurance policy running, or anything of that sort? **Adler's Consols.** FIVE KILMARWICK (Gaston, N.B.).—Yes, we "consistently discourage small buyers" from putting their money into mining companies, if by small buyers you mean persons with nothing but small savings to play with. For others Adler's Consols at their present price are, in our opinion, a good purchase. **American Rails.** LOCKFAST (Edinburgh).—Plenty of money has been made during the recent scare, and much more is likely to be made before the trouble has quite disappeared; but we do not think American Rails just now a suitable purchase for you; nor do we recommend your buying the Copper shares you mention. You had much better put your money into some sound Home Industrial concern. (2) Yes, the British South African Chartered Company is a Limited Liability Company. **Manitoba and North Western Railway Company of Canada.** W. W. (Stirling).—Anything but bright, but we do not advise your friend to sell his First Mortgage Bonds just now. **Dunlop Provincial Tyre Company.** AN ARDENT ADMIRER (Cork).—No. **Two Mining Shares.** DUO (Edinburgh).—Hold both for the present, but do not increase your holdings. **Three Shares.** H. I. (Inverness).—You have made three very unfortunate selections. None of the shares are quoted. If you can sell we advise you to do so. **Mr. Barnato and his "Bank."** J. B. SMART (Liverpool).—We are obliged to you for the cuttings from the *Cape Times* you send us. We need hardly say we agree with that journal in its references to Mr. Barney Barnato, and the comments of *Truth* with respect to the "public service" rendered by that person at the time of the "slump." "Public service"! Public humbug would be nearer the mark.

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TWINS ... RICHARD MARSH

Ten Illustrations by HAL HURST.

"The glass door opened to admit a lady"—"Cecil! where are you?"—"He was taken aback."—"He took it from her hand."—"Mr. Buxton has declined to acknowledge my acquaintance."—"Hubert glanced from one to the other."—"Laid his hand on Hubert's shoulder."—"A lady came down the staircase."—"Listening at the door."—"Hubert brandished the chair."

ARCADES AMBO.—THE BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS AT HOME ...

Eight Illustrations.

MAJORITY AND I ... MISS BULAU

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WHEN WE WERE IN JAPAN ... DOUGLAS SLADEN

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A GHOST TRAIN ... W. L. ALDEN

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

"I could see it standing close to the water-butt."—"I sat down in the wash-basin."—"I got hold of the brake-wheel."—"I fell into a snow-bank."

A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XXVI., XXVII., XXVIII. ... ROBERT BARR

Illustration by HAL HURST.

"John tucked her in beside himself."

LONDON IN 1930: A FORECAST MRS. HUMPHRY

A PUBLIC MISFORTUNE ... ALEXANDER STUART

Two Illustrations by A. S. BOYD.

"Had smitten the tuning-fork on his knee."—"Sank down heavily upon his seat."

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET

THE IDLER'S CLUB:—ARE INTERVIEWERS A BLESSING OR A CURSE? By the Interviewers—

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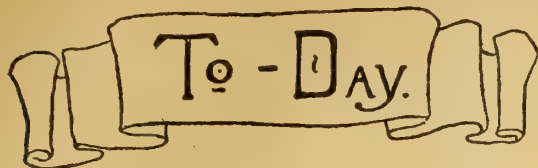
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

THE American war talk has died down, as everyone presumed it would, but it should serve as a warning to the sentimentalists on this side of the Atlantic. Some five or six weeks ago I suggested that trouble might ensue in the distant future if America insisted upon enforcing her absurd Monroe doctrine, but I had no idea that a crisis was actually upon us. That England is for ever to be ordered off South America by the United States is impossible, and, sooner or later, a war between the two countries will happen, however much England may seek to avoid it. Quarrels between kinsmen have not been unknown in the history of the world, and while we are talking beautiful language about brotherly love, we must remember that half Europe originally sprung from one stock. Brothers in a household can quarrel quite as easily as cousins, and occasionally do. A war between England and America would be a great calamity—a great crime, if you will; but then most wars that have swept over the earth have had these epithets applied to them. It is not likely to happen for a good many years yet, but we shall do no harm in being prepared to face the possibility.

MEANWHILE, now that Lord Salisbury's attention is not engrossed by Washington, perhaps he will find time to think again about Armenia. England, under his guidance, cuts a sorry figure in the East. We are outwitted by Russia, contemptuously insulted by Turkey, and pleaded to in vain by the people whose great mistake was in trusting to our good faith. A war with Turkey in face of a watchful Russia might be dangerous, but it would be honourable. If we cannot hope to keep India except at the cost of our good name and our prestige, it is worthy of serious consideration whether we should not let it go. Everlastingly thinking about our Indian rupees, we dare not call our soul our own for fear that Russia should object. We

make fine speeches, but stand by trembling while wrong is done—wrong, too, for which we are primarily responsible. We dare not lift a hand in defence of the right, we dare not move to fulfil our pledged word. We cry to other nations to help us to come and do our work. Lord Salisbury is earning the laughter of Europe and the contempt of his own countrymen.

At the Ipswich Police Court, before the Mayor (G. F. Josselyn) and Messrs. R. M. Miller, S. R. Anness, and R. D. Fraser, a blackguard named John Frederick Green, a timber merchant, was charged with cruelty to a horse by overdriving it. Fraser succeeded in doing ten miles on one of the worst of roads in thirty-five minutes. When the horse returned to the stables, there were large wheals on its hind-quarters, and it was so exhausted that it was almost impossible to get it out of the vehicle. It was also lamed. A veterinary was called in immediately by the owner, who said that as a result of overdriving it was suffering from colic. Fraser was fined twenty shillings, which, of course, was immediately paid.

At Birkenhead, before Messrs. T. L. Dodds and J. B. Delany, a man named Tait, was charged with cruelly working a horse whilst suffering from raw wounds on the back. The inspector said that the animal was emaciated, hide-bound, and in a state of semi-starvation. The defendant was fined five shillings. At the same court, but before Messrs. Atkin and Benedict Jones, John McCoy was summoned for overworking a horse in a wretched condition. It was described as quite unfit for use, and McCoy was fined five shillings. At Liverpool before Messrs. T. W. Oakshott and C. J. Crosfield, two or three men, who were proved to have worked horses while in a totally unfit state, were fined a few shillings each. At Altrincham, Firestin, a poultry dealer of Manchester, was fined one pound for gross and prolonged cruelty to a pony.

At the Wonford Petty Sessions, before Colonel Lord Courtney and other magistrates, two carters, named Ashplant and Brooks, were charged with grossly ill-treating a horse. It seems that the two animals were used in carts to draw heavy loads of stones, and because one of the two horses could not get over a mud-gutter it was beaten so unmercifully that eventually the animal fell down. The two men then got it up again, and with a whip and a thick pole recommenced the beating, until a witness was induced to remonstrate by the loud groaning of the animal. The witness spoke to the actual owner on the subject, but his reply was that he would have served the horse worse if he had been there, a remark which produced a "sensation" in court. The Bench considered the case proved, and fined each of them ten shillings. Colonel Lord Courtney must be a blithering ass if he thinks such a punishment any deterrent to cruelty.

But the brutal and stupid magistrates seem decreasing in numbers, and there are signs that a truer sense of justice is gradually making itself felt upon the English Bench. At Whitehaven, a quarryman, for cruelly stoning a dog to death, was sentenced by Mr. Dickenson and his brother magistrates to one month's hard labour. The brute's friends seemed greatly surprised at the sentence, and made desperate efforts to get him off, but, happily, without success. At Black-

wood, for loathsome and disgusting torture inflicted upon a donkey, resulting in its death, two little fiends, named Littlewood, were sentenced to three months and fourteen days hard labour respectively. Nearly all boys are cruel. The most horrible cruelty is always inflicted by lads. A severe birching that they would remember for a couple of months whenever they put their clothes on is the only thing that can knock the demon out of this creature. At Hastings, Richard Thompson, a fly proprietor, was, for starving a horse, sentenced to two months' hard labour, without the option of a fine, by a bench that is a credit to the country.

DOES anybody keep a diary now-a-days? I do not mean the merely business diary, in which engagements are jotted down, but the solid, full-length, detailed record of every-day doings—the diary after the manner of Pepys. I fancy that few people keep such diaries now, though many kept them in the old days. The causes for this decay of the diary are obvious. We are so civilised now that nothing ever happens. We ride on a perfectly safe 'bus into a police-protected city, conduct our law-secured business, and return to our fire-proof sanitary-inspected villa. Where is the chance of adventure? One cannot invest in an expensive morocco-bound diary merely to record that one has dropped a penny down a grating, or lost the ferule off one's umbrella. These things are too trivial for record. And what else is there for a decent domestic city man?

The burglar, in spite of strenuous opposition, still does his best to keep the flame of romance alive in the world. But one does not buy diaries for years on a slight chance that on one day in one year a burglar may give one something to record. Besides, what is the burglar without a desperate encounter? The respectable citizen, carefully insured against burglary, does not go in for the desperate encounter. He hears the burglar downstairs, goes to sleep again, and sends in his claim in the morning. No, a diary would certainly be useful in Armenia or Venezuela, but in London and the suburbs it does not come in. Civilization has killed it. We have done away with all our dangers, and we shall soon have done away with all our inconveniences. The invention of a grating impervious to pennies and an irremovable ferule for umbrellas will probably be accomplished in a month or so. We have "nothing whatever to grumble at," and it is so dull that we are ashamed to write it down.

Is it not time that the twaddle talked about hypnotism came to an end? Most of our criminals for the past five years appear to have been the victims of hypnotism. Wicked people who cannot be traced go about suggesting to these poor innocents that they should rob banks and pocket the money, or that they should murder old men for the sake of their savings, and spend the haul in riotous living. The virtuous murderer or forger struggles manfully against the evil influence, but at last he succumbs. In New York there appears to be a lady named Barbara Aub. She charged a gentleman named Langerman with assaulting her. The jury found him guilty, and immediately Aub confessed that her testimony was untrue. Whereupon Langerman was discharged, and Aub herself was indicted for perjury.

Then Aub stated that when she said what she said before was untrue she was lying. (It wants working out, I admit, but if the reader will take it slowly he will see what is meant.) She said she was influenced to make the confession by means which she could not understand. Skilled doctors were called in. Of course, they took the case seriously. It is what skilled doctors would do. They came to the conclusion that she had been hypnotised by some person unknown. This person is still, according to the skilled doctors, directing and controlling her peculiar acts. He is evidently a bit of a humorist, this unknown person. My own opinion is that it is Mark Twain.

I WAS once the witness myself of a very strange piece of hypnotism. Two small boys were walking down the Commercial Road, Pimlico, about twenty yards in front of me. One of them was as innocent-looking a youth as one would expect to meet in Pimlico. He vigorously rang the bell of a small house he was passing. The other boy, evidently suffering from a guilty conscience, at once took to his heels and ran. The boy who had rung the bell retained the calm of conscience rectitude. An irate lady appeared on the scene, and expressed an intention of wringing his neck. Thereupon the youth, calm and gentle still, explained the case. "Yes, I did ring the bell," he replied; "I could not help it. 'E,' pointing at the figure of his companion, just disappearing round the corner, "'ipnotised me!" And I have heard many other tales concerning hypnotism.

An old gentleman used to hypnotise the railway porters on the North-Western line. He used to sit at dinner, and "will" that they should come to him, and one or two generally did come up in the course of the evening, and were always asked to stop to supper in the servants' hall. The master of the house and his guests would look in at the door during the meal, and the old gentleman would point with pride to some hulking fellow stuffing himself with beef and pickles, and explain how, while he was sitting at dinner, talking to us, he had "willed" that that man should come up during the evening. They came most regularly, and generally two at time. They would ring the front door bell, and, when the door was opened, they would stand with their caps in their hands, speechless, and with a vacant expression upon their faces.

"Oh! please, sir," the girl would say, "here's two men from the railway, and they don't seem to know what they want, and they won't speak." "It's all right," our host would exclaim, delighted, and would rush out to interview them. "Why have you come here?" he would ask. "Don't know, sir." "What do you want?" "Don't know, sir." "Well, I will tell you," the old gentleman would explain. "I willed you should come up here." "Yes, sir." "Now you can go into the kitchen, and get some supper, and then you can go back." But when it came to six in one evening, my friend gave up "willing," and then it took a couple of policemen to explain to the worthy fellows that they had not been "willed," and that they weren't going to have any cold supper, either. You can be too much of a hypnotist, sometimes. One poor little lady I knew was always being hypnotised by somebody or other, but she is in Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum now. Isn't it time we went back to good old mesmerism, and swallowed

ink, and had pins stuck in us?—There was some fun in that.

I HAVE to thank numerous correspondents who have sent me kindly letters, Christmas cards, and other tokens of good feeling. Editorial work has its unpleasant side, but it seems to bring one into such friendly touch with one's readers that its sorrows can easily be forgotten. To-DAY has been a sincere delight to me in this way. The wide friendship it has brought me I value above all things. Behind much that is narrow and evil I find there is a big-hearted, kindly, sympathetic world. I can hardly tell those who have written to me how much I value their friendship, or how closely I feel drawn to them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

H. B.—We are all mixtures, and that is what I wish you narrow-minded people (I use the term in no offensive sense) would try to understand. Because you find a flaw in a man, you wish to condemn him. Suppose Carlyle did do a thing of which you did not approve, does that prevent your seeing the beauty of the man? My dear fellow, open your eyes a little wider, and pray that you may yourself never be judged by such a standard as in your little heartedness you would set up. Take the good that is in a man, and, as for the evil, whether it be great or small, that is not your affair or mine. Why is it some of us object to you teachers and preachers, your letter, in effect, says. You are earnest men, many of you. You are unselfish men, you are anxious to do good; but I tell you plainly, the majority of you do evil. It is because your sympathies are narrow, and you make no effort to broaden them. You take provincial views of life. You do not see how good and evil embrace one another at every point, how it is that you cannot separate the one from the other. You are always condemning, condemning, condemning. You have not within you the spirit of your Master. You drive people from the religion you would lure them to by the hardness and little-mindedness of it. You imagine that the world is divided into two camps—the good and the bad. There are no good people, there are no bad. There are, as you yourself say, "mixtures."

A. O.—It is very doubtful whether our whole educational system—not only that of our Board Schools, but that of our big private schools—is not utterly wrong. Certain it is that the average boy or girl learns nothing whatever at school. I was talking to a little girl the other day, a pupil of an expensive high school in London. She was endeavouring to do a simple sum, and was in the midst of a quagmire of meaningless figures. A few questions proved that she had not the faintest idea of what she was doing. I asked her why she did not explain to her mistress her ignorance. She replied that she had once or twice asked a governess to explain the thing to her, and the governess had merely got angry. After that, whenever she was asked if she understood a thing, she always promptly answered in the affirmative. This saved a lot of trouble both to her and to the mistress. This incident is quite typical of our whole system. I doubt if the average male of thirty could do a simple rule of three sum, or could remember a single French verb or Latin declension. Our method is cram, not instruction.

A CORRESPONDENT is good enough to send me a copy of *The Old Masonians' Gazette*, the editor of which I thank for the following masonic opinion:—"Apropos of magazines, there is one to which we should like to call the attention of old Masonians. It seems to appeal chiefly to young men, among whom it certainly has a large circulation; that, together with the pleasure we have derived through constant perusal from its first number, actuates us in mentioning it here. The editor, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, has a happy knack of treating current topics from points of view generally unthought of or avoided by others, and, if not said, speaks with unhesitating candour. The high quality also of the other literary matter makes To-DAY—the paper in question—an eminently suitable one for young fellows."

Tobaccoists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobaccoists' Outfitting Co., 188, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

WANTED TO BUY, Old Life Insurance Bonus Policies at prices exceeding the Office surrender value.—Apply J. L. SHERRIN, 40, Old Broad St., London.

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R. S., of Edinburgh, writes me:—"Perhaps you will allow me to supplement the interesting account of Annie Laurie which appeared in your issue of last week, by stating that she died on the 5th April, 1764. The following is culled from the 'Scot's Magazine' of April, 1764, and may be of interest to your readers: '5. At Carse, Dumfriesshire, Mrs. Ann Laurie, relict of Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, Esqre, and daughter of the deceased Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown.'"

T. A. H.—It is irritating to think how much of the charitable public's money gets absorbed by middlemen.

J. McD.—Literature is far more crowded even than the law. I have over and over again explained my reasons in this column for declining to criticise literary efforts. The only way for testing your value is for you to write and send your contributions to and fro in the usual way. If you have any talent, you will eventually find a place.

REX.—The operation is illegal. H. J. R.—Legal questions can only be answered to subscribers. W. H. M.—I am so glad that To-DAY has been a help to you. J. A. M.—I thank you for your very kind letter. I do not quite see my way to publish the verses. R. M. B.—Thanks for your kind letter.

J. S., who tells me he is a Methodist and a teetotaler, writes me a broad-minded, very kind, and sympathetic letter. It gives me sincere pleasure to find that I have so big-hearted a correspondent, and I can assure him and others, that in spite of my strong objection to any attempt being made in a free country to force one person's opinion upon another, I have every respect for those who live their own lives according to their own ideas, whether those ideas agree with mine or not.

FRATO.—My correspondent does not reside in London. Many thanks for your kind letter.

R. J. S. (Ballina).—I was very pleased to read your friendly letter. We have many subscribers abroad to whom we send the paper by post.

MAN IN A BOAT.—I congratulate you on being able to derive so much amusement from a misfortune. You certainly deserved that medal. Let me know next time you are going boating, and I will have one got ready. But don't lure children away from the Sunday school. You see what comes of it.

W. J. J.—The stress should be laid on the first syllable.

"CHINESE DOLL."—I am sure you mean kindly, but if you will discuss the matter with some friend who understands the business side of existence, he will make the whole thing plain to you.

PAT.—Many thanks for your letter and enclosures. I am glad to hear you say that "To-DAY" is "quietly and steadily making its way at Belfast among young men." T. J.—Write to the Secretary of the Civil Service Examination Department, Cannon Row, Westminster.

J. L. S.—You have not followed my arguments on "Child Insurance." I have, half-a-dozen times, met the point you raised. Of course only a small portion of the number of children insured is actually murdered; but the temptation is always there.

A. T. P.—Did you ever read the story of the old man and his donkey? H. E. H.—Many thanks. The articles would not be suitable.

R. W. H.—I thank you for your kindly letter and for your enclosure. In common with most readers, I have dabbled in Schopenhaur, but I cannot say I am a sufficiently deep student of him to pass judgment upon his work as a whole. I agree with him that a very weak point of Christianity is its apparent indifference to animal suffering.

B. W.—In the particular case you mention it would be dangerous to do anything. Matters must take their course. I don't want to harp upon this matter, so I must refer you, and several other correspondents who have written to me on the same subject, to the issue of the paper for September 28th (No. 99), where a note will be found in the Correspondence Column on the subject, entitled "Over Population."

C. F. R. calls my attention to the Shuttleworth Club in the City. He tells me this is not in any way a religious or political institution, but merely a social gathering place for men and women; that there are no unnecessary restrictions imposed, and that the club is open on Sunday. The club premises are in Fye Foot Lane, and the secretary or steward will give all particulars. It seems an excellent idea, and the club should prosper.

R. S.—I have no objection to a rowdy person being fined forty shillings for creating a disturbance in the middle of the night. I would that certain other forms of law-breaking were visited with equal severity.

J. A. H.—Entering the Army, except as a private, will entail a great deal of expense. You will have to go through a course of military instruction at Sandhurst. But do not make up your mind at your present age, or you will be sure to regret it. A man's opinions are moulding between seventeen and twenty-two. You would not like at twenty-five to feel that you have made a big mistake, damaging your whole life. The choosing of a career is a very big subject, and it demands careful thought. Turn it over in your mind, at all events for the next two years.

J. T. W.—Thanks for your pleasant letter and kind wishes. One wishes that more law-givers possessed the common sense of Mr. Stewart.

P. W. F. P.—Thank you for your kind letter and enclosure.

The Isle of Wight Guardians certainly appear to be a moderate spirited, uncharitable gang. They most of them made gluttons of themselves on Christmas Day. They will console their consciences by reflecting, "No matter, we have deprived the poor paupers under our control of their beer."

BENI.—The matter is such a purely personal one between you and the journal that I could not possibly say a word upon the subject. The matter certainly appears to me inexplicable.

E.M.—I have duly forwarded your letter. AMBITIOUS.—Mr. Frank Stanton's verses are published by Constable, of Westminster. I am sorry my rules prevent my criticising your verses. A.J.L.—The sale took place some time ago.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

CLUB CHATTER.

I CAME ACROSS, in Soho, the other day, a novel form of clothing, which, I am told, is general in France with all classes during the winter. It is really a woollen cuff for the knees, much the same as in England is worn round the wrists. Naturally it is the knee that always feels the cold the most, and I am assured that if Englishmen only knew their value they would always wear them. They are about a foot in length.

ONE would have imagined that the incidents in the *Hotel de Libre Echange* were enough for one year even for Paris, but I am told that the *Carnet du Diable* at the Variétés is too strongly flavoured even to be described in an English journal. My correspondent somewhat bluntly remarks:—"That it is even too strong for the Frenchwoman, who always takes her husband to this class of piece. Still the receipts are the talk of Paris."

I SHOULD like to know the truth about Mdme. Bernhardt's last tour on the Continent. One day the Paris Press said that she was playing to empty benches, and next day that kings and queens were delighting to honour her, and that the struggle in the streets to get into the theatre could not be described by any pen. Now the two stories cannot be true.

THEY are playing in a theatre in one of the exterior boulevards of Paris that very "bluggy" Surrey side drama, in which some acrobats formed a living bridge over some ravine. The Parisians like the bridge, but they can't quite understand the incessant virtue of the English heroine.

ONE of the most ingenious and unscrupulous inventions before the public at the present day is the sale of machine-made Wanghee canes. Most of my readers know, I suppose, that the straws used in restaurants for iced drinks are made in Germany from wood fibre. The enterprising Teuton has now entered on the manufacture of Wanghee canes. The knots are perfect, and the pur-

chaser imagines that he has made a bargain until he finds that the cane has about the strength of a match, and breaks into pieces on the slightest provocation. Still, if there was ever a foreign article in regard to which the law relating to the "Made in Germany" mark should be enforced, it is this. At present it is a swindle, and a swindle of a very unpleasant flavour.

A LIVERPOOL correspondent sends me the following specimen of a curious letter, the writer of which resided at Milan:—"Gentlemen,—Long time ago we have had the courage to build a large stock of English goodies in this market. We have had the pleasure and honour to enter in connection with the biggest trading houses of first signature. Our business, considering your place and America, we would wish to intend with the Honourable — Bank, and all our affairs pass from your control the result shall be useful for both. Therefore be kind, gentlemen, in your answer to tell us your terms, and the usual manner what your continued by all your correspondent by good reference from London and Liverpool."

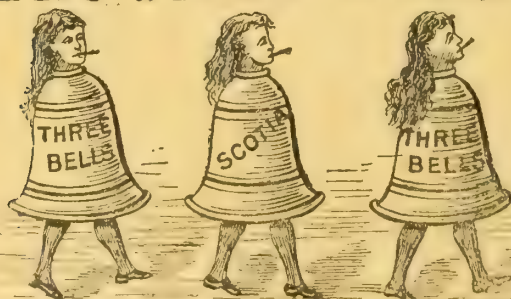
For the first time in the history of warfare, a typewriter is to be brought into play on the battlefield, the War Office having ordered a Remington for use on the Ashanti Expedition.

THE Secretary of the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools has received from the executors of the late R. B. Hoggan, Esq., formerly a director of Messrs. Rylands and Sons (Limited), 55, Wood Street, London, E.C., the sum of £100, being a legacy (free of duty) to this institution.

THE Sunday Lecture Society has drawn up a very interesting programme for the present season. The lectures are given at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Sunday afternoons, and commence at four o'clock. I note that next Sunday Professor Vivian B. Lewes will take "Explosives" as his subject. This lecture is to be specially adapted for a juvenile audience, and as it is to be conducted with experiments I should say that any boy could promise himself a very good afternoon at St. George's Hall.

It is all very well for the French to chaff us about our pronunciation of their language. We admit that generally speaking the Englishman does improve on it unnecessarily. But in the Chamber of Deputies, a correspondent tells me that during the Arton debate, the "Queen's Bench Division" was given as "Quin Bonje deeviesyon," and "Bow Street" as "Bov Stret." Meanwhile in the illustrations of the scene at Bow Street, Sir John Bridge wears a judge's wig, and a policeman with helmet and in full canonicals stands in the dock with Arton.

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"Napoleon" is not an intellectual game, but then you can always be sure of making up a table of "Nap," for everybody plays it, and the ways of playing it are varied and peculiar. One of its latest developments is known as "Jam" or "Fork'em Nap," and is Purchase or Ecarté Nap, with a rearrangement in respect to stakes. Nothing less than three can be called, but if you go four you are bound to bid for part or the whole of the pool, in addition to the usual stakes. If you fail you pay in the amount of your bid against "Kitty," or take it out if you succeed. In calling four a following player can overcall you also with four but with a higher risk against the pool, and he again can be overcalled in a similar manner by any player who has not declared or passed. A "Nap" call must go for the full pool limit, and, of course, supersedes everything else. Should all the players "pass," the card stakes are doubled on the next round, and remain fixed at that price until a call is successful, when they revert to the original figure.

THIS privilege of backing your chance for what you think it worth is distinctly good. Those ghastly impositions, the "Wellington" and "Blucher" calls, should never be adopted in this, or, indeed, in any other form of the game. It would be fair enough if a player could go "Wellington" or "Blucher" right away, but they can only be declared as overcalls, so that the first hand with an absolutely unbeatable five can bid no higher than "nap"—the lowest five call—to see perhaps the pool with treble stakes swept away by a much inferior following hand. It may probably be of interest to mention that the "Wellington" and "Blucher" calls were originated by card sharpers for the purpose of either overcalling their victim's "Nap," or when the cards had been "readied" against him, to drive him up to call "Blucher," and so mulct him in treble stakes all round.

TOM and JERRY, having proposed and accepted at Solo whist, and made twelve tricks, discovered that a revoke had been made by one of their adversaries, for which "Tom and Jerry" each claimed three excess tricks, which the offender refused to pay, on the grounds that it would increase their score to fifteen tricks, which it could not possibly attain by regular play. He, however, offered to pay one excess trick to each, which would bring their score up to thirteen. "Tom and Jerry" argue that the three excess tricks have nothing to do with regular play, but must be paid as a penalty for an offence, and they ask me to decide the point.—"Tom and Jerry" are wrong, and the revoking player is right. A card penalty is not exacted to punish the offender, but to approximately compensate the other side for any contingent loss they may have sustained through the irregularity. As "Tom and Jerry," in ordinary play, could not possibly make more than thirteen tricks, the revoke cannot have affected them above that limit, and the offender is not liable beyond thirteen.

THE play against the *Misère* is doubtless the most interesting feature of Solo Whist, and to the desire to increase the frequency of this call must be attributed the fact that the incorporation of the petite *misère* of Boston is now by no means uncommon. This variation of the *Misères* consists of the caller and his adversaries each discarding one card face downwards on the table before the first hand leads out, the declaration being played with only forty-eight cards. The value of the stake is, as a rule, midway between that of the Solo and *Misère*. A petite *misère ouverte* can be played on similar lines with the price and conditions regulated accordingly.

A CORRESPONDENT writes me in reference to my remarks last week on the Petite *Misère*, the nature of which he asks me more fully to explain, as he has never heard of it before. My correspondent is doubtless right, and I have taken too much for granted. The Petite *Misère* is a declaration in the game of Boston—the an-

cestor of Solo Whist—and differs from the *Misère* only in the fact that the players each discard one card face downwards on the table before the first card is played out, so that only twelve cards each are played with. This declaration, when adopted in Solo Whist, ranges in price and position between the Solo and *Misère* calls.

GIVEN fine weather, there will no doubt be a great crowd at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, on Saturday, to witness the Rugby match between England and Wales. From a spectator's point of view this contest almost invariably produces the most interesting display, the game being more open than in matches in which Scotland and Ireland take part. Wales have a powerful fifteen, and in selecting five men from both Llanelly and Newport, the committee have shown a wise discretion. In order to thoroughly carry out the Welsh style of play, it is absolutely necessary that the men should be accustomed to each other's methods, and as their halves and three-quarters are drawn from two clubs, the six players should readily combine.

WHILE Wales rely on their backs, the Englishmen trust to their forwards to pull them through. The issue will probably rest on the ability or otherwise of the English forwards to contest the game. If they are unable to carry the scrummage, and cramp the movements of the opposing backs, it will go hard with England. The famous Southern pack succeeded last year at Swansea, and it remains to be seen whether the northern contingent, who form the backbone of the English front rank, will prove equally capable. It is unfortunate that W. B. Thomson, the Blackheath three-quarter, is unable to play, but an efficient substitute is provided in E. F. Fookes, who has in one season risen from a small Yorkshire club to the highest honours.

FOR their match with Wales on the 25th the Scottish Union have selected a powerful fifteen. Eleven of the teams are already familiar with International contests, while eight were in the side that defeated England at Richmond last year. It is worthy of note that W. Neilson and W. P. Donaldson have been passed over, but the chosen backs are a strong combination. There are three new forwards—Couper, Balfour, and Morrison—but it may safely be assumed they are up to the well-known Scotch standard. So far as can be judged, the struggle for the international championship this season promises to be unusually interesting.

THE sterling work which has characterised the efforts of the Derby County football team from the second week of the season right up to the present time has, at length, met with its reward, and the Midland club are now indisputably at the head of the first division of the League. They have engaged in one match fewer than Aston Villa or Everton, and yet have scored a point more than either of these elevens, so whatever may be in store for them, they possess for the moment distinctly the best record. In the course of 18 engagements they have been successful 13 times, and have suffered defeat on only three occasions—one of these being in the first match on the programme.

WHEN it is remembered that last season Derby County finished amongst the last three of the sixteen clubs, and had to win a test match before they could participate in this winter's competition between the great professional elevens, the improvement made by the team is quite extraordinary, and reflects immense credit upon the veteran international, John Goodall, who has steadily trained his comrades until now. The Derby County forwards are probably the finest set possessed by any club in the country. At both cricket and football Derbyshire ranks higher now than at any previous period in the history of the two games. It is noteworthy that the advance made by Derbyshire has coincided with a corresponding falling off in Nottinghamshire.

PERHAPS the most notable occurrence in connection with the League competition during the Christmas holidays was the defeat of Stoke by Bury. Until they met with this reverse, Stoke had not only escaped defeat in League matches at home, but had actually proved victorious in every one of their contests at Stoke, never failing to score less than two goals, and never permitting their opponents to score more than one. And yet against the lightly-esteemed Bury, whom Stoke had overcome in Lancashire, and who had only four wins to set against ten defeats, Stoke suffered defeat by two goals to none. Possibly the strain of the two League games on following days was too much for the Stoke men, who had beaten Preston North End twenty-four hours previously. Otherwise the result is quite inexplicable on reasonable grounds.

In the struggle between the clubs forming the second division of the League, there seems very little doubt but that Burton Wanderers, Liverpool, and Manchester City, will between them furnish the two elevens for the test matches with the least successful teams in Division 1. At present Burton Wanderers have a distinctly better

record than Liverpool, and quite as good a one as Manchester City; as their engagements for January are not especially formidable they are likely to retain the advantage they at present possess. Manchester City play at Liverpool to-day, and a good deal will depend upon the result, a win for Liverpool being the best thing that can happen for Burton Wanderers, whilst a defeat for the home side will leave Manchester City with the best prospects.

I have been told that the only way of testing whisky is to drink it as a liqueur—that is to say, neat. This cannot be done with many whiskies, but Stenhouse's Liqueur Scotch is certainly one of them. For the matter of that, I like it equally well with soda, or even plain water, and I can confidently recommend the brand to anyone who likes a pure whisky.

Messrs. Mitchell and Son, of Glasgow, are the makers of two very excellent tobaccos. One is a fine-cut Virginia, which they call "Prize Crop," making a nice cool smoke, and the other is a Navy cut, labelled "Star-board," excellently suited for those who like a full.

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matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.



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flavoured smoke. Experienced smokers will thank me for drawing their attention to two such good things.

FROM one who has seen the filly by St. Simon—Sterling Love at Gurry's place at Newmarket, I learn that Mr. Miller will be very lucky indeed if he recovers his purchase money. The filly is lacking in size, and what is more there does not appear to be any sign of improvement. Nineteen two-year-old engagements have been

made for the filly, and she is also nominated for the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger of 1897.

ALTHOUGH he took umbrage at the refusal of the Jockey Club stewards to allow him to ride on equal terms with professionals, the late M. Max Lebaudy did not entirely withdraw his patronage from the English Turf. Had the stewards granted the necessary permit, the young French sportsman would have set up a mammoth establishment at Newmarket, and without a doubt out-

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rivalled the doings of the late "Squire" Abingdon. He was a really brilliant horseman.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]
Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

K. L. P.—No, I do not at all mind you asking as many questions as you like and as often as you like. The black morning coat—which I expect is what you mean by a tail-coat—can be worn at a wedding quite well, though it would hardly be so "dressy" as a frock coat. The tails of the morning coat are still worn rather long. I should not recommend you to have velvet cuffs on the overcoat you describe; as you say, velvet cuffs are only worn on racing coats. Many thanks for your good wishes, which I heartily reciprocate.

INDEX.—See reply to SARTOR; but I'm afraid you might have to give a little more than the price you name. I should recommend you, however, to do this, and I'm quite sure you would be well satisfied with the result. Velvet cuffs are, more or less, a matter of taste, but they would be quite suitable for your overcoat. Silk buttons certainly look very well, but you will not find them so serviceable as the ordinary bone variety. Patent leather boots are like briar pipes; you may give a high price for them and get disappointed, or you may give a mere nothing and get suited exactly. I should not recommend you to give more than, say, from fifteen to eighteen shillings for a pair of patents, as the manufacturers won't warrant the very best goods.

MONEY BAGS.—When a player proposes and a following hand proposes also, you are quite within your rights in refusing to allow the second caller to accept, and demanding the first caller to either make an independent declaration, or throw up his hand. The law, however, allows the partnership to take place with the unanimous consent of the other side, and, playing a

friendly game in private circles where the irregularity is obviously due to a mistake, it is not customary to withhold permission.

G. F. is playing against a misère which the caller duly makes, and as the stakes are about being paid, one of the partners discovers that G.F. has made a revoke, and on these grounds calls G.F. to pay the stakes for his partners as well as for himself. Can he do so? Certainly not. The player alone can exact the penalty, but he has claimed the game as the result of regular play, and he must be paid on those lines.

E. DRISCOLL.—See reply to G.F. Unless to prevent an obvious injustice to the misère hand it is wretchedly bad form for a player to gratuitously call attention to a partner's irregularity, and I regret that it is not practicable to attach a penalty to it.

P. A.—As first player with one small Trump, Ace, King, Queen, Knave, in each of the three plain suits, and small Trump turned up to the right, lead your single Trump.

SARTOR.—I am obliged to keep to my rule of not answering correspondents through the post. You would get well suited—no pun intended—at Messrs. Bingham and Co., 29, Conduit Street, London, W. The allowance you name should be quite enough to meet all your requirements; but write again if you wish for my advice on that subject.

A. T. C.—Black ties are only worn with evening dress on very informal occasions; if you have any doubt on the subject, be on the safe side and wear white. With regard to your second question, it is usual to leave two cards—one for the lady and one for her husband; but, of course, only when the lady is not at home. If she is at home to you, no card is necessary.

S. S.—The article is procurable through any hairdresser.

C. K.—I would willingly help you if I could, but situated where you are, any advice from me would be valueless. Your only plan would be to come to London, but I must warn you that you would probably find the particular field you mention very much over-crowded, and it is my opinion that you would be far more likely to meet with success in the country.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Now, then, author of "Arrows of Song" (Hutchinson, 3s 6d.), come up to the counter and be arraigned. You, sir or madam, have written a book of anonymous poems. I am in doubt as to your identity. This suspicion makes me additionally careful in my criticism of your work. Frankly, I did not believe you capable of such a mastery of technique, such melodious and beautiful verse. If you are the person I take you to be, my opinion of you as an artist has gone up a thousand per cent.; if you are the person I take you to be, my opinion of you as a—well, man or woman—is too strong for expression. For this reason: you, sir or madam, have written a set of verses in this little book, entitled "My Enemy." Any man or woman in London literary society cannot, on reading those lines, have the slightest doubt as to whom you refer. Other people and myself are in the habit of meeting this man. We shall do so with your anonymous statements rankling in our minds. In common justice, in common honour, in common decency you, sir or madam, have no right to make these criminal charges anonymously. If you believe in them yourself, print them over your own signature; if you do not believe in them, I can only quote your own lines to describe the detestation in which you will be rightly held by all decent men and women:—

"A Judas up to date

Whom once to see is twice to wish unborn,

And thrice to execrate,

And seven times seventy times to hold in scorn,

You cad forsworn!"

* * * *

It is an interesting thing to watch the growth of the English language. I entered the stage-door of a well-known theatre the other evening in order to leave a book for a friend, and was confronted with the following placard:—

"Visitors are requested to wipe their Trilbys."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So many correspondents are waiting for answers this week that I am obliged to curtail my book notes. I am anxious to start the New Year by wiping out all old debts, and take this method of doing it. Criticism of books, however perfunctory, is always an ungrateful task: but the pleasure of making new friends, even only through the medium of the printed page, never palls.

G.S.—I quite agree with you. The uncut book is a curse and a nuisance, and, like "The Unspeakable Turk," it ought to go. There is nothing more maddening than to be caught in the middle of a long railway journey with an uncut book and without a paper-knife. I am informed that there is a kind of slicing machine which will cut the book in two strokes.

E.E.L.—My dear sir, let's see if we can get along without Mr. Kipling. I think he's in America just now. "And turned the calkins upon her feet." I take to mean, reversed the mare's shoes, so as to make it appear that she was going one way when really travelling another. The calkin is a prominent part at the extremity of a horseshoe, bent downwards, and brought to a point to prevent the animal from slipping. A ressalidar is, I think, a sergeant, the Abazai a tribe, Bonair a place, and "The oath of the Brother in Blood" is as old as the hills. Two men wish to become brothers in blood. Each makes a little cut in his arm, and the blood is allowed to flow together. This poem contains one of the finest lines in the English language, "They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn." So glad you and your friends enjoy To-DAY. Always pleased to hear from you. R.R.—"Chemistry of Character" has not been republished. I think you can get Pinero's plays through Mr. Heinemann, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.—Mr. William Jagokindly informs me that "A Little Song for Bedtime" has appeared in *Pearson's Weekly*, unsigned. My own impression is that John Whitcombe Riley wrote it. The lines seem to sing themselves. Why doesn't some artist sketch a pretty young mother singing it to her little one? It would make a very popular picture if well done. H.M.E.—Am making another effort to get the information you want. I have so many books that I can't notice them all in detail. Thanks for the hint though.

H.H.—You can order Rossetti or Arnold through any bookseller. There are no cheap editions, as they are not out of copyright. G.H.W.—15s. S.KING.—None of them of any value. CHARLES LICKISS.—5s. ROBERT ALLAN.—Forget what the book was, but you do not expect a profit when you sell, do you? F.C. Stevenson.—The six vols. sell at 15s.; four vols. no use

whatever. "REGULAR READER."—A bookseller would give about £2 10s. for them. The first editions were issued separately without any plates. The 48-vol. edition is the first complete collected one. M.M.—A bookseller might give you about 35s. for it. "NEMO."—You must look through his works. I cannot recall it in any way. JOHN D. WAIN.—5s.

"AN ENQUIRER" wants to know why "Bookseller" didn't quote his Shakespeare correctly, *apropos* of George Meredith. Well, you see, "Bookseller" trusted to memory, the printers thought they could improve upon Shakespeare's English, and the result was a "revised version." I admit my guilt. If "Enquirer" had been trying to read "An Amazing Marriage," I think he would have got a little "mixed," too.

C.G.—The stanza below is by Dollie Radford:—

"Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?
Because I hung it, in my pride,
So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies?
I shall but build, and build my best,
Till, safety won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest
High of old, and see it rest
As near the sun."

E.C.P. wants to know who is the most popular of the three—George Meredith, Ouida, or Miss Braddon. I should unhesitatingly say that Miss Braddon heads the list as far as sales go. There is a tendency to be unjust to Ouida nowadays; the description of the night ride from the convent with Ercildoune in "Idalia" deserves a better fate. Mr. Meredith of course is a greater writer than either Ouida or Miss Braddon, though far less intelligible. He has done magnificent work, but half the people who read him are bored to death, and afraid to say so for fear of not being thought intellectual.

Another correspondent writes: "Certain lines of a famous old song that was popular in my younger days, called 'Sammy Soap the bill sticker,' have been dancing through my head lately. In it a gentleman who followed the profession of a public paper-hanger records his experiences, and here is something of what he records:—

"And so we plastered up and down,
And never did we rue it!
If I'd to plaster old St. Paul's,
So help me bob, I'd do it.
And Helen Faucit, bless her eyes,
We used her pretty freely,
And we plastered Madam Vestris
Bang atop of Mrs. Keeley.

With my paste, paste, paste,
An all the world's a wall, sirs;
And paste, paste, paste,
For all the world's a wall."

Can anybody send me a copy of that song?

H.H.—Full of poetical feeling but defective in rhythm. Study Milton's sonnets. Have seen a good deal worse.

"ONE WHO PROTESTS" writes to me:—"I have seen your criticism of 'Jude the Obscure' in To-DAY of November 30th, and fully agree with it. I took up the work in pleasurable anticipation and laid it down in disgust. In fact, I hardly had the patience to read it to the end. It reminds me strongly of 'Esther Waters,' a work realistic enough, but intensely nauseating. Why will Mr. Hardy and others of our best writers continually harp on the everlasting sex problem? One meets with enough of the sordid and loathsome in real life without having to swallow whole doses of it for recreation. Is it not, sir, a positive relief to turn to such books as 'Lorna Doone,' 'Micah Clarke,' 'Catriona,' and 'The Raiders'?" Yes; Mr. J. M. Barrie has a serial now running in America, and my energetic friend, Dr. Doyle, has, I believe, two books on the stocks. My witty friend, "H.B.," sends me some lines on "Jude." I have only space to quote the three first stanzas:—

JUDE THE OBSCURE.

"Jude the Obscure, a studious youth,
Intent on rabbits—and the truth,
One evening met, like Swift his Stella,
A maiden christened Arabella.
The manner of their meeting made
A marked impress on Jude the staid;
And well it might, for by her hovel
They quite outdid a Hill Top novel.
So sweet she sighed, so well she talked,
As homeward on his way he walked,
He quite forgot "Salvator Mundi"
In looking forward to the Sunday."

H.H.—Thanks for your pleasant, bright letter. Am trying to read the book, and hope to get a chance soon. See poem above.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Translated specially for To-Day by Mrs. Cashell Hoey.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING'S ARMOURER.



ON a radiant June morning of the year of grace 1808, all Madrid was abroad in the streets, after the usual custom, at an hour which finds only the helots of less favoured climes taking up the burthen of the day. It was not yet nine o'clock, and the tide of city life was at the flood. Everybody who had business to do had been doing it since dawn, and the happy folk who had none were even busier still; for there are few, if

any, places more propitious to the real, genuine, earnest idler than the stately Spanish capital. All was movement and animation, for the delicious coolness of morning calm is a transient bit of paradise; the sun is always hurrying up to substitute the stifling heat that is endurable only in the semi-darkness of shaded rooms, and which turns Madrid into a city of the dead at siesta time.

It was a city of the very much living just then. An unbroken procession of foot-passengers trod the pavements, already keeping as close as possible to the blue, green, yellow, and pink walls, seeking shade under the projections of balconies and miradores, which brightened up the many-coloured house-fronts with their carved cupids, shells, wreaths, and scrolls, and were aided in that artistic task by gaudy stretched blinds and flower-pots ranged along the window-sills. It was one of those mornings which make the stranger within its gates, of poetic name, indignantly reject as a vile aspersion upon Madrid the current saying (out of it) that there is sun-stroke on one side of its great thoroughfares and phthisis on the other. The city was looking its very best, and the people, without any indecent hurry or abandonment of the stateliness that befits an assemblage of Spaniards, were moving about everywhere—in the streets, in and out of the churches, in the market-places, in the squares—all sorts and conditions of men forming a series of pictures which nobody was sufficiently disengaged to observe. Here were nobles and citizens dressed in the style of Louis Seize, or that of the Directoire, peasants in picturesque costumes of ancient date, beggars in rags—draped Castilian rags, of course—portly monks with shaven crowns and sunburnt faces, soldiers in undress, wearing police caps stuck on just above the ear, señoras and señoritas, wearing the traditional mantilla resting on their lustrous hair, “love curls” on either side of the forehead, a rose stuck in the chignon, and the shapely bust-tightly braced in the bright-coloured bodice. There were caballeros making their horses prance and curvet upon the sharp stones of the street pavement, sedan chairs, much begilt, old, old coaches that might have carried the courtiers of Castile and Aragon before the War of Succession, drawn by caparisoned mules with a constant silvery chiming of little bells which mingled with the hum of voices and the carillons from the church towers. And over all this

shone the sun, ever hurrying up, and at that hour throwing all things and persons into striking relief.

At the Puerta del Sol the stir was greatest. In every part of that place of meeting and parting of the principal streets of Madrid groups of idlers were assembled—some orating and disputing, others planted in front of the shops and contemplating the display of costly and beautiful goods with complacent curiosity. The biggest batch of flâneurs was collected about a shop which had a signboard bearing these words.—

“ANTONIO BORODISTI (Successor to his Father).
Armourer to His Majesty the King.”

The armoury of Don Antonio Borodisti was one of the curiosities of Madrid, and the people were as proud of it as of their great buildings. Distinguished strangers were invariably taken to see the armourer and his premises.

The shop was by no means imposing. Its glazed door opened into a narrow stone passage, where specimens of the weapons to be sold inside were displayed behind small panes of glass framed in lead. Don Antonio was, however, a personage of importance. The Borodisti had been armourers from father to son for two centuries, and each in succession had added something to the perfecting of their handicraft. They bore the hereditary title of Armourers to the King, and were respected and treated as equals by the proud Spanish nobility. The personal importance of the actual holder of the title had grown apace since the accession of Charles IV., who was a great lover of arms, and had set up a workshop at his palace where he wrought at the trade, just as his cousin, Louis XVI., had worked at the locksmith's craft. Happily, the master of King Charles was not a German. The Spanish Bourbon had no more loyal servant or better friend than Don Antonio Borodisti, on whom several of the most distinguished members of society in Madrid were looking in on the present occasion. Royal patronage is not always lucrative. It is not pleasant, to say the least, to ask a king to settle one's little account—indeed, it is not so very long since a modest request of that kind might have been dangerous—and it is less pleasant as it becomes more and more evidently hopeless. This had Don Antonio learnt by experience. Charles employed him to recruit the best hands for His Majesty's service, he had to look after them as well as his own workmen, and the lavishness of the Royal commissions was out of all proportion to the lingering reluctance of the Royal disbursements. As a matter of fact, the King was frequently more “hard up” than the poorest of his courtiers, for the public treasury of Spain was in a very bad way; but it did not occur to him to do without the costly and useless weapons which he fancied. The result was that Borodisti became seriously embarrassed, and in 1803 he would have been obliged to give up his business but for an occurrence of moment to himself and of vital importance to this history. The god who descended from the car on that occasion was a certain Joachim Nebral, a rich banker from Havanah, who was passing through Madrid. The worthy man fell in love with the armourer's beautiful daughter and only child, and, having solicited and obtained her hand, he paid the price of her consent to become his wife by assisting her father so effectually that, from henceforth, Borodisti's position was secure and his fortunes flourished.

In 1807 the armourer extended his business far beyond the Court circle, among honest folk who paid ready money, so that he was able to wait patiently until the state of the finances of Spain should permit His Majesty to discharge his debt, with the additions which he continually made to it by fresh orders.

“All Madrid” was aware of these facts. The fellow-citizens of Don Antonio honoured in his person the foremost artificer of arms in all the Iberian Peninsula, the incomparable artist who enjoyed the favour of the Sovereign, and to whom His Majesty owed big sums of money. It is not everybody who is the creditor of a king. Hence the number and quality of those who

called themselves his friends, and resorted to the unimposing premises in the famous thoroughfare almost as regularly as the men of to-day repair to a club. It was the very best form to look in every morning at Borodisti's, and therefore the very best part of "all Madrid" did look in, meeting each other every day, to talk over the news of the Court and the city, to inspect the beautiful specimens of the armourer's art which were displayed in glass cases along the walls of a wide and lofty gallery (communicating with the finishing workshops), and occasionally to enjoy the privilege of discussing these specimens with Don Antonio himself. The great workshops, where the forging and casting of the metals and the preparation of woods were done, were in Toledo.

Every morning, then, the chief notabilities of Madrid would alight from coaches and chairs at Borodisti's door, to the inexhaustible admiration of knots of dis-

workman, and finding fresh arrivals when he reappeared. One of these was a very fat old man in black, but with the "grand air," notwithstanding his obesity, who accosted the armourer with the fine old-fashioned salutation—

"God keep you, Don Antonio!"

"Ah, Señor Conde de Castrogeriz! It is several days since you have done me the honour of a visit."

"I am growing old, my friend. My legs have taken to refusing to carry me whither I would go. To-day I was resolved to come, and so I did violence to them. But they are taking their revenge."

The Conde de Castrogeriz, grandee of Spain, member of the Council of Castille, whose daughter was a Maid of Honour to the Queen, took a seat with difficulty, and rubbed his big calves with his shaking hands.

"Do you want to speak to me?" asked Don Antonio.

"I am told wonders of some pieces—intended, it



A DUSTY VEHICLE STOPPED BEFORE BORODISTI'S DOORS.

interested spectators on the pavement, and be conducted by a servant to the museum gallery, where Don Antonio was to be found from daybreak, always ready to welcome them with smiling cordiality. The King's Armourer was quick of movement and strong of arm as a young man, notwithstanding his sixty-five years, which had whitened his hair and his peaked beard, and wrinkled deeply his long, thin, strongly-marked face, but had not quenched the fire of his glance, or bent the tall and flexible frame, that seemed formed to carry the arms he made. His working costume—a black velvet blouse, coming down to the knees and girt at the waist by a wide leathern belt—set off his deep chest and broad shoulders to advantage.

On this fair June morning business was pressing, and Don Antonio had to come and go between the workshops and the gallery frequently, leaving his visitors to talk amongst themselves when he was called out by a

seems, for the Emperor of the French—that you are making for His Serene Highness the Prince of the Peace. Can I see them?"

"I am very sorry, but they are not finished, and so not worthy of your inspection, Señor Conde."

"Arms intended for Napoleon!" said a laughing voice behind Borodisti, in French. "What, Don Antonio, you work for the Usurper! You, a faithful servant of the Bourbons!"

"Of the Bourbons of Spain, M. le Chevalier de Fontaine—not of the Bourbons of France," answered Borodisti, with cold courtesy. "Those whom I serve are allies of your Emperor."

The person to whom the armourer addressed this reply in good French was a young man of pleasant aspect and distinguished manners, whose blue "levite"—made by the fashionable tailor—was threadbare.

"My Emperor!" said he, scornfully.

"Forgive me, Chevalier," said Don Antonio, "I forgot that you are an *émigré*."

"And that he would be very glad to be an *émigré* no longer, Señor Borodisti."

This time it was a woman who spoke. She was no longer young, and could scarcely be called pretty, but she was attractive, and well, though rather too much, dressed.

"I have not the honour of knowing this lady," said Don Antonio, addressing the Chevalier, with some gravity.

"Madame Defodon, a countrywoman of mine," M. de Fontaine explained hurriedly.

"The Chevalier brought me to see your treasures," said the lady, bridling. "I am Stephanie Defodon, of Defodon Sisters, milliners, Paris, come to Madrid to present twelve dresses and three Court mantles to the Queen of Spain, on behalf of the Emperor."

Don Antonio bowed low, and replied, in a tone of mingled mockery and condescension—

"I am much honoured by your visit, señora. The renown of your name has reached me, and also the fame of the gifts you bring to our Queen."

"Made in my own workrooms, Don Antonio. I am an artist in my way, just as you are in yours."

Before she finished the sentence he had turned away from her, as though her words displeased him. But he had not even heard them. While Stephanie was speaking, a dusty vehicle stopped on the Puerta del Sol before Borodisti's doors, and Don Antonio rushed out exclaiming—

"Delight of my eyes! 'Tis Beatrix!"

CHAPTER II.

A HERO OF THE HOUR.

At the moment when the armoured reached the shop door, a young man wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the King's Body Guard alighted from the dusty carriage, and offered his hand to assist a lady, who promptly followed him, and springing off the cumbrous steps of the vehicle, threw herself into Don Antonio's arms.

"The Conde d'Osorio with my daughter!" exclaimed Borodisti in amaze. "How is this?"

"I had the honour to meet the señora in the mountain pass on my return from Cordova, and have escorted her hither," answered the lieutenant.

"Yes, yes," interposed the lady, with breathless eagerness, "but he does not tell you that if I have come back to you safe and sound I owe it to him. He rescued me from the brigands of the Sierra Morena."

These hurried words had been spoken in the open doorway, and while the speaker was still in her father's embrace; but she now released herself by an instantaneous movement, pushed Don Antonio backwards into the narrow stone passage with one hand, while she drew the

lieutenant after her with the other, shut the door between them and the gaping idlers outside, and poured out a rapid narrative to which her father listened, silent, and pale, and the hero of the tale with painful embarrassment. Once or twice the lieutenant tried to deprecate the lady's praise and gratitude by a disclaiming gesture, but she heeded him not. Her dark blue eyes turned from her father to her deliverer, sparkling with excitement, and melting with womanly feeling as she spoke heedless of the hum of voices in the gallery beyond. She concluded the story, which shall presently be more soberly told, thus:

"Just now, when we came into Madrid, he wanted to leave me, and so elude your gratitude, father; but I knew how eager you would be to express it, and I made him come all the way with me. Thank him, father, thank him! But for him, what would have become of me?"

"I only did what every Spaniard would have done in my place," stammered the lieutenant. Borodisti, however, protested with tears in his eyes.

"Nevertheless, it is you who actually have done it, Don Rafael. It is thanks to you that my Beatrix is restored to me. I shall not forget it. My life and my fortune are yours."

So speaking Don Antonio clasped the young man's hand warmly, as though sealing the promise, and requesting the Conde d'Osorio to precede him, gave his arm to his daughter, and led her into the gallery.

"Señores," he said on entering, "I present to you the Conde d'Osorio. He is known to all of you, and his valour no man doubts. But he has given proof of it that endears him to me for ever. He has rescued my daughter, Doña Beatrix Nebral, from the Brigands who had seized her. Be witnesses all of you, that I promise to Don Rafael friendship and

good service. Henceforth, his friends and his enemies are mine also."

"Don Rafael comes of a race whose heroic deeds are no longer reckoned," observed the Conde de Castrogeriz gravely, as he rose and saluted Doña Beatrix. Then there ensued a chorus of praise and questioning. The workmen, attracted by the noise, came in from their workshops and had their share in the general joy. Some of them stole away, and carried the news of the adventure to the groups of idlers in the Puerta del Sol.

The Chevalier de Fontaine was not backward in offering his congratulations to the young Spanish noble, whom he had met several times during the years which he had passed at Madrid as a refugee, and whose high courage and bright spirit he appreciated to the full. Madame Stephanie Defodon modestly kept herself in the background, but she was greatly moved by the enthusiasm with which Don Rafael's gallant deed was greeted.



PUSHED DON ANTONIO BACKWARDS INTO THE NARROW STONE PASSAGE.

"You know this young hero?" she asked the Chevalier, when at length she got near to him.

"Who does not? He is the finest gentleman of all the Spains."

"Will you do me the favour of presenting him to me?"

The Chevalier assented, with not the best grace in the world; but the opportunity did not present itself on that occasion, for while Stephanie was speaking with her

towards the door of the business part of her father's house. On the opposite side of the corridor was the staircase leading to Don Antonio's private apartment on the upper story. The visitors had discreetly withdrawn, and Doña Beatriz, who now felt the reaction after her recent emotion and the fatigue of her journey, was about to retire to rest. On Don Rafael's left was the armourer, and again he had taken the young man's hand and was



CHARGED THE RUFFIANS.

admirer—he was indeed her affianced husband, despite his ancient race and pompous blazon, and her position "in trade"—Don Rafael was passing out of the gallery. It was only a case of delay, however; the fates had decreed that the Conde d'Osorio and Stephanie Defodon, of Defodon Sœurs (Robes et Modes) were one day to be brought together under memorable circumstances.

Don Rafael walked by the side of Doña Beatriz Nebral

repeating his thanks.

"When shall we see you next, Don Rafael?" asked Doña Beatriz.

"I cannot say with certainty, señora; but at my earliest hour of leave from my turn of waiting on Prince Ferdinand, I ought to be at Aranjuez this very day."

"You will promise to come to me the first time you are in Madrid?"

"Indeed, yes; I promise."

He was just moving from her side when Borodisti, who had been listening, but looking out at the same time, said suddenly—

"There is Don Juan Morera. Devil take him! What brings *him* here?"

"Hush, father! Supposing he were to hear you!"

"If he heard me," replied the armourer—but he left the sentence unfinished, and addressed Rafael:

"Pardon my bluntness, Señor Conde," he said, "I know there is an exchange of affectionate sentiments between you and him, but——"

Rafael interrupted him.

"Those sentiments are enjoined upon me, Don Antonio; they do not come from my heart. I think just as you think of this man."

"I am going upstairs, said Beatrix. "I do not wish to resume acquaintance with him. *A bientôt*, Don Rafael. Come to me so soon as you can, father."

She flitted up the marble stair, and it seemed to the young lieutenant of the King's Body Guard that the sun had suddenly set.

When he raised his head, he recognised the imposing figure of Don Juan Morera, Court Physician, and confidential adviser of Manuel Godoy, otherwise His Serene Highness the Prince of the Peace, virtual ruler of Spain. This personage, who stood in the doorway of the gallery, exchanging some commonplace remarks with the Chevalier de Fontaine, who knew him (as, indeed, he knew everybody in Madrid), and had presented Madame Defodon to him with charming ease and assurance, would have been impressive anywhere; in his actual position he was formidable as the wielder of undefined power and occult influence.

Don Juan Morera would have passed for a gallant gentleman in any country. He was of tall stature, and dignified bearing, and in common with most of the Spanish gentry, had adopted the French fashion of men's dress of the period. Under his thick brown hair, which curled in a roll all round his head, the olive-tinted mask, hard of outline and resembling a bronze medal, stood out in relief above the white lace of his voluminous cravat, and bore the impress of robust maturity, nay, even had an air of youth, whereat those who knew that the doctor was in his fifty-fourth year, wondered. If that icy mask had deigned to smile, Don Juan Morera might have seemed amiable; but it was naturally darkened by the lofty forehead and the stern expression of eyes deeply set under excessively prominent brows, and seemed incapable of expressing kindness and good humour.

Nevertheless, when the Court Physician, having got rid of the Chevalier de Fontaine and his sprightly *fiancée*, perceived Don Antonio coming towards him, followed at some distance by the Conde d'Osorio, his rigid features were relaxed, and it became evident that his desire was to please and to inspire confidence.

"I am glad to find you here, in good health and spirits Don Rafael," said he, addressing the young officer first. "It seems a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you."

Rafael, Conde d'Osorio, presented a strong contrast to the powerful and somewhat mysterious personage who spoke to him in a tone not only courteous but propitiatory. He, too, was of tall stature, but his figure was slender, supple, and elegant, and his face was singularly handsome and refined, although thoroughly manly, and distinctly haughty of expression. His hair was fair, almost golden, and a silky moustache of tawny tones with spiked ends enhanced the virility of his soldier-like appearance and bearing.

He answered coldly—

"I was absent, señor."

"Indeed! Travelling?"

"His Royal Highness was pleased to grant me a few days' leave. I availed myself of it to visit my mother."

"And to rescue my daughter from the danger of death," said Borodisti, impetuously, and he went on without remarking the sudden change in Don Juan's countenance at the young man's reply, to relate once

more how the Conde d'Osorio, in returning to Madrid from Cordova, and coming up with the bandits who had stopped Doña Beatrix Nebral's carriage in a pass of the Sierra Nevada, and captured her and her maid with the connivance of the driver, had charged the ruffians with his little troop of four, rescued the lady, killed four of the seven brigands, and brought the others as prisoners to Madrid. The tale, a sufficiently moving one, lost nothing in the telling. Borodisti was still under the influence of the retrospective terror of his daughter's danger and the actual relief of her safety.

"Accept my compliments, Rafael," said Juan Morera, when the armourer had finished his story. "This action does you honour. I was not mistaken, then, Don Antonio; it was the charming Beatrix of whom I caught sight as I came in?"

"Yes, señor. My daughter's widowhood has restored her to me, and I hope she will leave me no more."

"The frequenters of your house will rejoice at that, Don Antonio. She struck me as being more beautiful than ever. I am sorry she went away so quickly; I should have been glad to have the honour of paying my respects to her."

Rafael d'Osorio was offended by these compliments in the mouth of Juan Morera, yet he knew not why. Borodisti cut them short.

"You must be good enough to excuse my daughter and myself, señor," said he. "She is much fatigued by her long and perilous journey, and she requires rest, and also my presence."

"One word, and I restore you to her. His Serene Highness the Prince of the Peace has requested me to inquire of you on what day the arms which he intends to present to the Emperor can be despatched to Paris."

"Be so good, señor, as to say to his Serene Highness in reply that I hope to deliver them to him in forty-eight hours from this time—that is to say, at the date which I fixed on receiving his commission."

"You are a man of your word, Don Antonio, and it is a pleasure to have dealings with you. I leave you to your paternal felicity. Do you come with me, Rafael?"

"I shall have that honour, señor."

The two men then withdrew, ceremoniously accompanied by the armourer to the street, where the Court Physician's coach was in waiting at some distance.

(To be continued.)

THE WAGES OF WORTH.

1ST STAGE.

The moonlight gleams along the lane,
The air is sweet with flowers;
I stand a-kissing Mary Jane
Until the midnight hours.
I like this lonely rustic bliss,
The town's become a bore,
And Mary Jane's a buxom miss
Who puts her soul into a kiss,
Then coyly asks for more.

2ND STAGE.

Now Mary Jane has changed her name
And colour of her hair;
She's not a little known to fame,
And critics call her fair.
She's made her way upon the stage,
Her dance is simply great;
With Johnnies she is all the rage,
She looks no more than half her age,
Is "new" and up-to-date.

3RD STAGE.

I saw my Mary Jane last night,
Posed in an opera box;
She wore a gorgeous gown of white,
With diamonds in her locks.
Her beauty won the praise of men,
And e'en the women there;
I thought of that old lane again—
How little I expected then
She'd wed a millionaire!

ELIZA AND THE MOPWORTHS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

I MUST say that both Eliza and myself felt a good deal of contempt for the Mopworths. We had known them for three years, and that gave us a claim; Peter Mopworth was a connection of Eliza's by marriage, and that also gave us a claim; further, our social position gave us a claim. Nevertheless, the Mopworths were to have their annual party on the following Wednesday, and they had not invited us.

"Upon my soul," I exclaimed, "I never in my life heard of anything so absolutely paltry."

"I can't think why it is!" said Eliza.

"Oh, we're not good enough for them. We all know who his father was, and we all know what he is—a petty provincial shopkeeper! A gentleman holding important employment in one of the principal mercantile firms in the City isn't good enough for him. If I'm permitted to clean his boots, I'm sure I ought to be thankful. Oh, yes! Of course! No doubt!"

"You do get so sarcastic," observed Eliza.

"That's nothing—nothing to what I should be if I let myself go. But I don't choose to let myself go. I don't think he's worth it, and I don't think she's worth it either. It's a pity, perhaps, that they don't know that they're making themselves ridiculous, but it can't be helped. Personally, I shan't give the thing another thought."

"That's the best thing to do," said Eliza.

"Of course it is. Why trouble one's head about people of that class? And, I say, Eliza, if you meet that Mopworth woman in the street, there's no occasion for you to recognise her."

"That would look as if we were terribly cut up because we hadn't been asked to their party."

"Possibly. Whereas, I don't even consider it worth talking about."

We discussed the Mopworths and their party for another hour and a half and then went to bed.

* * *

"Lying awake last night," I said at breakfast the next morning, "I couldn't help thinking over the different things we've done for those serpents."

"What serpents?"

"Those contemptible Mopworths. I wonder if they have any feelings of shame? If they have, they must blush when they think of the way they have treated us."

"I can't think why they've left us out. Perhaps it's a mistake."

"Not a bit of it. I've been expecting this for some time. Of course, he has made money. I don't say—I would rather *not* say—how he has made it. But it seems to have turned his head. However, after this I shall probably never mention him again."

Eliza began to talk about the weather. I told her that Mopworth had done things which, personally, I should have been very sorry to do, and that I should be reluctant to adopt his loud style of dress.

"But, of course," I added, "no gentleman every does dress like that."

Eliza said that if I intended to catch my train I had better start.

I started.

* * *

On my return I said to Eliza that, though the whole subject was distasteful to me, there was one point to which I had given a few moments' consideration. Reluctant though I was to sully my lips with the name of Mopworth, I felt it a duty to myself to say that even if the Mopworths had asked us to their annual party, I should have refused point blank.

"Really?" said Eliza. This annoyed me slightly. She ought to have seen, without being told, that it was impossible for people like us to continue to know people like them.

"I am accustomed," I replied, "to say just exactly

what I mean. As far as I can remember, I have lately more than once asked you to drop the Mopworths. If I have not actually done it, it has been in my mind to do so. They are connected to us by marriage, and I am not unduly proud, but still I feel that we must draw the line somewhere. I do not care to have Mopworth bragging about the place that he is on intimate terms with us."

"Well," said Eliza, "there aren't such a lot of people who ever ask us to anything. Miss Sakers is friendly, of course, especially when there are subscriptions on for the bazaar or the new organ, but she doesn't carry it to that point."

"Quite so," I said, "and I'm by no means certain about Miss Sakers. She may be all right. I hope she is. But I candidly confess that I by no means like her manner."

At this moment the girl brought in a note, delivered by hand, from Mrs. Mopworth. It said that she had sent an invitation to Eliza, but had no reply. She felt so certain that the invitation must have been delayed in the post (which was not surprising, considering the season) that she had ventured to write again, though it might be against etiquette. She hoped that we should both be able to come, and said that on the previous occasion I had been the life and soul of the party.

"Well," I said, "Eliza, what would you like to do?"

"Oh, I'm going!" she replied.

"Then if you insist, I shall go with you. I've never had a word to say against Mrs. Mopworth. It is true that *he* is not in every particular what—well, what I should care to be myself. Possibly he had not had my advantages. I do not want to judge him too harshly. My dress clothes are put away with my summer suit in the second drawer in the box-room. Just put them to the fire to get the creases out. And, Eliza, write a friendly note to Mrs. Mopworth, implying that we had never heard of the party. I saw from the first that the omission was a mistake."

Eliza went away smiling. I don't see what she was smiling at. But women are so variable.

LOVE-BLIND.

SHE is too fair, too pure for me;
Her dear charms hide
A tender pride
Too sweet for my coarse sympathy.

Men tell of her in grave surprise—
Men who have not
A single thought
Above the curs—men born in lies.

A woman's name is man's fair prey;
A woman's heart
No venom'd dart
Can injure like a word astray.

She heeds me not. The liars were
Her guests to-night;
For me 'tis quite
Enough to live in love of her!

A RELIGIOUS OPINION.

For some time back I have been reading every week and enjoyed reading, Jerome's *To-Day*. It is perhaps as breezy a weekly journal as is published, the sturdy manliness all through appealing to the natural instincts of almost any young man. With his views on the question of total abstinence a good many of his readers will disagree, but the healthy vigour with which he treats judicial farces as evidenced in magistrates' courts every week throughout the land, and the plain, blunt, matter-of-fact style in which he deals with the everyday experiences of the life of youth make him in most matters a very desirable companion.—From *The Christian News*, December 21, 1895

A JAPANESE FETE.*

MR. CLIVE HOLLAND, who is evidently at home in Japan, gives the following experiences at a fête of the English hero and his dainty little Japanese wife:—

"There is not much to see. What there is would scarcely amuse anyone less unsophisticated in the Thespian art than the Japanese. It is something like a shadow-show, only the horrible puppets which appear and go through almost incomprehensible antics are realities, which, in truly terrifying masks, cause Mousmé what are known as delightful 'creeps,' and send her hand clutching at my arm. The noises (from an orchestra of four or five) which accompany the doings of the characters—some of them, are a mixture of man and beast, ghoul-like, and given to sudden and unlooked-for appearances and disappearances—are weird and disquieting. Of harmony the musicians know nothing. Their colour-tones are all blues, greens, greys, and bilious yellows; their merits, that they are in accord with the impressions of the puppets.

"I almost think that Mousmé is getting really frightened, and so I propose moving on to where some clever tumblers, contortionists, and conjurers are to be seen.

"'No,' says Mousmé; 'let us go home.'

"Then, seeing I do not quite understand her desire, she explains with charming *naïveté* that she is afraid of bad dreams.

"'How queer, little Mousmé! and how childlike, to be sure!'

"Mousmé's words have made me notice that the crowd is lessening in density, and the lanterns are going out. Or is it they are paling before the coming dawn?

"I look into the face of Mousmé, and then into the faces of the people near us. Yes, that is it. The moon

is gone down into the sea, and the sun will be climbing up the first steps of another day's journey ere we arrive home.

"We leave the terrace, with its lingering crowds of tired-faced holiday-makers, and fading light of lanterns and tea-houses, and by a short cut gain a mountain path leading close home.

"The sound of the trumpets gets less and less distinct, and that of the ever-chirping cicadas more so, as we wend our way, Mousmé and I, along the narrow, rough, unpaved path in the rapidly-growing dawn of a Japanese morning.

"The path runs between fields of flowers, and is edged with dewy grass. The perfume of the former, and the keen freshness of the morning air, arouse Mousmé's almost slumbering senses. Through the indescribable fragrance and glamour of an Eastern dawn we wend our way slowly and with tired feet homewards.

"The women, in blue cotton garments, are already coming up to work in the tea-fields. Good-looking children accompanying them chase each other across the dew-spangled grass, trampling under foot flowers which would have graced a palace.

"At last we walked up the little garden path, slippery now with the morning exhalations. They are all asleep. Everywhere is quiet.

"But no matter! When Mousmé has drowsily mounted the verandah steps we have only to enter our little house, which looks so lonely and mysterious at this early hour, by pushing aside one of these sliding paper panels, to cross the creaking floor, covered with spotlessly clean matting, and then fall asleep in two minutes on the soft, mosquito-guarded mattress, lulled, if we needed a lullaby, by the servant's muffled snores down below."

* "My Japanese Wife," by Clive Holland. Second edition. (A. Constable and Co.)

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE NIHILIST'S ESCAPE.

BY

ALAN OSCAR.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.



interrupted, sir," and "Lamps" looked severely at me, "we was all happy and content, and just then, it was the werry night afore sailing, that the torskin of war sounded."

I should have like to query "torskin," but feared to interrupt again.

"I remember well. Jem Blake was readin' us an account of the battle of Waterloo, and we'd got to the place where old Wellington, he says 'Hup guards and at 'em,' when Coxey—a feller in the port watch—calls over to Harry Buttleer, a Frenchy in the crowd, 'That's where you copped it, old son,' he says. 'You be dam,' says Frenchy. 'Come out on deck and I fight Vaterloo wis you.' 'I'd see your nose cheese first,' says Coxey. Well I remember them words, for just at that moment in walks a stranger. 'Yes,' Coxey says, 'I'd see your nose cheese first,' says he, just as that 'ere stranger walks in.

VE noticed very often," said the lamp-trimmer, "that just when you're all comfor'ble and content like, somethin's sure to happen. And so it was with us in that larst trip to Odessa. Yer see we'd been from Shiver de Vic——"

"Where?" queried I.

"Shiver de Vic. In Hitterly. Where yer gets off for Rome."

"Oh. Chivitta Vecchia," said I, superior, and putting in the accent.

"Well, that's what I said. From there we got chartered for the Danube, and there to Odessa. And as I was a-sayin', when you hin-

"Now them Rooshins is a smelly lot in general, and we don't calculate on havin' 'em in a ship's fo'c'sle, so that this feller's appearance was quite enough to put the kibosh on the fight between Coxey and the Frenchman.

"'Ere! Hi! Clear out o' tnis!' shouted the boys at the feller. He was dressed like them moojiks always are, frowsy sheep-skin and rags; and smelt of that soup of theirs, more like sour kraut than anythink else.

"Well, he didn't move, and the fellers, expecting him to slink horf at the first word, looked at him.

"'Are you men?' he says in a croaky sort of whisper.

"The boys looked at one another.

"'Is we men?' sniggers Coxey. 'What's the bloke a-trying to get out of hisself?'

"We were all more or less surprised to hear him speak English.

"'I'm what you calls a Nilst,' says he, 'and I escaped last night from a gang that was going to Siberia. If you're men you'll help me. I was an Englishman once.'

"And with that he opens his rags and shows us a pair of leg-irons all wounded round with straw and triced up to his waist to prevent clinking. Well, we looks at one another.

"'For God's sake speak!' says he. 'They've been arter me all day. Stow me away somewheres,' he says, 'and I'll make you all rich.'

"Now there was only four of us; you see he had come to the starboard fo'c'sle door, that's the sailor's side in a steamboat. The black squad, the fireman, you know, had locked up their side and gone ashore after their soap and matches, but only Joe Peters was away from our crowd.

"'I'll make you all rich,' says he. 'If you'll stow me away safe so's they can't find me when they searches the ship, you shall have a hundred roubles each,' he says. 'And when I get to England I'll more than double it.'

"Well, you know, wages doesn't run to much over three pound a month in these days, and a sailor is always ready to go on the make when he gets a chanst.

"'What d'ye say, boys?' asks Jem Blake.

"'What d'yer say yourself, Jem?' says I.

"Ye see he were the best scholard in the crowd, and we looked to him in such cases.

"'We might stow him away in the grain, down the number one hatch,' says Jem.

"The idea took. We lifts a hatch and gets down with a light; soon breaks out some of the bags, and makes a hole for the poor cnap; gives him a pannikin of water and a rooty (small loaf), and then builds the bags over him again. Then we goes back to the fo'c'sle and has a cenfab over it.

"Now, boys," says Jem, 'mind yer. If so be as the poor devil is found, nobody knows nothing about him.'

"We all agreed to this, and were just thinking of turning in when the ship is hailed by them half-bred customs fellers or whatever they are. In another ten minutes there's a regular human cry fore and aft; the blooming grey coats come aboard, and we are all called up on the quarter-deck. There we find the skipper and a lot more all standing round.

"Now, men," says he, 'that p'ltical prisoner who escaped this morning is supposed to be aboard here: if he can't be found it may mean delaying the ship over a week, and possibly be a serious thing for us all. I ask you, as men, straight. Have you seen him?'

"'Oo the 'el are *you*?' snarls Coxey, beginning to walk forrard; but one of the grey coats cops him, and the skipper says—

"Men, we must obey orders here.' Then he asks the feller what he wants. To muster the crew. So they bring out the mate's list, and ticks off our names, engineers and all.

"Where's Peters?' says the mate.

"He's ashore, sir," says I.

"Well, that satisfied 'em, and they goes off a-searching. Everywhere they went, down the fore peak and all; then they comes to the hatches. We hadn't been careful enough seemingly in putting the bags back, and I spotted it at once. And when I looked I thought to



"ARE YOU MEN?" HE SAYS.

"No, sir," says Blake, 'we've heard nothing of him.'

"There was a lot of muttering, then, amongst them, and presently the 'old man' says, 'Well, Mr. Trigg,' that were the mate, 'Mr. Trigg,' he says, 'lend the officers a hand to search the vessel. And you men,' he says to us, 'just lift the catches so's they can get down into the holds.'

"When it comes to that we began to think as how our roubles wasn't worth much. We were just turning to go forrard when one of the bloomin' Rushie horficers lets a yell out of hisself.

"Halt!" says he.

myself that we'd ought to be kicked for such stowage; how we could ha' been such a lot of geezers as to leave the bags like that I couldn't think.

"All up," whispers Blake to me. One of the fellers heard him and turned on us.

"Down there, isn't it?' he says with a grin.

"Well, they turns over a couple of dozen bags and finds—nothink! The bird had flown!

"They all begins to swear and spit, like a lot of hover-grown cats. There's a lot o' spittin' in Rooshian; it's a *bat* as I can understand and speak a bit too, being as I were out in Odessa for two years in a shore job. But

Lord love yer! it did me a treat to hear them fellers swear. Well there were a proper hooraw. Ye see they found the bread and pannikin of water as we'd give to the pore feller. The old man——"

"Which old man?" interpolated I.

"That's the name we gives the captin' at sea, sir. He were fit to be tied; goin' a-roarin' round the deck seekin' whom he might devour. 'Off with all the hatches!' he roars. 'By the livin' Jeewax,' says he, 'if I knowed the man as did it he should hang for it!'

"Well, we was busy as nailers unbattening the tarpaulins and getting horf the hatches. And all of a sudden it seems to strike me as the feller liftin' orf a hatch with me smells precious high.

"Be that you, Joe?" says I, thinking it might be Peters.

"Yes, it's me," answers a voice.

"My good Gord!" I says to myself, 'the Rooshian!' And so it were. He chucked his sheep-skin and copped a monkey jackey outter the fo'c'sle; and there he were working' amongst us in the dark same's he'd been one of the sailors.

"Jem Blake were the other side o' me. 'Jem,' I says, whispering, 'here's the poor bloomin' Rooshian.'

"Jem gives a bit of a jump like, but says nothing, and I sees him sneak away forrard. He's a long-headed beggar, is Jem. Then I hears his voice away at the bows. 'Hi! you hofficer!' cries he, "What's up!" roars the skipper, and the whole biling of 'em rushes forrard.

"There!" cries Jem, a-pointing on to the mole, 'there's a feller

ashore, creepin' along the sheds.' It was a treat to see them officers shoot.

One of 'em hangs behind a bit. We was a-clusterin' round the gangway to watch the chase.

"You are now five men! How is it?" he says to me.

"Yes," says I in Rooshian. 'This here's the man as was ashore.

"Which one? Which one?" he cries. 'Quick! quick!' says he, a-lookin' in our faces. The prisoner feller pokes his head forrard and grunts; the officer grunts too. And then off he goes arter his pals. You believe me, sir, them two spoke to each other. None of our fellers could understand. But I did, consequent on my knowin' the language, yer see. Just some private watonword it were. The hofficer was a Nilist same as our prisoner. There's heaps of 'em in the Rooshian army.

"Well, he gives a big sigh of relief, and we all stands

a-lookin' at each other. What next? Yer see it were a risky job if we was copped. The feller seed as we were nesitating. He turned to me and began to jabber in Rooshian.

"When does she sail?"

"To-morrow morning," says I.

"You won't give up a fellow countryman," he says. And—well, sir, we couldn't, and, as luck would have it, the p'lice didn't come back to the ship.

"When the black squad come back aboard I gets hold of the donkey man, as were a towny of mine, and he stows my nabs away in the bunkers. I give him a store of water and bread, and then he tells me one of us must run ashore with a *chit* to his gal. I thought it had better be me, seeing as I spoke the *bat*. So he tells me to go so-an'-so, and sit down and take off my boot same as if

I'd a stone in it; then wait till I'm spoke to.

"Well, I nips off ashore. You knows Odessa, of course, sir?"

"No," said I. 'I don't.'

"Then I must tell yer. There's a bullyvard a-facing the sea, and a big flight of steps that some waster built out of money collected for paving the town. Up at the top of these 'ere steps there's a stature of a feller they calls Duk de Reeshoo in a sort of bathing costoom.

"You go and sit under him an' take your boot off," says our Nilist.

"So I goes ups to the stature, sits down, and takes my boot off. Just then it struck me as it might be a plant, and I turns cold all over. The Consul would never be able to help me if I was caught in tow with these Nilists.

And I began to think I'd best put my boot on again and skedaddle. Just then a couple of gals goes past. Dressed they was as you'd expect gals to be at that time o' night.

"Allo, Johnny," says one.

"I looks but says nothing. A old chap like me don't run mad for the gals like the young 'uns."

"They walks on a few steps and turns.

"Somiesing in your shoe?" she says as they walks past again.

"Then I suppose they was satisfied the coast was clear, for they came back and stood close to me.

"Quick!" she whispers. 'Where is he?'

"Aboard the steamer Hope," says I.

"Blessed name!" she answers. 'And he is safe?'

"Yes, miss, I think so," I says. But I needn't tell you all our talk, which was short. I told her all there was to



SHE TOOK THE HINT, AND BLOWED A LITTLE KISS.

tell, and give her the *chit*. Then she said, 'God bless you, sailor!' she said, and squeezed a little package into my hand. Then they both walked away along the bully-yard. I put my boot on again and went down aboard.

"The chaps was all turned in, and I thought to myself the less said the better, so turned in too. I could hear the firemen's shovels clinking as they got the steam up.

"We hauled away from our berth just as day was breaking. One of the gals was on the quay watching. I gave her the wink, and sung out 'All right' as if I were a-hailing one of the chaps. She took the hint and blowed a little kiss. Well, sir, a old feller like me don't get even a blowed kiss *every* day, and somehow it went to my heart like, and I wondered if she were his sweetheart or what. I saw her safe in old England arterwards—Hengland the land of the free. I wouldn't be a Rooshian. No, not if—

"Well, next morning, when we was washing decks I nipped down below and brought our stowaway up on deck.

"All safe now!' says I, 'and free,' and I tells him about the women. He busts out a-crying. I shoves a broom into his fist. 'Here,' I says, 'lend a hand till someone notices yer.' So he started scrubbing with the rest.

"The mate stops him soon enough. 'You there, with the broom. Where did *you* spring from?' he howls.

"Then I went up and told him. He went below and brought the skipper on deck.

"We was a-washing the leeside of the bridge. The old man comes pattering along. 'Mind that there hose!'

he says. 'Now, then, what's all this about? Where's the man?'

"I seed our stowaway make a jump when he heard his voice; he dropped his broom and turned to the skipper.

"I'm the man,' he says, quiet like; and his voice got a sort of tremble into it.

The skipper looks at him, then shoves his head forward to take a closer squint.

The pore feller was a-shiverin' and shakin' like a wet dog, but he kep' a bright eye and looked the other full in the face.

"Well?' says the old man.

The chap never says nothink.

"Who knows anything about this feller?' asks the skipper. Then I ups and tells him.

He listened serious like, and when I'd adone, stands a-thinking. All sudden he calls the mate.

"Let him go to work in the bunkers," he says, 'and—look here, I don't want to know nothink about him, see? *I know nothink.*'

"All right,' says the mate, and off he goes.

"It were all kep' proper and quiet, and when we gets home the chap vanquishes horf and none the wiser.

"The woman? Oh, she were his wife. What did we get? Well, the packidge she give me was five hundred of them paper roubles. Old Mosey Marks give us fifty pound for 'em.

"And we got twice that later on. I banked mine; most of the chaps blewed their whack in less than a week.

"But the pay I thought most of arter all was that blowed kiss."

WHEN MY BELINDA WALKS ABROAD.

When my Belinda walks abroad,
This earth to heaven is nearer;
This heart of mine goes wild with glee,
And all the world is dearer,
When my Belinda walks abroad.

When my Belinda walks abroad,
Grey heads forget their reason;
And hearts that are no longer free
Forget that love is treason,
When my Belinda walks abroad.

When my Belinda walks abroad,
The flowers leap up to meet her;
A thousand throats on lawn and lea
Swell out with praise to greet her,
When my Belinda walks abroad.

When my Belinda walks abroad,
The sun in heaven doth woo her;
And every flower, and plant, and tree,
Sends fragrant kisses to her,
When my Belinda walks abroad.

When my Belinda walks abroad,
The stars for love shine brighter;
And when she deigns to smile, I see
The love-lorn moon turn whiter,
When my Belinda walks abroad.

When my Belinda walks abroad,
A rose amid her roses,
Then blooms the fairest flower for me
That ever day uncloses!
When my Belinda walks abroad.

JAMES A. MACKERETH

IN PRAISE OF FOG.

THE bloomin' spring don't matter to me,
The autumn tints they never agree
With this 'ere child, and I don't feel free
In summer's glare, but I *loves* to see—
A good old London fog.

O, jumpin' Mo', the fog's a thing
To make yer glad, for under it's wing
You can mooch around and have yer fling,
And collar the swag and hook it in—
A good old London fog.

If you wanten do a silent guy,
Bonnet a bloke when the slops are by,
Or ease a pocket; the cove that's fly
Ses "Give us a fog," and so sez I—
A good old London fog.

Suppose you ain't had nothin' to eat—
Then a soupy fog is bread and meat.
If shag is scarce, then took in the street
Through an old clay pipe it smokes a treat—
A good old London fog.

Toffs who wear tailor-made togs like you,
Can swagger around when skies are blue;
My toggery lets the sunlight through,
So I prefers, as I allus do—
A good old London fog.

It beautifies a villainous phiz.
It's good for larks and better for biz,
And it keeps away the rheumatiz,
So right down regular welcome is—
A good old London fog.

A. W. T.

SWINDLING GANGS OF INDIA.

BY
ALEXANDER BAIRD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WICKED MAGICIAN AND THE CREDULOUS PARSEE—
THE SAINT'S DREAM—ON SACRED GROUND—AMONGST
THE GENII—THE TREASURE REVEALED—THE GENII
KING'S DEMAND—FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY—THE
FATE OF ST. SYED MAGRABI.

IN cheating by means of a pretended hidden treasure, the chief of the swindling gang assumes the rôle of a magician who is in league with the King of the Genii, and who has, like Aladdin in the "Arabian Nights" tale of "The Wonderful Lamp," a few genii at his command who are able to reveal to him enormous wealth that has been hidden away for generations, and been forgotten. And as there are few Asiatics who have not a firm belief in those fabled beings, victims to this method of swindling are not difficult to procure.

A Parsee, whose habit it was, like many others, to say his prayers by the seashore, found one morning his chosen spot for devotion occupied by an old Mahomedan of venerable aspect. He wore a long, white beard, and the placid, saint-like expression of his face at once filled the Parsee with awe. He stood near by, but could not say his prayers that morning on account of the curiosity he felt as to the strange visitor.

Many days this saintly old fellow came to the same spot, till one morning the Parsee, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, accosted one whom he rightly took to be one of the ancient worshipper's followers, and asked him who his master was.

"He is," was the reply, "the great Pir (or Saint) Syed Magrabi, a holy man who has control over immense treasure. Oh, a great man is he! The King of the Genii, who is his slave, reveals to him hidden wealth, which he spends in benefiting his unfortunate fellow-creatures."

The Parsee went home, marvelling much at this revelation, and the desire to talk to the Pir grew so strong that he determined to accost him next morning.

He succeeded even beyond his expectations, for the reverend Pir had no sooner raised himself from his sacred carpet than, finding the Parsee standing close beside him, he started, as he had done the previous day, stood for a moment regarding him in silence, and then said—

"Oh, thou descendant of Nowsherwan and Darius! thou art the man who has been revealed to me in a vision. It is thou, O most happy, most favoured of mortals, for whom I have been waiting here. It is for thee I have been sent hither by Allah, for thou hast been chosen by divine decree to become, through me, a great benefactor to suffering humanity. Thou, O son of the immortal Nowsherwan! art destined to become the possessor of great riches; for thee great treasure, hidden for generations in the bowels of the earth, is reserved. Thou wilt become the possessor of many ships, which in fleetness shall surpass all that sail upon the sea, and which shall carry pilgrims to Mecca, where rests the Great Prophet. Amin! Amin! Amin!"

The Pir then knelt in front of the bewildered Parsee, and bowed three times towards the east. Then, rising again, he once more addressed the Parsee, saying—

"To-night, at sunset, meet me here again."

The two men parted, and met as appointed.

The Pir uttered no word, but signed to the Parsee to follow. Along the dark road leading to the town they passed through many streets the saint silently led the way, and entered a bungalow, signing to the Parsee to follow.

They passed through a room, dimly lit, into another, which was dark but for two tall *samai*, or lamp-stands, on which burned strange yellow lights, which gave to

the Pir's face, as he stood between them, a weird, death-like paleness.

The Parsee was awe-struck, and the scene was rendered the more supernatural by men, darkly clad, gliding as silently as spectres through the gloom in which the spacious room was shrouded.

In a voice that sounded strangely hollow in that almost empty room, the Pir, speaking for the first time since they had re-met, said—

"Son of Nowsherwan, advance no further till thou hast removed thy shoes, for here is sacred ground."

The Parsee tremblingly obeyed, and then the Pir, handing him a small square of carpet, told him to stand upon it, lest the King of the Genii, whom he was about to summon to reveal the treasure of which he had spoken, might seek to destroy him.

"To all my invocations, also," he added, "thou must lowly salaam, and say 'Amin' continually."

An overpowering odour filled the room. Whence it came the Parsee knew not, but it seemed to dull his senses, and to his terror he saw, or imagined he saw, awful forms, as of demons, floating through the air, enveloped in a faintly luminous, greenish vapour.

The Pir, still standing between the two flaming *samai* made a sign with his hand. In response a man advanced, and, removing a stone slab, began to dig. He had only thrown out a few spadefuls of earth when he fell back with a loud cry, and the Parsee saw, to his amazement and horror, blood issuing from the man's mouth. He cried out, as if in agony, that terrible demons were flying towards him, whirling fierce serpents round their heads; and there, sure enough, the Parsee saw the same eldritch vision he had already witnessed.

The poor Parsee trembled with terror, his knees knocked together, he felt as if he would drop, and he uttered "Amin! Amin!" as the saint had commanded him, as rapidly as his well-nigh paralysed tongue would let him.

A wave of the magician's hand, and the terrifying vision disappeared, whereupon the excavator resumed his task. When he stopped again, the Parsee saw, rising slowly out of the ground, a large copper vessel. The Pir bent over it, and, with outstretched hands muttered a long speech in Arabic, having finished which, he removed the cover, when, to the Parsee's increased amazement, a cobra rose out of the pot, and wriggled about fantastically. The Pir, muttering more mysterious language, made a circle with his finger in the air three times round the head of the snake, and then, thrusting his hand into the pot, brought forth five bright gold pieces, which he presented to the Parsee. They were gold mohurs, he said, of ancient coinage, and millions more would be forthcoming if he only would obey his instructions. The Pir then wrote upon a sheet of perfumed green paper, muttered a charm, and threw the note into the air. The mysterious paper hovered a moment over the yellow light burning in the *samai*, and disappeared in a flash of fire. The reply, he said, would come immediately. A brief silence, and the Pir, stretching forth his hand, received, as from out the fire, a green envelope sealed with green wax. Opening it, he read some words in Arabic, and, addressing the Parsee, said—

"It is the command of the King of the Genii that thou, who art to receive this treasure, must first provide covers for the tombs of such saints as he here names. The cost of these will be 20,000 rupees, till which be forthcoming, the genii's servant, whom thou seest here in the form of a snake, will guard the treasure. While he is by, it will remain invisible to all eyes but thine and mine."

It was, however, very soon proved visible to other mortal eyes.

Just at this moment romance ended, and reality—very stern reality—took its place.

The doors flew open, and in stepped, at the head of a small body of police, the Sirdar Mir Abdul Ali, chief of the Bombay Detective Department.

Now it was the saintly magician's turn to show signs of surprise and terror. It appears that, not long before, he had visited a native state and swindled a too-

credulous prince in the same way as he had been imposing upon the Parsee, by pretending to reveal to him some hidden treasure.

The genii king's slave (otherwise the cobra) was easily disposed of, being a harmless snake hired from some charmers for the purpose of adding effect to the deception.

The copper pot, on being emptied, was found to contain gilded pice (bronze coins a trifle smaller than our halfpenny).

The mysterious uprising of the pot from the ground was nothing very wonderful. The hole was found full of *chunam*, and that, together with a small overturned *chatti*, or brass vessel, revealed the secret of the trick. *Chunam* swells very rapidly when steeped in water, and

the man who did the digging had but to upset the water-pot to make the *chunam* swell, and so raise the vessel containing the coins out of the ground.

The "blood" that issued from the man's mouth was only the juice of a root which he had been chewing. As to the disappearance of the green paper, and the genii king's reply, that is an old trick of the conjurer.

The yellow flames which gave the weird light were simply produced by a mixture of common salt and methylated spirits.

The last I heard of the Saint Syed Magrabi was that he was learning to weave carpets under State supervision, and he did not seem to have any genii slaves about to help lighten his labours.

THE END.

"A MODEL TRILBY" INTERVIEWED.

"TAFFY, THE LAIRD, AND SVENGALI."

If it hadn't been for Mr. Harry Soutar—the "Model Manager"—I should still be standing at the stage-door of the Opera Comique, arguing with the commissionaire.

But Mr. Harry Soutar, like the Adelphi hero, came at the right moment, and, when he found what I wanted, he said he would help me.

"You ought to have come an hour earlier. Taffy is 'on' now, Svengali is making up, The Laird is looking for his whiskers, and Jacko—goodness knows where Fred Storey has got to!"

"But they have 'waits'; couldn't I catch them then, just for a few minutes?"

"Umph! you may *try*. It's a hopeless task—but follow me."

The stage-damager disappeared down a flight of steps. I followed.

"Here! Stand there—prompt side. Mind the lime-light man! Mr. Little comes off 'left-centre.' Stop him!"

This sounded easy, but it wasn't. I couldn't see anything at first. Limelights were dancing all over the stage, the orchestra was having a race with Miss Cutler's song, "When I sit for the 'Altogether,'" and someone who resembled Mr. Le Gallienne kept on digging me in the ribs.

To him I said: "I want The Laird; please tell me when he comes off."

"Heaps of time!" whispered Le Gallienne, *alias* Mr. Horniman. "Half-an-hour more; the monkey isn't on yet."

"You're the monkey, aren't you?"

"Not at present. Fred Storey is Jacko. I take his place next week."

"Same business?"

"No; the monkey is going to talk, and I don't alter my make-up. I'm still—— Look out! There goes Little!"

I rushed "left-centre" and tumbled over Miss Maude Lindo. "Mr. Little, one moment!"

"Ah! Heaven is just; but 'tis bitter—very bitter! I know what you want. Yes; I was born in the spring, when the tiger-lilies——"

"Tiger-lilies grow in the autumn!"

"Well, let it be autumn. The point is, I was born."

"And then?"

"Oh! have pity, and don't cross-question me! I was at Covent Garden ball last night. I had a lovely dress—dresses are my hobby. It was Persian, with a turban and a spear. I only got the second prize. I've had seven prizes already. Yes; when I'm bankrupt I can live on my prizes. I've invented hundreds of dresses. It is expensive. Ah! the first violin is out of tune. Fond of music? I revel in it. Wagner is my god, and—just so! the *Pantomime Rehearsal* was delightful. Don't ask me about modern plays or modern women or modern love—love is too variable. Doubtless it's the fault of our climate; we only get samples of weather—

and love! I loved once, and she—— Look out! My cue!"

The man sitting on an enlarged canary-perch turned a "green-lime" full on me. I clutched what I believed to be Mr. Little's brawny arm—it seemed deliciously soft for a man. "Go on—your love was not returned?"

"I don't know who you are!" said a silvery voice; "but you needn't pinch my bare arm like that!"

The lime-light transferred itself to the owner of the silvery voice, and I found I was firmly holding on to Miss Maude Lindo.

"I'm so sorry! I thought you were Mr. Little. He was just telling me about his lost love."

"Well, he nearly lost his cue. You might let go my arm now you know I'm not Mr. Little."

"I beg your pardon, but that limelight gets in my eyes. Perhaps *you'll* tell me something about the art of love?"

"Me? Why, I never loved anyone—except——"

"Ah! those exceptions?"

"Well, of course, you know—love is—that is to say, when a girl is loved she can't help—I mean—well, you must fall in love yourself to understand what love means!"

"That might be easy, if——"

Mr. Harry Soutar interrupted us by shouting in a stage whisper, "Silence! Miss Lindo, your Trilby dance waiting!" Away she rushed, and the limelight followed her. Probably I should have done the same, only at that moment Taffy, the Laird, and Svengali rushed into my arms, perspiring.

"Take him away!" panted Mr. Little, pointing at me. "Take him away! He's worse than Sir Frank Lockwood!" They bolted up the stairs into Room 7. I followed. "Never mind me! Do your quick change and talk."

"Talk!" gasped Mr. Harwood; "I can't talk!"

"But surely you are imitating Tree!"

"How did you (gasp) discover that? Dresser, give me that shirt! (gasp). I suppose you want to know about first appearances (gasp), and funny experiences (gasp). Give me that towel! I've always played——"

"The fool!" (an aside from Taffy).

"But this," continued Svengali, "is my first burlesque."

"What about Marcellus at the Haymarket?" cried "The Laird."

"That wasn't (gasp) my fault. I was playing (hand over the cocoa-butter) Laertes. Terry, who was the Marcellus, didn't appear (gasp). Tree rushed up to me. 'Come on as Marcellus' (towel). I hadn't the togs, so I put on a pair of trousers (gasp), a cloak, a halberd, and a red spear. Oh, it was awful! But I did it (gasp), and the trousers passed. Excuse my want of breath, but Soutar dances so wildly, and it's my first burlesque. Yes, I was at the Lyceum several years. Have a cigarette? I must go—here's Farren Soutar coming. He'll talk to you (gasp). Good-bye."

In the distance I heard the voice of Beerboom Tree. "Ladies and gentlemen, I can only say 'Thank you.'"

"Mr. Tree was awfully good," someone was saying. I couldn't see who it was because the smoke had grown thick. I think it was Farren Soutar. "He invited the whole of our company to the Haymarket, and you know the state of the 'booking.' He showed Harwood all the details of his make-up and gave us every information."

Through the fog of Melachrinos I saw the face of "Taffy."

"How do you take your whiskers off?" I asked.

"I've two pair—see? Aren't they fine? How long have I been on the boards? Only two years. Genius? No, luck! Miss Farren is a grand little manageress. Everyone loves her. Hullo, here comes Jacko. He'll talk to you. I can't talk about myself."

Mr. Fred Storey, carrying his tail in his hand, joined our party.

"Cigarette, please? Something to drink? Dresser, four sodas—plain, of course! Phew, I'm warm. Are you from To-DAY? Delighted to see you. I'm going to be a king in the Lyceum panto; a rise from a monkey. Yes, I believe in Darwin's theory. I was a real monkey once."

"What is that story," I asked, "about your journey from Leeds to Holyhead on the footboard of the train?"

"I was on tour—give me a light, Soutar—the company were travelling to Holyhead. Being Sunday we were all dull. I got tired of sitting on a hair-stuffed cushion, so I opened the door of the carriage and laid down on the footboard and had a nap. The engine driver got very excited, and an old lady tearfully begged me not to commit suicide, because she said I resembled her dear son John. When we got to Holyhead the officials wanted to run me in; but they remembered having seen me tumble in a pantomime somewhere and forgave me."

"Yes," laughed Mr. Harwood, who had re-entered, "Storey did a somersault outside Holyrood Castle on the stones once."

"That's nothing, you should see him ride a bicycle!"

"I rode a cycle," said Taffy, "but I tried to be too clever. I thought I could ride across a footbridge at Sunbury, and instead, I rode into the Thames—on a 56-inch machine!"

"I hate bicycles," murmured a voice like the voice of Farren Soutar.

"Oh, Soutar wants to ride a tandem!"

"Do you believe in 'tandem,' Mr. Soutar?"

"Better than a 'single,' I think. Have another wh—soda, I mean?"

The fog had grown thicker. It was impossible to distinguish the monkey from "The Laird." A call came that the stage was waiting, and we rushed downstairs.

In a maze of gorgeous dresses and fair women and lime-lights and scene-shifters, I lost Mr. Farren Soutar and Fred Storey and Beerbohm Tree—I mean Svengali. Mr. Horniman (Le Gallienne) passed me, looking as if he had lost his soul, and I heard Miss Maude Lindo asking me not to mistake her for Mr. Little again.

Then Miss Kate Cutler passed—right-centre.

"My eye, but we are late! Ah, good evening. How do you like Trilby, 'the day after Du Maurier'?" And the beautiful vision disappeared into blue limelight. I began to envy that limelight.

And I saw, like an impressionist sketch, or a picture by Whistler, Herr Meyer Lutz wildly waving his bâton above the heads of the orchestra, two dozen pairs of shapely ankles quivering in mid-air. Jacko's tail circling here, there, and everywhere, and "The Laird's" whiskers floating gracefully above Trilby's head.

And then the curtain fell, and I was borne stage-door-wards amid a mass of "Trilbyites." Someone put a cigarette between my lips, and someone else put me into the Strand, and by-and-bye I found myself wondering who I had been interviewing, and what excuses I could make to my editor.

As Mr. C. P. Little said, "Heaven is just, but 'tis bitter, very bitter!"

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

THE other dye a chap give me a small furrin' coin, 'avin' the look o' silver, which it weren't, and not unlike the or'nery sixpence. It 'ad a 'ole in it, and that give me an hideer. I put a tack through the 'ole, and faustened thet coin darn tu the floor of the 'bus. And nar, thinks I to myself, we shall see what we shall see. Fust a 'ole gent gits in, cawsts one glawnce at the coin, and then looks arand, innercent-like, and begins 'ummin' ter 'isself. Then he puts 'is eye on me, and I didn't appear ter be tikin' no notice of 'im. Slowly 'e slides 'is 'oof over thet coin, and stoops darn ter fawsten up 'is boot-lice. I sees 'im fumblin' awye theer, tryin' ter git thet coin up; then 'e chucks it, and sets up agen. A moment arter 'e gort art, and afore I'd done lawfin two ole lyedies come in. Both of 'em sees the coin, and nudges each other. Presently one of 'em stoops darn ter pick it up. I storps 'er. "Eqscoose me, ma'm," I says, "but whort are yar doin'?" "Pickin' up a sixpence I dropped just now," says she, as bold as brass. "Beg parden," says I. "Are yur sure thet's it?" "In course I am," says she. "I seed 'er drop it myself," says the other lyedy, "and I seed it roll there. So don't you try and pretend it's yours, Mister Conductor." "Sut-tingly not," says I. "If it's the lyedy's let 'er pick it up. I only awst because I'adn't seed 'er drop nut-think." Then she tries ter pick it up, and the gime begins. "It must 'ave gort caught in sutthink," she says. "Yus," says I; "it's caught in a tin-tack 'ammered through the middle of it. Likely you dropped the 'ammer and tack sime time you dropped the sixpence—on'y if you look at it, you'll see as it ain't a sixpence. Shall I storp the 'bus fer yer, ma'am, and send fur a pair o' pincers ter pull it up with? If it's your propputy, it's a pity ter leave it be'ind, yer know." Them ole lyedies gawsped, I can tell yer. "Very well," says one o' them, "we reports you fur inserlence." "Report awye," says I. "And this is the lawst time we ever rides in this 'bus," says the other. "Well, that's a 'eavy blow fur the comp'ny," says I. "But, arrever, theer is jest a foo people in Lunnun besides yerselves, and I dessay we shall be ible to scratch along some'ow withart yer pattrynidge."

Well, ter think of it—two respeckeble-lookin' nicely-dressed 'ole lyedies and both of 'em lyin' like troopers for the sike o' thrupence each! O 'uming nycher, you're a a rum 'un!

Fur enliv'nin' of the tejum o' the dye's work, I dunno as I ever farnd anythink do better than thet coin niled to the floor o' the 'bus. But arter a 'alf hower of it, I pulled it up. Thinks I ter myself, a little more o' this and I shouldn't trust my own mother with twopence to fetch me 'arf-a-pint on my dyin' bed.

NO LAWSUIT NECESSARY.

"He isn't doing much painting nowadays, is he!"

"Oh, he was wedded to his art, but a woman alienated his affections"

THEN HE WEPT BITTERLY.

THE COUNT. "For some time I have felt that I could not live without you."

Miss Milyuns: "Yes, it is hard to have to earn your own living."

AMBIGUOUS.

CLARA: "I'm twenty-one to-day."

Maude: "You don't look it."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Is there anything prettier than a children's party? I have been to two already and have enjoyed the happy little faces and the treble tones ringing with happiness. There are always a few naughty, badly brought-up children at every party, though; and the funny thing is that the parents seem prouder of the naughty ones than of the good. At one of those we went to, there were two brothers aged about nine and ten, who amused themselves the whole evening with tearing up and down the whole length of the room at full speed, knocking over tiny children and making such a noise that quiet games were out of the question. The mother of these impedimenta sat smilingly watching them while they butchered their poor hostess's party, and was evidently acutely proud of their "spirit." Said Jim to me, "Don't you long to tell that woman that her boys are ill-bred imps?" He was right! I was yearning to do it, and so, I am sure, was our unfortunate entertainer. But the party was a great success, in spite of them, chiefly because only scraps under ten were asked. Have you ever observed what a piquant contrast there is between a very small child and a frock of elaborate and sophisticated material? It struck me afresh when I saw a girl of about six in a Watteau gown of white brocade, very rich and handsome, her innocent little face and curly head looking out above the fretted snow of the frock with an expression of ingenuousness far removed from that associated with the ladies of the Watteau period. She rustled about with a dancing step, never walking, but butterflying, so to speak. Another dear little mite, aged perhaps five, wore yellow satin, fringed with violets, and looked a perfect darling in it, her dark curls hanging almost to her waist and her great brown eyes dancing to a tune of mirth and joy ringing in her own childish heart.

At the other party there were older girls, and I was delighted with the simplicity of some of their dresses. One was a white tulle, made with accordeon pleating, and worn with a half-high bodice, and with rather large accordeon-pleated sleeves. A few marguerites were tucked into the folds of tulle about the neck, and a spray of the flowers nestled on each shoulder. White muslin was tucked across all the way up to the knees, and across the upper part of the bodice and the sleeves. The slimness of the graceful young figure was increased by the absence of any tucks above or below the waist; and girls who are rapidly growing are often

rather "lumpy," so that this is a good sort of gown for such an age.

Cheap sales galore! And *such* cheapness. I believe it gets worse (or better) every year. Mother and I scraped a few guineas together, and assisted by a lovely little bit of paper with the name of a certain bank on it and my name on the back, a present from Uncle Rolf, we spent a delightful time in foraging for a warm cape each. Mother's is black crêpon, lined with squirrel, soft, light and warm, just what she needs, for she can't wear heavy things. Mine is dark green velveteen lined with quilted silk and trimmed with brown fur. You must know that velveteen is every bit as fashionable as velvet, nowadays. The Paisley-patterned velveteens are perfectly

lovely. I am just making myself a blouse of one of them. It is in a mixture of green and blue, the two colours shoaled and curved, and vandyked and dove-tailed, into each in a wonderful way. I don't know if you are aware that green and blue mixed up in this inextricable fashion, compose the most becoming possible tint. This is the secret of the enormous popularity enjoyed by peacock blue or green whenever it comes to the surface. My blouse is going to be a thing of beauty, with a steel buckle of mother's, a really good one she has had for years, fastening the belt at the waist, and five steel buttons down the front. The next thing I am going to make is a little Louis XV. coat for theatre wear, also in Paisley-patterned velveteen. This time the colours are a bright soft pink and a greenish blue, with a very little dark green, like deep water, separating the two light colours here and there. Mother says it reminds her of a sunset in Venice, with pink and palest green in the Western sky reflected in the waters of the canals.

The evening blouses are being sold very cheaply at the sales, and some of them are in pretty good condition. Even where the chiffon is a little crushed, the blouses are worth the money charged for them, being of such excellent cut;

while the chiffon can easily be replaced by clever fingers. We bought one, as a commission, for Ada, and she is quite charmed with it, having put folded tulle instead of chiffon. The foundation is white satin, and there is a lot of lovely jet on it, as well as trimmings of black satin ribbons. The whole thing cost but a few shillings.

We have been laughing over the lovely quotations in "A Spinster's Scrip," just published by Heineman. The views it gives of marriage are not encouraging. Here is one quotation:—

"I'd rather be married in October than any other time of the year, if I've got to be. It's kind o' melan-



▲ WINTER COSTUME.

choly then, and one sees everything goin' to pieces and don't mind what one does."

Do you remember Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "Aunt Anne"? Here is a bit from that clever book:—

"Alfred opened the champagne, and Aunt Anne, quick to see, noticed that he gave her three-quarters of a glass, and drank the rest himself. She felt that she was married indeed." Very cruel is the definition given for February 1st: "Mon premier, c'est un tyran; mon second, c'est le diable; et mon tout, c'est l'enfer." And here is another mighty encouraging phrase: "Es ist eben schwer mit den Männern umzugehen." How can a poor girl ever venture to marry with all these groans coming from those who have tried it?

The dress illustrated is made of brown crêpon, trimmed with green velvet and jet. The collar is in velvet and the long-pointed cuffs, as well as the band round the skirt, and the small bit of waistcoat seen at the basque. The cuff is in green feather.

Yours affectionately,

SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LIL wants to know what sort of wife men like best.—The sort of wife a man likes is one who dresses handsomely and becomingly on a very small allowance. She must never go into debt for anything, but must always pay ready-money, whether she can manage to get it out of him or not. Her jewels must on no account be eclipsed by those of the other women of her set, but when she buys them, and the bill comes in, her husband is furious about the outlay. He sulks for a week, but then he would have sulked quite as long if, at the last dinner party, she had shone a secondary star to any lady of their acquaintance. A man loves his wife to be gentle and sympathetic to himself. If she is too much so to her boys, and they take advantage of it and get into debt and go to her to help them out, then he says "D—n sympathy." If she is too good to the poor, and gives them of the household abundance, he is apt to be cynical and censorious; talks of "encouraging a parcel of idle rogues," of "indiscriminate charity," and the harm it does and of the danger of pauperising the needy. None of these considerations, however, prevent him from giving to charities that print his name at the head of subscription lists, or forking out a shilling for cases that come under his immediate notice. It is only the wife who is to subordinate her kindly impulses to considerations of political economy. A man likes his wife to be cheerful. He does not always concern himself very particularly about the means to make and keep her so, but he disapproves utterly of a sad or pensive face. He may have cut her to the quick with some bitter word before he leaves home in the morning, but he is excessively annoyed if he perceives on returning any signs of the wound he has inflicted. As Mrs. Fraser said in *The Benefit of the Doubt*, "A man hits hard, but he never expects to see a bruise." He has forgiven himself for administering the blow, why should not the recipient be equally quick about it? A man likes his wife to be intelligent, quite sufficiently so to be able to conduct the concerns of life and to appreciate his own intellectual parts and enjoy stray ebullitions of his wit and humour. She must applaud these with discrimination, and in that delicate manner which infers no surprise at his possessing brilliancy. But he is exasperated if she should be too intelligent. He does not like to be divined. His depths are to be inviolate; but he likes to sound her shallows; and so well does she know this that she often assumes a shallowness when she has it not. Are these little hints of any use?

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Frozen salmon is sent over from Canada, and is retailed here at one shilling and twopence per pound. This delicious salmon, quite equal to the best, and at this season when only Dutch and French are obtainable, and these at prices ranging from 3s. 6d. per lb. upwards, it is likely to find a large number of purchasers. It is cooked in exactly the same way as ordinary fresh salmon. The freezing process does not appear to deprive it of flavour.

EGG CROQUETTES.—Cut some hard-boiled eggs into dice a quarter of an inch in size. Mix them with some chopped mushrooms. Stir them carefully into a white sauce. Turn the mixture into a cold dish to stiffen. Make it into croquettes. Fry them in hot fat. N.B.—A delicious curry can be made of the eggs and mushrooms, by adding a heaped teaspoonful of curry powder to each half-pint of the sauce and the expressed juice of one onion.

HOW TO FILL UP A LIVING.*

In this pleasant little story there is an amusing discussion between the Bishop of Manifolds and the archdeacon as to who shall be appointed to the living of Thothborough. The motives which influence the bishop in his choice are very cleverly put:—

"The Bishop of Manifolds was walking on his terrace with one of the most trusted lieutenants of his diocese. Gravely paced the two pairs of gaitered legs upon the well-rolled gravel.

"'You were speaking of Thothborough,' said the archdeacon. 'It is a difficult post to fill.'

"'Very,' assented his lordship, thoughtfully. 'The stipend is small, but the position, church, and work are all most important.'

"'A manufacturing town of that description,' pursued the archdeacon, 'requires a man with private means.'

"The bishop agreed. 'Exactly so. The fact is, no man without a certain amount of income of his own would have any influence with that sort of people; they would not respect him. It makes the post most difficult for me to fill.'

"'I almost think,' observed the archdeacon deferentially, 'that I could recommend a man.'

"'You don't say so!' with great satisfaction. 'Pray have no hesitation in naming him at once.'

"'Mr. Churchill, curate-in-charge of St. Mary's Mission chapel, Scatcham,' returned the other.

"'Tut-t-t! no money at all!' returned the bishop, testily. 'I knew his father—excellent man, but poor preacher—never got on at all.'

"'I hear a capital report of him in every way, and his congregation, nearly all working people, are devoted to him.'

"But the great ecclesiastic only shook his head.

"The confidential adviser drew out of his pocket a letter. 'From my youngest daughter, who is staying with some friends,' he said, adding, half apologetically, 'I have always encouraged them to write quite freely to their mother and myself.'

"The bishop nodded. He remembered the young lady in question, at the age of nine, turning a somersault on the lawn just behind her reverend father's back.

"The archdeacon read:—

"The most extraordinary thing has just happened in the next village here. Two old ladies, misers, have just died. Their house was stuffed full of all sorts of things. They found a twenty-pound note in the toe of an old shoe, and papers of stocks and shares in the mattresses. Now, who do you think is the lucky man to inherit all this wealth? Why, that nice Mr. Churchill, from Scatham. I went down directly I heard of it, only this afternoon, and helped them to rummage—it was such fun! The last old lady tried to leave it all to Mrs. Churchill instead of her husband (I can't think why!), but, as she says, it is just the same thing. Isn't it dreadful to think of those two poor old bodies literally starving themselves to death when they were worth eight or ten thousand pounds at least, and nobody knows yet how much more?'

"The archdeacon coughed as he refolded the letter. 'I can recommend him highly; he has already done so well where he is. It would be a pity to let such a man go out of the diocese.'

"'I shall write to-day,' said the bishop, with decision, 'before this matter gets about. I have no doubt he is just the man for the place. I knew his father well—a most excellent man.'

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGE as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

"When Wheat is Green," by Jos. Wilton (Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.).

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

It amuses me with what obstinate persistency some of the new school-board critics, who have seen and know so little of the story of our stage, or that of any other country in the world, insist upon dating the history of our stage as from two to five years ago. Before that time, according to them, it was all pre-historic slush. It is assumed, with airy confidence, that the drama of our country was evolved out of protoplasmic mud and mire with the creation of a certain lady, who shall be nameless—for any allusion to her any more gives one the Trilby shudder—and her widowed admirer at a fashionable West-end theatre. On the other hand, it seems to more experienced and less confident people that after the creation of "The Second Mrs. Eve" the drama has, on the other hand, rather revolved round and round in the very abysmal slime from which she was not created but begotten. A play is produced with a love-story. Ha! Ha! chuckle the wiseacres, no play with a love story would have been permitted or heard of five years ago. A drama is written containing the character of a woman who has gone wrong. Dear me! shriek the school-board young gentlemen, such a character as that would have been impossible in the pre-historic age that came into history five years ago. Shades of Mrs. Hallis and the Stranger! Shades of the Lady of the Camelias and Traviata! Oh, no; we are all wrong. Shakespeare never lived for our ancestors. He was unearthed for our delight five years ago! Sheridan never existed for the joys of our forefathers; he was the part of protoplasm from which the drama wriggled into life five years ago! Garrick never reformed, Macready never toiled and swore, Samuel Phelps never drew all theatrical London to Sadlers' Wells, Charles Kean never groaned and sweated and ruined himself with a Shakesperian burden of costly archaeology, the Bancrofts, little struggling eels in the protoplasm of the past, they were not created to do any good to the stage that only shone above the fog and miasmatic marsh five years ago! Henry Irving never, by careful honest work, toiled upwards and upwards to his throne at the Lyceum! All these things are myths, fables, fairy stories, and belong to the age of the animals we see at the end of the Crystal Palace Gardens! There was no stage or drama or anybody till the "epoch-making" play of the century burst into radiance, well, less than five years ago!

Even the boy-men, who know everything wrongly, cannot abuse the *Sign of the Cross* satisfactorily without dragging in their favourite hobby, like King Charles' Head. They say, in effect, it is a very bad play—which it is not—but water down this severity with the usual head-shake and the consolatory murmur, "Well, well, it's all very bad and dreadful and 'melodramatic' (that is a favourite word that 'melodramatic,' meaning that the play in question is not deadly dull or nasty), but still such a play as this would not have been possible five years ago!" In Heaven's name why, let me ask? Why would it not have been possible? Has human nature changed? Have the minds of men and women altered? Not a bit of it. What men and women will not stand and have voted against almost unanimously are the plays that were created from protoplasm and have been sent back to the frog and tadpole pond. And now that *The Sign of the Cross* has succeeded, not so much from the daring of the subject as from the fact that it is a well-constructed, interesting drama, on the whole very fairly acted, we are told that the stage is now ripe for the "Passion Play." This is jumping to conclusions with a vengeance. What on earth is there in common between this drama of the early Christians and their torture with the Pagans, and the drama of Ober Ammergau, which is simply a dramatisation of certain scenes and passages taken boldly from the Old and New Testaments? All who have seen the "Passion

Play" in the Bavarian Alps know perfectly well that what is possible in an open theatre in a humble village would be impossible in any regular theatre in the world. Fancy the awful drama of the Crucifixion submitted to the critical judgment of the youths who yell and shout and blubber because a manager's souvenirs are not to their liking! No! no! we have gone back to human interest; but not to the "Passion Play," which nobody wants, and no one would dare to produce.

I admire the skill and rare knowledge of the stage displayed by Wilson Barrett in handling a very difficult subject. So far as I can see he has offended no one in America, in the English provinces, or in London. His object has been to contrast pagan luxury and cruelty with Christian faith and patience. It is a deliberate contrast of scarlet and white, of lust and purity. In order to bring these things together he has invented a simple story, which tells of the passion of a Roman soldier subjugated and controlled by a virgin martyr. The proud Marcus Superbus is as sorely tempted as the pure Mercia. He has his body to compete with; she, her soul. But, in the end, she, who was "half-divine," conquers, and the two believing Christians go hand in hand to death. We all know what an admirable classical actor Mr. Wilson Barrett is. He is the John Kemble of our day. He was born for the *toga virilis*, and it suits him admirably. To a fine resonant voice he adds a dignified presence, and he is very welcome just now, in order to show a younger generation that strong, passionate, and forcible acting is not necessarily over-acting. There was one specimen of over-acting in this very play, and it came from the very lady who played the angry wanton in the striking banquet scene. Her idea of the scene was admirable, but she could not control herself. She did not understand the false effect she was accidentally creating. There are at least four very fine women's parts in this play, as good as any dramatist can make them. I mean Mercia, the heroine, a part made for Miss Mary Anderson; the character of Beriness, the mistress of Marcus Superbus; the angry wanton before alluded to, and, perhaps, best of all, the Christian boy, who has not quite pluck enough to endure the physical pain that belongs to the martyr's lot. I am not myself in favour of these rackings, and shrieks, and realistic whippings on the stage. They can be suggested without being so prominently forced upon our attention. Personally, I never liked the torture scene in *La Tosca*, though it gave Sarah Bernhardt one of the finest chances of her career. If the tortured man had not shrieked there, Sarah would not have been able to go frenzy mad. But in this case the shrieking boy is unnecessary. However, this important question was "thrashed out" long years ago in a very practical manner. On the first night of Charles Reade's *Never Too Late To Mend*, at the old Princess's Theatre, the boy Josephs was thrashed so realistically in the prison that there was an uproar in the audience. Old Tomlins, the dramatic critic of the *Morning Advertiser*, started to his feet in the stalls, and, with all the dignity of age and snowy-white hair, protested against the scene as an insult. There was a verbal row in the theatre between the veteran critic and George Vining, the manager, and a fierce newspaper controversy afterwards started by the fiery and impetuous Reade, who loved a fight as much as any Irishman. He was always asking everyone to step on the tails of his coat. Whether Wilson Barrett will cut out the shrieks I cannot, of course, say, but, shrieks or not, nothing could be better than the acting of Miss Haidee Wright, who is a very valuable addition to our stage. She played the Christian lad with admirable effect. Nothing was overdone, in fact it was the absolute truth of the yells under torture that made the scene so painful. The last scene, in which the frightened lad hesitates for a minute at the face of Death, but quickly nerves himself for the dread encounter—was quite admirable. How welcome again are these old

and experienced actors, who are always fished out somehow by Wilson Barrett. Here comes Ambrose Manning from the East-end of London, a first class comedian of the Arthur Wood school, who can really be funny without being obtrusive. Any inexperienced actor here, or one determined to "get his bit of fat" at all costs, would have a very good chance of ruining the play, for, as may be guessed, drunken patricians and virgin martyrs do not go very well together. But Ambrose Manning was of the greatest possible value. One of the prettiest bits of acting came from Miss Grace Warner—clever daughter of a clever father—and an actor new to London, Mr. Franklin McLeay, gave a very good account of himself as the Emperor Nero.

The Sign of the Cross is certainly one of the plays to be seen, and it will give the parsons of all denominations a chance for a night at the play, and a subject for a sermon afterwards. In fact, they can kill two birds with one stone conveniently. The Chief Rabbi has already given his "imprimatur" to the Jewish play over the way at the Shaftesbury, which is having an enormous success, so he may as well step across to the Lyric and sit beside Dean Farrar, Canon Teignmouth Shore, Father Stanton, of St. Albans, and all the play-going parsons. Unfortunately, Catholic priests are not allowed to go to the theatre in London, or else we should see Father Gavin, the Jesuit, there, and many more. I hear the play made an enormous impression on the roughest in the mining districts, who sat spell-bound. In London it certainly had the effect of securing for us a peaceable and attentive house. What a pleasure it is to sit at the play without gratuitous interruption and quite unnecessary comment!

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—Your antipathy to Foreign Politics is such that I will not commence the New Year by discoursing on a topic that always annoys you, but you must forgive me if I point out that immediately after the General Election, when everybody proclaimed upon the housetop that we were in for an era of domestic repose and universal peace I told you that War was at hand. Well, how do things strike you to-day?

I flatter myself that I was a fairly good prophet. Believe me again, therefore, when I tell you that, so far as this country is concerned, the worst is over. But there is an awful lot of trouble brewing in Europe. The Triple Alliance that has maintained Peace for a quarter of a century is on its last legs. The moment it breaks up the fat will be in the fire, and the Continent will be in a blaze.

Luckily for those who rule over us, our Press and our people have kept their tempers and their heads marvellously during the recent troubles. But signs are not wanting that a violent patriotic and reactionary spirit is near to boiling point. Nothing startled me more than the spontaneous and remarkable demonstration at the Olympic Theatre the other evening, when the mere mention of Dr. Jameson's name in the third act of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, brought a stifled round of applause and sent a low murmur round the house. A few minutes later the audience gazed at the scene of "The Last Stand," and Henry Neville spoke his lines concerning Englishmen knowing how to die. "Yes—and to Hell with the Boers!" shouted a man in the gallery. On ordinary occasions this would merely have provoked a laugh. Last week the sudden sentiment was cheered again and again, and the hysterical emotion so spread that when Neville and his men stood singing "God Save the Queen" for the last time, the audience rose and sang it too—and went on singing it till the curtain fell. It was a singu-

larly curious and impressive scene, and it set me thinking. Here was a play that had been running since September. Here was a scene that most playgoers were familiar with. It did not come as a surprise. Yet it had a certain application to the moment; one man accidentally touched the spring, and there came an instant response. It showed clearly what was passing in the majority of minds. And I said to myself, "If this sort of feeling spreads there will be trouble about for somebody." We are an easy-going and a long-suffering people, but we are sure to get tired of being yelped at by every jealous nation sooner or later. I rejoice to think that foreigners will soon have quite enough to occupy their time entirely, and they will then probably leave us alone for a bit.

I suppose you have noticed the death of Captain Archdale. He was very well known on the Turf some years ago. Of two very beautiful sisters he married one; and the Duke of Cambridge married the other.

Lady Gregory—Mrs. Fanny Stirling—is dead also. She was a very delightful woman, though she had a rather impetuous temper, and a happy facility for expressing her views in the most scathingly sarcastic terms. To her I believe I owe my strong theatrical predilections. She implanted in my breast a taste for the drama at a very early age by giving me a toy theatre, which was my delight, and the terror of my family. The play was *The Miller and his Men*. At the end of the book of the words was a simple recipe for making Red Fire. I made it. As a consequence my nurse gave a month's notice about four times a week. I burnt my fingers, ruined three tablecloths, filled the house with a horrible smell of sulphur, and finally my show was peremptorily confiscated, while I shed bitter tears. Mrs. Stirling led a very retired life from the time that she lost the sight of one eye, after a long illness that was a martyrdom of agony, for the nerve of the eye was slowly destroyed by neuralgia. For nearly six months she had to live in a darkened room. She had one daughter, a very beautiful girl, who inherited none of her mother's dramatic ability.

The Forbes Robertson management at the Lyceum is strictly preserving its policy of postponements. Mrs. Pat Campbell has "been permitted by the management to relinquish her part"—that is, I believe, the polite way of putting it. I never thought she would play it myself. I believe that she fell out of Henry Arthur Jones' good graces during the rehearsals of *The Masqueraders*, and I gather that he did not think that she would suit his new play, but naturally had to consider that she was on the salary list at the Lyceum. Kate Rorke was his ideal for the character, but she could not accept the engagement, in view of a little domestic event.

You will regret to hear that Zangwill has withdrawn his new play from the Royalty Theatre. He followed the example of Miss Burney, who refused to make alterations in the play left by her clever brother, at the dictation of Arthur Bouchier. Although Zangwill is practically unfamiliar with writing for the stage, he has always taken a keen interest in theatrical things, and a play from his pen will always be awaited with eager curiosity by men of letters, no less than by ordinary playgoers. He will, I should say, find no difficulty in placing his work, and getting it produced in precise accordance with his own particular views. And it will be better so. Zangwill is a man of strong individuality. Lots of people can write things to order. What we want to see is exactly where Zangwill will get to, as a playwright, "on his own."

I am rather curious to see, also, where the experiment of musical variety shows will get to at the Court. The rise and development of these entertainments will puzzle the theatrical historian of the future. They were no doubt originally invented by George Edwardes, and the hold that they have gradually obtained on the public is very remarkable. Indeed, they seem to have deve-

loped a sort of public of their own, a fact that is demonstrated on first nights. Have we got to the end of them? I don't know. But I firmly believe that the first man who comes along with a genuine comic opera on the old *Cloches de Corneville* lines will make a fortune.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

CHARACTER TOLD FROM HAND-WRITING.

A CHAT WITH A GRAPHOLOGIST.

GRAPHOLOGY, *i.e.*, the telling of character from the handwriting, is, and has been for some few years, a "popular craze." So popular, indeed, that most ladies' papers devote a column or more of their space to the publication of so-called "delineations" from the handwriting of their readers made by their own graphologist. In addition to this, there are the various "professors" who advertise widely in different papers, and who are consulted by scores of people anxious to be told flattering things of themselves, or unflattering of their neighbours.

It was for the purpose of gaining some information for the benefit of our readers that a representative of this paper recently interviewed one of the most widely-known of the "professors" of the art.

"Is there anything in graphology?" I boldly asked the young lady, who shall be called Minerva.

"A great deal," was the not unexpected reply. "How did I come to take up graphology, you ask? Well, that's a long story; but I may say I always had a love of trying to puzzle out people's traits from their handwriting, and when to do so became fashionable, and consequently lucrative, I made up my mind to take it up. I firmly believe that to be a good graphologist one must be born one."

"Like a poet?" I suggested.

"Just so!" Minerva admitted, with a smile. "No amount of mere book study can, I am convinced, in any way make up for the lack of natural aptitude. Oh! it is quite easy to find out whether one possesses it or not. Get some friend, who knows the leading characteristics of the individual under judgment, to give you five or six—to you—strange handwritings. Glance through them, and carefully note any peculiarities. If you are possessed of the right faculty to become a graphologist certain definite ideas will soon present themselves to your mind in connection with these peculiarities.

"An example. There is a sharp jerk at the tail of that final *g*. This suggests to my mind a shortness or hastiness of temper. There is a heavy scroll under the signature. This should denote solidity and determination. Those blots and smudges speak of both hastiness and carelessness, also of want of order. Now for another. This pretty, looped, evenly-balanced flourish underneath the signature should—and, as a fact, does, for the writing is that of a well-known R.A.—indicate an artistic, well-balanced mind. This handwriting, to take an opposite example, is upright, crabbed, accurate in the shape, height, and width of each letter. If of a body, such writing will generally prove to be that of an old maid, or someone of a precise disposition, as it is called. She is rather slow of thought in this case, you see, for there is evident labour in the formation of all the letters. All this," continued my informant, "is reasoning faculty in graphology—such a faculty as Sherlock Holmes is made to possess."

"But this is not all, surely?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, dear me, no! We have still the intuitive promptings which come to a born graphologist, one doesn't know how or why, which are often of even more service in arriving at a correct delineation than even the points which appear, as it were, on the surface. It will be difficult for you to understand exactly what I mean, unless you happen to be a graphologist yourself; but I

will try and explain. As an example of promptings, when there really seemed little or nothing in the handwriting to account for them. I remember it was a small, pink sheet of paper; the writing was rather careless—though not remarkably so—and schoolgirlish in style. Something suggested to my mind that the writer's chief characteristic was flightiness, a love of admiration and flirtation. However, because of more common-sense reasons—gathered from a curve in the tail of the *g*, etc.—I hesitated to put this impression down. I afterwards heard from a mutual friend that the girl had had at least half-a-dozen offers before she was one-and-twenty, and had, moreover, been engaged three, if not four, times. This happened early in my professional career, and it taught me a lesson to trust to promptings in the future, when at all pronounced, as these had been.

"I suppose you make mistakes sometimes?" I said, smiling.

"Certainly, although I make very few upon the whole. I have, as a general rule, from two to two hundred and fifty delineations to do every week. Letters come from all sorts of people. Numbers of young ladies send me the writing of their male friends to delineate. Of course, they are frequently 'sent for a friend,' but I know better, and generally bear in mind the risk I run of possibly parting two who are engaged, and deal gently with the writer's failings. In doing this I am sure to please the girl, of course.

"The most skilful graphologist is bound occasionally to come across 'fists,' which are almost without any leading characteristic, or which are likely to prove hard nuts to crack. When this is the case it is better to own one's self beaten. To attempt to 'read' them is to court failure, and if the latter be frequent the result on one's prestige is readily anticipated. A graphologist who knows what she is about will refuse to attempt a delineation from an envelope, copied matter, or a letter wanting the signature, from which indeed more can frequently be gathered than from the body of the letter itself. With reference to envelopes I may say that there is usually a distinct difference between the writing forming the address and that of the letter. Another thing; one should not try to do one's work when not in the humour. The results arrived at under such circumstances are almost sure to be incomplete, if not actually incorrect. Do not also give a delineation "off-hand." It is not always either good policy or safe to tell a person his or her character to his or her face. When a friend's writing is shown it has often proved to be that of the person who shows it. I have learnt to be cautious."

"Are there any rules for the guidance of graphologists—general ones, I mean?" I asked.

"Although, as I have before remarked, rules are not the principal things to go by, there are a few which are to be considered as fairly reliable. For instance, with one of a 'reserved' disposition, the writing is generally small, with the letters close together and often pointed, there are also fewer loops to them. In a word there is a concentrated look about the writing as a whole, and a lack of freedom. But it is, of course, quite possible that there may be reserve in important matters and openness in minor things. This may be indicated by a constrained formation of a letter here and there, whilst the general look of the caligraphy is open, a frank, easy-going disposition being indicated by larger writing, rounded curves, larger loops, etc.

"Imagination will generally be shown by special grace and delicacy of curve. The *P* is a good letter to judge by, capitals being always better than small letters. The possession of creative or imaginative power is indicated by blacker, and more vigorous writing, well-formed but showing concentration. Continuity of ideas is discovered by writing in which the letters of each word are linked together uniformly, well-formed, and clear. This also often points to the possession of good reasoning powers, powers of deduction, or for the classification and arrangement of ideas."

The LIST of SUBSCRIPTIONS will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1896, and will CLOSE on THURSDAY, JANUARY 9th, 1896, at 4 p.m. for Town, and on FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1896, at 10 a.m., for the Country.

THE GRESHAM GOLD EXPLORING SYNDICATE, LIMITED, and the LONDON PURCHASE SYNDICATE, LIMITED, invite Subscriptions to the undermentioned issue.

THE CITY OF LONDON GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

"25-MILE," COOLGARDIE, WEST AUSTRALIA

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1890).

CAPITAL £180,000, in 180,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 45,000 will be allotted to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase money.

ISSUE OF 135,000 SHARES. Payable:—2s. 6d. on Application, 2s. 6d. on Allotment, 4s. on the 10th March, 1896, and the balance in Calls not exceeding 4s. each at intervals of not less than two months. Shareholders may pay up in full at any time.

The Subscription of a sufficient number of Shares has been guaranteed to secure a Working Capital of £25,000.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES J. WALLIS, A.I.C.E. (Chairman of the Gresham Gold Exploring Syndicate, Limited), 10, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C. (Chairman).

WILLIAM P. FORBES (Director of the Hannan's Proprietary Development Co., Ltd.), 5, New Bridge Street, E.C.

JOHN ACTON GARLE (Director of the Gresham Gold Exploring Syndicate Ltd.), Chipstead, Redhill, Surrey.

JOHN GIRDWOOD, J.P. (Director of the Florence Gold Mines, Ltd.), 18, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

FREDERICK LEVICK, J.P. (Director of the Kintore Gold Mines, Ltd.), The Elms, Harlesden, N.W.

ROBERT SMITH, J.P. (Director of the African Gold Recovery Co., Ltd.), Erentham Park, Stirling.

BANKERS.—The Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd., 62, Cornhill, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Cheston and Sons, 1, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, Stoneham and Co., 28 and 29, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEER IN WEST AUSTRALIA.—William Gray, M.E., Coolgardie.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—T. H. Carlton Levick, 13 and 14, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes of working, under Government Mining Leases, the following proved and valuable Gold Mining Properties in the Coolgardie District of Western Australia, and known locally as—

	Lease No. 1664, containing	Acres.	Roods.	Perches.
The London ..	about	19	2	33
The London Consols ..	Lease No. 1665, containing	12	0	0
about	about	31	2	33
Forming a Compact Block of about		31	2	33

The above Leases being adjoining properties, they can be worked under one management with one set of machinery. From the reports and letters received, the Directors believe that they have before them one of the very best properties in Western Australia. Mr. G. R. Fearby, in concluding his exhaustive Report, states—"I can only say that I consider it a splendid Mine." "I can with confidence recommend it as a safe investment for capital." "It will be one of the Mines that will be a credit to Western Australia."

Both Mr. William Gray and Mr. George R. Fearby have watched these Mines from their commencement.

Mr. William Gray states: "I have not seen in Western Australia a Mine more systematically opened up, nor have I met Prospectors who better understood their work. Realising the value of their property, they were not afraid to open it up in a systematic manner, the result being that the shafts are good Working Shafts, large enough and ready to deal with the large and rich body of ore there is in sight."

Mr. G. H. Fearby, since writing his report, again visited the Mines, and on October 22nd he cabled: "Am very pleased with the look of the Mines, the lowest level (i.e., 100 feet) assays 10 ozs. 10 dwts. per ton."

Mr. John Coates, M. Inst. C.E., of Suffolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C., visited these Mines when in Coolgardie in May last, and writes as follows:—"During my recent visit to Western Australia I inspected the London Gold Mine, which I consider one of the best in the Coolgardie district; the Reef was massive, rich, and in my judgment of permanent formation, timber plentiful and water prospects exceedingly good. I know Mr. William Gray and Mr. G. R. Fearby personally: they are, in my opinion, both men of ability and caution, and their reports can be relied upon."

SITUATION.

The Mines are situated about 26 miles north of Coolgardie and 4 miles from the 25-Mile Township and only 4 miles from the "Kintore" Mine.

SHAFTS.

There are no less than seven shafts on the London Mine and London Consols, as follows:—

LONDON MINE.			
No. 1—Main Shaft 10 ft. by 4 ft. ..	100 feet deep,	Drive through to Davis's Shaft at 100 ft	
.. 2—Davis's Shaft	100 "	Reef cut through at the 30 ft. showing 16 ft. 6 in. of Stone.	
.. 3—Prospecting Shaft	76 "		
.. 4—Parry's Shaft	55 "	Cross drift 21 ft. to Reef in Davis's Shaft at 60 ft. level.	

LONDON CONSOLS.

No. 1 Shaft	49 ft. 7 in. deep.
No. 2 Shaft	33 ft. deep.
No. 3 Shaft	15 ft. 7 in. deep.

REEFS.

The principal result obtained in the "London Consols" has been to prove the existence of a well-defined reef of quartz 2 feet in width, with nearly vertical but well-defined walls, carrying gold. There are two lines of reef on this property already opened, and a number of quartz leaders. Mr. Fearby states: "I think at a depth they will all come into one large body of stone, and will get richer in depth."

A third line of reef has been opened to a depth of 30 feet on parallel lines to the above.

On the "London" a main reef of very bold, massive quartz, running north and south, with an underlay of 75 degs. to the west, has been proved at 30 feet, 60 feet, and 100 feet in depth (the latter in two shafts). The reef outcrop is exposed on surface 164 feet in an uninterrupted line with a width of 13 feet in the centre of this outcrop.

DEVELOPMENTS.

As indicated above, extensive developments have been done. Mr. Fearby says: "This is a large amount of work, and it is all good work."

Mr. Gray states: "The development has been well and extensively carried out, proving a good depth the continuance of a very massive and

permanent body of gold-bearing quartz; the work has been devoted to the sinking of shafts and testing the reef by cross-cuts." "The cross-cut at 30 ft. from surface discloses 16 ft. 6 in. width of solid quartz, and the reef has been intersected at the 60 and 100 ft. levels."

WATER.

In the Kintore Mine, only four miles distant, water to the extent of 2,000 gallons per day is being obtained at a depth of about 130 ft., and rapidly increasing as depth is obtained. On the Caledonian Mine, distant about three miles from the London, a large quantity of water is being obtained at about 100 ft. in depth.

The Coolgardie Miner, of August 27th, 1895, writing of the 25-Mile District, states:—"The Prospectus of a Public Crushing Plant for the 25-Mile District is now before the public. We well know the whole district, and can safely say that no other place in the field is better suited for the undertaking; it is in close proximity to many leases now turning out large quantities of auriferous quartz, and is also in a good position in reference to a water supply, for there appears every certainty that there is an unlimited supply of water in the lake, within two miles of the site, should the water shafts on the spot prove insufficient."

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

The value of about 74 tons of quartz at grass on September, 1895, was estimated by Mr. William Gray at £5,000. The mine has since been developed by the Vendors and about 320 tons more quartz have been added to the dump.

The last report from the mines is contained in a cablegram from Mr. Fearby, confirmed on 9th December, 1895, and which reads as follows:—

"London (Mine) South Drift on the 100 ft. level is in 40 feet; the width of the reef is 5 feet. North Drift on the 100 ft. level is in 45 feet; the width of the reef is 6 feet. I have taken reef away along the level. North Drift on the 60 ft. level is in 45 feet; the width of the reef is 5 feet. Cut Parry's shaft (at) 50 feet; (Reef) 4 feet cutting into good ore; 17 ozs. per ton. 400 tons of ore on the dump. (at) 100 ft. (level) a new reef 4 feet (wide) has been cut 14 feet from cross cut in South Drift assaying 2 ozs. per ton."

ASSAYS.

The Reports show the results of numerous assays made by fire test and by milling by Mr. Gray and Mr. Fearby.

COST OF WORKING.

Mr. Fearby, in his cable of October 22nd, states—"The lowest level (100 ft.) assays 10 ozs. 10 dwts. per ton."

Mr. Fearby, in dealing with this point, states—"The Mine is a permanent one, the ore can be milled at a cheap rate."

WORKING CAPITAL.

Mr. Gray reports that considering the extensive developments effected on the property and that large quantities of ore have been raised, a Working Capital of £25,000 will, with judicious expenditure, be sufficient to place these Mines in a satisfactory working condition.

The subscriptions already secured will provide more than this amount of Working Capital, and as the Company has £50,000 of Share Capital available for the provision of Working Capital it is in a strong financial position.

The Vendors, the London Purchase Syndicate, Limited, and the Gresham Gold Exploring Syndicate, Limited, have fixed the price to be paid for the properties at £130,000, which includes their profits, payable as follows:—

(1). £55,000 in cash. (2). £45,000 in fully paid Shares.

And (3). The balance, namely £30,000, in cash or fully-paid Shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully-paid shares at the option of the Directors.

The Vendors will pay all expenses incidental to the formation and promotion of the Company other than the registration of the Company's proper legal expenses.

The following contracts have been entered into with regard to the property:—

1. Contract dated 13th September, 1895, between Messrs. Davis, Rees, Parry, and Mr. J. Coates, and Mr. William Gray, for the purchase of both mining leases. The original of this agreement has been deposited in the Bank of Australasia, Coolgardie, and cannot be produced.

2. A letter dated December 30th, 1895, signed by Mr. William Gray, addressed to the London Purchase Syndicate, Limited, stating that he had entered into the agreement on their behalf.

3. Two contracts dated the 2nd day of January, 1896, between The London Purchase Syndicate, Limited, of the one part, and The Gresham Gold Exploring Syndicate, Limited, of the other part.

4. A Contract dated the 3rd day of January, 1896, between The London Purchase Syndicate, Limited, of the one part and this Company of the other part.

The Vendors have entered into other Contracts to which the Company is no party respecting the underwriting or guaranteeing the Capital of the Company. All applicants for Shares shall be deemed to have notice of all such Contracts, and to have waived as against all persons any information relating thereto and any further compliance with Section 33 of the Companies Act, 1867.

The original reports, a memorandum of the terms of the contract first above mentioned, showing the conditions thereof, and the originals of the other contracts and letter above mentioned, also the Plans of the Mine Workings, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, are open to the inspection of intending subscribers at the Offices of the Company.

All the Directors are Directors or Shareholders in one or both of the two Vendor Syndicates.

Applications for Shares should be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, The Union Bank of Scotland, Limited, 62, Cornhill, London, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

If no Allotment is made, the amount deposited on application will be returned in full. If the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment, as far as necessary; any balance will be returned to the applicant.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

13 and 14, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

3rd January, 1896.

IN THE CITY.

THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLE.

As we write our information as to recent events in the Transvaal remains very incomplete, but there are certain facts that should be borne in mind. We do not find them noted in the voluminous statements that appear in the daily papers.

The first of these facts is that the Uitlanders and their backers fought—those of them who did fight—for their own hand. The notion that many of them were moved by love of England is moonshine. Most of the Uitlanders are in Johannesburg, and they are made up of Germans, Americans, a few Austrians, a large number of Natal and Cape men of the shady sort, and a small proportion of decent Englishmen, who do not improve by residence in Johannesburg. Few of these men feel any great loyalty to England. Some of them want to free themselves from Boer rule, but they would not lift a hand if the one alternative was closer connection with England.

The second bottom fact is that the Uitlanders are by no means united in opposition to Dutch rule. On the Tuesday prior to the Jameson raid, there was a meeting of Americans at the Gold Fields Hotel, when resolutions were passed deprecating armed resistance to the Boers. The resolutions then adopted were supported by some 2,000 residents of Johannesburg, belonging to all nationalities.

The state of parties in Johannesburg cannot be better illustrated than by the action of the Barnatos. Whilst before the fighting Mr. Barnato was telling people here that Jameson was bound to win, Joel, his nephew and manager in the Transvaal, was siding with the Boers. Johannesburg was full of spies and traitors, by whom the Boers were kept posted as to the intentions of the bellicose section of the Uitlanders.

We have reason to believe that what happened was much as follows: Jameson was persuaded that the Uitlanders would rise *en masse* to support him. He arranged with the Johannesburg leaders to be at Denksmaal on New Year's Day. Denksmaal is about seventeen miles from Johannesburg. A very large quantity of rifles were stored at Krugersdorp, and the Uitlander contingent were to have got arms and ammunition at that place, preparatory to joining Jameson. But the Boers, acquainted with every move in the game, seized the arms, and in doing so not only paralysed Jameson's allies but prevented the food supplies upon which he relied being sent to him. There was a sort of a sortie under a man named Beddington—an Englishman and an enthusiast—but it came to nothing, and Jameson finally had to fight under the most disheartening conditions, with the result that his force was cut to pieces.

That Jameson was grossly misled admits of no doubt. The odd thing is that he was not better acquainted with the extent of the support he might expect from the Uitlanders. If, as we have reason to believe, he counted upon the support of some 15,000 rifles from Johannesburg his raid becomes less unintelligible, though it leaves much to be explained. It is in the last degree unlikely that he acted without secret instructions, but those instructions will not see the light. Foolish, mad, he may have been, and has been, but no one is more leal than Dr. Jameson.

CHARTERED SHARES.

When all things are considered it is surprising that the shares of the Chartered Company are still, as we write, quoted at something over 3. It is certain that considerable pressure will be put upon the Government to revoke the Company's charter, and though the company can command great political influence, it is by no means certain that it will be able successfully to resist the cry for revocation. It can only do so by demonstrating not only that it was unaware of the intentions of Dr. Jameson, but that it is willing so to modify its arrangements as to make it impossible in the future for any of its officers to endanger the peace of his own mere will. Even if the company saves its charter, the liabilities it must accept on account of Dr. Jameson's raid will be very heavy. At present it is impossible, even roughly, to appraise them, but, direct and indirect, they must be formidable.

Under these conditions Chartered shares at £3 can only commend themselves to very sanguine investors.

THE AMALGAMATED WATER GAS COMPANY MEETING.

In concluding our exposure of the disgraceful history of the

Water Gas bubble, and the part played therein by Mr. Sampson Fox, we referred to the amalgamation scheme, and affirmed that it was impossible for the reconstructed company to succeed. We wrote, under date July 7th, 1894:—

£400,000 was paid to the Parent Company on the statement of Sampson Fox that water gas had been found a commercial success, and a working capital of £7,000 is to do what £400,000 failed to do! There is not the faintest likelihood of the new company making water gas a commercial success. . . . No, neither Sampson Fox, nor Reid Stewart, nor anybody else believes that reconstruction will be a success. What Sampson Fox hopes is that it may cover up great misdeeds, misstatements made to deceive the public, Stock Exchange gambling with other people's money, the debauching of officials by bribery.

Eighteen months have passed since we gave that opinion, and at last an ordinary general meeting has been held. At last the misguided shareholders have received a report and accounts, and they have had the privilege of listening to Mr. Fox's explanation. We may say that reporters were not allowed to be present at the meeting. Mr. Fox is a modest man, and has no wish to make his vindication public. Nevertheless, his speech is worth attention, and the report and accounts are even more deserving of study. Let us look into them a little.

That we were right in saying that the working capital of the company made any serious business impossible is admitted by the directors, who say in their report:

"There is practically no working capital left."

Of course not. For the fifteen months ended 30th September, 1894, the accounts show a loss of £4,971; for the twelve months ended 30th September 1895, they show a loss of £4,138. Seeing that the company has been doing no business, we do not understand how it can have lost some £9,000. The cost of litigation will not explain it, for all the actions have been dismissed with costs against the dissentients. No explanation is given in the accounts, and we find no trace of any in Mr. Sampson Fox's statement to the meeting. But there is the fact.

The accounts themselves show the water gas patents held by the company as an asset of £187,067. Upon this the auditor observes:—

The asset of Water-gas patents has been taken at the actual purchase price from the three original companies. As soon as the new company is in a position to deal with the question of depreciation, this asset should be substantially written down.

Substantially written down! We should think so. £187,067! These patents are out of date and practically valueless. The directors virtually admit it when they say they are on the look out for other patents which they think will do them some good. We do not believe that the company could sell their patents for 187,000 pence, much less as many sovereigns.

The extent of the business done by the re-constructed company may be gathered from the fact that £155 16s. 5d. is the sum put down for royalties on the Leeds Forge and all other plants in use, and this is really the only income, as the making of plant is a dead loss. They make the plant at the Uddingstone Works, where the revenue account for the year shows a loss of £1,422 5s. 5d.

The new company being practically insolvent, what is to be done? Not even Mr. Fox's vivid imagination can make the company other than moribund. And so:—

The question arises whether there are still sufficient prospects of a successful issue to the undertaking to warrant further investment. The directors believe such prospects exist in the patents already owned by the company.

The company has been in existence more than two years. Its working capital has all gone, its works are run at a loss, nobody uses the gas; but the directors believe that they can bring it, with its £250,000 capital, to a successful issue! At least, they say they believe so; but, not being arrant asses, they believe nothing of the kind, and so the report goes on from where we have quoted—

Beyond this, they hope to acquire several recent improvements in the use of water gas as an illuminant. They hope, further, that they may be able to secure for the company an option of acquiring an interest in a new discovery, cognate to the business of the company, which it is expected will prove of considerable commercial value.

Exit water gas, and in its place the unhappy shareholders are to have—Acetelyne. This is what Mr. Sampson Fox says about it in the speech he was so unwilling to have reported:—

During the last twelve months I have had an opportunity of looking into a new light that has come very much to the front in scientific circles. . . . There are features about it that yet require to be understood, and I took up the investigation at my own expense for the purpose, if possible, of helping the Water Gas Company. I do not say that I can put my hand in my pocket and pay for experiments, and then, having carried the thing on, say to the Water Gas Company, "Take hold of this and you are sure to succeed." What I would say is this: "There are great probabilities in this acetelyne gas. . . . I think we can carry this matter forward to a point where, perhaps, in a month or a couple of months we could say something definite to you as to what additional 1s. or 2s. per share would put the matter into a healthy position."

The man who pocketed some £200,000 over his worthless gas patents scouts the idea of making some slight restitution by experimenting with a new light for the benefit of deluded shareholders, but if they will only put up an "additional 1s. or 2s. per share," or something like that, say £20,000, well, then—they will see what they will see. They will, or may, get some of their money back, and, anyway, the company will have another lease of life.

A meeting is to be called to consider this new proposal of Mr. Fox's, but before shareholders consent to be mulcted of any further moneys we advise them to satisfy themselves of the validity of any patents they may be asked to take over, their validity as well as their value. Our information is that the new gas is no good as yet commercially, and that other patents are in the market which are better. Be that as it may—and at the proper time we shall have something to say about the value of Mr. Fox's new wares—it will be seen from what we have said about the Amalgamated Water Gas Company, from the extracts we have given from the report signed by Mr. Fox himself, that our assertion that it was foredoomed to failure has been amply verified. It served its purpose in shielding the directors and others from the lime light that would have been thrown upon their doings when they stood in the box, with Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams on the Bench, and that is all.

For the rest, shareholders have lost, as we told them they must lose, the wreckage of assets that might have been saved. Anyway, the North British shareholders are many thousand pounds the poorer. But they have only themselves to blame. They are the victims of that lack of organisation, that unwillingness, or inability, to combine, which, in the absence of more effective legislative protection, makes it possible for men like Mr. Sampson Fox to fill their pockets with illicit gains scooped in by means of unscrupulous misrepresentation.

THE VICTORIA STEAMBOAT ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

The annual report of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy—we have to thank him for a copy of it—is full of instructive and suggestive matter, to which we hope to refer on another occasion. Here we may give an illustration of the way in which promotion profits are appraised, and honest Auditors discouraged, the illustration being taken from that unhappy undertaking the Victoria Steamboat Association, Limited.

This company was formed in 1888 to acquire and work the steamers running upon the Thames and taken over from the liquidator of a previous Thames Navigation Company. The promoters of the Victoria Steamboat Association bought the steamers, etc., for £24,000 in cash. The purchase was effected in January, 1888, and in the following month the same property was sold for £75,000, of which £25,000 was to be paid in cash and debentures, and £50,000 in shares.

The property which was purchased from the liquidator of the old company for £24,000 was taken in the company's books and balance-sheets as of the value of over £80,000 on the faith of a valuation based upon its supposed value "to and as a going concern." But seeing that the company never realised any profits as a going concern, it is difficult to understand on what basis its assets were valued at more than three times their actual cost. In subsequent years this valuation was added to by the cost of repairs carried to capital account to the tune of £75,000, while the amount annually set aside for depreciation was reduced until it reached less than half per cent. per annum.

The company had an honest auditor, a member of a leading firm of chartered accountants, and he properly objected to the form of the balance-sheet because the amount at the credit of the depreciation fund was insufficient, and also because the expenditure on the boats, which had been charged to capital account, was excessive. Thereupon "the directors obtained a further valuation, by the manager of a well known engineering firm, which practically supported the book values of the property, and implied that the depreciation fund was sufficient. Upon that the auditor gave a qualified certificate, stating that he had accepted the explanation of the directors as to value, supported by certificates of officers of the company, and the reports of the two engineers. And this certificate was communicated to the shareholders."

Within six days from the signing of that certificate the Auditor was removed.

CHAFFEY BROTHERS, LIMITED.

As bearing upon our remarks of last week upon the unfortunate position of this company, we have received the following

letter from a Paris correspondent. The point taken by our correspondent deserves attention, and we invite the London Advisory Board to meet it, as no doubt they can. Our correspondent writes:—

With reference to your remarks in the current issue of your journal, concerning the stability of Messrs. Chaffey Bros., I beg to draw your attention to a fact not mentioned among your remarks, viz.; that the prospectus of the company declared that the water-right was secured by special Act of Parliament, and also that it held the greatest water-right in the world; also that it was regulated by these said Acts of Parliament.

I was induced by these statements, and by many other similar ones, to invest my whole capital in this scheme, with the result that water now cannot be obtained, the pumps have been broken, the channels badly made, and Chaffeyes have been anything but truthful in their published statements. I think public attention ought to be called to the matter. An investigation of the affairs of the company would reveal a strange state of things; and, when over half a million sterling has been taken from the pockets of the English professional, and other classes less able to bear loss, under the pretence that it was secured and regulated by special Acts of Parliament, it constitutes a great wrong, in my judgment, and I wonder they have gone on so long.

If you will obtain a copy of their red book, (now I believe suppressed) you will see the prospects and promises held out to investors—secured under special acts of the Government. You will do a great act of justice if you expose the whole thing.

Another correspondent refers us to an advertisement of Chaffey Brothers, Limited, to be found in the new number of "Hazzell's Annual," and says that, having regard to the present position of the company, it is essentially misleading. We are bound to say that in our opinion our correspondent is justified in that remark.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN CHALLENGE.

WE have pleasure in directing attention to the following extract from the leading columns of the last number of the *Irish Field*:—

We are glad to be in a position to state that negotiations are progressing most smoothly, and that there are no details on which the principals are not agreed. By appointment, the two principals will meet at To-Day office in a little over a week's time from now to finally arrange details and fix a date for the match, both parties being anxious to fight it out at as early a date as possible.

That is as it should be.

NEW ISSUES.

The City of London Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £180,000. Issue of 135,000 shares. This company has been formed for the purpose of working two proved gold mining properties in the Coolgardie district of Western Australia. Various reports from competent authorities testify to the value of the mines, and assays have given most encouraging results. On the "London Consols" property the existence of a well-defined reef of quartz, two feet in width, has been proved, and on the London a "main reef of very bold massive quartz has been proved." For details we must refer investors to the particulars to be found on another page. The Board consists of men of much experience in mining affairs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Victorian Bonds. V. B. (Hawick).—The coupons are payable January 1st and July 1st, and the principal falls due January 1st, 1904. We know of nothing likely to put the price much higher just now. The tendency must be rather the other way whilst the mother country is threatened with war from half-a-dozen different quarters. **Two Mines, Shandon.** (Glasgow).—If you will tell us exactly what you want to know we will do our best to answer you. **Information as to Company N.S.** (Newcastle).—It depends upon the length of time the Company has been formed. Given reasonable time, you are entitled to the information on application at the office of the Company on payment of a small fee. By-and-bye, too, it should be obtainable at Somerset House. **North Metropolitan Tramways.** E. W. S. (Belfast). We should sell. Under the Act of 1870, as interpreted by the Courts, the Council may take over on terms very disadvantageous to shareholders. **Company Promoters.** B. B. (Stamford Hill).—The persons you name are not persons of standing. **Sundry Shares.** KNOWLEDGE (Mansfield).—No. 1 does a large business, but is, in our opinion, going ahead too rapidly. We should not select the brewery shares you name, but we have no reason to suppose that the Preference share is not a fair security. The persons you mention are outside brokers. They have money behind them, but you had better deal with a member of the House. **Balkis Esterling.** F. H. (Exeter).—(1) We should prefer another selection. (2) Town of Paris Bonds are "a fairly safe security," but we cannot recommend purchase of the various bonds you mention. Anyway, if you do buy, see that you do not pay beyond the market value, as you will do if you buy from Cunliffe Russell and Co. **West Australian Gold Concessions.** INFELIX.—It was not a fortunate selection. **Indian Rupee Paper.** C. K. (Belfast).—We should hold. **Grand Trunks.** LOCKFAST (Edinburgh).—We think the First Preference a hopeful purchase under the conditions you name. (2) Adler's Consols should be very well worth buying as a lock-up at their present price. We have no information respecting the firm you mention. You have omitted to send us your name and address. Do so, and we will give you the further information you want under cover.

INSURANCE.

W. T.—If you were a shareholder you would be all right, but if you are to pay money into the concern periodically we advise you to let it alone. In all England there is nothing more deceptive or disappointing.

CHRISTMAS.—There would be more loss in taking a surrender value than would be covered by making a change. At the last valuation the basis of the calculations was made more stringent, and the bonus then paid cannot justly be taken as a criterion of future bonuses. They will increase. By all means remain where you are.

CAUTIOUS.—It is a good little company, and will be better and bigger as time goes on.

FERRUM.—It is one of the best life offices. Were it better known it would be more patronised.

A WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER.—The company is possessed of large funds, and we doubt if you could insure in a better.

J. P.—The scheme is lame, and although the concern now limps along, it will not much longer. There are plenty of companies on a sound basis.

TUE BROOKER.—Both companies are sound and well managed.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—The office is old established, but has the advantage of a modern manager. We recommend it.

R. W. S. (Belfast).—We prefer the with-profit system. We think that for endowment assurances No. 2 comes first, then No. 1, then 4, lastly No. 8.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS' 17th Grand Pantomime, CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.30. For full particulars see daily papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

PALACE, Shaftesbury - avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.40.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON. Matinees, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at Three only.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—UNPARALLELED CHRISTMAS Holiday Performances.—Never in Entertainment History have so many attractions been provided in one building.—The World's Greatest Show at 2.15 and 7.15.—Early Varieties, 10.30 a.m.—Great Ladies' International Six Days' Final Cycle Race.—13 hours' Entertainment for One Shilling, Children Sixpence.—The Yachting Exhibition opens Jan. 15.—The Human Wonder of the Age will arrive this week.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—THIS DAY, at Three and Eight.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, LONDON at the NEW YEAR. The grand centre of attraction for visitors to London is at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly and Regent Street, where the world-famed Moore & Burgess Minstrels are giving their 31st Annual Series of Festival Performances upon a scale of extraordinary magnitude.

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By ALLEN UPWARD.

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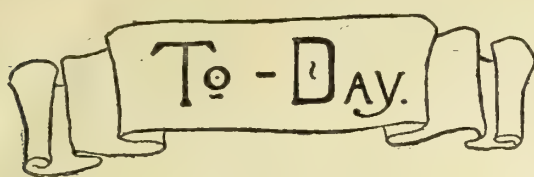
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Nor for the first or the second time in its history does England find itself threatened with the active hostility of the whole civilised world. To-day we stand without a single friend; but, seeing that we have never had one, the position can hardly come as a surprise to us. Nor from what one has seen in the past of the friendship between other nations does international comradeship appear a thing much worth the striving for. Spain and France were close allies up to the outbreak of the Peninsular War. Napoleon and Alexander were toasting and flattering each other a few months before the burning of Moscow. Russia and Turkey are very friendly just at present, and the Rhine is hardly wide enough to keep the French and Germans from running into each other's arms. A people that trusts in friendship is only preparing its own funeral. The nation and the individual is never so strong as when standing alone.

BUT we must see to it that if we do stand alone we stand firm. A man must know his own mind, and a country must know its own people. Our Laboucheres and our William Morris'es, our Social Democrats and our Radical Sentimentalists must, if only for their own sakes, call a truce to their spite. Such talk as these folk have indulged in would, in other countries, be resented somewhat roughly by the populace. We are an easy-going people, but when our enemy is at our gates it becomes a duty to see that our foes within the walls are silenced. There is no present desire on the part of England to vapour. Jingoism is empty bombast that foolish folk indulge in when there is no fear of fighting. The present crisis is serious enough for silence. It may blow over. It may develop into the greatest war that the world has ever seen, and England may have to fight with her back against the sea for her own existence.

THE hatred in which we are held is the result of jealousy. We are the only nation that is still moving forward. In old times we seized upon the waste lands of the world, and it was right that we did so. The English character was made for colonisation, and we are the only people who could have done the work. Europe would now be starving within its boundaries had not English ambition and English blood brought new continents to her aid. While the other nations were squabbling among themselves, England was carrying the flag of civilisation through the desert and the jungle. Now our enemies would seize from us the fruits of our energy and enterprise, but they will be mistaken if they think that England of to-day is not man enough to protect the heritage that England in the past has won.

IT will be no easy task, but sooner or later it will have to be faced. This year, or a dozen years hence, this jealousy of us will concentrate and blaze out into fire all round us. We shall have to maintain our position at a cost which it is impossible to exaggerate, or we shall go down as Rome went down, as Spain has gone down. Our land will be taken from us, our colonies divided among our rivals, and we shall be allowed to maintain our place in Europe only under the guarantee of the stronger powers. If England is not prepared to practically disappear from among the nations, she must be prepared to pour out her blood and money like water before long. She must look poverty and misery in the face, and must say, "I prefer them to disgrace and dishonour." She must be prepared for the voice of mourning in her streets, she must be prepared to eat the bread of famine.

IF England remain true to herself she will come through suffering stronger, cleaner, greater. We can put off the evil day by humiliation and submission. We can submit our just rights to the arbitration of our enemies; we can plead to them for mercy. We can pray to the God of battles that He will give peace in our time, and, by obedience to the orders of Berlin, or Washington, or St. Petersburg, we can sink down into a despised and contemptible position without much trouble, and our company promoters will continue to build fine houses in Park Lane, and our shopkeepers may prosper. We can accept the position in the world of the future that the Jews occupy in the world of to-day. That is a position we must be prepared to accept if we are not prepared to stiffen our backs and stand upright against such enemies as God may send us.

IT is time that England looked into herself, and took counsel with herself. The world is ruled by Might, and force is the weapon of the right as well as of the wrong. Are we ready to throw our gold into the melting-pot, as young Germany threw hers in 1813, the year of her regeneration? Are our shopboys and our ploughboys ready to face the music of the guns as the peasant lads of France faced it a hundred years ago for the sake of their motherland? Are our women ready to weep in silence and our men ready to die? If so, England can go upon her way and no harm will come to her, but only the good born of suffering and effort. If not, then it will be better to end all our difficulties without further waste of words by simply

hoisting the white flag and waiting to hear our fate. Peace may last this year, it may last next, but the war clouds are gathering as they ever have gathered after a summer of peace, and before long they will burst over us.

Dr. Martin, of Blackburn, raises a new point concerning professional football. The Doctor says he has no fault to find with the mere playing of the game. That is "healthful and invigorating; but," continues the Doctor, "no careful observer can fail to notice the sad degeneracy apparent in the physique and mental capacity of the young men who attend in their thousands to watch professional football play. They stand for hours wrapped in overcoats, exposed to all sorts of weather." To myself there are few sadder or more idiotic sights than to see a gaping crowd, huddled together like sheep, watching hired men play a jolly game. The Rev. Dr. Richards is also disgusted with professional footballism, and at the crowds who stand "howling, screaming and shouting as if they were a pack of idiots." "Football itself," adds the reverend gentleman, is "a splendid exercise, but football, as it is carried on now, is an abominable nuisance."

LAST week, in commenting upon a cruelty case, I mixed matters up most gloriously. I wanted to abuse a man named John Frederick Green, a timber merchant, of Ipswich, charged with cruelty to a horse, instead of which I attacked an amiable Ipswich magistrate, named Fraser, one of the Bench before whom Green was tried. The case was by no means a bad example of magisterial error. Green was fined twenty shillings and costs. I considered the punishment inadequate and so mentioned the case, but without making any comment against the Bench. Will Mr. Green take to himself the hard words I said about Mr. Fraser, and will Mr. Fraser kindly exonerate me from any wish to say unkind words about him?

At Rushall Police-court, in the Midlands, John Welbank, of Walsall, was charged with torturing a horse. The horse was given to him to slaughter. He tied the horse to his cart and took it towards Walsall. It fell lame, and after beating it he put it into a field. A day or two later he found the horse unable to move. He then tried to kill it with a pocket-knife. He left the horse half dead. It was found alive two days after, and then had to be killed in a proper manner. Fined ten shillings. At Halifax West Riding Court, before Mr. T. Morris and other magistrates, Harry H. Jennings, a quarry proprietor, was charged with cruelty to a horse. The horse, a worn-out creature, was put to draw a heavy load of stones, and fell down from exhaustion. It could not be got up, and was removed to the knacker's yard. Its stomach showed no signs of food. A witness said that Jennings had worked "some of the rottenest cattle that ever came down a bye-lane." It transpired that the horse had been purchased by Jennings for ten shillings. A fine of five pounds was inflicted and, of course, cheerfully paid.

I am delighted to see that the Leeds Quarter Sessions have supported the action of the Halifax Bench in sentencing two men, Fred Marshall, butcher, and

William Cooper, slaughterer, to imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for horrible cruelty to a cow. Some of my readers will also be glad to know that the Nisi Prius Court has upheld the sentence of one month's imprisonment inflicted upon John Woodrow, manager of the Exeter Tramways Company, for cruelty. At Sunderland, for working a horse that had been half starved, George Lawson Harcastle was sent to jail for a month by a bench of sensible magistrates, presided over by Mr. James Laing. Let it once be known that brutality is punished by imprisonment, and not by fines, and the magistrates would have very few cases brought before them.

Wealthy people who are making their wills just now might do worse than leave a trifle to the Bow Street poor-box. I understand that during one fortnight recently over six hundred applications for assistance were made at the Police-court. The money is not distributed blindly; each case is investigated by the missionary or officers of the Court. The relief given is not made an incentive to hypocrisy, as relief for the poor so often is. It is essentially timely relief, and prevents many homes from being broken up, and keeps many from the humiliation of pauperism. Anything which tends to save a man's self-respect tends to diminish crime. So that those who wish to go in for a little posthumous philanthropy—or, for the matter of that, those who do not intend to reserve their generosity until after their death—might do worse than remember the poor-box.

In the carriages on the underground railway there are advertisements; certain alterations are made in these advertisements from time to time in pencil. Sometimes these alterations are merely negative—some tobacconist advertises that his cigarettes are good, and the word good is scribbled over and the word bad substituted. Sometimes the alteration or addition is obscene, and sometimes it is blasphemous. Now I want the man who does these things. If anyone has the name and address of that man, and will forward it to me, I shall be personally obliged. I want that man for my very own. I am prepared to buy, at my own valuation, the entire English and American rights in him (always supposing that I can secure the latter without any dangerous contravention of the Monroe doctrine). It may seem a strange taste—it may seem an irrational taste—but I have a great and crying need for that man. I have a glass case waiting for him in this office, and I am longing to put him there, because I feel sure that he would make one feel more charitable and more forgiving.

Yes, when the uninvited contributor sends in an article by Wednesday morning, and asks me to get it illustrated, have the illustrations reproduced, and put the whole thing in the issue of TO-DAY for that week—or when a proof-reader allows a statement to appear in these columns which is obviously a slip of the pen and absurd—or when a correspondent writes to ask why I have never published anything by Mr. Stanley Weyman, or Mr. Anthony Hope, or someone else who has been in the paper for six months continuously—or when an entire stranger calls on the day that we go to

press for no other motive than to tell me (in the course of a two hours' chat), how he would run this paper if he was doing it himself—on all these occasions, and on many others, I feel that I could point to that glass and that particular man in it, and comfort my fevered soul with the words, "But here I have a still bigger fool!"

I speak of one glass case only and of one man only. I may be unduly optimistic, but I have not so low an opinion of the scheme of the universe as to believe that there can be more than one man in this planet afflicted with that deplorable state of mind possessed by the advertisement-alterer of the underground railway carriages. There are other fools—I feel it, I know it. The man who sends that preliminary fee of one sovereign to that money-lender who is pining to hand him a thousand without any security, surety, or inquiries, is not a bad specimen fool. The man who summons a fire-brigade or stops an express by way of a joke, is a common but well-marked variety. The man who "never thought the gun was loaded" may, without conceit, claim to be a good showy fool. But for the least possible utility combined with the least possible amusement, for a rich deposit of plain fatuousness, for an opinion of himself least justified by facts, I am inclined to think that the advertisement-alterer takes the prize. His name and address, please.

I HAVE the pleasure to acknowledge the following donations to the Pluck Fund:—G. T., 2s. 6d.; F. W. G., 2s. 6d.; T. E. W., 5s.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; R. W. F., 1s.; and 2s. from a correspondent who omits to sign his name.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

W.B. encloses me another leading article from the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. It is evidently unsafe to joke with a Scottish newspaper. I made an innocent attempt to chaff the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, and, at the time of writing, had nothing but a kind feeling towards that paper. But the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* is very indignant. It says that I am cross and insulting, that I ought to have apologised instead of making a joke of the subject. It says I am illogical. It sneers at me because I am Arcadian in my tastes. It sneers even at my cow, and there is not a more harmless cow in England. The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* tells me that the Highland cattle do not bite. The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* says that I am proud, that I throw my cow at its head. It says I am no authority on agricultural matters. It hints that I am going the way to be an insufferable agricultural prig. The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* also reproves me for want of knowledge of history—as taught by the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. And all this anger and bitterness of heart because I said the Highland cattle were small and fierce. The Highland cow is evidently a dangerous thing to attack.

J. D.—If I were you I should devote some of my three hours spare time to play and some to work. I would read good fiction and would study such subjects as appealed to me. I would go, as often as I could afford it, to theatres and concerts and picture galleries. Use every minute.

FAIRPLAY.—I cannot take notice of anonymous contributions. Why are you ashamed of your name? ROSETTA.—The Home of Rest for Horses is an excellent institution. It seems, I am glad to say, admirably supported. C. H. H.—The matter does not seem to promise much interest. W. L.—Unfortunately the world teems with narrow-minded idiots. One must take as little notice of them as possible.

DARKIE.—I wish correspondents would not make use of ridiculous pseudonyms. I am told that a great deal of money is lost by people going into the tobacco and confectionery business, encouraged thereto by glowing advertisements inserted by agents. The business is offered for a few pounds, and is said to bring in hundreds a year profit. Of course a good business man can make any trade pay, but do not trust to agents' tales.

-W. R. S.—"The Fruits of Philosophy," published by Robert Forder, 29, Stonecutter Street, E.C. T. C. J.—Barnard Smith's

is the most practicable. Thank you for your kind expressions. J. S. T.—You have not studied your TO-DAY. I have answered this question half-a-dozen times. The firm in question was an American one. I am not acquainted with it.

H. E. P.—There is much in the little book "The Forge and the Weapon" that I like, though it is written in rather a sentimental strain. I strongly agree with the authoress when she begs parents not to let their children go out in the world unarmed with knowledge.

L.S.M. draws my attention to the leniency with which North of Scotland sheriffs deal with brutality. At Inverness, a navy in the employ of the British Aluminum Company, for pouring boiling water over a woman, and afterwards savagely assaulting a police constable, was let off with a two pound fine; while at Dingwall, two tinkers, for killing an old man, were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

A.K.L.—Reading is a help to education, of course, but reading by itself will never move a man far. Read good newspapers by all means, and travel also, if you can afford the time and money, but above all, use your own eyes and thought.

W. S. H.—Your religious bigot does all he can to injure the cause of religion, but we must not confound the two things. You should steer clear of the company of such foolish Pharisees lest they should disgust you with religion itself. Any good bookseller can procure you the paper edition of *Sartor Resartus* at sixpence.

A. O.—Very many thanks for your letter and the kind expressions it contains.

TED.—The friendship of such readers gives me extreme pleasure. Your Pluck Fund contribution is acknowledged in another column. I have not received the paper you said you enclosed.

H. F.—Could you give me the name of one particular institution regarding which inquiry could be made?

D. W.—Your own idea is the best. Write the Japanese Legation, 8, Sussex Square, W. They are extremely courteous people, and will give you all the information in their power. I thank you for your kind expressions.

W. O.—You will see I have made a brief comment on the case. I thank you very much for your kindness.

M. S. and E. M.—I have duly forwarded your letters.

A. M. Z.—I do not use a fountain pen myself, but I am told that the Swan is a reliable pen.

W. H. C. kindly writes me in reference to an inquiry by "L. A." as to the meaning of three words which seemed to me to be a cryptogram. W. H. C. tells me that the three words are at once translatable on the assumption that "L. A." has seen the words in Greek capitals only, and has written an English A for the Greek D, and so on. The translation would then be "Through the Narrow Way," and I have no doubt that my correspondent has solved the mystery. W. H. C. goes on to say "May I take the opportunity of thanking you for very many happy Sunday hours spent with your delightful paper? It is a pity that there are not more broad-minded Editors, who would do much to raise the standard of our modern literature."

J. G. B. (Cape Colony).—The firm you mention I believe to be a perfectly honourable one, and I should imagine that press of business has caused the delay of which you complain. I have forwarded your letter to them.

MELBOURNE READER.—Am sorry you find so much difficulty in getting TO-DAY and *The Idler* in your colony, and am glad that you like them both so much when you do get them. Why not subscribe to TO-DAY, as so many of your friends do in your part of the world, then you would get it comfortably by post?

R. H. P. encloses me some dozen circulars sent to his son, all hailing from Belgium. The circulars invite competition as regards missing words and also shillings. I should say that there was not one of these Belgium firms that was not a rank swindle. The love of gambling is a natural instinct, so plenty of victims are sure to be found. I see no objection to a man backing his skill for a shilling or two, but he is an ass to send his money over to Ostend.

N. Z. (St. Petersburg).—I answered you some time ago by post. I trust that you have received the letter. "On the Stage and Off" was the first. "Stageland" came much later.

E. L. J.—I will answer your letter in my next issue. My space is limited this week.

MISS GRACE LEFROY, hon. sec. to the British Women's Emigration Association, writes me from the Imperial Institute as follows:—"Some of your readers may like to know that fifty young women are being selected to go to West Australia for domestic service on or about the 20th of February, by direct

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

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ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—Sheltered climate. First-rate sport, and only 12 hours from London. CERCLE DES ETRANGERS with Roulette, Trente-et-quarante, &c., always open. Hotel tariff at 10 francs inclusive. For details, address JULES CREHAY, Sec.

steamer, under the care of an experienced matron, each girl paying £1 only towards the expense. The cost of the journey is defrayed by the colony, and for this no repayment is required, but in return the girls sign an agreement to remain for one year in Western Australia; their wages commence from date of engagement. We have just heard from the matron who took out the last party in October that all the girls obtained situations in an hour and a-half after their arrival, and that the demand for them seems to be greater than ever. Wages are from 40s. a month. Only girls over eighteen, who can be well recommended by their employers as efficient servants, and who are of good health and character, can be accepted. Any such who wish for further particulars should apply to me at once, either by letter or personally, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., at the London Office of the Association, Room 1, Imperial Institute, S.W." I don't know whether many of my readers are servant girls. I hope we circulate to a certain extent among them, for they are a useful, and, on the whole, intelligent body, and, as such, to be desired as readers.

A. M. T., writing me from what he calls the "Bethel-blighted district" of Pontypridd, assures me that in South Wales it is no uncommon thing for public prayers to be put up from the pulpit for rainy Sundays, so that folk may not be tempted from the chapel doors. I am hoping that my correspondent is exaggerating.

A. H. draws my attention to a fine of £5 and costs, amounting to £25 18s., inflicted upon certain Manchester pigeon fanciers for cruelty in "faking up" their birds. The punishment will be serviceable also, I hope, in the cause of honesty among pigeon fanciers.

F. W. S.—My editorial notes will answer your kind letter.

J. C. B.—I cannot see any harm in the scheme myself. If the charity is a deserving one, and is managed by honest folk, the "Snowball letter" may be as good a means as another for collecting funds.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

CLUB CHATTER.

I HAVE often wished that the human memory were a more trustworthy instrument. If a note-book is to be of any practical use it must be of such a size that the carrying of it ruins the shape of my coat, and gives me the appearance of suffering from a physical deformity. On the other hand, if I trust entirely to memory strange things happen, although there is a melancholy consolation to be derived from the fact that ninety-nine men out of a hundred are afflicted in the same way.

THE worst feature of the ordinary memory is that it frequently jibs in the most unaccountable manner. There is an old Cambridge story about a parson who had been in the habit of saying the Church Service every day for twenty years. But one fatal day that parson was droning through the General Confession when his memory suddenly stopped working, and the prayer came out as follows: "And we have left undone what we ought to have done, and there is no health in us. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and—er—and all the Royal family."

A CERTAIN judge once seized an opportunity to discourse eloquently on the shabby way in which a man's memory will often serve him. "For instance," he said, "only this morning I quite forgot to perform a little act that I have been in the habit of doing daily all my life. I neglected to put on my watch and chain." Twelve men called at the judge's house for that watch and chain, and the first one got it.

THERE are many instances of actors forgetting their lines when playing in the middle of a long run. Musicians also suffer in the same way. Bülow once stopped playing in the middle of a recital, and hurriedly left the platform. I believe an excuse was offered that something had gone wrong with the piano, but Bülow's memory was the real culprit. It was of this musician that someone unkindly but beautifully said—

"Man wants but little here, Bülow,
Nor wants that little long."

A celebrated violinist—I believe it was Sarasate—once found his memory deserting him at a recital; but he discovered the reason of the mishap in time to prevent a failure. A lady was fanning herself in the front row of the stalls. The violinist stopped playing. "Madam," he said, "how can I play in two-four time when you are beating six-eight?" The lady shut up her fan, and the recital was concluded successfully.

I AM glad to see that silk wraps are now being largely made of English manufactured goods. The favourite pattern and colouring is that usually described as "Paisley," which means that the colouring may be pretty well what you like, so long as the original design is adhered to. A Paisley wrap cannot be described; the only way for anyone to discover what the genuine thing looks like is to go and buy one; and if my readers wish to be quite fashionable I should recommend them to do so at once.

ARE we to have velvet collars for evening clothes and frock-coats? I have come across several lately, but they have been worn by men whose style of dress in other respects I should not care to imitate. There is this advantage about a velvet collar—it must either be put on by a very good tailor or not at all. A cheap velvet collar will get stretched quite out of shape after a week's wear. I should not be surprised if the idea caught on, especially for evening coats. After all, the fashion would only be a repetition of that in existence forty years ago.

FANCY waistcoats are having it all their own way just now. They are made in various shades of a light reddish brown, and in not very distinguishable patterns. For rough country use there is nothing more fashionable than

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The Three Bells



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SCOTIA
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CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.

a brown leather waistcoat, and they have the advantage of wearing for an indefinite period.

THE changes in the fashion of braces are necessarily more or less limited, but my readers may be interested to know that the very latest thing is a coloured silk brace—in a beautiful blue or deep pink. It is almost a pity they cannot be worn outside the waistcoat.

THE result of the international football match on Saturday is an overwhelming proof that professionalism in football is not desirable. I have over and over again made this the text of my notes, so that I had a double pleasure in seeing England beat Wales on Saturday. The English fifteen was supposed to have been weakened by losing the services of many international players who have turned professionals; but, though only amateurs, they managed to give Wales a record beating.

As a humble member of the Society of Authors I must protest against the circular, prepared, apparently, with the sanction of that body, now being sent round literary circles for signature. It is nothing more nor less than a humiliating and somewhat ungrammatical appeal for mercy from the authors of England to the United States. Throughout the circular there runs a suggestion of fear lest the value of English authors' copyright might be endangered by hostility between the two nations. It is a fatuous and sentimental document, for which it is to be hoped that the office boy of No. 4, Portugal Street is chiefly responsible.

The three specialities in tobacco manufactured by Carreras, of Wardour Street, are "The Craven," "Hankeys," and "The Guards" mixtures. The first of these is a mild blend spoken of so well by Mr. J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine," in which book it figures as the Arcadian Mixture. This is a very sweet and cool tobacco. "The Hankey" is a mixture of medium strength, while "The Guards" is a strong full flavoured tobacco. If any of my correspondents like a tobacco of this description they cannot do better than try "The Guards."

A PARISIAN journal announces that the services of Sir Augustus Harris have been suitably acknowledged by the Queen, who has decided to give him a *Colonial Governorship*. Now it is just possible to read this two ways.

I USED to pride myself at one time on knowing something about dogs, and especially English dogs. I have practically decided never to even think of dogs again, after the way in which my appalling ignorance has been forced home upon me by an article I have just read in a Paris journal. It seems that it is Brighton that sets the fashion in dogs for the world. This may be right. There is no reason why, even if Brighton cannot afford to clean its streets, and exterminate itinerant preachers, it should not do this in a quiet and unostentatious manner.

BUT my profound ignorance was emphasised when I read a little further on. Nowadays it is the proper thing in England for your little dog to give any little dog of mine that he may regard with affection or respect (according to size and sex) a Christmas present. My little dog would simply notify me of this, and I should give him the necessary letter of introduction to a tradesman who might be sufficiently confiding to honour my signature. It would then be my duty to escort him to the house where his friend was to be found, and I should hand over the collar or what not that he had decided to buy to the owner of his dog friend. The owner himself would have previously, I need hardly say, have had to perform this duty for his own property.

THIS, says the journal, is absolutely the proper thing to-day in England. Everyone with a bow-wow carries a present on its behalf to the canine adoption of his friend. After this comes a long description of the fur overcoats, and collars, blankets, and so forth that are absolutely *de rigueur* if one wishes that his dog should not be blackballed in polite bow-wow clubs. I must admit that my dogs are in a bad social way.

THE frilled shirt for evening wear is being generally adopted on the Continent, and coloured evening dress is frequently to be seen.

IT is becoming more and more fashionable, among those whose pockets are not strained, to order ties of a distinct pattern, that is to say, practically to pay the cost of a new pattern. I need hardly say that this is a rare luxury.

IT reads like a dream. To-day the German Press is seriously attacking the system of tipping waiters. I always thought that a German who had left his country under circumstances that gave rise to mutual congratulations always turned waiter in some other country. Under any circumstances, let us get rid of this system which is now getting as bad in England as on the Continent. If the German Press can do this, it would be a "made in Germany" article that every Englishman would admire.

A PARIS correspondent tells me that the funeral service of poor little Max Lebaudy was the last word in *fin de siècleism*. There were racing men and jockeys, who waited outside the church, reading sporting papers, actresses and *demi-mondaines*, who felt bored at getting up so early, but knew it was the proper thing to do. Meanwhile, the Paris Press were flying at one another's throats. "It was not I who demanded that a dying man should serve as a soldier!" And the poor little millionaire was lying in his coffin, in his soldier-jacket, with the photograph of Mdlle. Marsy, of the Théâtre Française, whom he was mad over, next his heart. It is sad to think over. "I can't live long," he said, when he found that his wild life was telling on him, "but, by God! I'll eat all that the world has by double handfuls while I'm here." And, after all, to oblige the democracy, he was allowed to die in barracks, in spite of the doctors! The Republic of Naples was bad, but——"

IN attacking the *misère* it is sometimes necessary for the player who takes the trick to abandon the lead, not that he wishes the play of that particular suit discontinued, but because his cards in it are such as can only be made effective by the subsequent leads in it coming from his partners. Thus, say he holds Ace, King, Queen, and nine of Diamonds. First hand opens the game with the ten of Diamonds; the caller (second player) gives the six, the hand in question the ace, and fourth player the eight. The jack is obviously with the caller, and should the taker of the trick continue with Diamonds, he must presumably release the jack; but should the lead come twice more from the other side, he must catch it with the nine, unless it was originally supported by four others. With this object in view he returns a small card of another suit.

THE difficulty here is the liability incurred by the taker of the trick having his motive for changing the lead misconstrued, not only on this, but on the next play of the Diamond suit. It may induce the other partners to infer that he holds too many Diamonds to safely continue with them, or that he has changed to a single suit, and wants that persisted in to enable him to discard. Should the others, however, return a second round of Diamonds, he can materially help the situation by giving the queen instead of the king, and, by so inferentially locating the king with the caller, invite a

third round of the suit, with results fatal to the declaration.

THE London Solo Whist Club—a coterie devoted exclusively to the interests of Solo Whist—held its inaugural gathering on Friday evening last at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi Terrace, under the presidency of Mr. A. S. Wilks, the author of several treatises on the game. At present the Club meets on Fridays only, but it is intended to shortly arrange for two evenings a week. Even at the present early stage the length of the members' list has fully assured the success of the new venture in advance.

WHEN the caller of a Solo has trumped a plain suit beware, as next player, of blocking your partner's subsequent lead in it, by holding up the high cards, more especially if you are short. This is still more important when, with the lead, you would have to open a fresh suit from ace or king without the following honours, for the caller would probably appreciate the situation and leave the lead with you. But, holding originally

six cards of the trumped suit, it is mostly advisable to throw off the intermediate cards first, from low to high, so as to leave yourself in the position either to take and retain the lead, or place it with a partner. Thus, with queen, jack, and another, you would give first the queen and then the jack; but with queen, jack, 9, 4, 2, you play first the 8 and then the 9; and in these cases your partners should understand that when to the ruff you give first a low and then a higher card, you have length in the suit, and when the high card is given first, brevity.

ONE of the most fruitful causes of disaster to the Proposal and Acceptance—the leading of trumps once too often—might frequently be avoided if, when practicable, the declaring hands would adopt the convention known in ordinary whist as “the trump echo.” This means that a player, in following under his partner's trump lead, gives a card other than his lowest, and plays his lowest on the next round. This is a reversal of the usual method, and signifies that the player holds *not less* than four trumps. Thus: Say the proposer, with ace, king, and three small trumps, leads king, and then ace,

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LARGEST SALE.
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
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RILEY'S "CORONA" SHIRT.



As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on “Pushing the Trade” and “Making Sales,” so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce.

Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These have not been effected without very great care and attention—

care and attention to minute matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The “CORONA” is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.



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“ESTRELLAS de OROS” Perfectionados.

One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.

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A beautiful cigar.

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Made from the purest tobacco.

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Manufactured
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ESTAB^d 1723.

and all follow suit. If to the king the acceptor gave the four, and to the next round the two, the leader would know for certain that his partner held the two remaining trumps, and would refrain from leading them again.

THE foals and yearlings sold by public auction last year realised a grand sum of 167,016½ gs. There were 636, giving an average of 261 gs. This is a decided improvement upon the records of 1894, 1893, and 1892, and breeders of bloodstock should study the report.

THERE were only 31 foals, thus leaving 605 yearlings. These were the produce of only 192 different sires. In 1894, 696 lots, the produce of 202 different sires, changed hands, but they only fetched 151,233 gs., or an average of 217 gs. The best report of late years was the one issued in 1890, when 685 lots, representing 195 different sires, brought in the enormous sum of 240,395 gs.

As usual, there were some very high priced lots, the high water mark being reached when Mr. Simons Harrison sent up the filly by St. Simon—Sterling Love. Mr. J. A. Miller, whose success in connection with N.H. events has been the sensation of the season, stalled off all opposition, and secured the youngster for 4,100 gs.

Now, curiously enough, the highest price realised in 1894 was 4,100 gs., this sum being paid for a yearling filly

by St. Simon—St. Marguerite. The purchaser was Sir James Miller, the elder brother of Mr. J. A. Miller, and best known to sportsmen as the owner of Sainfoin, the Derby winner of 1890. Sir James afterwards named the filly Roquebrune. She has only run once, winning the New Stakes at Ascot. She has developed splints, and her Turf career is not likely to extend over a lengthy period.

HERE is a fact of no small interest to England. The medical authorities in Paris continue their crusade against French drink, and the extraordinary theory is seriously set forth that there is less harm in the cheap fiery brandy sold for four or five sous than in the best known brands matured by age. Meanwhile whisky is steadily being introduced everywhere. Except in the best known cafés, this is only an imitation whisky, and although reputed to be bottled in Great Britain is fabricated in a distillery on the outskirts of the city.

HE had come home five times in the same condition within a week, and the fond mother, regarding him with tears in her eyes, remarked: "My son! my son! if you go on like this you will die of starvation on the scaffold!"

WITH regard to my recent observations upon shaving, I have frequently been asked if there is anything which will improve the surface of the strap-strop for sharpen-

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SPECIAL AGENTS IN MOST TOWNS.
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7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London. W.

ing purposes. I have tried none of the preparations advertised but can give my readers a little "tip" on the subject which I got from a barber who generally knows pretty well what he is talking about. It consists in nothing more than rubbing the surface of the strop with burnt cork, and I think my readers will find that this gives the strop a surface and effectiveness which cannot well be improved upon.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

MRS. L. A. A. WILKINSON (Hull).—Your first question was answered in last week's notes. (2). "How to Play Solo Whist," by Wilks and Pardon, published by Chatto and Windus at two shillings.

ECCLES FORMATION (?).—If on the last round but one the second player, unable to follow suit, draws and exposes one card, and then substitutes the other for it, you can demand him to give the first, for it is constructively a played card. The next being the last round there is practically no penalty for the exposure.

DOUGLAS.—I am afraid you haven't been reading your To-DAY very carefully, for you will find I said something about overcoats in No. 110. The coat there described, which is sometimes called "a racing coat," and sometimes "a frock overcoat," should suit you admirably. Or, if you don't like an overcoat to come down to your heels, you might go in for a fairly long Chesterfield—say down to the knees. Don't have it made with a sack back, as you suggest; on the other hand, I shouldn't recommend you to have it fitted close to the figure. The happy medium would be about right in this case.

JOHN SMITH.—(1) Of course, yes. (2) Kid boots are not worn in the evening in place of patent leather.

H. O. P.—The only thing you can do is to take the skin to the

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Foolscap. 6 lbs.



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AGE AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

One Dozen Case sent free to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque for 40s., payable at the Bank of Scotland.

MATTHEW HENDRIE,
78, Wellington Street, GLASGOW. Est. 1860.

furriers, and I advise you to do this at once. No application will be of any use until the skin is thoroughly freed from moth.

GRINGOIRE and H. H. ask for a recipe for claret cup. A very good cup may be obtained with one bottle of claret added to double the quantity of soda water, the juice of two lemons, two slices of lemon, a wineglassful of good brandy, a liqueur glass of green Chartreuse, and sugar to taste. Some people add a sprig or two of myrtle, others a few laurel leaves; others, again, like their cup flavoured with the slightest suspicion of cinnamon, while some are not happy unless their cup tastes of almonds. But these things are matters of taste.

J. P. wants to know a good book on the care and training of greyhounds. J. P. will find what he wants in "The Greyhound," by Hugh Dalziel, published by Upcott, Gill and Co., at 2s. 6d. There is also much valuable information about greyhounds to be found in Rawdon Lee's "Modern Dogs" (sporting), published by Horace Cox, at 10s. 6d. Stonehenge's "British Rural Sports" should be a useful work for J. P. to consult, and an article on "How a Greyhound is Trained" appeared in No. 68 of To-DAY.

J. W.—I know nothing of the Bantam cycles except that they always seem to me to present rather a comical appearance. The makers would give you all information you require.

"BORO CLUB."—The address of Messrs. Nathan and Son, is Bear Street, Leicester Square, W.C. I regret that I cannot depart from my rule of not replying to correspondents through the post.

C. W. writes with reference to my remarks on artificially made Whangee canes:—"It is probable that a certain kind of dry rot, which sets in in some of these canes, has led you to think that they were compressed and finished artificially, as they break with a kind of 'oatmeal' appearance. The error, of course, may be on my side, but as yet artificial Whangees are denied the stick-buying public, I believe. The cost of making bogus canes would deter anyone from making the experiment, as the real thing is to be imported at not unreasonable rates."

J. A.—There are many books on the subject; the nearest bookseller would give you a complete list. At the same time, I do not attach much importance to books on etiquette. Good behaviour is only the outcome of good feeling, i.e., a kindly consideration for the feelings of those around you.

H. F. (?) draws my attention to a notice of a foxhound meet in Ireland, from which I see that the day was Sunday, and the spot chosen was Prayer Hill. This is quite as it should be.

RICHMOND GEM



CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A good many customers come into the shop and ask for "Q's" latest collection of short stories ("Wandering Heath," Cassell and Co., 6s.). Undoubtedly the most powerful of them all is "The Roll Call of the Reef," which appeared in "The Idler" some months ago, and made a great sensation, owing to the Stevensonian power and simplicity of its treatment. I have never met "Q" himself, but all his friends tell the same story of his love for an open air life instead of "polishing his breeches" on a stool. He lives down at Fowey in order to breathe clean air; the fogs of "the great metropolpus" fill him with disgust. I daresay he could make more money in London; but money isn't everything. A certain friend of mine once sent "Q" some violet roots for his garden, and "Q" repaid him with a set of verses as odorous as the flowers themselves. The only thing I can grow in my garden is the common or domestic cat, and I daren't send one of these feline marauders to "Q," lest he should retaliate with a Cornish specimen.

* * * *

It is a moot question whether authors gain or lose by living in the country. In London, there is the sharpening of wits against each other; in the country, a tendency to rusticate and do nothing, develop a "bow window," and lose touch with the times. Some of the big literary lions spend half their time in town and half in the country. Grant Allen (he is more familiarly known as "Uncle Hill Top" now), never stops in town unless obliged to do so; Sir Walter Besant comes down on Mondays from Frognall End; Rider Haggard runs up for a week at a time; Conan Doyle winters abroad; Frankfort Moore is a town bird; F. W. Robinson dwells in suburban Brixton, except when visiting town twice a week for chess; Anthony Hope "attends chambers" every morning and works with clock-like punctuality from ten till four; the coming man, H. G. Wells, lives at Croydon; Stanley Weyman is taking a bridal holiday in wild Wales, eyeglass and all; Crockett visits London once a year; Oswald Crawford and Moncure D. Conway are always in town. George Manville Fenn sticks to Isleworth unless he comes up to Vagabond dinners; Jerome K. Jerome spends three days a week in the country when he can get away; Arthur Morrison seldom leaves Loughton; and Zangwill shuts himself up in his suburban home until he has finished a book. Then he comes out to dinners and "At Homes" to rest, a characteristic method of recuperation which would kill other men after a prolonged spell of hard labour.

* * * *

Have finished Mr. Stanley Weyman's "The Red Cockade" (Longmans and Co., 6s.), which is familiar to all the readers of To-DAY. It went very well as a serial; it reads even better in book form. In the serial there was a week's suspense between exciting incidents; in book form, however, there is no such pause. A peculiarity which I experience in reading Mr. Weyman's books is my dislike to being taken out of their atmosphere into that of every day life again; and this I imagine to be a test. A well-known author told me the other day that he had been reading "Under the Red Robe." On his way home a man pushed against him in the street. Immediately my friend's hand flew to his sword-hilt, and he was about to draw, when the cry of "Sveshul Hedition" brought him back to everyday life. One good effect of the revival of historical romance, is the improvement it has effected in the manners of the youth of the day. It is noticeable everywhere.

But I am straying from the point. "The Red Cockade" is admirably written, and it is not one-sided. The excesses of the people committed under "The Red Cockade" are felt to be perfectly natural and justifiable, although carried to horrible lengths—almost as horrible as the per-

sistent persecution of their wretched vassals by the French nobility and gentry. It is difficult to realise that at the time of which Mr. Weyman writes every Frenchman of good family had his *carcan* (gallows) at his gates, ready for the hanging of refractory peasants, as a matter of course. "The Right of the Seigneur," and other equally unsavoury rights, also existed without question.

There is one little point in Mr. Weyman's romance which puzzles me. The hero remains for three hours in the position described below, and yet does not die. How does he manage it?

"What with that and the cloak, which in this new position threatened to strangle me outright, I lay a moment helpless, while the wretches bound my hands behind me, and tied my ankles together. Thus secured, I felt myself taken up and carried a little way, and flung roughly down on a soft bed of hay, as I knew by the scent. Then someone threw a truss of hay on me, and more and more hay, until I thought that I should be stifled, and tried frantically to shout. But the cloak was wound two or three times round my head, and, strive as I would, I could only, with all my efforts, force out a dull cry, that died, smothered in its folds."

* * * *

The ninth volume of "The Young Man," conducted by Mr. F. A. Atkins, makes an admirable present for young men who are not prigs, and who wish to learn something of the movements of the times. The fiction is pure and wholesome, the general papers extremely interesting, and the "Portraits" full of valuable information.

* * * *

Mr. George Horton, of Chicago, is kind enough to send me a daintily delightful little volume of verse ("In Unknown Seas") from which I quote "Let us be Young," as an example of his delicate workmanship. We could all think this little poem; few of us could so adequately express the thought:

LET US BE YOUNG.

Oh, heart of me, let us be young
Another merry year;
For there are songs that must be sung,
And maidens yet are dear.

If old age hobbles down the way,
All wrinkled, bent, and hoar,
Let's scoff at him, and cry him nay,
And flout him from the door.

Oh, heart of me, let us be young
Another year so fleet;
For there are songs that must be sung,
And dreaming still is sweet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A.—Shows decided sense of rhythm. It would be better if you had alternate rhymes in

The ice and the snow of the winter are turning
The warm blood of man to the chill of the sea;
But my heart it is burning with love for my darling,
And whom in the world would it burn for but thee?

"JAPAN."—Many thanks for the information about Pierre Loti. Several other correspondents have been good enough to point out to me that the book is to be had in English.

K. F. B. writes—"I have read two versions of 'The Light that Failed,' both by Rudyard Kipling. In No. 1, Maisie, returning from France, makes love to Dick and marries him. In No. 2, Maisie, returning from France, believes Dick mad and leaves him. Dick goes out to find Torpenhow at the war, and at the moment of meeting is killed by a bullet. Please, which is the authenticated version?" Both versions are right. It is said that in the original edition of "The Light that Failed" the author had the unhappy ending, but that, in deference to the representations of the magazine editor who published it, Mr. Kipling made a "happy ending." When the time came to publish the story in book form, the unhappy ending was re-inserted, the British public was satisfied, Mr. Kipling's artistic conscience gratified, and Dick polished off. Maisie, to put it somewhat emphatically, always was a selfish beast; the red-haired girl is my favourite—one wants to know more about her.

G. S.—With reference to your proposed patent, consult Mr. Lloyd Wise's work on "The Patent Laws of All Countries," now being published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Mr. Lloyd Wise is, I understand, one of the greatest living authorities on the difficult subject of patents, and in this work he gives us the patent laws of the various countries, stated so clearly, so concisely, and so plainly, that it is all as easy to understand as the proverbial A.B.C.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.

DISTASTEFUL COUNSEL.



A BRIEF retrospective glance at the history of the young Conde d'Osorio and his relations with a personage whose real importance far transcended the ostensible position of Physician to the King and Queen of Spain is necessary here. Don Rafael was the only child of a

Spanish noble of ancient descent and large possessions, who had departed, when past middle age, from the tradition of his house by marrying a dancer. This rash proceeding had not, however, been attended by the prompt punishment usual in such cases; the marriage was a happy one, and the reputation of the Condesa d'Osorio was unassailable and unassailed. Her husband had wisely chosen a life of comparative seclusion, and had died, while Don Rafael was still in his boyhood, at the stately and severely splendid ancestral palace of the Osorio family at Cordova, where his widow still resided now that her son had entered on a career worthy of his birth and breeding. Don Rafael, when this history presents him to the reader, was, as we have seen, a lieutenant in that picked corps, the King's Bodyguard, a brilliant member of the highest circle of society in Madrid, and attached in a military capacity to the household of the Infante, Don Ferdinand de Bourbon, Prince of the Asturias and Heir to the Crown of the Spains. The young Conde d'Osorio was a devoted son, and that he should make the long journey to Cordova for the sake of a short stay with his mother had nothing in it contrary to his character or his habits. Nevertheless, the fact had an irritating signification to Juan Morera, whose relations with the parents of Don Rafael dated from a period anterior to the birth of their son, and who had maintained and exercised influence over the affairs of the widowed Condesa, and in Rafael's own, which the latter disliked and resented all the more that he failed to understand its origin. He felt that there was something veiled and contradictory about his mother's attitude of mind towards this persistent, patronising, but indisputably powerful, friend, who had shown himself invariably solicitous for his welfare from the hour of his father's death, and to whom, in fact, he now owed his commission in the King's Bodyguard and his post in the military household of the Infante. Yet had his instinctive distrust of Morera never slept, and his unconquerable dislike of the man known no softening. His mother, who clearly discerned his mood, had entirely failed to change it. She had at most constrained him to conceal his sentiments, while she was unable to hide from him that she shared them. Rafael was too sharp-sighted not to be struck by the timidity which his mother always evinced in the presence of Juan Morera when he made his two-yearly visits to Cordova, and by the care with which she concealed her association with other chosen friends—of whom we shall hear more hereafter—from this strange and sinister personage, who seemed to rule her will at his pleasure, as though she feared he would forbid it and she should be forced to obey.

That his mother stood in fear of Juan Morera Don Rafael was convinced, and for his own part regarded the Court Physician as a double-faced person, whom he did well to mistrust while accepting his patronage, lest he should make an enemy of him.

In this mood Rafael had arrived at Madrid, and had immediately benefited by the good offices of Morera. He felt not the slightest gratitude to his patron, however, for he was convinced that his services were rendered from some motive of personal interest, and various incidents concurred to strengthen both his present suspicions and his former antipathy. He was offended by Morera's tone towards himself, by certain advice which he gave him, and by the Court Physician's servility towards the all-powerful Minister Godoy. He had come thoroughly to understand the political situation, to recognise the existence of the popular dislike of Morera, to perceive its justice, and to feel that honour and patriotism demanded his devoting himself to the rescue of Spain from the base and unprincipled hands into which the intrigues of her enemies and the weakness of her degenerate Sovereign had thrown her. It was, therefore, in a sullen and impracticable mood that the hero of the hour, the story of whose gallant rescue of Doña Beatriz Nebral was already in circulation throughout the city—attended Juan Morera to the carriage, accompanied by murmurs of applause from the loitering crowd and sounds of very different import to the address of his companion.

"Where do you wish to be set down?" said Don Juan, when they were seated in the carriage.

"At my own rooms. I am going there to rest before starting for Aranjuez."

"That is well. It is necessary that I should speak with you."

It was a good distance from the Puerta del Sol to Rafael's abode, near the Puerta d'Atocha. There was time enough to talk, but they began by silence. At length Juan Morera said—

"I regret that you did not inform me of your intention before going to Cordova."

"Had you any commission to give me, señor?"

"I should have charged you with my homage to the Condesa d'Osorio. Besides, do you not think, Rafael, situated as we are respectively, that it is your duty to keep me informed of your actions and movements?"

"I do not understand you, Don Juan."

"And yet it is very simple. In placing you with the Prince of the Asturias, His Serene Highness the Prince of the Peace—who did this on my recommendation, and because I pledged my word for your devotion to his cause—did not merely propose to open up a brilliant career to you and serve your interests. He has his own view also. It was important to him to have a safe, clever, sure man about the Prince, especially one who would fully realise what was expected of him. Under these conditions you ought not to absent yourself without being authorised."

"I had the authorisation of the Infante Don Ferdinand," said Rafael quickly; "it is to him that I am accountable."

"You are accountable to His Serene Highness also, and to me. At this moment it is of especial importance that you should be at your post. We may have sudden and unexpected need of you. You will show that you deserve our confidence by not going away anywhere without consent."

Rafael's wrath was rising, but he bore in mind that the plans of the prince whom he served required him to dissemble.

"Thanks for your advice, señor. I shall not forget it."

"You saw your mother only at Cordova?"

"I went there for the sole purpose of seeing her only."

"You could not, then, ascertain the state of public opinion in the city?"

"I must admit that I did not think at all about it, señor. I know the people of Cordova. They are loyal to the King."

"Yes, but it is not the King who's in question—it is Godoy. Take that well into your mind, my young friend, and do what he requires of you. Wherever you are, you must keep your eyes and ears open, outside

the Court as well as in. You are returning thither to resume your waiting on the Prince. We know that he is hostile to us, and it is impossible but that you can discover proofs of his hostility, if you have not already discovered them. We are not sure that he is not trying to correspond with his friends outside, and if you had come upon any proof at Cordova——"

Rafael, by this time at boiling-point, interrupted Morera.

"I have seen nothing to justify your suspicion, señor, either at Cordova or at the Court. Let me add that His Royal Highness is not communicative. He observes—perhaps even more rigidly towards myself than in the case of others—a reserve——"

"Which ought not to prevent you from getting at his secrets."

The lieutenant's patience was exhausted. Happily the carriage had reached his door. He made no remark upon Juan Morera's last words, but took leave of him.

"We shall meet to-morrow," said Morera, laying a detaining hand on his arm, "at Aranjuez. I shall have the honour of accompanying His Serene Highness to the Palace. Endeavour to collect some useful information in the meantime."

This was too much.

"Address yourself elsewhere, señor, if you please," said Rafael, quivering with anger. "There are some whom His Royal Highness trusts entirely. Question them; they are in a position to answer you."

"Who are they?" asked Juan Morera eagerly.

"I do not know them, but they exist. Seek, and you will find."

"You must help us, Rafael."

The young man made no reply, but jumped out of the carriage and knocked loudly at the door, which was promptly opened by a servant, whom he questioned instantly, as he hurried through the vestibule, "Has anybody asked for me?"

"No one, Señor Conde. But there is a letter on the table in your lordship's room."

"That is well. Leave me. I must have some sleep, but you must call me at three. We start at four for Aranjuez."

The letter which awaited Rafael was written in French. It was to the following import:—

"The Ambassador of France presents his respectful compliments to the Conde d'O——, and regrets to inform him that he cannot act upon the recent interview between himself and the Conde unless he be authorised to do so by the Emperor, his master. The Ambassador is disposed to solicit that authorisation, but he considers that the communications which the Conde d'O—— is charged to have transmitted to His Majesty deserve to be sent direct to their august intended recipient.

The Ambassador would be much honoured by being charged by the person in whose name the Conde d'O—— speaks and acts to transmit the letter containing them to the rightful hands."

This mysterious note was unsigned, although it was more compromising to the person to whom it was addressed than to its writer, M. de Beauharnais, Imperial Ambassador in Spain.

Rafael read the note a second time, with the reflection that it would, in fact, be better that the Infante should write to Napoleon, because he might say all he wanted in a letter, and could not be tempted to say anything he did not want. Then, having fixed the text

in his memory, he destroyed the document, and prepared for the rest which he sorely needed.

Sleep did not come readily to him. He had gone to Cordova as a conspirator, it is true. While there he had arranged a plot which must, if not successful in execution, involve destruction to himself and the friends whom he had enlisted in it, and this would have of itself been enough to make the first hour of solitude and inaction on his return sleepless.

But more remained behind in the lieutenant's case. He had gone to Cordova fancy-free, all his mind in his purpose. He had returned to Madrid,

in love for the first time in his life, the bond-slave of a woman—Dona Beatrix Nebral.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RULER OF SPAIN.

A PASSING glance at the previous story of the great personage with whom the young Conde d'Osorio was preparing to try conclusions, reveals a career strange and romantic to an astonishing degree, even at a period when the "shooting stars" of history were numerous. After the magnificent and unapproachable meteor of the age, Napoleon himself, came a luminous train to dart across "the blue" and vanish in space. Among these Manuel Godoy shines conspicuously. Unlike several of the glittering galaxy, he was of gentle birth,* but poor, and it was as a soldier of fortune that the handsome boy entered the military service of Spain in 1784. His rise was rapid. The first impulse was given by the favour of the Queen, Maria Teresa of Parma, who used her power over the weak and obstinate Charles IV., to make her lover acceptable to her husband. Charles inherited the uxoriousness that was a marked characteristic of the so-called "Spanish" Bourbons (in forcible contrast with Louis XIV., the ancestor to whom they owed the crown of the

* This is denied by several writers, who declare that the genealogy which assigned Montezuma to Godoy as an ancestor was an audacious forgery.



"WHERE DO YOU WISH TO BE SET DOWN?"

Spain), and which in the case of Charles III. reached the point of insanity. Godoy was clever, daring, absolutely unscrupulous; he ruled the King through the Queen, and ruled the Queen through the miserably tenacious attachment of an elderly woman to a man much her junior who has never flattered her with any pretence of the perverted fidelity of such a relation. He was raised rapidly from dignity to dignity, and in eight years after his arrival at Madrid was made Prime Minister, when he immediately declared war against the French Convention. The war was concluded by the signing of the Treaty of Basle in July, 1795, when Godoy was made Prince of the Peace, and a Grandee of Spain of the First Class. Then came his marriage (which hurt the pride and prejudices of the Spanish people) with the King's niece, Maria Luisa, the daughter of the Infante Don Luiz by a morganatic marriage. This, too, Godoy forced the Queen to force on the King. He had against him from, indeed, before this time, two inimical agents, the distrust and dislike of the nation, and the enmity of the heir to the throne.

The Infante Don Ferdinand had become Prince of the Asturias in his fourth year, and on the accession of his father (the year of his birth coincided with Godoy's arrival at Madrid), and from his childhood hated Godoy, as his mother's lover, his father's master, and the instigator of the Queen's unnatural aversion and harshness to himself. As the unpopularity of the "favourite"—fatal name since the "Gentle Mortimer's" days—grew, so did the popular sympathy with the Infante, until the boy represented a party in the State. He was married at eighteen to Maria Antonietta, a Neapolitan princess, niece of the unfortunate Queen of France, who seems to have been a clever, imperious girl. The hereditary uxoriousness showed itself in Ferdinand, and his wife encouraged him in his revolt against Godoy. She died; there is not sufficient evidence of her "taking off" to convict any agent of Godoy's of having poisoned her, but that Ferdinand believed she had met with foul play by the contrivance of his enemy, and with the assistance of his mother, some testimonies of the time assert. The Infante died in 1806, and the bereaved boy-husband became an active conspirator against Godoy, who, after a temporary eclipse, had been restored to power, and in 1804 was Generalissimo of the Land and Sea Forces of Spain. With each successive honour heaped on him by the King, the dislike of him by the nobles (who were jealous of the parvenu) and the animosity of the people who resented the stoppage of their commerce by the blockade of the ports, and held him accountable for the defeat of Trafalgar, waxed stronger. The infatuation of the King, the criminal passion of the Queen, the relations between the Royal couple and their son, the attitude of Napoleon, and the emergence of the Prince of the Asturias from enforced obscurity into the position of a *frondeur* who could not be ignored, furnished the materials from which one of the most striking dramas of history of this eminently dramatic century was to be developed.

The ancient palace of Buen Betrio, a square building, flanked at its four corners by massive towers, and remarkable only for the beauty of the gardens which surrounded it and overlooked the Capital, was no longer occupied by the Court. Charles IV. had handed it over to Godoy, who had established Teresa Tudo, his mistress, there. This woman had borne him two children, and it was stated, and generally believed, that he had married her privately. At the period of his marriage with Maria Luisa de Bourbon, the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, which was still in action, although no longer so powerful as of old, had "wanted" him for the crime of bigamy. But the King intervened, the Queen having pleaded for her favourite, and General Buonaparte, then First Consul, having intercepted the positive orders sent by the Holy See to the Grand Inquisitor, the charge had been dropped.

Godoy passed all the time at his disposal at the Buen Betrio. There he gave audience, received petitions, and petitioners, and even the Ministers of the Crown. Al-

though he had ostensibly the direction of the foreign affairs of the country only, he was none the less master of Spain, governor of the government, more king than the King, and all this not secretly but openly, in the light of day.

He was at this period forty-seven years old, good-looking in a vulgar style, with short, thick, curly hair, and had nothing in his appearance to indicate the vices to which he was addicted. His face, clean-shaven, except for a slight line of whisker high up on either cheek, wore a keen and melancholy expression; but his nose spoiled its regularity; it was too large. His voice was rough, his gestures were abrupt and authoritative. Those who had formed the idea from his conduct and reputation that his manners were effeminate would have been surprised on seeing him to find how erroneous such a notion was.

It was four o'clock, and the Prince of the Peace, having seen Teresa Tudo set off with her sister for the invariable afternoon drive, had received a number of persons of various conditions, including the Patriarch of the Indies and Madame Stephanie Defoden (of whose errand more hereafter), when the usher on duty announced—

"His Excellency the Ambassador of the Emperor of the French."

The holder of this high office in 1807 was Comte de Beauharnais, the elder brother of the Empress Josephine's first husband. Although he had been an ardent defender of the Bourbons during the revolution, M. de Beauharnais had won, through the influence of his sister-in-law, the full confidence of Napoleon, and this post of Madrid, which he considered one of the highest prizes of the diplomatic career. At this epoch the Ambassador was in the prime of life, and was a popular personage, possessed of ready resource, distinguished manners, and singular powers of penetration.

Godoy started slightly on hearing the announcement. It was at the Alendia Palace, his official residence, that he received the members of the diplomatic body. That the Ambassador of France should have sought him at Buen Betrio, the abode of his mistress, implied that the communication to be made was indeed grave and urgent. He came forward to greet his visitor, however, with outstretched hand and easy courtesy and asked airily—after the first sentences, of course:

"To what do I owe the pleasure of Your Excellency's visit? Why did you not let me know that you wished to see me? I would have given you the meeting in my own house."

"A despatch received this morning from my Government ordered me to go at once to your Highness, laying aside all other business, and, knowing that I should find you here, I came hither at the risk of disturbing you."

Godoy protested politely.

"I do not complain, my dear Count. Here, as elsewhere, I am at the service of the King, my master, and the Emperor, his friend and mine. You say that you have received despatches from Paris?"

"Not from Paris, your Highness, from Konigsberg, whither the Emperor's victories have led him, and the Prince of Benevento has followed him. It is the Prince who charges me to lay his Majesty's wishes before you."

"His Majesty knows that I have regarded his wishes as commands," replied Godoy. "Be so good as to let me know what they are."

"Your Highness is aware that the Emperor Alexander, being beaten in conflict with Napoleon seems at last disposed to lay down arms. The two sovereigns are likely to meet soon and peace to be secured."

"Yes," said Godoy, "the news of that has reached us. Your sovereign has reached to power and glory; he is master of Europe. But will he be able to rule himself? He is a terrible man. What more does he want from us?"

"After having destroyed English influence in the North of the Continent, he desires to destroy it in the South, and for that purpose he asks the support of his

friend, the King of Spain. The time is coming when your Highness must keep the promises you have made."

"The Emperor thinks of seizing on Portugal?"

"He does, especially now that he is about to conclude peace and alliance with Russia. Your highness need not grieve over that. You have every thing to gain from the conquest of Portugal by France."

"The Emperor has been pleased, in fact, to allow me to hope for a sovereign position in the countries where he has established his dominion. In return for those hopes I have consented to second his views by giving

familiarly. "For a long time past he has been accustomed to follow the advice of your Highness, and the Queen's. We need discuss only your own intentions."

Godoy, who had been at first disturbed by what Beaumarnais said, regained his composure; there was resolution in his look.

"The Emperor demands too much from us," he said. "If I were weak enough to consent to these fresh exactions, and the King were weak enough to follow me in that direction, the Spanish people would rise. The Emperor does not take our national pride into sufficient



"THE EMPEROR DEMANDS TOO MUCH FROM US," HE SAID.

him subsidies. On those he has received twenty-five millions of francs in advance of even the beginning of the expedition; to let his troops pass through Spain——

"The Emperor desires something more."

"In Heaven's name, what?"

"His Majesty thinks Spain ought to declare openly against Portugal, that boulevard of England, and to furnish a corps of sixteen thousand men, apart from the promised subsidies."

Godoy's face expressed excessive surprise.

"His Majesty cannot fail to be convinced of my zeal for his interests. But what he now asks of me, it is not in my power to grant. Above my will there is the King's."

"Let us leave out the King," said the ambassador

account. It will need all my skill and all my strength to control our people at the sight of French troops crossing Spain in order to invade Portugal. They will consider that Spain abdicates to France by such an arrangement, and becomes her vassal. Perhaps we shall have to quell some popular risings. What would happen if we were pressed to send our troops after yours?"

"They have marched together before now."

"Not against a neighbouring and friendly kingdom. The popular wave would drown us. Be considerate of our self-respect, your Excellency, and do not insist upon obtaining that which we cannot give."

"You prefer to break with France?"

"To break with France! The Emperor in that case would have to forget the services we have rendered him,

our former compliance, and our invariable conformity with his views. No, no, his Majesty is too wise."

"When his Majesty so wills, when he has spoken," said Beauharnais, interrupting Godoy, "to resist him is to play a dangerous game. Take my words in good part, Prince. They do not constitute a threat, but only an appeal to your reason."

"There is a great people behind me, Count," replied Godoy haughtily.

"With the support of the Emperor you can impose your will upon them. Reflect, Prince. In former days, under my predecessor, General de Beurnonville, you also resisted; but you yielded in the end."

"I yielded, not to the dread of danger, but to my sympathy and admiration for the Emperor. I could make those feelings harmonise with my duty and my interests then, but the case is different now; and, should the Emperor again resort to the means which he then employed, were he to write to the King to denounce what he called the improprieties of the Queen, and my own, I should try to defeat his attack as I did defeat it on that occasion; but I should not consent to send an armed force into Portugal."

"Ought you to push the Emperor into allying himself with your enemies? They are powerful."

"I have already tamed them."

"The Prince of the Asturias was not at their head at that time."

"The Prince of the Asturias is a factious person—a bad son," said Godoy bitterly.

"But he is none the less the heir to the Crown of Spain—the favourite of the Spanish people. What would become of you, Prince, if the Emperor were to back him up?"

Godoy, making no attempt to disguise his impatience, rose, and, M. de Beauharnais having followed his example, he said with much seriousness—

"Your Excellency must allow me to decline to anticipate such grave eventualities. Transmit to your Government, tempering their form, the considerations that I have had the honour to place before you in all confidence, as before a friend, and do not present a demand to us, officially, which we should be obliged to reject."

"It is officially that I am charged to transmit it to your Serene Highness," said M. de Beauharnais vehemently, and he drew an unsealed document from his coat pocket. "This is the note, and I am instructed to leave you a copy."

Godoy waved the paper from him, and replied, with sudden amenity—

"Retain it until I shall have taken the King's orders. All the same, Count," he continued, with a reproachful smile, "you set a trap for me. If I had known that your communication had an official character, I should have been more guarded."

"What you have said to me, Prince, was addressed to M. de Beauharnais, and not to the Ambassador. It will not be repeated. I shall send to the Prince of Benevento the answer which you think this note ought to receive, and I will not place it in your hands until you are ready for it. Do not, however, oblige me to remind you that I hold it at your disposal. The Emperor does not like to wait."

"I am going to Aranjuez to-morrow. I shall see His Majesty, and immediately on my return I will summon you. Admit, however, that the Emperor exacts too much."

"He is the master, Prince, and his just will endures no resistance."

Godoy heaved a deep sigh, and followed the Ambassador as he moved towards the door.

The petitioners in the waiting-room were expecting to get their turn. On seeing the Prince of the Peace they all rose, each one eager to catch his eye. He took no notice of any of them, but, having directed the usher to inform them that the reception was over, he slammed the door roughly; and then, being at last alone in his

cabinet, he gave vent to his wrath. A gilded chair was close to his hand. He whirled it in the air, and flung it away so furiously that it was smashed to pieces on the marble floor.



HE WHIRLED IT IN THE AIR.

"Good heavens! What is the matter with your Highness?"

At this question, put by a well-known voice, Godoy looked up. At the other extremity of the hall, on the threshold of the garden, stood Juan Morera.

"Ah! it is you, Juan," sighed the Prince, as he almost fell into a great arm-chair. "Come in."

Don Juan advanced in his supple, sliding way, pushing aside the fragments of the broken chair with one foot. "I have come at an unlucky moment," he ob-

served. "You ought not to let go of yourself in this way, Manuel. What is the good of anger? It weakens one's judgment when a decision has to be come to, and it is injurious to health."

"Eh? Is one to listen coolly to what I have just heard? This ambassador is as insolent as his master!"

"Have they irritated you?"

"They would irritate the saints! Do you know what Napoleon is demanding now?"

Then, in a tone of bitter anger and complaint, he repeated what M. de Beauharnais had said—his formal demands, his offensive allusions, his threats of war.

Juan Morera, standing in front of Godoy with perfect composure, allowed him to exhaust his lamentations without interruption. When the Prince ceased to speak he said calmly—

"Whatever the demands of the Emperor may be, you ought to yield to them."

"Yield to them! Voluntarily! With a good grace! Are you going mad?"

"It is you who will be mad if you resist them."

(*To be continued.*)

ELIZA AND THE DOG.

BY BARRY PAIN.

THE Dowicks have the house adjoining ours. We do not know them, and we should not care to know them. Their manners are not only unattractive, but, in my opinion, positively vulgar. I will give just one instance. Eliza's mother was with us for the day shortly after Christmas, and, wishing to give her any pleasure that lay in my power, I suggested that we should have some music in the drawing-room. I sang "Revenge! Time-theus cries," and Eliza's mother (who is a better judge than you might think) thanked me most warmly. As she seemed to enjoy it, I offered to run through it again. I had no sooner begun than there was a loud banging on the other side of the wall, and shrieks of silly laughter. "That's the Dowicks," said Eliza. It was. I do not care to add one word of comment. Such stupid, cowardly, ungentlemanly, offensive conduct speaks for itself. However, I finished the song, and would have sung it a third time (once rouse me, and I don't much care what I do), but Eliza wished to take her mother round the garden.

* * * * *

It was almost immediately after this that the Dowicks bought their dog. He was not savage at all; on the contrary, he was most friendly, and whenever he saw me, particularly on a muggy day, always jumped up on me. However, I minded this much less than other things. For instance, I do not know whether the Dowicks trained him to do it or not, and I do not want to insinuate anything that I cannot prove, but the fact remains that whenever I begin to sing that dog begins to howl. As I said to Eliza, "I do not like the Dowicks' dog jumping up on me, but I put up with that. Mud will brush off, but conduct such as this will not." I at once wrote a note to Dowick, curt, but civil, asking him to keep his dog quiet for the future. This was the way he replied:

"Dear Sir,—If we can stand your singing, you certainly ought to put up with a little thing like our dog's howling.—Faithfully yours, F. DOWICK."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Very well," I said; "there is only one way to answer that. Dowick's dog must die!"

"Now, don't you do anything to get yourself into trouble!" said Eliza.

* * * * *

I bought a dog in St. Martin's Lane. Her name was Violet. She was very cheap, rather plain, and of no particular breed. They said that she would fight anything of her own weight, and I had no doubt that she would soon make short work of the Dowicks' dog. I brought her home with a stick fastened to her collar, so that she could not get at me. They told me in the shop

that she would be devoted to me as soon as she understood that I was her master, but that she was naturally a little shy at first. When I got inside the house with her and unfastened the stick she bolted under the dining-room table and lay there growling.

I said, "Come out of that." She did not move, stopped growling for one second, and showed her teeth.

I flicked a handkerchief at her, and she caught hold of it and ate it. That rather got my blood up, and I went to get the poker. At that moment she made a rush at me, and I left the dining-room, hurriedly closing the door behind me.

I went upstairs and told Eliza all about it, and suggested that we should have supper in the drawing-room that night for a change. She said that I had been silly to get a dog, but that she should go and look at it. I told her plainly that it was not safe to open the dining-room door, but she would do it.

And that beastly dog came running up to her, licked her hands, and danced for joy.

* * * * *

Yes, we have still got Violet, but she has not killed Dowick's dog. Dowick's dog is on the friendliest terms with her. They run about my garden together, and scratch up my tulip bulbs, and Eliza says that it is only their play, and I can soon put the bulbs in again.

I want to get rid of Violet, but Eliza will not hear of it—says she's the nicest dog in the world, and such a companion to her when I was away in the City. Jane, our servant, has told Eliza that if the dog went she should go too. They both love the dog, and the dog loves them. And, of course, she has got more used to me now as well. She rarely flies at me, unless I happen suddenly to enter the room where she is, or to speak to her.

* * * * *

It is perfectly absurd to attempt to run over "Revenge! Timeotheus cries" now. It was bad enough when there was only Dowick's dog howling, but Violet is much worse, and the two together are simply awful. So there stands the piano—eighteen pounds on the hire system—and practically useless. I suppose I had better sell it and buy a dog-kennel. Really, there are times when I get very sick of life.

A LOVE SONG TO MY GUITAR.

Come, darling, rest,
Soft on my breast,
Lend thy light form to my ardent caresses,
Round thy slim waist
One arm is placed,
While my fond fingers may toy with thy tresses;
Smooth is thy cheek,
Smooth and so sleek,
Soothing and cool to my touch, yet not chilling,
From my hot heart
Let me impart
Passion and fervour thy frail body thrilling.

Sing, sweetheart, sing,
Each silver string
Binding thy corsage in sympathy throbbing,
Oh! how thy voice
Makes me rejoice,
All my sad heart of its bitterness robbing.
Bend thy slim neck
Thus to my beck,
Sing in thy tones that are tender and low,
Soft as the breeze
Sighs through the trees,
Sing me the songs of the sweet long ago.

When I am sad,
Gloomy—half mad,
When, like an exile, my soul wanders far,
Joy of my life,
Sweetheart and wife,
No one can comfort like thou, old guitar.

IMBIBED TOO FREELY.



HAMLET: "What seemed to be the trouble in yon dressing room?"
ATTENDANT: "The stage manager accused the ghost of being too full of spirits."

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THE STRANGENESS OF McQUARITCH.

BY

B. A. CLARKE.

Illustrated by GEORGE HUTCHINSON.

It was Measun that made the discovery. "Have you heard about McQuaritch?" he said at the Mission, the morning after his interview.

"David has had the abundant entrance," said a brother who had heard nothing, but who grudged Measun the breaking of his news.

"Bah!" replied the preacher rudely.

"He's dying, anyhow," said the other, covering a retreat.

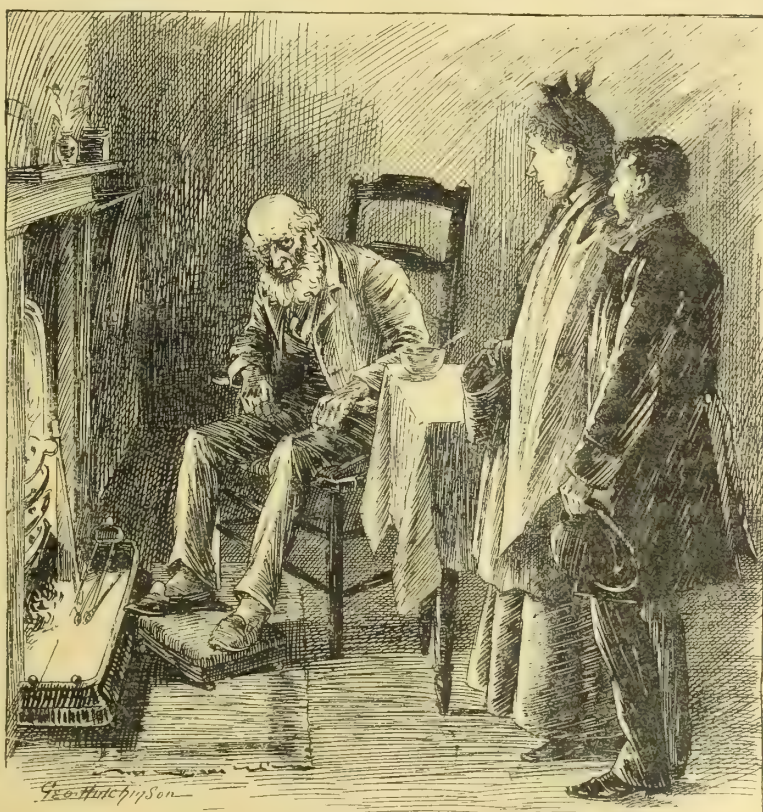
"Wrong again; he's getting well. McQuaritch has gone strange."

The visit that had led to this revelation had been a very singular one. To start with, nobody wanted Measun. His ability as a market salesman was unquestioned, and his call to the open-air ministry too obvious to be denied; but, except in these capabilities, his services were not in very general request. Measun could not understand this, nor why the Mission folk, so appreciative of his oratory in the streets, were so unwilling to listen to him anywhere else, for, like another genius, he

was slow to perceive wherein his true greatness lay.

The secret of the man was his voice. There are three qualities of voice for outdoor work, and Measun's was one of the small number that constitutes the first class. In the early days of the Bampton Hall "open-air" quite half the speakers were never heard beyond the limits of the imported audience that stood grouped around the harmonium. The management had gained experience, and no one was sent out now who had not a voice to carry across a main thoroughfare, and one

capable of appealing personally to loiterers at adjacent corners; but Measun's went further than this. It could make a congregation out of passers-by. The pedestrian who ignored his opening remarks was pursued down the road by the firstly and secondly, and involved in the intricacies of the main argument whilst waiting to be let in upon his own door step. The voice was all-conquering. It would chase hansom out of sight and hang behind omnibuses, and a Sunday School scholar who finding a shilling in the mud, had thought to spend an afternoon in sin on the top of a tram-car, was so harassed by Measun's eloquence that he dismounted in the middle of a ride,



THEY FOUND THE DOOMED MAN SURPRISINGLY AT HIS EASE.

and went in to his class.

"When I kin 'ear Mr. Sampson for nuthink, I ain't going to pay to listen to 'im," he remarked, showing

that resentment of admonition, even whilst profiting by it, that is such a mark of inferior minds.

The man had other gifts. He could invent an interruption and lose his temper at it, and when in the course of his sermons he argued with himself, he showed so much spirit that it was often difficult to say who had come off best. It was only natural, with these accomplishments, that Measun should chafe at his restrictions, and particularly did he resent that, in all his connection with the Mission, he had never been asked to address the afternoon school. All of which is a long way from McQuaritch's illness. Nevertheless, when Measun met Mrs. Morgan on her return from summoning the club doctor, and learned that her father was sinking, it was precisely this subject to which his thoughts turned. As a matter of fact, McQuaritch was not dying at all. His daughter, worn out by chafing and sitting up, had temporarily lost her nerve; but Measun could not have guessed this, nor should he be blamed for facing the consequences of a catastrophe he deplored. It was a Saturday night, and well after eleven. In a few hours the early morning prayer-meeting would be assembled in the infant class-room, and only one soul present would be aware that the first name on the roll of the Mission Church had been struck off during the night. Measun saw the whole gathering. He himself was directing the thoughts of the meeting, and at his first veiled reference to their bereaved sister he could feel the attention of the audience tighten upon him. It was a grand moment, and the pleasure was heightened by the consciousness that the best was to come. There was his description of the last interview (the phrases were already beginning to take shape in his brain), which he would certainly be asked to deliver to the afternoon school.

It was this thought that brought him back to earth. If anything memorable was to be recorded of McQuaritch, it was important that the chronicler should be upon the spot. "I will come with you," he said to the married daughter. Mrs. Morgan led the way in silence. They found the doomed man surprisingly at his ease.

"This is a land of partings," said the salesman, making a lead.

"It's juist that," said McQuaritch, cheerfully.

"We are dwellers and sojourners in a strange city."

"It's a surprisin' toon, for certain," admitted the Scotchman.

"There's little to make us anxious to tarry here."

"I hae no opeenion o' the place at all."

"Being the citizen of a better country," the preacher put in.

"That's so," said McQuaritch, with emphasis. "England's not to be mentioned with it."

"I mind," he went on, "when I was just a laddie in Perthshire. Eh! it's a grand country. There's a spot you'll dootless hae read aboot—the Falls o' the Tum mell. After the rains the waters would mak a mon afraid. In the winter the sound of them used to come up into my feether's garden as plain as you can catch the roar o' the cattle-market from the windows on the other side o' this court."

He broke off suddenly.

"What for did ye fetch the doctor, Annie?"

The entrance of the medical man alone saved Mrs. Morgan from a deliberate falsehood.

Measun, who was now plainly in the way, went out on to the landing. Mrs. Morgan joined him there a minute or two later.

"I don't think I'll wait to see your father again," he observed.

"No," said the charwoman, indifferently.

"You heard how he was wandering just now?"

"All hon about rivers, eh?"

Measun nodded.

"That's 'ow 'e's bin iver since 'e was took bad. I've 'eard of the Tray and the Tumble till I'm sick of the sound of 'em."

"Hasn't he said any beautiful things about Heaven while he's been lying there?"

"Not 'im. 'E's torked more like a Geography than a Christian, as I've told 'im."

"He doesn't even go so far as to say how glad he is to die, I suppose?" said Measun, despondingly.

"No, nor nuthink like it. 'E was tellin' me yesterday 'ow 'e useter play truant. I must git up my fishin' again, Annie,' 'e ses, 'as soon as I'm well.' It giv' me a turn."

The doctor emerged quietly from the sick-room and caught the remark.



SHE LOOKED ROUND FOR AN OUTLET FOR HER EMOTIONS.

"I won't answer for the fishing, Mrs. Morgan," he said, "but there's no reason why your father should not get well. I have given him his draught. A good night will work wonders." And the medical man hurried downstairs.

It took the charwoman a minute to realise the tidings.

Then she looked round for an outlet to her emotions. There was only Measun. She flung both arms round the astonished salesman and kissed him soundly. She started an apology, but he would not hear it. "You are as mad as your father," he said, in a towering passion. It must be admitted that between the two of them he had not been treated well.

After all, Measun got a fair amount of copy from the interview. His references to McQuaritch, though, had to be made in private, and were less purely eulogistic than those he had first drafted.

When McQuaritch was able to get about again, the fairness of these strictures was generally allowed. Influenza had certainly left its mark upon the Scotchman's mind. The form his disorder took was an un-

accountable horror of his surroundings. Had Bolter's Court been a slum he could have described it by no harsher terms. "Your case is different," he said to a neighbour, who was pointing to his own contentment as an example. "You were born in a place like this, but I have been accustomed to other things," which, coming from one who had lived thirty years in the court, was a trifle strange.

At the Hall McQuaritch's folly was a favourite topic, and when a meeting broke up there generally lingered a little group to discuss some phase of the question. It was said that McQuaritch's next floor neighbour joined the Mission for the sake of taking part in these debates. Upon this subject he was able to speak with authority. He was a costermonger by trade, and during the period of McQuaritch's convalescence it had been his custom to spend his evenings with the invalid.

"Jor," he remarked on one occasion at the close of the Adult Bible Class: "I might have jorred till I dropped and not moved 'im."

"'Wot is it yer want?' I uster sye to 'im. 'You 'ave a bed ter yerself—a dook don't 'ave no more. If yer 'ad ter sleep noine in a room there'd be some exkews for yer feelin crowded.' 'Mr. Pipe,' 'e said solemnly, 'I want themountains.' 'Pentonville on a 'ot day' I sez, 'is quite 'igh enough. I've shoved my barrer up that 'ill many a score of toimes, and niver was sorry yet ter git ter the top.' 'Where I come from,' he said, 'we 'ave 'ills 'igher than twenty Pentonvilles joined together.' 'Which,' I sez, 'would give a man the 'ump, and every coster that ever I came acrost would tell yer the same.' 'You're a good soul, Mr. Pipe,' 'e said, for all the world as if it was 'im a - yewmering me, 'but these is things as you don't understand.' 'Meanin' yerself, governor,' I said, 'and you're abart right.'"

"Is there anything in it at all?" asked one of the teachers. "Did McQuaritch ever live in the places he speaks of?"

"Till 'e was fourteen," replied the costermonger. "Fourteen, mark you, and 'im nearly seventy! Why, before I was a quarter 'is age I 'ad forgot all wot 'appened when I wos a kid, and glad to do it."

"When I became a man I put away childish things," said the tract distributor, who conversed mainly in texts.

"A true Christian is happy in any situation," said Measun, in whose mind the Scotchman's recovery still rankled.

"It is no part of the illness, depend upon it," said the Sunday School teacher. "When McQuaritch gets back his strength all this will disappear."

Measun shook his head.

"The cause of it lies deeper than that, I am afraid," he said, and the event justified his foreboding.

Far from the lapse of time effecting a cure, it introduced fresh complications into the disease. McQuaritch was forgetting the English tongue. Before his illness, except for a finicky way of pronouncing his "i's" and a tendency to exaggeration in the matter of aspirates, (trifling errors, both of them), he had spoken as good English as any man in the Court; but now at times it was difficult to make out a thing that he said. When he introduced this style of speech into his reading of the Scripture it provoked remonstrance. "Talk 'ow you loike in yer own kerpacity," said a fellow member, "and no 'arm done; but to put that langwidge into the mouths of the Apostles is a downright sin."

"The Disciples were not Scotchmen that ever I heard of," said another, and it was felt that this was a knock-down blow.

"The Superintendent ought to take it up," said the first objector, not knowing that Mr. Sampson had already formulated a scheme dealing with the whole problem.

The Pastor's plan for exorcising the Scotch demon that had entered the old man was characteristic.

It involved, in the first place, a dip into his own pocket. He intended to invite McQuaritch and his daughter to the summer outing in the capacity of his private guests. "He shall learn what England is like before I have done with him," Mr. Sampson observed, truculently.

The parents' excursion to Taylor's Park, High Barnet, was a great annual function, but the share in the hire of a pleasure van—the only expense to which the holiday-makers were put, had hitherto kept the Scotchman and his daughter at home.

On the morning of the expedition Mc-

Quaritch was the centre of interest to those in Mr. Sampson's counsels, and they put questions to him of which their less fortunate brethren could not always perceive the point.

"I've 'eard, David, that Scotland's a wonderful place," said one the moment the wagonette started.

"Nae doot."

"'Ave foine scenery, I reckon?"

"There's nane like it."

"Hingland now's a perfect fool to it, I suppose?"

"A'body kens that Scotland's the bonnier."

"I'll arst you the same question on our way 'ome," said the interrogator, and those in the secret chuckled approvingly.

"What toon shall we begin with, frien's?" said the man on the box, who was improvising absently upon a concertina.

The Mission folk always sang upon their summer excursions, and for some reason chose hymns that dealt with death.



MCQUARITCH SPENT THE REST OF THE MORNING PACING UP AND DOWN THE TERRACE ON HIS DAUGHTER'S ARM.

"'Over there's' a good subject," said the Secretary of the Band of Hope, "and it gives the men a chance." The rendering that followed, the male voices interpolating an "over there" after each statement of the sopranos, proved the justness of this encomium. The tune was one of a set of wide usefulness, enabling the unlearned man to take short musical excursions unaccompanied by his wife.

"Over there," was gone through twice, and was succeeded by "Hold the Fort" and "My Crown and Harp."

"I'm not that set upon the harp mysel'," said McQuaritch, in the pause that followed. "At the best it's an insignificant noise that a man can get from it. When I die, I'm thinking, I should just like tae learn thae pipes."

"Number two hundred and fifty, friends," said Mr. Sampson, and in the stirring strains of "The New Jerusalem," McQuaritch and the scandal of his remark were for a time forgotten.

When the van emerged into the country, the Scotchman became once more the focus of observation.

"Not bad, those trees and hedges," said the Band of Hope Secretary negligently.

"I see them," said McQuaritch calmly.

"That's a hill, Mac," said the man on the box, when the slopes of the Alexandra Park came into sight.

"It is that," replied McQuaritch; but he was evidently unmoved.

A good many sympathetic glances were directed towards Mr. Sampson; but the Pastor's spirits were in no way affected by his guest's apathy. As a matter of fact, it fell in with his plans. It was the view from the terrace that was to reconvert McQuaritch into a sane Englishman, and it would have spoilt a dramatic incident had the same effect been produced piecemeal upon the way.

"I think you will like what we are going to show you," said the Band of Hope Secretary, prepared to accept McQuaritch's exclamations of delight as compliments to himself; though by general knowledge it was to Mr. Sampson that the credit for the scenery belonged.

"All friends who have not been here before, shut your eyes," said the Superintendent. The party had left the wagonette and were climbing the slope behind Sir Henry's house.

"Now," he said, when an abrupt turn of the path had brought the party to the point of view, "open."

The prospect thus suddenly revealed embraced woods, fields and hedgerows, and took in the whole ridge of hills between Enfield and Potter's Bar. A babel of exclamations followed.

"What price Scotland now?" said the man who had questioned McQuaritch on the way down.

"Is this as good as the Tumble, father?" asked Mrs. Morgan, eyeing the old man anxiously. He was the centre of the group. Everybody was awaiting his decision.

"It's juist naething at all," he said, and even Mr. Sampson was hard put to it to refrain from joining the chorus of derision.

McQuaritch spent the rest of the morning pacing up and down the terrace on his daughter's arm. One who followed them as closely as a man might without ill manners, and who claimed to have overheard their conversation, said that McQuaritch was on the old subject, and that he kept pointing out to the charwoman the additions that would have to be made to the landscape before them to raise it to the level of Highland scenery.

Although the special object of the invitation was not achieved, it must not be thought that McQuaritch did not enjoy his holiday, or that he was ungrateful to Mr. Sampson for putting it within his reach.

"I have to thank ye, sir, for a grand outin'," he said in the evening, when the party broke up. "It's a terrible while syne I tasted air."

"Pore old Bampton Street! There's something wrong

with the air now," said one; and the way the remark was received showed that the relations between McQuaritch and his neighbours had undergone a change.

"If there was no air here," said the Band of Hope Secretary, who had "done science," "you would not be able to breathe."

"That's juist what I feel," replied McQuaritch, "I can't breathe." And he left his neighbours in little knots upon the pavement discussing his case.

More was to be heard of the alleged inferiority of the air. Bad as things were in the streets, if one might credit McQuaritch, they were far worse at the Hall. He went so far as to tell a friend that the atmosphere at some of the meetings made him positively unwell.

"I could show by experiment," said the Band of Hope Secretary, "that all them gases wouldn't burn without there was air, and composed, too, of the right ingredients."

"The air wad be better if the gases didn't burn," said McQuaritch, unmoved by science, and he allowed his singular fancy to keep him from even the most successful and crowded gatherings. He gave up coming to the Bible Class and the Sunday Service, and took to going long walks of evenings in the direction of the Caledonian Road.

There were those, and Measun was of the number, who blamed the Superintendent for this scandal. McQuaritch they said, should be given the option of attending the services as heretofore, or resigning his membership of the Church. Mr. Sampson thought otherwise, and he not only refused to coerce the old fellow himself, but he forbade Measun or anyone else to usurp his office.

The Superintendent had no plan of his own. For a week or two after the breakdown of his ruse at the treat, he had entertained hopes of being able to replant McQuaritch in his native soil, but the first inquiry he made compelled him to abandon them. In the village that filled the Scotchman's thoughts he himself had been entirely forgotten. The last of his relatives there had been dead a quarter of a century, and Mr. Sampson's correspondent (the Free Church minister) had experienced the greatest difficulty in gleanings any information about the family at all.

The scheme had depended upon there being some relation up there to take the place of Mrs. Morgan. Without this, the old man's removal would not be wise, nor indeed was it practicable financially.

One Sunday evening, Mr. Sampson was bringing his address to a close when a letter was laid upon the reading-desk in front of him. It asked him to visit an old scholar who was lying dangerously ill at a house in the Holloway Road. The Superintendent gave out the last hymn and slipped away. He walked briskly down Bampton Street, along in front of the Cattle Market, and emerged into the Caledonian Road at the spot where the Great Northern Railway runs under the street. A few seconds' walk down a side turning brought him to an iron foot-bridge. This runs along over the tops of shunted carriages, and descends in twenty-four steps upon Holloway platform. Mr. Sampson was at the head of this flight of stairs when he caught sight of McQuaritch. The Scotchman was a dozen steps lower down and peering through the open ironwork in the direction of King's Cross. Mr. Sampson went down and stood beside him; but McQuaritch was too absorbed to take any notice.

There was a noise in the tunnel; the sound of a train crashing its way through the smoke and blackness, and the old man's excitement was childish and unrestrained. Mr. Sampson turned away. He was glad now that he had not spoken. The knowledge that the Superintendent had been a witness of his folly would have been another obstacle in the path of McQuaritch's return to the Mission. Mr. Sampson ran down the remaining steps, and hurried along the platform. Passing the signal-box, he was stopped by a porter.

"That's one of your folk," said the man, pointing to the figure upon the steps.

Mr. Sampson nodded.

"Run a bit off the metals, ain't he?" The porter tapped himself upon the forehead.

"Certainly not."

"No offence, I 'ope, sir," he shouted.

Mr. Sampson shook his head. The Scotch Express was rushing through the station, and the Pastor's lung power was not equal to contending against the noise.

"I don't know wot could 'ave give me that notion," said the porter, when the rattle had died away. "He torks sensible enough; and if a man 'as to git set upon a particular train, I don't see 'ow 'e could improve upon the Flying Scotchman. If 'e 'ad set 'is heart upon a local or hon the goods traffic there'd have been some 'skews for thinking 'im strange."

"Is it only this train then he looks out for?" said Mr. Sampson.

"Honly this. Wet or fine, he's 'ere every night, and when the Scotchman's gone down—though, mind you, he can see the lamps seconds arter anybody else—he turns round very quiet like and walks 'ome. I often 'ave a chat with 'im. Pleasant spoken old gentleman when you can understand wot 'e sez. 'E's a wonder fur figgers, and can tell you the Scotchman's time all up the line.

"When I wake up in the night," 'e sez, 'I can look at my watch, and know exactly where we are. If it's

four o'clock, I say we are runnin' through Edinbro' now, and in the morning I hurry through my dressing to be ready for the change at Perth.' That's as far as he goes on this train," explained the porter, "he changes there on to the Highland line."

"Do you know whether he expects ever really to be making the journey by this train?" asked the superintendent.

"No," said the porter, "'e don't. 'E told me that 'e would never git the charnse, and that wos why 'e cum down 'ere to watch it. Natural enough, I daresay. I must go in now," he said, with his hand on the door of the signal-box.

"Good-night, Rogers," said Mr. Sampson.

"Good-night, sir."

"One moment," said the superintendent, as the man was about to disappear. "You sometimes run across people from the Mission?"

"Now and then."

"You would do me a great favour not to mention this matter in their hearing."

"Very well, sir. 'E's still there, sir, look." Mr. Sampson turned.

On the twelfth step a man was standing in a fixed attitude. A gas lamp immediately behind his head rendered his features indistinguishable. All they could see was a dark figure straining towards the North.

PLANTS THAT GIVE LIGHT.

ONE of the early naturalists, Mdme. Merian, I think, describes an extraordinary spectacle which she observed in Asia. Her party was moving through a forest at night, when, without warning, a large light appeared. At first dim, it increased in size, growing larger and larger until finally a tree was outlined in a soft pulsating light. The natives were demoralised, and refused to approach it, saying it was the sacred tree of fire. But the naturalist had little faith in trees of fire, and investigated it, finding that the light was due to certain insects, which, by the way, have never been observed since. That a tree or plant could give light was deemed a figure of the imagination, yet to-day it is known that light-giving plants are not uncommon, and are among the most striking and remarkable of natural phenomena. Once in returning from a day's hunt through a deep forest in the heart of the Adirondack region I stumbled against a dead limb of a tree, when, to my amazement, I was at once surrounded by a silvery light that flew in all directions, like darts and arrows of fire, each piece burning where it lay. This was an unusually brilliant display of the best known of luminous plants, "the fox fire," or "witches' glow," of childhood days.

To the layman it is often mysterious, as investigation shows nothing but the decayed wood, and sometimes a soft pulpy mass. The botanist will soon point out the light-giver in the mycelium of some fungus that has permeated the old branch and fairly taken possession of it, converting it into a glorious spectacle when disturbed. The vividness of the light may be estimated when it is known that print can often be read by it, and the light of some has been known to penetrate through several thicknesses of paper. Singular to say, the smallest plant is often the means of producing the greatest luminous effects. This is the diatom, which the naturalists of the *Challenger* found floating in the ocean in vast numbers, and as the nucleus of the diatom is often brilliantly phosphorescent some of the most remarkable displays of light observed by the naturalists were occasioned by these little plants. But what shall we say to a sight observed by a Norwegian barque in the Bay of Funchal? The waters here are fairly alive with these little luminous plants all the year round, and on the occasion referred to a waterspout formed among them. During the day it would have attracted little attention, as the phenomenon is a common one, but the crew of

the ship were suddenly confronted at night by a literal pillar of fire or light that extended upward to a distance seemingly of one thousand feet, and moved along with a decided bend. It emitted a pale yellow light that stood out in strong relief against the black night, a weird and formidable spectacle, rushing on before the wind.

An English naturalist, wishing to astonish some natives in a wild part of Asia in which he was travelling, and impress them with his supernatural powers, secured a certain vine known as *Euphorbia phosphorea*, and, rubbing it upon a big rock, caused the latter to gleam with flame and present so remarkable a spectacle that the natives ran, believing that he had set the rock afire by simply touching it. The naturalist was aware that the milky juice of this plant, that resembled the dandelion, was brilliantly phosphorescent. In the Harz Mountains there has been for ages a cave known as the haunted cavern. An Englishman, travelling in the vicinity and hearing of it, determined to investigate the mystery. After a long climb he reached the cave. No sooner did complete darkness set in than the phantom of the cave appeared—a remarkable semblance to a human form, with arms outspread, outlined against the gloom. Making his way to the figure that had alarmed so many wayfarers, he found that it was a plant that grew upon the wall. It was the well-known phosphorescent fungus, *Rhizomospa subterranea*, frequently found in caves, and familiar to miners. Its light is often so vivid that people have read by it.

These curious lights are not found in the tropics alone. Some years ago Mr. Morrell, editor of the *Gardiner (Me.) Journal*, wrote me that he had observed a brilliant steady light in his garden at times, totally unaccounted for by mechanical contrivance, and which, upon investigation, proved to be the phosphorescent light emitted by the young of the plant *Tianus stycticus*. Perhaps the most startling exhibition was observed several years ago by an English traveller in Borneo. Belated, he was overtaken by night, and there being no moon, he was fearful of losing his way, when, as the darkness came on, singular lights appeared here and there in the bushes and by the roadside. Some were yellow, others burned, or seemed to, with a bright greenish hue. As it grew darker, the blaze of light increased, and finally the traveller was amazed to find that he was passing through lines of luminous bush which emitted light so wondrously brilliant that he could read his newspaper by it with perfect ease.

THE ART OF DANCING.

A CHAT WITH MISS MIMI ST. CYR.

"Yes, it must come naturally—to start with, that is. But don't think that because I say so there is no work to be done. It really requires an immense amount of steady, plodding practice to learn to dance anything

"Then you wouldn't care to dance in a room, for instance, without music of some sort?"

"No, I shouldn't. Of course, I could do it. One can always do something one likes and knows by heart, but it would all be so flat and uninteresting to me that I couldn't put my whole energy into the work."

"Does it require a very long training before a dancer can appear in public?"



From a photo by]

MISS MIMI ST. CYR.

[Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, W.]

like well; I mean, of course, when you start from the beginning. But some people don't call mine dancing, you know."

"A rose by any other name——" I suggested.

"No; they call it posing—perhaps they're right. But it's posing to music, and one has to feel the music to be able to do it; and what is that but dancing?"

"It depends upon the pupil—and the master. I studied with Mr. D'Auban, simply a marvellous man; in fact, I have never heard of anyone else who has such a remarkable gift for teaching, and he never gets tired of taking pains. You see, there are all sorts of dances. Now, if you are not under a good master, you might study a dance for months, and be just as far off learning

it properly as you were when you started, simply because the dance didn't suit your style. That is where an expert like Mr. D'Auban comes to the rescue. He has had such a tremendous amount of experience that he can tell in a very little time the kind of dance each of his pupils is suitable for. One girl may have a special aptitude for high-kicking—not a form of dancing I admire myself. Well, it would be useless to try and teach that pupil a slow, graceful dance."

"You prefer something more like the Oriental dances?"

"Yes—as slow as you like, with quiet, dreamy music. Then I'm perfectly happy. By the way, it was very curious to notice, when I was in Paris some time ago, the difference between the French and English tastes in the matter of dancing. It seemed almost impossible to be too slow in one's movements for the French people. Now, I don't believe that that style will ever be popular in England, though I mustn't complain of my treatment here."

"What do you think of the Italian school?"

"Personally, I don't care for it; but it has many admirers, and I know that pupils have to work very hard to be anything like perfect at it—eight and nine hours a day, sometimes. But do you think walking about on one's toes is so very graceful? I can't say I do, and I never would learn it, or "the splits"—which thing I abominate—or anything outside just my own style—dancing with the body, I call it."

"Dancing is a very healthy exercise, isn't it?"

"Well, the dancing is, but I am afraid the physical benefit a public dancer gets from the exercise is somewhat discounted by all the gas and heat on the stage. And then the make-up is never very nice—at least, I don't think so. Now, if one could dance in the open air—say, out in Hyde Park, for instance—it might do one an immense amount of good. In fact, I'm sure it would."

"By the way, talking of dancing in the open air, have you ever noticed the children in the street, dancing to the tunes of a barrel-organ?"

"Oh, yes; and I've several times come across children in this way who would probably have done very well on the stage—at least, as far as I could judge. But, as a rule, their poor little boots are so clumsy that one can't

quite tell whether they're turning their toes in or out—they should, of course, be turned out. At the same time, the position of the foot should seem perfectly natural, without any stiffness or apparent exertion on the part of the dancer."

"And about ordinary every-day dancing? Do you think that enthusiasts go in for it merely for the sake of the poetry of motion, as they say they do?"

The question seemed to amuse Miss St. Cyr.

"No, no," she said; "there's little or no 'poetry of motion' in the ordinary ball-room dancing. A man can't give up his whole energy to dancing and at the same time wear a stick-up collar; and, as for women—well, it wouldn't be thought good form—that's the expression, though it's rather a silly one—to let one's self go to the music, as it were, in an ordinary ball-room. No; it isn't the poetry of motion that makes waltzing attractive, for the simple reason, so far as I can see, that none exists."

"Of course you practice tremendously?"

"No; scarcely at all. If I am dancing every evening I don't, as a rule, dance in the day, but after a long holiday it takes me about a fortnight to get rid of my stiffness. Of course, when I'm learning a new dance I work harder, but I never slave at it. You see, one dance at a theatre in the evening is very tiring, even though it may not take very long. This is specially the case with those slow dances that are really little more than a series of poses. Why, from the time you begin until you have finished you scarcely get an opportunity to breathe properly."

"Then the public are almost inconsiderate in asking for an encore?"

"No, no; I won't say that, for, to tell you the honest truth, I simply love applause—the more the better. It's the best form of encouragement a dancer can have."

Miss St. Cyr is an artist to the tips of her fingers. The figure of speech may be hackneyed, but in this case it is true, both figuratively and literally speaking. One feels, even when simply watching the slight movement of the hands while speaking, that Miss St. Cyr's most difficult performance would be to appear in the least degree ungraceful for a single moment. To her, such a task would be impossible of accomplishment.

COULD NOT REST.



"WHAT keeps you away from church, now?"
"Insomnia."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—The prophets are for the moment mute as to the modes, but silent though they are, we can gather from what has gone before that sweet simplicity will only too probably be ignored, that skirts will be as full as ever, with trimming added to their redundancy, and that bodices of elaborate make will follow suit. We have heard so much throughout the autumn season about the severe simplicity of fashionable bodices, and yet have seen, wherever we went, bodice after bodice, each more difficult and troublesome than the last, that we begin to wonder who writes the fashion articles in some of the French and English papers, and why the writers wander so wide of fact. Take, for instance, a green velvet bodice with a little ivory velvet waistcoat up the front under a jabot of lace. The velvet fronts curve round over this and are a mass of narrow ribbon embroidery with sun rays darting from the centres of the flowers in gold-coloured silk. The embroidery reproduced from a century-old design is continued on a series of square tabs that form the basque. There is enough work in a bodice of this kind to keep three or four embroiderers busy for a week, to say nothing of the mere sewing.

Another smart bodice is in black-brocaded silk with a vest of black satin and gracefully full fronts of the brocade gathered into little straps of the satin a few inches below the collar on either side, a cut steel or paste button fastening either end of the straps. The fulness at the top of the sleeves is caught into straps in the same way, the steel buttons making points of light all about the figure. Two are sewn on the waist at the back. This lovely bodice is finished with a tabbed basque, very full at the back, but only slightly so at the sides.

The skirts are plain as yet, but are almost always finished under the hem with a little frill of the silk that lines them. There are not so many coloured linings to be seen as there were in the summer, but this is only natural. The muddy weather would make sorry work of bright-tinted silk or saten. In the season they will probably re-appear. And how close it seems, when there is already talk of a February Drawing-room! The very thought of

it seems to shorten the winter, somehow. Last year, at this time, we were in the midst of frost and snow and bitter cold, with pipes bursting in every direction, and influenza raging round us.

Mother has just been talking of the difference there is in the parties given in her young days and those we go to now. Beyond private theatricals, and an occasional amateurish recitation, there was no amusement provided but dancing, with interludes of "a little music," which meant that all the guests with any pretension to vocal or instrumental prowess were asked to sing. How awful it must have been! I prefer the modern party, with its amusing society sketches, handbell-ringing, glee-singing, gaily-dressed vocalists or troubadours, picturesque Spanish singers and dancers, skirt dancers, ventriloquists, marionettes, variety and music-hall artistes. And how different must the recitations be from those that mother described; ever so much more dramatic, effective, and striking.

Among the entertainments available for children's parties are shadowgraphs accompanied by conjuring tricks, and marionettes with or without a pantomime acted by dolls. Magic lanterns, which are always hailed with delight by the chicks, are to be had. Nursery tales and chromatropes, performing birds, cats and mice, and the "Death of poor Cock Robin" are also novelties, in addition to such well-known favourites as performing dogs, Punch and Judy, and conjuring. For the very little children there are simple conjuring, marionettes, and the magic box. Among the new limelight lantern arrangements there are dissolving views, and a new entertainment of dioramic effects of a storm at sea, with falling snow and lightning, accompanied by recitations.



AN ORIGINAL COSTUME.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. W. L. DE S. LENNOX writes from Nottingham:—"Madam,—I have just seen your remarks, prefacing your column in this week's *To-Day*, on the use of caffeine, and, as a medical student and assistant of several years' standing, I can most emphatically endorse them. Caffeine has quite as dangerous effects as antipyrin, only in an exactly opposite a manner, the latter depressing the heart's action, whilst the former increases it, and produces insomnia, paralysis of sensibility, tetanic spasm, convulsions, and nervousness. (*Vide Ringer's "Handbook of Therapeutics," and Lancet for '82 and '83, and The Practitioner, Nos. 55 and 54.*)

YOUR WIFE'S question, about giving an "At Home," requires a lengthy answer. The invitations should be sent out three weeks before the date of the party, on cards that may be procured from

any stationer's, or else on others printed specially for the occasion. The expense of the latter is very slight, and they save the trouble of writing in the hostess's name and address. They are as follows:—

MRS. JONES.
"At Home."

5, Griselda Avenue,
Chaucer Road.

R.S.V.P.

Many hostesses order their invitation-cards with the date printed; but as the day has frequently to be altered at the last moment, owing to unforeseen circumstances, it is really wiser to have the line only, on which any date may be written, below the words "At Home." The name of the invited guest goes at the top of the card. Besides, a couple of thousand cards may be ordered at the same time, which will greatly lessen the expense, and will serve for five or six parties, or even more. The name of the invited guest is written above that of the hostess. Envelopes that just take the cards must be ordered at the same time. Few things are more irritating, in a small way, than the effort to squeeze a card into a cover that is too tight for it, and when this has to be done some scores of times, much placidity and serenity are sacrificed. The refreshment department is of the highest importance at an "At Home." Let the tea and coffee be of the very best, with good cream, and the latest dainties in the way of sandwiches, cream biscuits, cakes of every variety, and the most tempting little rolls of thin bread-and-butter, both brown and white. In winter, sandwiches made of game are liked, specially with a little small salad sprinkled over the paste to which the game has been reduced. For the very hungry people, some of whom are seen at every party, who appear to have had no lunch, and to expect no dinner, there must be some special provision made. Dainty little biscuits and good cake, cut into small portions, are always appreciated. Do not fail to have hat-shelves put up, either in your hall or in the room where your male guests are to leave their out-door paraphernalia. Any caterer will supply them, and the men put them together in a few minutes. One maid should be told off to attend to the gentlemen, giving them numbers for their hats and coats, etc., and being responsible for the management of this department. Another maid must be devoted to the ladies, and a full-length mirror is a great comfort on such occasions, wherein one can see if all is well with one's draperies. It is a good plan to hire a man to stand outside the door to call cabs and carriages. Ladies who come without male escort find this very convenient, and as the hostess is responsible for the happiness and comfort of her guests from the moment they enter her house until they leave it, no little precaution should be neglected that tends to secure these.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World have secured beyond a doubt the **ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD.** Being Absolutely Without an Equal Anywhere for Stylish Appearance, Durability, and Actual Money Value.

TWO GOLD MEDALS AWARDED. These Costumes have received the highest praise from the leading journals of the day, and are justly regarded by all purchasers as

Even better than Advertised.

Each Costume, scientifically cut, tailor-made, and beautifully finished in an exceedingly smart mode as illustration. The design consists of full wide Godelet Skirt with belt, also very neat Bodice with full front and broad box-pleat down centre trimmed bold silk cord and three large buttons. Collar and cuffs outlined silk cord; saddle and sleeves lined.

Price complete only 10/6, packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Sizes in stock fit any figure up to 38 ins. round bust under arms, skirts being 38, 40, and 42 ins. long in front; larger or special sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra.



THE JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES FOR YOUNG MISSES

are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge and trimmed military braid as illustration. A large box FROM **8/6** pleat down the centre of the lined bodice and a fancy pocket at each side of the skirt, complete a charming design at these prices:—

Lengths 35 38 42 46 50 ins.
Prices 8/6 9/6 10/9 12/- 13/6 each.

Each costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 8d. extra.



KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS

are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge with saddle top, long full sleeves and pocket, at the following

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Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45 ins.
Prices 1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- 3/6 4/- 4/6 5/- 5/6 ea.

Postage 4d. extra. Lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

COLOURS: Any of the above garments can be supplied in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Electric Blue, Ruby, Dark Gleanon, Fawn or Grey.

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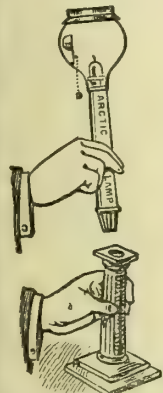
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In 1d. Packets and 6d. Tins. Of all Grocers and Stores, or post free 1 1/2d. and 9d., from

HARMONY BORAX COMPANY,
6 & 7, Cross Lane, London, E.C.

W. J. K. writes:—"My wife is anxious to know where she can get the patterns of the dresses that are illustrated in *TO-DAY*. (Send the sketch to Butterick's, Regent Street, and they will supply the patterns.)"

J. L. writes:—"Would you be so kind as to tell me what kind of evening wraps are worn this winter? I don't mean the long cloaks, but something to wear at a dance to which I am going on the 15th of next month." (Light broché silk capes, trimmed with fur or feather.)

L. M.—Mr. J. L. Toole has never played the Private Secretary. It was Mr. Beerbohm Tree who acted the part before Mr. Penley. You will find the recipes for which you ask in the Cookery Column. A Happy New Year to you!

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

It is often useful to know how to make a palatable dish out of odds and ends. A little cold boiled rice, a little fish from yesterday's dinner, a tablespoonful of cream in the bottom of the pretty tiny jug, eggs left from breakfast and afterwards boiled hard; here are things that many a cook will allow to lie about until they are stale and useless. And they can be made into a perfectly delicious kedgeree. This is how it's done: Steam the rice over boiling water and then stand it aside to dry. Cut the hard-boiled eggs into three or four pieces. Now put two ounces of butter in the bottom of a stewpan, and, when it has dissolved, add the cream, the eggs, the rice, pepper and salt to taste, and any remains of cold cooked fish, separated into large flakes. Scatter over it a dessertspoonful of curry powder, and when all is thoroughly hot, serve on a very hot dish. Quantities in proportion: One pound of fish in flakes, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of rice, three eggs.

High evening dresses are coming into fashion more and more. Our artist has depicted one in sky-blue satin, the seams of which are sewn with sapphire sequins. The bodice is sky-blue chiffon, with sleeves to match, dark blue sequins appearing upon the yoke and the fall of chiffon below the elbows. Striped pale and dark blue ribbons form rosettes and bows on the top of the sleeves and round the neck. A band of sapphire ribbon encircles the waist, with a second in light blue above it.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

IN the following scene between the Deputy Grébauval and the Countess Mathilde, we have a vivid picture of how Robespierre's deputies sometimes subordinated public ends to very private uses. Grébauval is telling Mathilde that she must become his mistress or go to the guillotine. She prefers death to dishonour:—

"I am here to make you my wife or my mistress," said Grébauval, "and you are here to make your choice of either position."

"Man, you are mad," Mathilde exclaimed, with undisguised agitation.

"No, I have been mad. To-morrow or next day we leave France, you and I; and, if you choose, your mother and father; I go to La Vendée, but you and they shall go to England and await my coming. Are you listening?"

"I am listening," she said.

"But to-night you are to be mine. To-night! You are listening?"

"I have listened to you long enough. Do you now listen to me?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I am all attention."

"I will never be your wife nor your mistress, now or ever. I have already shamed myself sufficiently by permitting you to address me in terms of love. You may kill me, Monsieur le député Grébauval, but you can never make me your wife, nor the no less odious thing you would call your mistress. Death is bliss compared with such conditions of life."

It was in Grébauval's thoughts for a moment to rush upon her and seize her, to rob her lips of the kisses his passion coveted. But there was something so dignified

in her defiant attitude that he cowered beneath the scorn of her eyes, and the wild look in them that meant a physical struggle not less obstinate than their mental defiance should he venture to approach her.

"Then let it be death," he said in a hoarse, low voice. "Let it be death, and end it!"

He turned from her, walked to the furthest end of the room, the door of which he had furtively locked when he came in, and opened it. Mathilde, thinking he had gone, called to Marie, for the strain upon her relaxed, she felt as if she were about to faint.

With the entrance of Marie, Grébauval returned. A tramp of heavy feet followed him. A word of command was heard, and a commissary of police, a gendarme by his side, entered the room, four soldiers halting within the doorway.

"I propose, Citizen Commissary, to give madame one last opportunity of relieving you from your painful duty," said Grébauval, who, thereupon, advancing to Matilda, and showing no surprise at the presence of Marie (the maid), of whose visit to the house he was acquainted, addressed the countess, "Madame, it is for you to say how this meeting shall end."

"You have had my answer," Mathilde replied.

Grébauval stepped back; and the Commissary, without another word, said, "Mathilde de Fournier, *ci-divant* countess, I arrest you for conspiring against the Republic, one and indivisible; and you, Marie Laroche, for aiding and abetting the said Mathilde de Fournier in the same."

"Arrest me!" exclaimed Marie. "You are a fool."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"And do you mean to say, Citizen Grébauval, that you permit this outrage? And just because madame la comtesse can't make up her mind to marry you?"

"It is because madame can make up her mind not to do so," said Mathilde. "But let us be patient, Marie. We——"

Marie interrupted the countess, a liberty she would not have taken under ordinary circumstances for the world.

"Be patient!" she exclaimed. "Nonsense; that's what they like, these cowards! How dare you, Monsieur Grébauval, be so cruel, so dishonourable?"

"Stand aside," said the Commissary of Police. "Where is the Citoyenne Louvet, *ci-divant* duchess?"

"*Ci-divant*, indeed, Oh, you Jack-in-office, with your *ci-divants*! What fools you will look when the Austrians come and hang you all to the lantern, all of you they haven't time to guillotine."

The Countess Mathilde's mother is then arrested at Grébauval's orders. Marie, the maid, sinks upon her knees before Grébauval with a wild cry of—

"Oh, my God! Forgive my wild words or kill me for her. But save them, Grébauval, save them! God will forgive you for everything else, but save them!"

"Damn them both, and you too!" exclaimed Grébauval, pushing her aside and confronting the officer.

"You know your duty: do it!" he said, as he stalked out of the room, no one stirring until the last sound of his footfalls upon the stairway had died out with all their hopes.

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* "When Greek meets Greek," by Joseph Hatton (6s., Hutchinson and Co.)

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—Pity the sorrows of a poor Censor ! The African crisis has brought agony to the soul of Mr. Ernest—unnecessarily earnest—Radford, the Licensor of Plays. War has been in the air. The German Emperor's letter to President Kruger sent a throb through the length and breadth of the land. The blood of the country has been fairly up, and the nation at large has been spoiling for a fight with somebody. Naturally this spirit has been reflected on and in the world of amusement. The unfettered *Lion comique* of the music-halls has cracked patriotic "wheezes" galore, and, even in the theatres, "gags" have been freely flying round—none of them very complimentary to Germany or the Emperor. But as none of the "gags" in question were brought officially under the cognisance of the Licensor, he was able to emulate the example of another heroic Englishman, and to turn a blind eye to the danger signal. It remained for George Edwardes to put the fat into the fire. Remembering the great success of "Tommy Atkins"—the song I mean—he got its author, Henry Hamilton, to indite a stirring patriotic ditty for Hayden Coffin to sing in *The Artist's Model* at Daly's Theatre, on Saturday last. He invited the Press, and he published the words in the *Daily Telegraph*. There was no ignoring this—at least, so the Censor thought—and off he went to Daly's. He had a long and anxious conference with Edwardes, and simultaneously—it was during a morning performance—Coffin was singing the song on the stage to shouts of applause from the audience. Ernest possibly heard the cheers, and he became more Ernest than ever in his desire to suppress the song. He offered to consult the Lord Chamberlain and wire to Lord Salisbury. Finally a compromise was arrived at for the evening performance. And what do you think it amounted to? Merely this: Hamilton wrote, "Hands off, Germany! hands off, all." The Ernest Censor had substituted "Hands off *each of you*, hands off, all." Hamilton said, "Kruger boasts." The Censor preferred "The *Deutscher* boasts." Hamilton began his second verse, "Let Pinchbeck Caesar strut and crow"; but the Censor would only stand "Let *foreign rivals* strut and crow."

Now let me for one minute call your attention to some lines by "O. S." in the *National Observer* :—

"Your spurs are yet to win, my callow Kaiser.
Of fighting in the field you know no more
Than I, Sir !

"When Grandpapa was thanking God with hymns
For gallant Frenchmen dying in the ditches,
Your nurse had barely braced your little limbs
In breeches !"

There is irreverence for you ! There is an insult to Germany ! And then go further and listen to Alfred Austin in *The Times* as he speaks of Jameson's ride :—

We were wrong, but aren't half sorry :
And, as one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushings of all the Rand !

Alfred Austin is Poet Laureate. He is an official of the Queen's Court. Yet he boldly sings the praises of a man who will shortly have to be tried by the Queen's ministers. Now, suppose someone set his poem to music, and wanted to sing it in a theatre, what would our Ernest Censor say? Suppose someone else wanted to sing the lines from the *National Observer*, what would happen? Here is a practical example of the evils of the censorship. It always does the populace good to supply a vent, through which it can let off its superfluous steam. Cheering in a theatre hurts nobody. Yet, at

the very time that a flying squadron is hurried into commission, and warships are ordered to Delagoa Bay as a definite reply to the threats of the Emperor, the timorous Radford won't let an actor sing, "Hands off, Germany!" What are we to conclude? Is Radford friendly to the Germans? Is he unpatriotic? Or is he only impolitic? In either case, having regard to the present state of public feeling, he would be well advised not to interfere with popular demonstrations. If a row were worked up, and someone asked questions in Parliament, no Minister would dare support an unpatriotic official, and possibly poor Radford would have to be offered up as a sacrifice to offended public dignity. Even if he has only blundered, what he has done is distinctly unfair to Daly's, unless he makes a tour of inspection round all the London theatres, and insists on every allusion to Germany, the Emperor, Kruger, and Boers being immediately suppressed. Suppose he did this, what do you think would occur? The row I suggested would become a certainty. The press would ring with denunciations of his conduct, and he would either have to resign, or be reduced to impotence by managers ignoring his requests, strong in the consciousness that the public would support them.

Radford, I have every reason to believe, is well intentioned, but being comparatively new to his responsibilities, he is over anxious, and has not yet learnt the great art of letting things alone. We have arrived at a time when the Censor, if he wishes to appear judicious, will confine his interference to simple questions of decency and morals. A fussy Censor is a doomed man. Anything is possible on the stage to-day so long as it is treated with propriety. The public exercise the only real censorship. Look at the boom in women with pasts. The Censor fumed, but he was constrained to leave it alone. The Public, mildly but firmly, sat on it. It was not wanted, and it went. But with a war song it is different. A censor might very reasonably in times of serene peace, suggest that any invidious allusion to a Foreign Potentate was in bad taste. But when war with a foreign country is imminent, people will express their opinions, and I contend that they have just as much right to do it on the stage as elsewhere. In a free country where we have free thought, free speech, a free press, and free art, we have a right to a free stage. In such a matter as that of war songs the Music Hall is absolutely free. We ought to have a free theatre. We shall have it some day, and the end is only hurried by the censor's singularly ill-timed interference.

His views with regard to the Emperor were not shared by the audience at Daly's, who received the new song with shouts of "Germany" and thunders of approval. The publication of the lines in the *Telegraph* had already done all the mischief that there was to do, and the gallery joined in with "Hands off, Germany!" at the top of their voices.

This sentiment has been echoed, or rather anticipated, in a strange quarter. Last week the Prince of Wales was staying at Lowther Castle, and he chaffed Lord Lonsdale unmercifully about "his friend, the German Emperor."

According to the scanning of one of the lines in the new song, Henry Hamilton evidently holds with the custom of the Scotch in pronouncing Doctor Jameson's name. They call it Jimson. Over the Border it gets another syllable and is called Jameyson. The Doctor, it may interest you to know, studied originally at University College Hospital. He took the M.D. and B.S. degrees at London University, and also took honours in forensic medicine. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He rose to the position of house-surgeon at his hospital, but left to go with a wealthy patient to America. Being of an adventurous disposition, he went on to Africa, and set up in practice at Kimberley. Here he soon made a little fortune, and, attracting the attention of Cecil Rhodes, was ultimately launched on his brief but brilliant career.

When at Kimberley he was sent for to attend President Kruger. He got him through a very dangerous illness, and, in fact, saved his life. This is not generally known, but it may help to account for the evident desire of Kruger to get Jameson off his hands as quickly as possible, and leave any question of punishment to the English Government.

What that punishment will be it is difficult to say, but before we get to it a lot of things will happen. There is any quantity of evidence in this country, in the shape of letters from Jameson's men, clearly proving that his force was concentrated on the frontier, and preparing for something during several months prior to the fatal raid. Yet, when Jameson started he hampered himself with as little in the way of rations and ammunition as possible. It was evidently his idea to move to his objective point with the utmost rapidity. The obvious conclusion is that he expected to find ample stores when he arrived. He found, instead, an overwhelming force of Boers. I cannot bring myself to believe that Jameson suddenly went mad, and, as it were, jumped off into space with his troopers. If the story is true that he went to help women and children who were being butchered by Boers in Johannesburg, he must have concluded that the Boers were in the ascendant at Johannesburg, and to attack them without food, and only a little ammunition, would be simply ridiculous. No. It was a put up job, and somebody blundered, or rather everybody except Jameson funkcd. If the specimens that have recently come to us from the Rand are anything like an average sample of the Johannesburg population, I am not surprised. That they would have sold Kruger any number of shares—at a premium—in a worthless company, I can understand. But the bare notion of a regiment of Barney Barnato's stubbornly defending a barricade to the death in the cause of political liberty is too much for me. Lord Mayor Renals alone could do justice to such a theme—after lunch.

Seriously speaking, so far as the grievances of the Outlanders go, my sympathies are with President Kruger. He is a respectable God-fearing man. He, and his Boers, may be a little slow and dense—not that they have proved so by any means—but they are guided by principle and faith. The sudden discovery and development of gold in the Transvaal has attracted to it—as gold always does attract—a very undesirable community. Has anything that the new gold and diamond millionaires have done called for a public blessing? Has it inspired confidence or respect? Has it demonstrated their high-mindedness or their integrity? The new men in the Transvaal outnumber the Boers, but, if I were President Kruger, I should be in no hurry to grant such a reform of the franchise as would practically place the Government of the Transvaal at the mercy of their votes. In our dealings with the Boers we have been uniformly unfortunate. This makes us sore. Still, no doubt if we put our backs to the job, we could subdue them and conquer their country. Knowing that we are powerful we should above all things be just. They have been most wantonly attacked, as the result of what I believe is a far reaching and most discreditable conspiracy. It is our plain duty to see that this is inquired into, and the whole truth fully published. Unhappily, many reputable names are connected with the Chartered Company, but they are those of individuals who it is ridiculous to suppose could have known anything of the ends to which the resources of the Company were being directed. They are the last people to desire that there should be any hushing up or secrecy. We all admit that Jameson was wrong. Yet we all believe in his honesty. What we want to know, what we don't know, and what we *must* know, is how he came to do what he did.

Your affectionate Cousin,

RANDOLPH.

PLAYS OF THE PERIOD.

IF I were asked suddenly to describe *The Prisoner of Zenda* in a few words, I should call it a play in spasms. It is very beautiful to behold, but very nebulous in interest. They have forgotten the "rubber tyres" on this very smart carriage, and the consequence is that more often than not it jolts, and jerks, like a humble four-wheeler. To begin with, the prologue, containing a showy duel which would alarm M. Bertrand, or any other distinguished *maître d'armes*, and fairly astonished young Vincent Sternroyd—one of the best fencers in London, who was compelled to look on without a foil in his hand—has nothing whatever to do with the play proper. Why date it back to the year 1774, and deal with the Elphberg great-grandfathers? To make such a prologue effective, we ought to have seen the enacted scandal which brought the illegitimate Rassandyll into the world. By making the King and the diplomat half-brothers—one legitimate, and one illegitimate—it seems to me that a strong keynote of interest might have been struck at once. All through the first act I kept thinking and believing that George Alexander, the diplomat, was the unhappy result of that "little affair" in the Charles Glenney family history; but, of course, it could not have been so with that fatal 1774 staring you in the face, unless he had gone to sleep, like Rip Van Winkle. Let me own at once that if *The Prisoner of Zenda* had to be done, I do not think it could have been better treated than it has been by Mr. Edward Rose. But I candidly own that I detest plays with doubles, and tricks, and conjuring feats. They worry me. I never knew how the vanishing lady trick is accomplished on the music-hall stage, and these "quick-change artist" and dodge plays are not very far removed from the lady under the extinguisher, or behind curtains, who is fired at, and appears in the upper boxes a few seconds afterwards. After the prologue of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, I started guessing what the word was. I thought I was playing charades again; and when the curtain fell on the last act I was still trying hard to guess, but it was no use, so I gave it up in despair. This vanishing trick, which I first saw done by Robert Houdin the elder at this very St. James's Theatre, quite forty years ago, has puzzled me ever since. But this is no momentary prejudice. I never cared for the *Comedy of Errors*, even with such actors as the Brothers Webb, who were alike as two peas. *The Lyons Mail* I even accepted with a grain of salt; the drama I liked, but the doubling I detested. And, as for *Jekyll and Hyde*, I cannot bear to talk, or even to think, of such a detestable play. *The Prisoner of Zenda* is the least offensive of the series, but even here the drunken young king and the maniac in the straw—a kind of incongruous mixture of Caliban and Malvolio—might just as well have been played by another actor, thus sparing fatigue to Mr. George Alexander, and adding to the supreme interest of Rassandyll. I do not know how others felt, but the fact that this delightful actor and hero actually appeared on the stage as the swinish monarch and Bedlamite king, did not add to my interest, but detracted from it.

If I may make a confession, I must own that the one thing I objected to in the book was the modern element in it. The mere fact of dating it in the nineteenth century, and planting a sort of mediæval romance upon it, increases to a vast extent the fog that surrounded me. You cannot combine the romance of DelaMotte Fouqué with the manners of the modern Foreign Office Johnnies and Chappies of the Allan Aynesworth pattern; they do not harmonise with Sintram and his companions, or old German legends.

Of course, it is right to "make believe" in all romantic literature, but this modernising of the tale makes it very

difficult, when you see it with your own eyes, to believe that the beautiful Princess Flavia could not distinguish between a tipsy lout, and German boor, and a smart, sweet-smelling English gentleman, and would not have detected the difference between the German accent and the English. Did any human being of English origin ever speak German so well that the Princess Flavia, and all the Court Chamberlains, and all the King's men—to say nothing of Von Moltke and Bismarck of Streslau—would not have recognised him as an impostor? For the purpose of the play there was no need to make the real king drunk at all. He might have been drugged, without degrading himself with drunkenness. But there it stands—a showy, beautifully-mounted, tricky play, admirably acted by George Alexander, Evelyn Millard (who never acted or looked better), Lily Hanbury (who, seriously, should take some lessons in voice production), and Allan Aynesworth. But the only character thoroughly rounded off was the fine old Colonel Sapt, faultlessly played by Mr. W. H. Vernon. He held the play practically on his broad shoulders. A weak Sapt would have brought the whole production about his ears, for it is a house of cards after all. One puff of wind would blow it away.

I paid a tardy visit to *The Late Mr. Castello*, and I must own that I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Sidney Grundy's excellent, witty, and brilliantly-written play. What really happened to it on the first night I cannot say, but if people can roar with laughter at it as they do now, why could they not do so then? It is a most graceful and elegant piece of work. Mr. Grundy has caught the exact tone and light touch of his favourite Scribe, the brilliant dramatist, who, we were told the other day, with many thanks to heaven, had been banished from the stage for ever more. We were coolly informed that the English playgoer did not want any more "old-fashioned stuff" of this kind.

It seems to me that he wants very much more of it, so long as Scribe's mantle can fall on the shoulders of such an able writer and dramatist as Sydney Grundy. Poll the playgoers, and then see if the votes for Mr. Castello, and Benjamin Goldfinch, are not as three or four to one as against the successors to Mrs. Tanqueray. A good deal of time seems to me to have been wasted in long and learned discussions whether Mr. Grundy's bright and charming work is a comedy or a farce. What on earth does it matter? It is a very smart and comic play, and that ought to be good enough for anyone. I remember in the days of my childhood being asked by my dear mother if I would take some pudding. Being of a curious, or perhaps I should say, argumentative turn of mind, I asked—

"But what is the pudding? What is it made of? What do you call it?"

"Never mind, my dear, what it is called, it is very good pudding, and that ought to be sufficient for you. It doesn't matter if it is Blenheim, Marlborough, or Woodstock pudding. Take it or leave it; but for heaven's sake, don't argue about it."

In the same way it does not affect the success of the new play in the least degree, whether you choose to call it a comedy, a farce, or a farcical comedy. It is a very clever play, cleverly acted, and well worth seeing. I was warned that I should not like Leonard Boyne at all. On the contrary, I have seldom seen him to such advantage, so bright, so alert, or with such a display of genial and subtle humour. Only an Irishman could thoroughly understand the kind of wit that the author has put into this character. It is not a Charles Hawtrey or a Charles Wyndham part at all. It is a Leonard Boyne part, and his scenes containing mock heroics are first-class.

Miss Winifred Emery, as we all know, has the command of two phases of art, the pathetic and the humorous. I have rarely laughed more than at the scene, where Mrs. Castello expresses her indignation and disgust at the news that her detested husband is not dead after all, particularly when she wants to marry another

man. The way in which Miss Winifred Emery ran her hands through her hair, wagged her head, and gibbered with rage, was simply delightful, and so were the comic scenes between Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. Cyril Maude. Funny without being vulgar, as the witty Mr. W. S. Gilbert described the Hamlet of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I must say that I prefer Mr. Cyril Maude as a larky old gentleman than as an octogenarian grocer, with no teeth and an orphan grandchild. What extremes we rush into! In one bound, we tear from problem plays with women with pasts, to the baby in the bed-gown, babbling prayers at her grandfather's knee.

In my time I have, if not criticised, at least described, every conceivable show and amusement, from tournaments to the Regalia at the Tower, from Madame Tussaud's to the Britannia Festival, from circuses to music halls, and in all these I have never failed in discovering some new phase of art. The early sketches at the music halls, notably those by Miss Jenny Hill and Mr. Charles Godfrey, were quite as good as the average productions at our theatres. But it appears that I knew nothing whatever about my business. I did not understand the whole duty of man, as embodied in a humble dramatic critic. I was false to my trade! Listen, then, and you shall hear how I came to have my foolish eyes opened. A play has just been produced at the Lyric Theatre, called *The Sign of the Cross*, written by one Wilson Barrett. It has delighted thousands of playgoers in America, it has packed theatre after theatre in the English provinces, and the success of the play in London is phenomenal. The cheers of the people had scarcely died out of my ears, when I took up a gifted journal, which told me that *The Sign of the Cross* had nothing whatever to do with art, that the acting of Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Maude Jeffries, and Miss Haidee Wright was an insult to the intelligent, and, in fact, that I had been recommending to my fellow-countrymen and women a series of tawdry tableaux, with their crude appeal to the *shallowest sentiments*, and the *lowest instincts of the mob*. Listen, I beg, to the great panjandram. "The art critic doesn't chronicle the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, the musical critic takes no cognisance of a Salvationist orgie. Why should the dramatic critic devote a moment's thought to a combination of the penny dreadful with the Sunday school picture-book? *My business* is with the drama as a form of art, and art has nothing to say to this series of tawdry tableaux, with their crude appeal to the shallowest sentiments and lowest instincts of the m b. This high falutin' is signed W. A."

BISMARCK AND THE ASSASSIN.

In 1866 Bismarck, then at the height of his unpopularity, was returning from an interview with the King. Riding down the Avenue of the Linden, he heard two shots, and, turning, saw a young man coolly aiming at him with a revolver. Bismarck seized and grappled with him, but the assassin managed to fire three more shots, grazing him on the breast and shoulder. The guard coming up, he handed the man over into their charge. Some guests were assembled to dine at his house; he greeted them as if nothing had happened. "They have shot at me, my child," he whispered to his wife; "but don't fear, there is no harm done. Let us go in to dinner." During the meal the countess remained silent, but in the drawing-room she gave way to an outburst of indignation. "If," said she, "I were in heaven, and saw the villain on the top of a ladder leading down to hell, I would give him a push!" "Hush! my dear," whispered Bismarck, tapping her gently on the shoulder; "you would not be in heaven yourself with such thoughts as these."—From "Prince Bismarck," by Charles Lowe, 1885.

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IN THE CITY.

THE WESTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.

We give below a summary of West Australian old Mining and other companies registered in 1894-5. It will be seen that, as compared with 1894, the increase has been very great, and that the shrinkage in November and December last, as compared with the three months immediately preceding, was very heavy. Here are the figures:—

Month	1894.		1895.	
	Number of Companies.	Aggregate Capital. £	Number of Companies.	Aggregate Capital. £
January ...	—	—	13	1,347,000
February ...	—	—	25	1,448,700
March ...	3	65,550	23	2,012,002
April ...	8	189,000	12	1,163,600
May ...	3	102,500	21	1,917,100
June ...	4	355,000	15	1,465,200
July ...	2	91,500	32	2,856,003
August ...	2	70,000	68	7,019,610
September ...	13	821,000	62	7,146,000
October ...	36	2,384,800	50	6,434,400
November ...	20	2,115,107	27	2,836,300
December ...	8	1,170,000	21	1,808,000
Totals	99	£7,364,457	369	£37,453,915

There is a very large number of Westralian Companies ready to be put upon the market as soon as the outlook becomes more favourable.

The output of gold in 1895 was less good than there was reason to expect. Thus taking the four months, July-October, and comparing them with the corresponding months of 1894, we find that whilst in 1894 the value of the gold exported was £66,322, in 1895 it was £105,357—not a very large expansion, having regard to the immense amount of capital put into the Fields during the twelve months. The total production of gold from Westralia in 1893 amounted to 110,890 ozs.; in 1894 it rose to 207,131, and for the ten months ended October, 1895, it was 198,114. We may assume, therefore, that the increase in the output in 1895, as compared with 1894, was under 30,000 ozs.; which is very much less than the increase in 1894, as compared with 1893, though the aggregate capital of the companies brought out in 1895 exceeded by over £30,000,000 that of the companies which went to allotment in 1894.

It must of course be borne in mind that only a few of the companies brought out in 1895 have as yet begun crushing, but many of them are on the point of doing so. The success of the Great Boulder has had a good deal to do with the continued faith of the public in the Westralian Gold Fields. The returns show that in the past five months the yield from this mine has been 15,629 ozs. of gold from 3,024 tons of quartz, which gives an average of over five ozs. per ton. These results have enabled the company to pay three dividends of 2s. each in the half year, or at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum.

Whilst the discreditable *fiasco* at the Londonderry did much for the moment to discredit Westralian Gold Mining enterprise, and the collapse of Bayley's Reward operated in the same direction, the output of some of the mines at work has been very encouraging. We have already alluded to the great Boulder. We may mention the Murchison New Chum which has got 14,371 ounces of gold from some 2,950 tons of ore; the Hill End, which between March and November got 4,933 ounces from 472 tons; and the Lake View, which in the twelve months ended December got 9,421 ounces from 3,105 tons. Unfortunately, in very many instances, the sum set aside to work properties has been altogether disproportionate to requirements, and to the amount of the Company's capital.

THE ARREST OF THE JOHANNESBURGERS.

Although with a shrewd magnanimity very characteristic of the man President Kruger has handed over the Jameson troop to the British authorities, and has promised to hand over their leader, it is plain that the hand of the Republic will be heavy upon the misdoings of Johannesburg. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of over 200 prominent townsmen, and a number of leading men are already in Pretoria gaols. Indeed the list of arrests appears to

include nearly all the leading men of the town connected with the mining industry who did not skeddaddle after Jameson crossed the frontier. The prisoners are to be tried for high treason, and upon conviction will be liable to sentence of death. But their lives are safe enough. The punishment they may look for is that prescribed by Roman-Dutch law for sedition, namely confiscation of property. But if there is anything like sweeping confiscation, the ensuing complications are certain to be very considerable, and the mining industry of the Transvaal may for a time be seriously affected.

A JOHANNESBURG CHAMPION!

One of the latest telegrams from the Transvaal informs us that

“S. B. Joel left suddenly three days ago.”

How characteristic of the man! Having been one of the prime movers in the trouble, he skulks away when reckoning day comes. Happily he has reckoned without his host. His offence is sedition, and for sedition he can be extradited. This worthy is Mr. Barney Barnato's nephew, and his principal man of business at Johannesburg.

GERALD RADCLIFFE AGAIN.

(A QUESTION FOR THE “DAILY TELEGRAPH.”)

We have, on more than one occasion, warned our readers against this man, who, by the way, was impudent enough to threaten us with a writ for libel, which lingers on the way. But until the police take the matter in hand it is to be feared that he will continue to ply his swindling trade, for we regret to find that the advertisement columns of the daily newspapers are still open to him. Thus a correspondent writes us that a few weeks since, in glancing through the *Daily Telegraph* he came across an advertisement worded as below:—

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A genuine business in London wanting more capital is prepared to receive sums from £25 upwards. A weekly profit of £2 in every £10 guaranteed. Address, etc.

In answer to a letter our correspondent received particulars of the “investment,” one being a printed letter from Gerald Radcliffe, addressed from “Circus Chambers, 217, Piccadilly, W.,” the second the alleged results of what Radcliffe describes as “1st and 2nd Favourite System,” results showing, of course, enormous returns upon the amount “from £10 to £500” entrusted to Mr. Gerald Radcliffe.

It may be said that no one but a fool would expect to receive “a weekly profit of £2 in every £10” from a “safe investment,” And that of course is true. But it is not for honest men to help rogues to fleece fools, and we put it to the *Daily Telegraph* and other great papers that insert advertisements of this kind, whether the public—let us say the fools—have not some cause of complaint. On the face of it an invitation to subscribe money upon a promise that the investment is “safe,” that it is “guaranteed,” and that every £10 deposited shall return a weekly profit of £2 is a fraud. Why then does the *Daily Telegraph* disseminate this fraudulent offer among its innumerable readers?

THE WATCH TRICK.

We have received communications from numerous correspondents whose servants have been bamboozled much in the way described in our issue of January 4th. For example: a South Shields correspondent informs us that his servant girl has had a similar experience with Messrs. Milner and Co., of 4, Broad Street Buildings, Liverpool Street, only in this case no deposit was paid, and on the girl returning the watch after holding it for two days, Milner and Co. sent her a printed letter demanding 4s., hire of the watch for one month. Ignoring the demand, Milner and Co. finally sent a communication, which we print in *extenso*.

4, BROAD STREET BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

No. 11,511.

We hereby call your attention to the overdue account, and unless we receive by return of post, *without fail*, the amount of arrears due, viz.: £0 4s. 0d., according to your signed agreement, we shall be compelled to take other action in the matter.

Yours truly,

MILNER & COY.

To Miss ———.

Thereupon the girl's employer, our correspondent, wrote to Milner and Co., saying that if they forwarded any more letters he should instruct his solicitors to act on her behalf. It will be noticed that the letter is numbered 11,511, figures which, if they are genuine, show that Milner and Co. do a very large business in this watch-selling way. If some of our contemporaries, like

Lloyd's and the People, which are largely read by working people, would give attention to the matter, they would do much service to the poor.

W. R. PERRY, LIMITED.

A correspondent writes to us to complain that early in the month he received a communication from "Perry's Original Bankrupt and Insolvent Registry Office," of Bush Lane, E.C., requesting the immediate payment to W. R. Perry, Limited, of a sum alleged to be due from him to a third party. Taking no notice of this communication, our correspondent received the further communication of which he complains, addressed to him at his private residence. It is in the form of an open post card, as below:—

26 and 27, Bush Lane,
London, E.C. ———, 1896.

Re a/c due to ———
We are waiting to hear from you respecting this matter.
Yours faithfully,
W. R. PERRY, LIMITED.

Our correspondent speaks of this communication as a "gross impertinence," and asks us whether W. R. Perry, Limited, have any right to send him an uncovered communication, in which persons of whom he knows nothing demand payment of a debt which for aught they know, may, or may not, be mythical.

We do not know how the law bears on the matter, but if it permits such communications in the form described it will seem to many that the law requires revision. The business in which W. R. Perry, Limited, are engaged is a perfectly lawful one, but written demands affecting credit ought surely to be made under cover.

MR. WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

We have frequently warned our readers, or such of them as may want to raise money, against a person calling himself Wilfrid Wilberforce, and whose real name is Pockett. This person was recently before the Court of Appeal, and the transaction that brought him there is described by Lord Justice Lindley as below—

On November 5th, 1894, the plaintiff was induced by an advertisement issued by the defendant, a person named Pockett, who trades as Wilfrid Wilberforce, described as of 11, Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park, to go and borrow money of him, and he has had good reason to repent it ever since. The plaintiff borrowed £100, and signed a document, by which, in consideration of £100, paid to the mortgagee by the mortgagee, the mortgagee assigned to the mortgagee the chattels specified in the schedule "by way of security for the payment of the sum of £100 and interest thereon at the rate of 1s. in the pound per month." That is 60 per cent. per annum. The advertisement was that money could be had for "5 per cent.," but 5 per cent. in a money-lender's mouth means 5 per cent. per month, and 5 per cent. in a borrower's mind means 5 per cent. per annum until he finds out what it really means, and, of course, when the plaintiff found out what it really meant he did not like it. Then what happened afterwards was this. The plaintiff paid the first instalment of £6, and thereupon received a little book containing what are called, "Rules and Regulations which are strictly adhered to." Those rules and regulations are oppressive in the extreme, and I take the opportunity of remarking that I hope what I am saying will warn people against borrowing money of Pockett, otherwise Wilfrid Wilberforce, of 11, Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park. In a notice on one side of the book he says: "Borrowers are hereby informed that they render themselves liable to be convicted of felony should they either remove their goods, chattels, or effects, or assign them by way of security to anyone, or should they obtain a loan on the same elsewhere without the consent of Mr. Wilberforce." Anything more preposterous or more atrocious than that can hardly be imagined: it is simply bullying, frightening and lying.

The observations of Lord Justice Lindley were rubbed in by Lord Justice Lopes, who said:—

The sending these rules and regulations was, in my opinion, a most disgraceful attempt to intimidate the borrower. And again: I feel it is impossible to set this bill of sale aside, and I again say I am very sorry for it. All I can say is, that I should recommend all intending borrowers to avoid Mr. Pockett, *alias* Wilberforce, in the same way as they would avoid the pestilence; and, at the same time, I have no hesitation in saying that I think he is a champion specimen of an unprincipled money-lender."

These observations justify our past exposures of Pockett and his methods.

BELATED INFORMATION.

In the financial and some other newspapers of Saturday the following cablegram appeared:—

DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS IN WEST AUSTRALIA.

Perth, January 9th.—An important discovery of diamonds is reported to have been made at Nullagine, in North-West Australia.—*Reuter*.

Quite true. It is true, too, that Queen Anne is dead. The "discovery," as *Reuter* calls it, was made in November last, and in the middle of that month there was much speculation in the neighbourhood as to the value of the find. The news came over here by mail weeks ago.

There is nothing like being up to date, especially when you run a telegraph agency.

CHAFFEY BROTHERS, LIMITED.

The incoming Australian Mail should bring us full information as to the result of the directors' meeting at Melbourne on the 10th December, when they were to consider resolu-

tions for voluntary liquidation, and what has been done with the petition which was set down for hearing on the 16th December. We do not see how it is possible for the company to go on. Meantime we hope the managers of the concern on this side will refrain from circulating any more of the very misleading advertisements and circulars to which we have recently directed attention. Last June the company showed on paper a surplus of over £207,000, but this rested on a valuation of lands altogether untrustworthy. Liquidation must show a heavy balance on the wrong side. It is a very regrettable business, look at it how we will.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

Ernest Goode's Stores.—We have received several complaints from readers, who complain that they have been misled by an advertisement in which a gold lever watch, said to be worth £12 10s., is promised to any person who gives the correct reading of a rebus, but that when the reading is given the watch is not forwarded unless the winner sends £5 for a chain. We are bound to say that if our correspondents had carefully read the advertisement in question they would have found that one of the conditions precedent to sending the watch is the purchase of an Albert chain, and therefore Mr. Goode cannot be charged with unfair dealing. But the form of the advertisement is, in our opinion, misleading, and it is for that reason we include the matter in our Black List.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Richard Spurgeon, Limited. AJAX (Bolton).—Our opinion, an unfavourable one, was given when the company was brought out, and nothing has come to our knowledge since to lead us to think differently. It may be as well to hold the Castner-Kellner shares for a time. **Position of Bank.** J. A. H. (Blackpool).—It is only a "Bank" in name. We cannot advise you to deposit with people who promise you 7 per cent. **Chartered.** F. P. (Edinburgh).—We think they must go a good deal lower. As matters stand, the current quotation is, in our opinion, much too high. **The Western Australian Steam Packet Company.** F. B. (Liverpool).—There has been one call of 5s., paid up, and a second for similar amount has now been made. We understand the company has bought three passenger steamers for service on the Swan River upon advantageous terms, but our information as to local wants is not full enough to enable us to give you an opinion as to the probable future of the Company. **Salisbury Reef Gold Mining Company Shareholder.** (Bristol).—We should hold. It is a promising investment, which is a good deal more than can be said of many of these offshoots of the Chartered Company. **Pleiades.** A. L. (Brighton).—We thank you for your kindly letter, and we are heartily sorry that you bought on our advice. Our information was very positive, and we are still of the opinion that the explanation of the ruinous fall suggested in your letter, and which has been given in *TO-DAY*, is largely responsible for it. **A Westralian Promoter.** R. T. S. (Ballina, N.S.W.).—We are obliged for your letter and the extract you send us from the Coolgardie paper. Promoters of the kind described are the curse of your country as of ours. **Black Flags.** H. H. (Glasgow).—You should hold. The professor is not infallible, and other reports upon the property, such as Mr. O'Driscoll's, are of a very different tenor. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** C. L. P. (Bath).—Yes, as a "lock up," but you will bear in mind that there is some considerable risk. That is implied in the price at which the shares are obtainable. See our recent observations on the company. **Pawson and Leaf's Debentures.** SHAREHOLDER (West Hampstead).—The new issue seems to be sufficiently secured. As for the shares, they are a much less promising investment than they were before the amalgamation with Leaf's. **Barnarto "Banks."** F. P. (Blackburn).—We write before the meeting, and it is quite possible that the statements made at the meeting may help the quotation, but we advise you not to touch them. **Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** H. MCC. (Leicester).—Yes, but the Company has been hampered by the smallness of the working capital. **Palace of Varieties, Limited.** INVESTOR. (Caterham).—We think them a promising purchase. **Outside Brokers.** A. G. (Catford).—We know nothing against them. The firm is not of long standing. **Water Gas Shares.** SHAREHOLDER (Harrogate).—We do not know that we can add anything to what we said last week about this unhappy company. It never had a chance, and as for selling the shares, well, we do not know what they may be worth in Harrogate, but here they are absolutely valueless. What is there to sell except liabilities? **Terminable Annuity Bonds.** F. G. G. (Chalk Farm Road).—We cannot advise the investment. You had much better buy shares in some sound industrial security. We shall be pleased to give you further information if you send us your full name. **Sundry Shares.** INVESTOR (Londonderry).—We have no knowledge of No. 1. No. 2, was a sound business at the start, but is branching out too rapidly. No. 3 is making substantial profits, and should be worth 25s. 6d. We cannot recommend No. 4. **Canadian Mica Company.** J. A. E. (Birmingham).—We regret we have no information respecting its progress. **Standing of Promoters.** R. B. (Stamford Hill).—They are small people. **Adler's Consols.** P. R. jun. (Dundee).—Yes, they are the same. Buying at their present price, you are likely to get a good deal more than ten per cent. At the current quotation they are greatly undervalued. **Various Shares.** WARY PURCHASER (Edinburgh). The copper shares are good to buy. Moore and Burgess may be recommended as a lock-up. You can get them at about 3s. We cannot advise purchase of Chartered's. The price is likely to go lower before pending questions are settled. Adler's Consols are good to buy, so too De Beers. **Outside Brokers.** GEORGE. (Near Teignmouth).—No. 1 is ostensibly run by a young man of respectable antecedents. No. 2 is shady, so is No. 3. Nos. 4 and 5 represent two of the largest businesses of the kind in London, and both are financially sound. **Purchase of Shares.** A. N. (Oldham).—1. We always advise purchasing through a member of any House, but we do not recommend Brokers. 2. We do not know of any book that would give you exactly what you seem to want, but if you send to Messrs. Editham Wilson and Co. of the Royal Exchange, E.C., they may help you. **Adler's Consols.** NOVICE. (Edinburgh).—Yes, of course, the liability is limited. We do not recommend Brokers.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS' 17th Grand Pantomime, CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.30. For full particulars see daily papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

PALACE, Shaftesbury - avenue. — **THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE.** The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the **NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS.** Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.40.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON. Matinees, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at Three only.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—THIS DAY, at Three and Eight.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, LONDON at the NEW YEAR. The grand centre of attraction for visitors to London is at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly and Regent Street, where the world-famed Moore & Burgess Minstrels are giving their 31st Annual Series of Festival Performances upon a scale of extraordinary magnitude.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The Magnificent Company increased to Sixty Performers, including a fine choir of juvenile and adult voices, a phalanx of Comedians, and a superb Orchestra.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The Holiday Programme has achieved an Enormous Success. Is entirely new from beginning to end. Is one of the strongest and most brilliant ever presented by this company, and will be presented TWICE DAILY, at Three and Eight. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Bookings at Basil Tree's and all Libraries.—General Manager, Mr. Lawrence Brough.

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"THE IDLER"

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FRONTISPIECE ... "THE LAST TOUCH."
Drawn by R. SAUBER.

THE LAST TOUCH ... CHARLES KENNETT BURROW

TWINS ... RICHARD MARSH
Ten Illustrations by HAL HURST.

"The glass door opened to admit a lady"—"Cecil! where are you?"—"He was taken aback."—"He took it from her hand."—"Mr. Buxton has declined to acknowledge my acquaintance."—"Hubert glanced from one to the other."—"Laid his hand on Hubert's shoulder."—"A lady came down the staircase."—"Listening at the door."—"Hubert brandished the chair."

ARCADES AMBO.—THE BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS AT HOME ...
Eight Illustrations.

MARJORY AND I ... MISS BULAU
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. HIRAM ALLDRIDGE—LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

Eight Illustrations by R. JACK.
"Interviewed the distracted wife."—"Cherchez la Femme."—"Extensive dragging operations."—"Mr. Wolverton would see Mr. Yorke."—"Rolling unpleasantly."—"Bullied the Captain."—"I lured him to my wine vaults."—"I gave a ten-pound note."

MY LOVE FOR THEE ... SAMUEL MINTURN PECK
WHEN WE WERE IN JAPAN ... DOUGLAS SLADEN
Twelve Illustrations.

Negishi roofs.—The Castle of Tokyo.—Japanese newspaper boys.—Japanese wrestlers.—The Silver Pavilion. Preparing to shoot the Rapids.—The causeway of the Tomb of Teyyasu.—The gate of the Two Kings.—The Yomcimen Gate at Nikko.—Seventeenth Century Japanese Carvings, showing Dutch influences.—A Gold Lacquer Panel in the Temple of Teyyasu.—The Colossal Jizo at Hakone.

"CANINE AND SUBLIME"—A CHAT WITH MR. LOUIS WAIN ... ROY COMPTON

Fourteen Illustrations by LOUIS WAIN.
Bendigo Lodge, Westgate.—Cats' Ghosts.—"Peter."—Mr. Louis Wain.

A GHOST TRAIN ... W. L. ALDEN
Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

"I could see it standing close to the water-butt."—"I sat down in the wash-basin."—"I got hold of the brake-wheel."—"I fell into a snow-bank."

A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XXVI., XXVII., XXVIII. ... ROBERT BARR

Illustration by HAL HURST.
"John tucked her in beside himself."

LONDON IN 1930: A FORECAST MRS. HUMPHRY
A PUBLIC MISFORTUNE ... ALEXANDER STUART

Two Illustrations by A. S. BOYD.
"Had smitten the tuning-fork on his knee."—"Sank down heavily upon his seat."

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET

THE IDLER'S CLUB:—ARE INTERVIEWERS A BLESSING OR A CURSE? By the Interviewers—

Raymond Blathwayt, Miss M. A. Belloc, Frederick Dolman, Miss Friedrichs, and G. B. Burgin. Illustrations by L. BAUMER.

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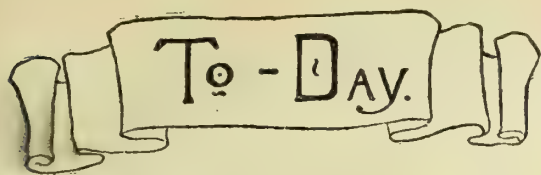
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

It goes without saying that one is compelled to admire Dr. Jameson's pluck. He and his company appear to have fought with great bravery, and to have ably upheld the British reputation for courage. But, when he has said that, one has said all that can be said in this gentleman's favour, and I am growing rather tired of hearing him shouted about as though he were a cross between Wellington and Clive. If Dr. Jameson were the type of leader upon whom England had to depend we might close business at once. Pluck is an admirable quality, but it is the virtue of the soldier, and, by itself, is useless to the general. There are no excuses in war. Dr. Jameson, with his eyes open, against the express orders of his Government, walked into the Transvaal, with six hundred troopers and a few maxim guns.

THE Boers seem to have been exceedingly unkind to him. If war were invented for the whiling away of a pleasant day or two we should say that they played unfairly. They seem to have known all about his coming. That apparently surprised Dr. Jameson immensely. Then they brought up two thousand men to oppose him. Of course they ought to have counted his troopers and sent the other fourteen hundred back. Then they chose an admirable position for defending their country, and put him into a trap. Well, this, of course, was not at all nice of them. Dr. Jameson seems to have other excuses. He had not sufficient ammunition. His horses were overworked and half-starved. His men had had no food for about two days. They had no water.

MUSIC-HALL singers and Poet Laureates appear to be under the impression that the Boers ought to have provided these necessities for him. The whole talk about him is becoming exceedingly silly. Dr. Jameson, we presume, knew something about South Africa, and had

seen active service. One even ventures to think it might have occurred to him that an army, whether big or small, invading a hostile country, is not unliable to be met with opposition. Generals of different calibre to Dr. Jameson have been known who regarded the commissariat as of even more importance than the fighting side of their force. Dr. Jameson has brought misfortune to the English name. He has given our enemies the idea that, however plucky we may be, Englishmen belong to a race of incapables, who enter upon the serious business of war with the touching simplicity of a schoolboy possessed of his first popgun.

I am sorry to say any words that may bring still further pain to a brave and unfortunate gentleman, but the foolish praise that is being showered upon Dr. Jameson just at present will give the world the notion that such a man is England's ideal general. The abuse of the Germans is another bad sign. The question with that country is serious. German statesmen are not fools. The German Emperor may be a hot-headed young man, but he comes from a race who have lived in the atmosphere of battles. The war instinct must be in his blood. Germany is not likely to have gone even so far as she has gone without having counted the cost, without having made some arrangements. In all probability she has some understanding with a naval power upon whose ships she can depend. The hatred of England is the dominant passion of Europe. Germany would find no difficulty in allying herself with Russia, or even with France, or, for all we know, with America. To talk about war with her being a "soft thing" for us, and to imagine that a nation trained by Bismarck and Moltke would enter upon a war, in which she would be wiped out at the end of the first month, is simply childish.

If a war does commence with Germany (and the danger has by no means blown over), it will not be a war of one campaign, or of two campaigns, and the probabilities are that before it is completed, half the rest of the world will be ranged on her side. It is well to be confident. It is well to believe in one's own powers. But I would suggest to our jingo journalists and our patriotic song-writers, that the crowing will come better after the war than before it. War is not a matter to be entered into with light-hearted assurance by any nation. It is a thing of chances and unforeseen developments. By all means let England stiffen her back, and be prepared for any combination that may be brought against her. But let her prepare with quiet dignity, and with the gravity befitting so grave a crisis.

If war break out our strength will be taxed to the utmost. If we emerge victorious it will be on the stepping stones of suffering, of disaster, and of agony. If we enter upon it with the idea that Europe will collapse at the sight of the first Englishman, with a gun in his hand, we are preparing for ourselves a very bitter day. Paris sang a song to that tune some twenty years ago, and the scum of Africa, gathered together in Johannesburg, talked in much the same strain a fortnight ago, before they were cowed into silence at the first crack of President Kruger's whip. We shall want all our breath for fighting. It will be advisable not to waste any of it beforehand, talking about what we are going to do.

I SUPPOSE it was an excellent idea for Her Most Gracious Majesty to write privately to the Emperor of Germany anent the present crisis, and I suppose it was also an excellent idea for the Prince of Wales to send a message to the *New York World*. I see that both these actions have been greatly praised by the Press, and it is presumed that Her Gracious Majesty and the Prince have done England a good service. I hope, however, that these incidents will not form a precedent, in case some future monarch may happen to hold views on foreign policy differing from those held by the Minister of that period. It might cause complication. Some of us would have no objection to see the Crown hold a stronger and more responsible position, but it is necessary for the diplomacy of the country to be in one set of hands. Either the Crown should be empowered to act in such a case, or it should not interfere at all.

SOME of the papers seem to think that the reproof from a grandmother to her grandson should end all chance of war. Of course if European nations are going to be governed by the domestic relationships of their rulers diplomacy is easy. A good grandson would naturally follow his grandmother's instructions, and German policy would, therefore, be ruled from Osborne. By the same argument St. Petersburg would also be guided by our own Most Gracious Majesty's kindly counsels. We therefore can dismiss all fear of Russian enmity. Could not a few princesses also be found to marry all American statesmen who are likely to become Presidents? By this means we should also get the control of America, and might settle down to a peaceable existence. Of course the Queen, in common with every other woman, has a perfect right to indite as many letters to her relations as she pleases, but domestic and political correspondence should be kept distinct, or a nation may come to look ridiculous.

DR. COOPER, of Cambridge, seems a man exceedingly eager in the cause of cruelty. Some three or four cases were tried at the Cambridge Borough Police Court a few days ago. The evidence showed that great cruelty had been inflicted, yet some of the worst cases were dismissed contemptuously. The inspector tried to learn the reason for this, but Dr. Cooper, who appears to have taken upon himself the task of aiding and abetting every brute brought before him, went out of his way to check the prosecution at every point. Take this, for instance: The inspector said he would like to ask the chairman if they had decided on the facts of the case, or on a question of law. Dr. Cooper: "You have no right to ask such a question." The Inspector submitted that he was not forced to prove that the cruelty was wilful. Dr. Cooper: "You are not going to catch us!" The Inspector then asked the Bench if they were prepared to say that there was no cruelty. Dr. Cooper: "No; we do not say that there is no cruelty. You are not going to catch us on that!" In another case Dr. Cooper seems to have stepped down from the Bench (I am speaking figuratively) to become the defendant's counsel. In another case the Inspector again asked for the reason why the Bench had come to their extraordinary decision. Dr. Cooper: "You have no right to ask that question. We are not going to tell you what we think. Our decision is not a question of law, and you are not going to draw me!" Who is this precious Dr. Cooper, anyhow?

Can any Cambridge correspondent tell me anything about him? What is such a man doing on the Bench, and how long has he been a magistrate? It looks as if it were necessary that some very plain language should be used towards Dr. Cooper.

I AM glad to see that the *Referee*—a paper that even professional footballers will perhaps allow knows something about sport—is growing severe concerning the way in which the game of football is being ruined by professionalism. Says the *Referee*:—"Speaking as a bit of a purist in sport, I only wish that all the Scotchmen hired to play in England, and whose presence has wiped out three-fourths, and a bit more, of genuine interest in football—I only wish the whole boiling would go numb in their feet and legs, and go to their native places to win handicaps, or any mortal inducement that would make them step over the Border. Among them, the crew have converted a very great part of it from a game with natural territorial emulation as a basis, to a business, in which the longest purseholder ought to get the best in the long run." My contemporary's English is a little wild, but its sentiments are excellent. Football, as played in England now, is simply a trade. The sooner it ceases to call itself sport, the better.

THE other day I came across (in the *Daily Graphic*), a caricature, reproduced from *Le Grelot*, representing John Bull in the act of being punched and kicked by Italy, Egypt, Turkey, the Transvaal, Venezuela, Germany, and the United States. When you are not strong enough to kick a man yourself, it is probably some mild satisfaction to draw a picture of him being kicked by somebody else, even though the picture may not be strictly accurate. The inaccuracy in this case that wounds me most lies in the whiskers. When will the humorous French make the important discovery that if they searched diligently all over England they would not find six men with whiskers like those that the French caricaturist always assigns to every Englishman? And if a man does not happen to know anything about anything, is it not rather a pity for him to try and make a drawing of it?

THE REV. W. R. Gardner, of Hyde, near Manchester, made a very strong protest the other day against the growing crime of child murder, as daily practised in England, for the sake of a few pounds insurance money. Thereupon a bill appeared on the walls of Hyde headed "Working Men of Hyde. Come to the meeting in your thousands." The meeting was to discuss the wickedness of the Rev. Mr. Gardner, and was convened by a gentleman named Mr. James Platt. I have made some enquiries concerning the character of this meeting, because it is typical of the sort of protest that goes up whenever anybody says a word likely to interfere with the exceedingly profitable industry of child insurance.

I FIND that this Mr. James Platt is the paid servant of "The Philanthropic Burial Society" and the persons concerned with him in the meeting were as follows:—Alphonse Whitehead, secretary to the "Benevolent Burial Society"; A. Dixon, president of the "Benevolent Burial Society"; W. Moore, secretary of the

"Hyde Funeral Society"; J. Ashworth, president of the "Hyde Funeral Society"; T. Shufflebotham, lately one of the committee of the "Philanthropic Burial Society"; J. Greenwood, connected with a burial society at Woodley; J. Billam, of Manchester, secretary to the Upper Mersey Watermen's Association.

BURIALS appear to be the staple philanthropy of the Manchester district, but that is a point beside the issue. This little hole-and-corner meeting just shows the character of the opposition put forward against any reform of the law. As I have pointed out again and again, the opposition comes entirely from those pecuniarily interested in the death and burial of children. It is a disgraceful trade, but, seeing that it is backed by immense capital, manufactured statistics, and bogus public opinion, its overthrow is bound to be a gigantic labour.

BEARING upon this important matter, I may mention two cases. Ellen Burns, the wife of a man in the Navy, was tried at Plymouth for neglecting her children, so as to endanger their lives. The mother received sufficient money from her husband, but she left the children to waste away under disease. They were full of sores and eruptions, but medical aid was carefully avoided. The children were insured for twenty and ten pounds respectively. The inspector who gave evidence in the case said that child insurance was a growing curse. At Oxford recently an inquest was held upon the child of a boat builder named Edginton. The post-mortem examination revealed no disease, and no cause could be given for the wasted condition and appearance of the child. At its death it weighed only between four and five pounds. It should have weighed between fourteen and fifteen. The child had been insured three weeks before its death. The mother admitted that out of seven children born to her three had died.

I HAVE no objection to papers quoting from TO-DAY (in moderation) if they acknowledge the source. Most of my contemporaries act honourably, but the *Evening News* has a code of honesty all to itself. I call Mr. Harmsworth's attention to this question. The *Evening News* is surely able to pay for its own matter. If not, it can at least acknowledge the source from which it gets its supplies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

E. L. J. is a man typical of thousands of Londoners. He left home ten years ago at sixteen to prepare himself for the business of an engineer. He worked and read, living an isolated life in lodgings. With a small capital he, five years ago, started business for himself. By hard work he has increased it, and now employs forty men and the thing is growing. His present income, he tells me, must be over £800 a year. Now that the strain is over, and his path is clear before him, other thoughts than those of business come to him. My correspondent interests me because I once wrote a story about just such a man, only I made my hero a tallow-boiler, and fixed him in Limehouse a hundred years ago. E. L. J. now has visions of home with wife and children, but, alas! what beyond business success have these ten years of struggle given to him? He is without friends, without acquaintances, except such as come and go about a man. In this great London, where Number 42 knows not the name of Number 43, and the back second floor starves while the front second floor plays the piano, where is the key that will unlock the door of social intercourse to him? My friend tells me that he has travelled and studied. He thinks his manners and appearance passable. His heart goes out toward the vision of some high minded, educated, genial, and sympathetic woman. Somewhere among the labyrinth of long

grey streets she may be found, but how is my friend to know her door, or, knowing it, how can he enter? I can only suggest that my friend seek every opportunity of entering social life that may be presented to him. He will find it difficult to shake off, perhaps, the shyness that ten years of devotion to business has no doubt given him. But it must be begun, and the sooner the better. I almost envy my friend the atmosphere of romance and possibility in which he must be living. A chance invitation from a business friend to a business lunch or a business dinner—will it be through that door that he will go to her? Some chance chat with a stranger—will that lead him to her? Will she come to-day—or to-morrow? Twenty-six is still young. To come to the practical, it is difficult to enter society in London, but it is not impossible. The door must, of course, be opened by male acquaintances, but, to a man whose sympathies are alert, friendship soon comes. There are many clubs that my engineering friend might join. I would even suggest to him such artful dodges as golf and tennis clubs. Even bicycling, of late, has been known to lead a man to the church door. My friend need not despair. The winged boy has surely lost his wits, or he will not let a willing man of twenty-six, with an income of £800 a year, rising, go long a begging.

CORRESPONDENT.—I am perfectly sure that Mr. Clement Scott never said anything of the kind. There are plenty of bad girls in shops. Therefore your clergyman ought never to allow his wife and daughters to go into a shop. Clergymen occasionally get into the Divorce Court. Yet you would not argue from that that the Church was degrading. Suppose you and your favourite clergyman and all the rest of us tried to go our own way and be as good as we could be, and just let other people's sins alone. When any one man among us is so perfect that there is no necessity for him to pay any more attention to his own soul, he is the man to come and lecture other people. You must remember that Christ consorted with publicans and sinners and with women of easy virtue.

J. S. B. (Cape Colony).—The Company about whom you wrote now inform me that the enlargements in question were forwarded to you on the 25th October last. J. F. L.—I am delighted to hear that TO-DAY is such a pleasure to you. I thank you for your enclosure. I dealt with the matter in another column last week. W. L.—It seems impossible to believe that, at the Whitehaven Police Court, a man should be sent to prison, because he was only able to pay his fine of ten shillings in small money. If this is so the Whitehaven Police Court clerk ought to be ashamed of himself. W. B. writes, urging the formation of a Society for the assistance of Distressed Soldiers and Sailors, similar to a society which is being established in Scotland. FLORA.—Legal questions can only be answered to annual subscribers. F. H. P.—Would it not be as well to apply to the friends who sent you the card?

"CHEMIST" writes me, enclosing me a paragraph from the *Athletic News*, headed "A New Centre Forward for Stoke." "The Stoke Club has engaged another centre-forward, and the directors are to be admired. Allan Maxwell . . . is the new man, and the negotiations for his transfer were completed last Friday. Mr. Rowley went over to Darwen and settled the business satisfactorily. Darwen wanted money badly, or they would not have parted with Maxwell." This is the sort of language Englishmen used to use about buying horses. A dozen years ago, before Englishmen made a trade of their sport, every football player in England would have stood aghast at reading such a paragraph. My correspondent writes me, "To be frank with you, when you first talked about professionalism in football I thought you were, well, to put it mildly, 'a little wrong,' but, on due consideration, have altered my opinions, and am only too pleased to send you the paper." I am confident that before many years have elapsed professionalism in football will be looked back upon as a disgrace to our sporting instincts, and the papers, who, for their own purposes, have degraded it, will be denouncing it as vigorously as I am doing now. My correspondent's subscription to the Pluck Fund is acknowledged in another column.

ROBERT S.—My good lad, fight as if it were for your life. Indulgence leads to ruin of body and soul. At school, I know you see other boys degrading themselves, and they make a jest of it and treat the whole thing as a mere pastime. Nature is unkind to us in giving us strong instincts that must not be indulged; but it is a part of the battle of life. You need not despise yourself for a few failures, but despise yourself for not making a strong and constant effort. Work, play, smoke if you will—and get sick. Read all the books of adventure you can get hold of—Scott's novels, Dumas's novels, Stanley Weyman, Stevenson, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle. The thing you speak of grows upon a boy, and then he loses all energy of mind and body. His brain loses its power to think. He grows up to be a man without ambition and without strength, utterly useless to himself or to the world.

J. R. W. writes, giving me a most useful list of works dealing with premature burial. I publish the list for the benefit of enquirers. "The Absolute Signs and Proofs of Death," by Sir B. W. Richardson, in No. 21 of the *Asclepiad* (London, Longman's); "One Thousand Persons Buried Alive," by Dr. Moore Russell Fletcher (Boston, U.S.); "Buried Alive," by Dr. Franz Hartmann (a new edition in the press by Swan Sonnenschein and Co.); "The Perils of Premature Burial," by Professor Alex.

Wilder, M.D. (London, E. W. Allen, 6d.). The French and German publications on this subject, continues my correspondent, constitute a library in themselves, but "Les Signes de la Mort," by Bouchut, with nearly 500 pages of evidence, would be a revelation to sceptics, and is one of the best.

C. B. draws my attention to a disgracefully light sentence passed on some ruffians who practically murdered a policeman at Liversedge, Yorkshire. A police constable, who seems to have been a most gallant fellow, as are many of the force, tried to take a drunken miner into custody. He was set upon by a savage mob, but bravely stuck to his man. R. Benson Jowett, and other magistrates on the Bench, inflicted a punishment of only a month's imprisonment. Mr. Benson Jowett and his fellows seem to have a strange notion of the law. They would probably give a starving woman six month's for picking up sticks, but the murder of a mere policeman they consider is amply paid for by a month's hard labour. If the Liversedge magistrates are going to encourage mobs in this way to attack and murder the police one will not be able to blame the constables if, in future, they shirk their duty.

T. M. W.—Drop a line to the secretary of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, asking for a prospectus of their examinations. You can then try to qualify for any of the three certificates they offer for the subject of bookkeeping, with a chance of obtaining the society's medal.

L. C. H.—If, as you say, you are not compelled to seek your living by actual necessity, I should advise you not to enter the lists, which are already terribly overcrowded. By doing so you will only be keeping out some poor girl to whom a salary means existence. A secretaryship would necessitate a knowledge of shorthand, and possibly of typewriting. This would mean about two years' work, if you are not already a shorthand writer.

S. C. G.—My dear fellow, do not let us begin this argument about teetotalers all over again. I have said over, and over, and over again, that I have a great respect for any man who says "I do not like drink," or, "I do not believe it does me any good, and therefore I won't take it"; but I feel a great indignation against the man who says to me, "I do not like drink and, therefore, you shall not have any." Can't you see the difference?

T. A. T. draws my attention to an admirable plan started in the potteries district for the encouragement of kindness to animals. Working class owners of horses, donkeys, and mules are offered prizes for the best groomed and best treated animals. The idea follows the one inaugurated in the East-end of London by the late Earl of Shaftesbury. Men, who previously regarded their four-footed helpers as mere machines, are encouraged to take an interest in them, and public opinion on the question is helped forward.

L. B. S.—A knowledge of the dead languages has generally been found to hamper a man in every walk of life, except that of school-mastering, which is the perpetuating of the follies of our ancestors. It is thought, not knowledge, that makes the artist.

P. W. H.—In the case of an invasion the individual would have to take his chance. Wherever an invading force arrived, and wherever battles took place in England, farmers, shopkeepers, and, indeed the majority of those who had anything to lose, would, in all probability, be ruined, and I should not give much for their chances of recovering an indemnity in any case. There is no law on the matter. It would depend upon Parliament, and a country recovering from an invasion, whether it had been successful or had been defeated, would be in too impoverished a state to think much about the damage done to its citizens.

B.H.—If you write to Samuel French, 89, Strand, he will be pleased to give you all the information concerning plays that is worth knowing.

H. C. H.—I thank you for cutting, but the statement is not sufficiently authoritative to use as an argument. The Rector does not give his name, and it might be pure fiction.

E. T. (a business man) writes me:—"They (*The Idler* and *To-Day*) I consider the best value in literature obtainable, and if our young folk would only read, digest and *understand* your writings we should, in a decade or so, have England peopled with a new Brethren, and our hypocritical ways put an end to."

C. K. M. writing me from Halifax, tells me that a certain quarry owner of that district, in order to be able to claim the insurance money, allows his horses to starve to death, so as to be able to claim that they died a natural death. My correspondent, whose extraordinary statement, under the special circumstances, I can quite credit, adds "Surely Insurance Companies should not put a premium on cruelty by accepting policies on worn out animals!"

L. O. P.—You had better write to the Office of the Royal Irish Constabulary in Dublin. I should not say that the examination was at all a severe one.

J. P.—I thank you for the enclosure, but I find myself unable to travel the whole way with such advocates of kindness as "Ouida," and those like her. It always seems to me that the cause of right conduct towards animals would gain by the absence of exaggerated sentiment. One must look at all wordly matters from a common sense standpoint, or one stands in danger of driving support away rather than attracting it.

C. H. B.—I thank you for your kind appreciation.

J. W. W.—As a rule I take special pains to reply promptly to letters asking for information (when I can give it). Are you quite sure that no answer appeared? I am glad you like the story "The Queen of Ajassa Side." It must have been especially interesting to you, knowing the country. I am sending your letter on to Mr. Dawson.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

A FAIR GRADUATE.

In a mist of white, like a flash of light,

She dawns on my dazzled eyes;

And my soul bends low where her footsteps go—

Timidly, violet-wise.

For this is the maiden who soon shall speak—

Her red lips mincing their way through Greek!

What rose hath burned in her soul and turned

Those lips to a living red?

What sunset gold from the west skies rolled,

Hath haloed her Grecian head?

O maiden! however those red lips speak,

I shall read their way through a world of Greek!

And now they speak, and the roses wreak

Their red on the dimpled face;

O eyes, love-beamed! I had never dreamed

Of roses running a race!

But so they run, and the red lips speak

And smile their way to my soul in Greek!

FRANK L. STANTON.

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



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CLUB CHATTER.

"Don't believe all you read in English papers about the gaiety of the opera balls in Paris," writes a correspondent. "I went there on Saturday night, or, to be precise, Sunday morning, for the first time after a lapse of a dozen years. You have often said, my dear Major, that things were changing for the worse in Paris. You are right. Saturday's ball was miles behind Covent Garden, and even that God-forsaken, police-ridden place, Brussels, can do the thing as well. There were a few Pierrots and clowns and soldiers, and certainly many of the women wore pretty costumes. But the women simply asked for champagne after every dance, and when I stood outside in a sleety morning, searching in vain for a cab, where I might bury away the shame of being in some ridiculous and impossible costume, I reflected on what England would say if it saw me. I am writing you these reflections on Sunday afternoon with a splitting headache."

THE effect of Kilyani and his *tableaux vivants* has been remarkable on the Paris stage. The *Vie Parisienne* devotes two pages to illustrations of how they have been utilised by dramatists as a draw for pieces of indifferent merit. More than a dozen theatres last year made the introduction of women with next to "nuddings on" the *clou* and the piece, the *Carnet du Diable* is practically nothing more than an exhibition of this kind, and elsewhere it is much the same thing. But the craze is dying out, and the best known of the posers are scattered in far-off provincial French towns, where the *tableau vivant* is still a novelty.

THE true story of little Max Lebaudy is being told by degrees now, and it is a sad story and a bad story. Already three men well-known in Paris society and in the world of letters, are at Mazas, and this is only the commencement. They are accused with exploiting him under the pretence that their influence was sufficient to secure for him release from military service, while, as a matter of fact, they did their best to keep him in barracks so as to blackmail him still further. If Max had been left to himself he would have probably been a free man. He played some dainty tricks on his officers. In one town he opened an account with every wine shop in the village for the benefit of the soldiers, and the result was that they were generally drunk or thereabouts.

I SAW Max last June at Maison Laffitte, where he rode in five races in one afternoon, and handled his horses like a professional jockey. Then he went off and played polo, and afterwards took a ride on his bicycle. The effect of his English education was apparent. He gloried in sport, and wanted to be first in everything appertaining to it. His English was easy, and fluent, but his use of expressions outside Dr. Johnson's dictionary suggested that his English companions had been of doubtful respectability. In point of fact, I believe that two or three of the gang that were known as "Abington's gang," took a friendly interest in his education.

IN appearance he was much like a well-dressed English stable lad, and it was always his desire to be taken for an English sporting man. He was alternately mean and generous. With 30,000,000 frs. at his disposal, and nearly 100,000,000 francs more at the death of his mother, he certainly might have been put to a better use than to be blackmailed, exploited, and compelled to die in barracks, earning the conscript's pay of a halfpenny a day.

FUR-lined boots are very popular this winter, and for the benefit of those whose pockets are not overflowing

with the world's goods, I may say that those lined with flannel are nearly as good.

THE advance in the artistic merit of many of the posters produced in the United Kingdom has induced Mr. Ritchie, of the Royal Aquarium, to give the Exhibition of Artistic Posters so appreciated by the Press and the public last year a successor. Printers and others who desire to submit posters to the Honorary Committee of the Exhibition, composed of Joseph T. Clarke, G. R. Halkett, Ernest Hart, M.D., A. S. Hartrick, F. G. Prange, L. Ravenhill, and Gleeson White, can obtain a prospectus by enclosing a stamped envelope to Mr. Edward Bella, 113, Charing Cross Road, W.C., who, as on the past occasion, will organise the exhibition.

THE children of the German Emperor inherit their father's love of everything and anything connected with military affairs. A few years ago the Empress went to stay at Felixstowe with her children. They had hardly been in the place an hour when one of the young princes slipped into a shop to buy a toy. He was not long over his purchase, for he knew exactly what he wanted. The new toy was a large box of soldiers.

ONE often hears the expression, "dog-tired." I wonder what would be an adequate phrase to express a man's condition when he is so weary that he falls asleep standing up? The other day I came out of the Park, after a muddy walk, and went up to a shoeblack to have my boots brushed. I placed my foot on the box and waited. The man stood erect and still. I gently hinted that I was in a hurry. The man remained immovable. Then I looked up and discovered that the man's eyes were closed; he was sound asleep. On my speaking to him somewhat loudly he woke up with a start. He had no idea how long he had been unconscious, and told me that he had never been in such a state in his life before. I ought, perhaps, to add that there was no sign whatever of the man having been drinking, and, whilst standing up asleep, he was unsupported in any way.

I DO not know who is responsible for superintending the waiters at Frascati's, but he will do well to keep his eyes open a little wider if he wishes to retain the good name of the establishment. I refer more especially to the waiters on the ground floor; those in the gallery are usually very civil and obliging. I have been told that waiters are always more eager to attend to the varied wants of a party than to the modest requirements of a single man, on account of the tips. This may be so, but I should like to remind the management of Frascati's that people don't go to the place to suit the likes and dislikes of the waiters. Frascati's has long had a very well-deserved reputation. It would be a pity to lose it from no other cause than the gross carelessness and incivility of a few subordinate members of the establishment.

I LOOKED in at the Aquarium the other afternoon and saw the new attraction, Chevalier Cliquot, a Canadian by birth, who took certain liberties with his digestive organs in the way of swallowing swords and bayonets, such as would excite them to revolt in the case of an average person. His feats appeared to me to be perfectly genuine, and consisted of sword, bayonet, and watch-swallowing. He was closely watched by doctors, who were very much *en evidence* with stethoscopes when the watch disappeared. I think there is no doubt as to the genuineness of the performance, which is well worth a visit.

I have received a letter from a correspondent at Bonn. The latter half is of special interest just now:—"Many of our people are bitter about the Transvaal question. Only the other evening a scurrilous and bloodthirsty speech was delivered in the chief café here, and was received with enthusiasm. However, this feeling is chiefly confined to 'young Germany' and the

students. Most of the people who think without getting excited, condemn the Kaiser's action, and assert that it was done for effect, and to create the storm of noisy acclamation that swept over the fatherland on the publication of the message, and that when the excitement has subsided it will be almost universally condemned. The feeling is that Germany really knows the English to be almost indispensable to her, and that a war is to be regarded as the remotest possible contingency, if not an utter impossibility."

There is quite a touch of romance about the coming together, after a separation of twenty years, of Miss Nellie Farren and her husband, Mr. Robert Soutar, who is now stage-managing at the Opera Comique. I congratulate the couple, who are still young in heart, upon their reunion.

I noticed a very unusual sight in Piccadilly the other afternoon. It seems that Messrs. Swan and Edgar were having a sale, and the crowd of ladies anxious to get into the shop was so great that the police were forced to adopt the *queue* system. The doors of the shop were

closed, the place being full, and fresh arrivals were not admitted until some of the early comers had gone.

Everyone knows that the Duchess of Fife is fond of going about "on her own," but I must confess I was somewhat surprised to find her at the Princess's the other evening. Her Royal Highness was quite absorbed in the play, *A Dark Secret*; but perhaps part of her enjoyment may have been due to the fact that she had escaped from royal formalities for a time. The next box to hers was occupied by the Russian Ambassador.

THE "bluff" is sometimes as effective in Solo Whist as it is in Poker. I saw the other evening a manoeuvre of this kind upset an otherwise certain Abundance. The caller was second player, with Ace, King, Queen, Knave, 8, 6, 5, 4 of Clubs (trumps), Ace with three small Diamonds, and Knave of Spades. First hand led King of Spades, to which dealer's knave fell; third hand gave the deuce, and fourth hand, holding Queen, 10, 6, and 3, and four times trumps with the 10, promptly dropped the Queen. First hand continued with Ace of Spades, and the caller, assuming that fourth hand held no more

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matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.



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One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.

70s. per 100. 36s. per 50 box. Sample 1s.

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A beautiful cigar.

35s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

"ROYAL PECULIARS."

Made from the purest tobacco.

20s. per 100. 10s. 6d. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

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GLASGOW. ESTAB^d 1723.

Smokes
Cool and
Fragrant
to the last Whiff

Spades, trumped in with one of his honours, and, eventually losing a trump to the 10, made only eight tricks. This sort of play requires some presence of mind, for the least hesitation in throwing off the Queen would defeat its object.

If you want to see courtesy and inclination in conflict, watch a table of four Solo-Whist players being asked by a new-comer to be allowed to make a fifth. The man who has been losing, and now has to sit out every fifth deal, enjoys it especially. Sometimes *two* additional players are invited, or invite themselves, in, and this is generally followed by the withdrawal of one or more of the original quartette. The new bye-laws of the London Solo Whist Club provide against this by debarring a fifth person from joining in, even by invitation, except with the unanimous approval of all four players, a single dissentient voice having the power to exclude him. Here is a difficulty which could be agreeably adjusted if, in the event of two extra players being present, they would try that attractive and "brainy" form of the game known

as "Dummy Solo," or "Solo Whist for Two." For the information of those to whom it is unfamiliar, I will briefly explain it.

THE game is played with a pack from which the twos, threes, and fours of every suit have been excluded. The cards are dealt into three lots, as though three persons were playing, the turn-up card, an odd one, not being used except to indicate the trump suit. The lot to the left of the dealer is a dummy hand, and is not looked at until a call has been settled upon, when the caller's adversary exposes it face upwards upon the table, always to the left of the caller, and plays it, as well as his own hand, against him. There are no proposals and acceptances, and no *misères* ouvertes, the calls ranging upwards in order and value from Solo (five tricks) to Abundance *misère*, and Abundance *Déclarée*. Should both players pass, a Solo (of five tricks) with another suit specified as trumps can be declared. There is some speculation in declaring at dummy Solo, but none afterwards, for the position of every card in the pack is then known, and this

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condition should not be overlooked when the beginner contemplates calling a *Misère*.

THE Williams Typewriter Company write me that one of their machines went through the Chitral Campaign, and was used by the Quartermaster-General, Rawal Pindi. It is reported to have proved a great success.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

NECESSITAS.—(1) In opening from the left of the Solo Caller, it is, as a rule, safer to lead from a Queen high suit than from one headed by a King or Ace with no honours in sequence. (2) It was a printer's error, and the cards should have read Queen, Jack, 9, 8, 4, 2.

S. BURRIDGE.—One of the stalest of cribbage chestnuts! Here is another and better one. You hold three in hand, and the turn up turns the combination into twelve.

R. W. F.—The cards having been dealt and the last one turned up, second hand draws attention to the fact that one of his cards is damaged on the back. He then takes up, examines and sorts his cards, and throws them down with a demand for a fresh deal with another pack. The following hand demurs and calls Solo, which he is allowed to play under protest, and on which he makes seven tricks. The Solo is valid. Second hand would have been justified in claiming a fresh deal before he had looked into his cards, but not afterwards.

G. E. B.—Thanks for your letter. There are several kinds of memory, and you seem to have one of the best.

A. D. wants to know if I can tell him of "any satisfactory way of dealing with the ends of home-rolled cigarettes, as the present system of leaving them rough, or cutting them off (thereby getting a quantity of short bits of tobacco in your mouth) is exceedingly unsatisfactory." If a cigarette is rolled properly it should have no loose ends of tobacco sticking out. Presuming that A. D. makes his cigarettes with ordinary fine-cut tobacco, he should get over his trouble by deftly folding the ends of the tobacco inwards when rolling the cigarette. Or, if his fingers refuse to do this neatly for him, he will find that pushing in the ends of the tobacco with the point of a cedar pencil, or a match, or anything else that comes handy, will overcome the difficulty. A. D. concludes with good wishes and some very kind remarks about the success of To-Day, for both of which I thank him.

J. S.—You would be able to get a Highland costume for a fancy dress ball from Messrs. Nathan, Bear Street, Leicester Square. I regret that I cannot depart from my rule of not replying to correspondents through the post.

PEDESTRIAN.—I am afraid your case is of too serious a nature for me to advise upon. You should certainly see a doctor as soon as possible. Don't go to quacks; you will find it far cheaper in the end to consult a properly qualified medical man. Many thanks for your good wishes, which I heartily reciprocate.

W. S. N.—As no name is mentioned, I can hardly take notice of the contradiction, and really the matter is scarcely

worth argument. You may rest assured that my source of information was quite reliable.

F. B. S.—It is impossible for me to say much about the skin without seeing it; but from your description I should say that it is well worth making into a coat, that is, a coat trimming. I should recommend you to have the coat made of black-faced cloth. Of course you can do without fur cuffs if you object to them, but they are usually put on such garments. You will find that the simplest and best way of fastening a fur coat is with small loops of narrow braid and big long buttons. Your tailor will know what I mean. Don't have it made like a paddock coat with tails; the back should be perfectly plain and fairly loose, or it won't be comfortable. You need not have it lined with fur unless you like, but if you do I should certainly have the sleeves done, too. In length the coat should be a trifle bigger than an ordinary Chesterfield.

PARTING.

ALAS, the hour is come!
And, sorrowful and dumb,
I hold thy pearly hand before we part,
And see in thy sad eyes
Benighted paradise,
Sweet empress of the regions of my heart.

The blissful day is done,
Asleep the wayworn sun,
Bright daughters of the night their vigils keep;
Give me one last embrace,
My heart's fond dwelling-place,
To cherish in the silent land of sleep.

The land of sleep is fair,
For, sweetheart, thou art there,
There we two wander onward free from blame,
By rivers winding slow
Through meads where zephyrs blow,
That linger on the music of thy name.

There do I rove with thee,
My Queen, my Dorothy,
And hear in dreams above the hush of corn
That voiceful heart of thine
Beat music unto mine,
Till ope the rosy eyelids of the morn.

Then, sweetheart, fare thee well;
Yet O with thee to dwell,
Eternity would be too short a day!
This love that rules my breast
By parting pangs oppress
Would, tearful, beg Infinity to stay!

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Here is an ingenious letter addressed to me by the author of "Arrows of Song," the main object of which appears to be a gratuitous advertisement of the book. I certainly am not going to run the risk of a criminal libel action by naming the individual to whom I believe the lines "To My Enemy" refer. The author is a spiteful little thing whom decent men and women would do well to avoid.

To "Bookseller."—SIR,—“Arrows of Song.” As you have “anonymously” attacked poor “anonymous me” in this week’s issue of TO-DAY, and as you speak very feelingly of “honour and justice and decency” you will not, of course, refuse me a little space wherein to defend myself against your strictures. You say that in “Arrows of Song” I have, under the heading of “My Enemy,” portrayed a man who is well-known to you and many other people moving in literary circles. Now if there is a man living in London, or elsewhere, to whom my verses apply, all I can say is that I am sorry to hear it. Perhaps you will name him, and specify the lines you think applicable. Until you do so I shall take the liberty of doubting the existence of such a person—a person, that is to say, who is “Ovid-nosed and Byron-lipped,” and crimps his hair and wears stays. My portrait is an ideal one, and I will not even assert, as some sculptors do, that I have taken an arm from one person, a leg from another, and so forth. No, sir. In the immortal words of Betsy Prig, “I don’t believe there’s no such person.”—Believe me, faithfully yours,

THE AUTHOR OF “ARROWS OF SONG.”

34, Paternoster Row, E.C., January 2nd, 1896.

Am still reading, again and again, the “Vailima Letters,” by Robert Louis Stevenson (Methuens, 7s. 6d.), and the more I read the more I love and honour and admire the author. We have had so much rubbish talked about Stevenson; that he was nothing but a style, couldn’t draw a heroine, had a diseased imagination; that I feel very much inclined to neglect my other books this week, and “give sorrow words” that the greatest writer of the day should have passed away, and there is no movement on foot in London to commemorate him in marble or imperishable bronze.

These letters of Stevenson’s are things to weep and laugh over. They depict the whole man so faithfully and unassumingly, with such delicate little touches of self-revelation, quaint humour, heart-sickness, the yearning for old scenes and old friends. They are written to Sidney Colvin, who received them at the British Museum. The correspondence is one-sided (as in the case of Keats and Fanny Brawn), and one would much like to have seen Colvin’s letters to Stevenson. Here is a description of the way in which Stevenson received Colvin’s portrait:—

Sir,—To you, under your portrait, which is, in expression, your true, breathing self, and up to now saddens me; in time, and soon, I shall be glad to have it there; it is still only a reminder of your absence. Fanny (Mrs. Stevenson) wept when we unpacked it, and you know how little she is given to that mood; I was scarce Roman myself, but that does not count—I lift up my voice so readily.

Stevenson in his island home is so thoroughly human. His wife is ill, and he cleans up the house until “it resplended of propriety,” and then, when the doctor comes, Stevenson hears his wife explaining that she has been in bed, and that “was why the house was so dirty.” Stevenson goes out to weed in tropical forests for relaxation, and gets so tired that he dreams afterwards—

Of endless vivid deeps of grass and weed, each plant particular and distinct, so that I shall lie inert in body, and transact for hours the mental part of my day business, choosing the noxious from the useful. And in my dreams I shall be hauling on recalcitrants and suffering stings from nettles, stabs from citron thorns, fiery bites from ants, sickening resistances of mud and slime, evasions of slimy roots, dead weight of heat, sudden puffs of air, sudden starts from bird-calls in the contiguous forest.

And yet, after beginning work at five, he goes off to his wedding, day after day:—

I know pleasure still, pleasure with a thousand faces, and none perfect; a thousand tongues all broken, a thousand hands, and all of them with scratching nails. High among these I place this delight of weeding out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken

by incongruous sounds of birds. And take my life all through, look at it fore and back and upside down—though I would very fain change myself—I would not change my circumstances, unless it were to bring you here.

And here is the Stevensonian philosophy, which neither ill-health, nor disappointment, nor suffering could change or alter:—

The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward. There are no rewards and plenty duties, and the sooner a man sees that and acts upon it like a gentleman, or a fine old barbarian, the better for himself.

There we have it. Words to stir the blood, to fire the soul with noble rage, to go on and endure and give forth the best that is in one without a thought of self. And here are we living our little lives, quarrelling and snarling with one another, cutting each other’s throats with paper-knives, and forgetting all the while that we are but thistledown blown hither and thither where the wind listeth. I would have these words of Stevenson’s writ large in letters of gold in all public places, so that the world might read as it ran. If he had written naught else, he should be honoured for them.

* * *

Have just stocked Joseph Hatton’s new book, “When Greek Meets Greek” (6s., Hutchinson & Co.), and have been greatly interested by the vigour which he puts into this tale of “The Terror.” The story is full of stirring dialogue, and brisk action; and the heroine herself supremely charming, full of force and power, as well as beautiful. Read it through, from the tempestuous beginning until you reach the quiet haven of peace in an English home, and be thankful that,

“In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,”

you remain an Englishman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M. EDWARDS.—Worth about 30s. ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER.—Smith, Elder & Co., of Waterloo Place, publish a good work on “Diabetes and Food,” by Dr. Donkin, price 5s. J. M. CRAWFORD.—Freethought Publishing Company, Fleet Street, London, E.C. A.E.N.—No value whatever. It is a piece of fiction entirely written by Miss Manning. No genuine diary has ever been published. H.A.G.—About 20s.

W. M. H. BELL.—Baynham’s Elocution, 2s. 6d., Blackie; Wagner’s Readings and Recitations, 1s., Warne. H. S. T.—Would take up too much space; any publisher will forward you complete list on application. Waverley.—Best way would be to advertise them. A bookseller cannot afford to give more than their original value, even if they are out of print. WARWICK SAVAGE.—Worthless. B. P. W.—No such work published. THE REV. CHARLES WATSON.—“At the Sign of the Cross” has not been published, but I should think, owing to the wide interest taken in the play, that it would shortly appear. A personal friend of my own witnessed the first performance, and was profoundly moved by it.

ELEONORA.—There is no cheap book on Cynology which is any good. Macmillans and Sampson Low have published most of Kipling’s books. Methuens publish “Barrack Room Ballads.”

DERWENTWATER.—(1) Spottiswoode’s, the Government printers. (2) No. (3) Spon, 125, Strand, London, published works on tobacco and coffee cultivation.

B. P. W.—There have been so many interviews with Mr. Jerome. Cassell’s have one, with very good portrait, in their “Gallery of Celebrities.”

J. J. R., J. A. B., R. P. DODGSON, R. STEWART PINGLE, and F. WILLIAMS, kindly write to say that “They order, said I, this matter better in France,” is to be found in the famous opening paragraph of Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey.”

Mr. C. M. STEDMAN writes:—*Apròpos* of Lord Halsbury’s definition of a poet, I fear he has plagiarised. Do you remember Bishop Blomfield’s (of London), Parliamentary definition of an Archdeacon? “An archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions.”

MR. CHAS. BENFORD, the well-known Sacristan of Chichester Cathedral, and editor of the “Cathedral Guide,” writes to me as follows:—“Dear Bookseller,—Your learned Fifeshire correspondent is hardly correct, for, as a matter of fact, all the officials of Chichester Cathedral are fully aware of the character and speciality of the beautiful Bible to which he refers, and it is always shown to visitors who evince any interest in Bibliography. It is not very long ago that I myself put within the covers of the book a short description of it, so that all who opened it could see at once what they were looking at.”

RAFAEL.

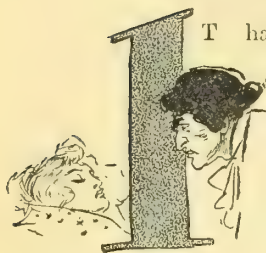
BY
ERNEST DAUDET.

*Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.*

PART I.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

THE RULER OF SPAIN.



IT had long been the habit of Juan Morera to speak his mind freely to Godoy. Their relations dated from the time when the young student had returned to Madrid as Court Physician after a long stay abroad, and met the future master of the fate of Spain.

Godoy was then a private in the Guards, an entirely obscure person, at the foot of the ladder which he afterwards scaled with such scandalous rapidity by favour of the Queen. The two were mutually attracted by a common taste for intrigue, and community of ambition. At first Morera seemed likely to have the more brilliant career of the two, and it was Godoy who lavished attention and flattery upon him. Since then their respective rôles had changed by degrees. Godoy, supported by the Queen, had become all-powerful, but in his success he did not forget how much of it was due to his friends. He had not left off asking sound and astute counsel, considering, and frequently following, Morera's advice.

Now, although the doctor would always affect, when the master had made up his mind on a course of action, to bow to his will, he did not depart from the old habit of discussing and opposing Godoy's decisions. He held the other by many ties of mysterious complicity, many secrets confided to his discretion, many services rendered; and he considered the fact entitled him to deal with Godoy frankly.

Far from taking offence, Godoy merely said—

"Explain yourself, doctor. What do you advise?"

"In the first place, that you control yourself. Promise what is asked of you."

"But the Spaniards will stone me!"

"They would have stoned you already had you not been the stronger, and Napoleon's support constitutes one-half of your strength at this moment. Promise everything. It costs little to promise. You can always go back on your word when the time comes for fulfilment. The important point is, not to add to our difficulties until we have got rid of the Prince of the Asturias. When his father has cut him out of the succession, and you have not to fear him any longer, and have consolidated your power, then you may contemplate delivering us from Napoleon's tyranny; until then, do anything to avoid the loss of his friendship. Just calculate what it has been worth to you in the past, and weigh what you have a right to expect from it in the future. If you were to offend the Emperor by a refusal—if he were to forsake you—we should be done for, Manuel."

"That is just what his Ambassador has been representing to me, in other words."

"It is the only wise and reasonable view."

Godoy suddenly arrived at a decision.

"Very well, then," he said; "Napoleon shall have his sixteen thousand men."

"I did not say he ought to have them," said Juan Morera, "but only that you ought to promise them."

"When I have promised, I shall be obliged to give them, even apart from the consideration that if I fall out with the Emperor it is all up with my dreams of reigning in Portugal."

"As you wish for a kingdom, clearly the best thing you can do is to assist Napoleon to help you to one."

Don Juan paused for a moment, and then added: "If you get your kingdom, Manuel, what will you give me?"

"As usual, whatever you want. Have I ever refused you anything? If you are not a noble, a duke, a Grandee of Spain, it is your own fault."

"By becoming either, or all, I should have stirred up the envious crowd against both you and myself. And besides, I care for money only."

"You have more money than you will ever spend."

"No matter, a good estate in Portugal would not come amiss to me."

"We shall try to find one for you that carries a title of nobility."

So saying, Godoy rose and walked out into the garden. Juan Morera followed him, and they paced the broad flower-bordered walks together. At length Godoy spoke.

"You promised me, Juan, to keep a watch on the Prince of the Asturias, to find out his secrets. Your position as Court Physician gives you free access to him. Have you detected nothing of what he is meditating and planning?"

"Nothing as yet," replied Morera. "He mistrusts me."

"And me also. Since the day when, in my presence, the Queen suggested the idea of his marrying my sister-in-law, the Infanta Luisa de Bourbon, he avoids me. When I go to Aranjuez he keeps to his own apartment. Yesterday, again, when the Queen invited me to supper, he pretended to be suddenly indisposed, so as to absent himself from the Royal table. The King ordered Dr. Esquivel, who was on duty, to see him, and the doctor returned declaring that the Prince was too ill to leave his room."

"Esquivel is our enemy," exclaimed Juan Morera. "He is in the confidence of the Prince."

"I know that, and suspect him. I did not believe his statement. I am convinced that Ferdinand did not choose to meet me. This young man is playing a dark game."

"Nevertheless, we shall get a look at his hand at last."

"That will not be enough; we must see his cards in time. For this purpose I have placed about his person a gentleman of whom you are sure, on your recommendation."

"Count Rafael d'Osorio? Yes, I expected a great deal from his intelligence, but he is shy, and has scruples. Other methods must be adopted."

"What other methods? Have you decided on any?"

"Yes. I have sought, I have found; and ere long all Prince Ferdinand's plans, his very thoughts, will be made known to me."

He drew nearer to Godoy, and spoke close to his ear—

"A woman, a Maid of Honour of the Queen, who is in love with Ferdinand, and he is by no means indifferent to her."

Godoy expressed surprise by look and gesture.

"Doña Margarita!" he exclaimed. "We must take care not to compromise ourselves, Juan. We must be prudent. The Conde de Castrogeriz, Doña Margarita's father, is an old servant of the Monarchy, a Grandee of Spain, and a member of the Council of Castile. The King holds him in high esteem. If you make proposals of an equivocal kind to the daughter, she will complain to the father, and the father will complain to the King. Besides, if she loves Ferdinand, is it likely that she would betray him?"

"She shall betray him, without intending it—without knowing how she has been constrained to do it. Trust to me for this, Manuel. Every action of the Prince of the Asturias shall soon be known to you."

Godoy said, with a smile—

"After all, it is very possible. You have always been a bit of a sorcerer, and on good terms with the devil."

During this time the sun had set completely. The gardens were becoming veiled in mist. After the heat of the day had come that pernicious Madrid wind which

the Spaniards describe as "too feeble to blow out a candle, but strong enough to kill a man."

"Let us go in," said Godoy. When they had regained his cabinet, he resumed: "Wait here for me, Juan; I am going to dress. You shall come with me to Aranjuez."

Don Juan remained alone. He shut the garden door, and, having seated himself in Godoy's chair, he began to turn over the files of documents which were laid out on the bureau as coolly as though he had been in his own house.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE ALENDIA PALACE.

It was a gala night at the palace, which was the official residence of the Prince of the Peace, and the enforced dwelling of the unhappy lady who had been sacrificed to his ambition, and the criminal passion of the Queen of Spain. To the somewhat gloomy magnificence of the vast edifice, nothing was wanting that almost royal state could confer, and on this night the great halls, the wide staircases, the sculptured galleries were blazing with light, and the courtyard was occupied with a guard of honour. This last constituted an assumption especially offensive to the people, who were perfectly versed in the niceties of etiquette, and to whom it was intolerable that the marriage which they regarded as a disgrace to the King and the Royal family, and indeed as no marriage at all, should have been permitted to confer upon Godoy a right exclusively royal. It was perhaps the least of the privileges that marriage had secured to him, but his innumerable enemies probably grudged it to him the most, for, they said, it showed that the infatuated King would actually have made him royal if he could.

The entertainment to which the Prince of the Peace was proceeding, with his confidential friend, rather after the manner of a guest than that of the host, was a banquet of sixty covers to the most distinguished persons in the society of the Spanish capital, to be succeeded by a reception.

Several of the guests had arrived, and formed a group in the Grand Salon, which preceded the banqueting gallery in the magnificent suite of public apartments. This salon, with its marble floor, its richly carved and gilded roof, supported by stately marble pillars from which lamps suspended by gilded chains projected at the end of gilded bars, its costly cabinets, rare pictures, and groups of statuary, had something of the cold and unoccupied appearance common to Spanish mansions of the first class, and the number of guests invited to the banquet would make but little impression upon its stateliness, when that number should be full. Nearly in the centre, on the translucent pavement, under the light of a girandole, a group was formed around a lady who stood upright in front of a great crimson and gold armchair with a crimson velvet cushion bearing in gold embroidery two coronets, one ducal, the other princely, above a shield of arms, with the fabulous blazon of the Duke of Alendia, Prince of the Peace. Settees in crimson and gold were placed in the vicinity of the central chair, but the ladies and gentlemen who formed the wide circle, were also standing.

The lady was the Infanta Doña Maria de Bourbon, cousin of King Charles IV., and wife of Manuel Godoy. The Princess was still a girl in years, but she was not handsome; her only beauty, indeed, lay in her large, soft dark eyes; but in the dignity of her slender form, below the middle height and hardly developed, in the simplicity of her mien, which nevertheless was right royal, in her gracious bearing, and the low refined tones of her voice, there was a pathetic charm. Every person present, each one who joined the circle, having saluted the Princess, and received her grave but kindly greeting, knew the story of the Infanta, but not one would have dared to pity her. She was dressed in white, the

rich white satin with warm touches in it that Ferburg loved to paint, with the short waist and bared arms of the period, and her hair, rather colourless than fair, like that of many women of her House, was arranged in the fashion with which the contemporary portraits of the Empress Josephine have made us familiar. No touch of colour relieved the whiteness of her dress, but its simplicity was turned to magnificence by a profusion of diamonds. A glittering string of the cold, bright gems, formed the fillet that bound her hair, a broad band encircled her throat, and a satin belt thickly sewn with large stones girded her waist.

Two persons, unannounced, advanced towards the group, which divided, leaving the space in front of the Princess clear. Manuel Godoy, looking his best in a high-collared coat of fine blue cloth, closed by a single gold button over a rich lace cravat, and embroidered in a wreath pattern of fine gold repeated on all the seams, silk knee-breeches of the same colour, white clocked stockings, and shoes with large gold buckles, and followed by Juan Morera, who wore ordinary evening dress, approached the Princess. She remained quite motionless, nothing of her lofty, distant grace was altered as her husband drew near, took the hand which she neither gave nor withheld, and kissed it. She spoke no word, either to him or to Juan Morera, who saluted her with a profound bow. It was as though she had not seen either of them. Velasquez' description of "The Infanta with the Spaniel"—the original of his famous portrait—would best convey the attitude of this lady of her House. "Hers was that air which is neither proud, nor contemptuous, nor disdainful, but is simply impassive, for the proud, contemptuous, disdainful air, tells people that they exist, since one takes the trouble to despise or disdain them, while that particular air says tranquilly: 'For me you do not even exist.'"

Entirely indifferent to his wife's reception of him, as a man who never met with any other, Godoy turned towards his guests, and in a moment all was animation. Godoy knew how to please when it suited his purpose, and for some time past he had striven to do so, being well aware of the necessity of rekindling the zeal of his courtiers and increasing their numbers, now that he was entering upon a struggle with the Heir Apparent, in which he must win or die. On this occasion no one had to complain of the great man's neglect; he was attentive to all, even the least important. Having thus fulfilled his duties as the master of the house, he took his place at the side of the Princess until the number of their guests was complete.

In the meantime, Juan Morera, leaning against a window, kept himself ostentatiously apart from the company. It was his custom to make no effort to gain the sympathy of others, and his especial pleasure to manifest his scorn of humanity in general, and courtiers in particular. He made use of the formidable reputation he had acquired by his taste for mysterious sciences, as yet almost unknown, and believed by the populace to be diabolic, to surround himself with a barrier. His aim was not to attract, but to repel. From the comparatively dark corner to which he had resorted immediately, he closely watched the movements of those in the salon, and listened to the fresh announcements. Suddenly his face brightened; he had heard the names of the Conde de Castrogeriz and his daughter, Doña Margarita.

From the distance that separated them, and so soon as Doña Margarita had saluted the Prince and Princess of the Peace, Juan Morera fixed upon the girl a persistent and mysterious gaze of unspoken command, and before she had even seen the doctor, Doña Margarita began to move in his direction, taking no notice of the persons whom she encountered, or the talk going on around her. When she had reached the place where he stood, she stopped as though waiting for him to speak, and remained with her head upheld, her body bent slightly forward, and an expression of distrust and fear upon her quivering face.

"Your presence rejoices my heart, Doña Margarita,"

said he. "I did not hope to see you this evening. I thought you were in waiting at Aranjuez."

"The Queen has been pleased to let me stay for a few days with my father," she replied. "I do not go into waiting until to-morrow."

"Who is that person?"

"His Royal Highness, Don Ferdinand de Bourbon."

"If, as you say, Don Juan, His Highness does miss me, it is because he knows my devotion to him," replied the girl, blushing deeply.



JUAN MOREIRA REMAINED STANDING, WITH HIS GAZE IMMOVABLY FIXED UPON HER.

"Then not until to-morrow will those who miss you when you are away from Court be happy."

"Nobody misses me, Señor."

"Why should you deny it, Doña Margarita? There is one at least to whom your departure is a cruelty, and your return a boon."

Don Juan bowed.

"Everybody knows that," he said, "and also the regard in which the Prince holds Doña Margarita." Then, seeing that she was hurt, he continued—

"Do not be offended. Your attachment to the Prince does you honour, and that he returns it does honour to him."

The Señorita de Castrogeriz could not fail to be aggrieved by these half-serious, half-mocking words, but she stood there, still and silent, as though rooted to the spot by a spell.

Fortunately, at this moment the guests began to file into the banquetting hall. The interview was interrupted, and, as Doña Margarita's place was not near to Don Juan's, she was rid of him for a while. Later in the evening, however, when the rooms were filling with the persons invited to the Princess's reception, the girl again found herself under the influence of Don Juan—chained to him, as it were—while she longed to seek her father and induce him to take her away, but was unable to move from the spot.

Juan Morera observed her with cold curiosity, and the pitilessness of a scientist engaged in the solution of a problem. He had made a first trial of his power at the palace of Aranjuez, a few days previously, when the bolical idea of making use of Doña Margarita to get at the secrets of the Prince of the Asturias had occurred to him; now he measured its extent. He was satisfied that she would obey his commands, whatsoever they might be, and a sudden impulse to "rush" the experiment, and hasten the end he had in view, seized him.

At ten o'clock the salons were crowded. In one the ladies were gathered about the Princess of the Peace; in another, the gentlemen conversed with her husband. Groups were formed in all parts of the vast rooms. The Conde de Castrogeriz, who had lost sight of his daughter, concluded that she was with the Princess, and troubled himself no further about her. Neither Juan Morera nor Doña Margarita was attracting attention; they were as free as any of the other guests, who, under pretext of seeking relief from the heat, had strayed in couples into the gardens, and by degrees got lost in the dusky night.

"Come!" said Morera; "the air is fresh out of doors."

He offered his arm. She took it mechanically, and as she passed out of the salon she cast a bewildered glance around. Perhaps she was looking for her father, but he was not in sight, and she allowed herself to be led away.

The vast garden of the Alendia Palace was laid out after the old French fashion, and adorned with statues, obelisks, kiosks, and even a Temple of Love, which on gala nights was lighted by Venetian lanterns. To this pretty little building, which was fitted up as a boudoir in the affected style of the eighteenth century, Don Juan conducted his victim.

"Pray, come in, Doña Margarita," he said, as she hesitated on reaching the entrance. "It will be pleasant to hear the serenade from this spot."

A serenade of guitar-players concealed in a shrubbery formed part of the entertainment, as a surprise for the guests of the Prince of the Peace.

Doña Margarita was oppressed by an unspeakable dread and lassitude; she had no power to resist, and once more she yielded, sinking on a divan when inside the temple, utterly dazed and helpless.

Juan Morera remained standing, with his gaze immovably fixed upon her. She tried to turn away her eyes, but an unknown force held them riveted upon his.

"Sleep!" he commanded, in a firm though gentle tone.

As though conscious of danger, she tried to rise, but her limbs seemed to be suddenly paralysed. He repeated, in the same tone—

"Sleep, Doña Margarita! It is my will!"

She was conquered, and she slept.

Morera tossed his right hand triumphantly in the air, then carefully shut the door, and bolted it on the inside.

"Do you hear me, Doña Margarita?" he asked.

"I hear you." Her voice was broken.

"Retain, then, what I am going to say to you."

Bending over her, he conveyed his commands to her with despotic harshness. Sometimes she protested in pitiful supplication, sometimes in a cry of revolt.

"Ah! no, no! not that!"

"You shall do it!" he repeated; "it is my will."

Presently she made no further protest, but big tears rolled from her closed lids over her white cheeks, while Juan went on implacably imposing his commands.

"You understand thoroughly?" he said at length. "You will obey?"

He blew strongly upon her. She heaved a deep sigh, and regained consciousness so slowly that he had time to open the door unperceived by her. She saw him standing exactly as she had seen him a few moments previously.

She recollected herself, put her hands up to her head, and asked—

"What has happened to me, Señor?"

"Nothing that is not quite natural. You were tired when you came in here, and you have slept."

She did not understand, but her face assumed a resigned expression. She did not try to understand what she could not even remember.

"Will you take me back to my father, Señor?" she said, rising from the divan.

They returned to the salon. The Prince of the Peace marked their entry with a mocking smile, and when Doña Margarita had rejoined her father, he approached Morera and said to him—

"Are you in love with her, doctor?"

"Your Serene Highness had better leave such foolish jesting to duller wits. I have just tried the great experiment. We shall soon know whether it has succeeded."

CHAPTER VI.

RAFAEL'S MISSION.

ON this same evening, while Manuel Godoy was receiving "all the world" at Madrid, two young men were talking together in a spacious room situated on the ground floor of the Royal palace at Aranjuez. One of these was Ferdinand de Bourbon, the other was Rafael d'Osorio, just arrived from Madrid; they carried on their conversation standing, well out of possible earshot, and under the additional favour of the gathering darkness.

The Prince of the Asturias was just twenty-three years old, in 1807; but his aspect had no youthfulness; his long, narrow face wore a constant expression of melancholy, to which his straight hair, cut across the forehead after the fashion of Bonaparte, contributed, and his tall slender figure seemed to bend beneath a burden too great for his strength. For his melancholy there was sufficient reason, apart from the constitutional tendency inherited by him. The House of Spain at that epoch might be compared to the House of Atreus, so deadly and unnatural was the silent strife by which it was torn, and the passions that underlay its Royal splendour. Between the heir to the throne and the lover of the Queen there reigned a fierce and burning hatred, not to be assuaged otherwise than by the death of one of them, and each cherished an unsleeping desire to strike the other a mortal blow. Every sentiment of Ferdinand's nature was outraged by his mother's crime; not only his filial feelings, and his princely pride, cut to the quick by the contemptible weakness of the betrayed and cozened king, but his own conjugal love and widower's grief swelled the revolt of his soul against Godoy, whom he (and indeed all Spain with him at the time) firmly believed to be the murderer of his young wife; and against his mother, the Messalina of Spain. It must be repeated that history has not ratified the tale of the death by poison of Marie Antoinetta; but it must not be forgotten in the study of Ferdinand's conduct at this crisis of his fate that his conviction of Godoy's guilt justified his action.

In the tragic rivalry between the son and the lover, Spain took the part of the son. The people regarded Ferdinand with persevering and enthusiastic affection, even attributing to him virtues which he did not possess, and regarded Godoy with a contempt worse than enmity, which was strengthened by former grievances. From

this external source Ferdinand derived encouragement to revolt; he would hardly have had the energy to throw himself into an enterprise of liberation without full assurance of support. But he was now receiving that assurance from numerous quarters. His beloved wife, who must have been intelligent and foreseeing beyond her years, and whose family history had no doubt served her as a political education,* had urged him to resist the infamous ascendancy of Godoy; her death had been followed by the forcible removal from Court of his trusted friend and former tutor, the famous Canon Escoiquiz, and the Court became openly divided into two hostile factions; but the almost undivided sympathies of the people were with the Prince of the Asturias. The ball had rolled since then, and now men of importance, who were notoriously inimical to Godoy, old and famous servants of the Spanish Monarchy, such as the Duke of San Carlos, the Duke of Infantado, the banished Canon, and others, who were also victims of the favourite's iniquity, had taken the cause of the Prince in hand, with the secret encouragement of the clergy, whose animosity to Godoy equalled theirs. These nobles and gentlemen, all under the ban of Royal disfavour, were busily engaged in stirring up the people against the audacious favourite, who had reduced their sovereign to the condition of an accomplice in his own dishonour, and were waiting only for a propitious moment to bring about a national rising, and put an end to a scandal that had become a calamity.

It was in view of this proposed action that Ferdinand had sent the Conde d'Osorio to Cordova to stir up his partisans in the southern provinces of Spain, and that he was endeavouring to form relations with the Comte du Beauharnais, in the hope of inducing the Emperor to espouse his cause and lend his aid to its success.

He was full of these hopes when, the King and Queen having retired to their apartments, and Godoy being safely out of the way at Madrid, he listened eagerly to Rafael's account of his rapid journey into Andalusia.

"So, then," said Ferdinand, when Rafael had come to an end, "you are sure that our friends at Cordova are ready for a rising in my cause?"

"I am sure of it, sir. I have seen Laguardia and José Benillo (these were the preceptors and friends of Rafael's own youth), not to mention others who are more enterprising. I found them quite ready to carry your commands into the Andalusian districts, and to propagate revolt there. Father François will raise the clergy, and the Marquis d'Esparbes will secure the support of his fellow refugees in Spain."

"You must thank the Marquis d'Esparbes for me," said the Prince, quickly. "I am much obliged by his kind intentions, but I must decline his assistance. The Emperor would be offended if he were to learn that *émigrés* who profess to be his enemies were admitted to our ranks. Besides, we do not want them. My brave Spaniards will suffice for what we have to do. A sad task, a sad task, for a son to be forced to play the part of a rebel! Am I guilty, or am I not?"

And then he fell into the deep depression that Rafael had noticed many times previously.

"This is no time for you to despond, sir," said Rafael respectfully, but with firmness. "We stand in need of all your resolution. What you would do is lawful, and the interests of Spain demand your action; they are identical with your own."

"I constantly assure myself of that, and question my conscience before God, as to whether I have the right to call the Spaniards to arms to defend me against this Godoy, and my conscience always answers that I have."

"Then why hesitate any longer?"

"I do not hesitate; but, before I appeal to the justice of the people, am I not bound to try and enlighten my father?"

"The attempt would be useless, sir. His Majesty's eyes are bandaged; his ears are stopped; he sees nothing, hears nothing, and rejects the most disinterested counsel. Whosoever dares to declare himself Godoy's enemy becomes the enemy of the King and Queen by the fact."

"Yes, that is true. Nevertheless, when his son shall have told him the truth——"

"Ah! sir, do you think you could do so cruel a duty?"



"UNTIL TO-MORROW, ADIEU."

He expected to see the Prince recoil and droop, but he lifted up his head and answered, in a determined tone—

"I will venture upon it. Take note of my promise, Conde, and accuse me of falsehood and cowardice if I break it. I will write to my father what the respect I owe to him would prevent me from saying to his face. I shall conceal nothing that he ought to know."

"But if what you tell him does not convince him?"

"Then I will raise the standard of revolt. With the help of God, I will keep my word."

"But your Highness must add the help of the Emperor. Without him you can do nothing."

"I know that only too well. Have you seen Beauharnais?"

"I saw him just before I started for Cordova, and gave him the verbal message which your Highness charged me to deliver, your wish to submit your grievances to Napoleon, and to solicit the hand of Lucien Bonaparte's daughter. The ambassador asked for time

* The Princess Maria Antoinetta was a daughter of Queen Maria Carolina of Naples, sister of Marie Antoinette. A second daughter was Marie Amélie, the wife of Louis Philippe, king of the French.

for reflection. This day, on my return, I received his answer. He hesitates to enter upon the matter with your Highness unless with the Emperor's authority, and advises you to write directly to the Emperor."

"And you? Do you advise this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then; I will write. But, Rafael, you see, we are both young and inexperienced. To write to Napoleon is a very serious matter. You must not be offended by my mistrusting your youth as well as my own. I wish I had a safer guide than either of us."

"That is easily to be arranged, sir. Ask the advice of your former teacher, Canon Escóiquiz."

"I had thought of him, but he is exiled to Toledo, and I am almost a prisoner at Aranjuez. How are we to meet?"

"Summon him to Madrid, sir. Let him but be there, and we shall find a way for you to meet him."

"But will he come? Can he come?"

"He will come, sir; rest assured of that. Only let me tell him that you need his counsel, and his friendship—"

"Tell him what you please. Get him to come; that is the great thing."

The Prince ceased speaking, and bent his head, listening. Steps were heard in the vast park.

"Night round," said Rafael, softly.

"I will leave you, Conde," said the Prince. "It is as well that not one should know you came direct to me on dismounting, and that we have been together. Until to-morrow, adieu."

He re-entered the palace, and Rafael hurried away to the quarters of the Body Guards, so as to avoid the patrol.

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

THE other dye my old silver watch give wye sudden-like. Sutthink sim'd ter go buzz inside of it, and then the thing jibbed. I warnd it up agin and encouraged the works a bit with a 'air-pin, but it were no go. I took it to a small 'jooler as I knows personally, and 'e said it were in a very bad wye. "And 'ow long will it tike yer ter pull it rarnd agin?" I arsts. "You kin come fur it in three dyes," says 'e. "Three dyes be blowed!" says I. "'Ow am I going to get along without knowin' of the time?" "I'll lend yer a watch," says 'Arris—'Arris being the nime of 'im. With thet 'e 'ands me a watch no bigger nor a penny, sort o' watch as lyedies wears, with a monnygram on its back. Yuss, it were a 'andsome little thing, but no size. Drop it inter your wescet pocket and it took yer five minnits tu find it agin. I took it 'ome, and my old missus says, "Thet's a pretty watch as 'Arris 'as lent yer." "Yuss," says I, "'e ain't a bad 'un tu look at, but 'e's a bloomin' slug, fur e's dropped a quarter of a howr be'ind already." But 'arrever I give 'im a touch on the reggiler tu put thet right, and goes tu bed 'appy.

Nex' mornin' I were at the yawd a minnit too soon by 'Arris's watch, and I were a 'alf-howr too soon by hev'rybody else's time. Nar thet 'aint a narse feelin' at all—the feelin' as you've gort art o' your bed one 'alf-howr sooner nor you need 'a done. Well, whort were I ter do? Stand abart and ketch my death o' cold, with a public 'andy and the price o' threepenn'rth in my pocket? In course nort—nort by no manner o' means. It's agin my rooles ter tike anythink afore mid-dye at the earliest, but the joodishus man—'e knows when 'e's called upon ter brike 'is own rooles. Besides, as I puts it ter myself, "It ain't you as is prop'ly 'avin' thet three o' rum—it's 'Arris's watch whort 'e lent yer."

Ho yuss, if thet 'ad bin all as 'Arris's watch did, I

might 'a put up with it. But then, by three-o'clock thet arternoon blimey if thet ticker didn't mike art as I'd done a twenty-three howers werk already, which is a thing no 'ooming nychur cawn't stand—let alone 'Ankin, so thet night I tikes the ticker back ter 'Arris. "'Ere 'Arris," I says, "tike this watch back, I cawnt stand it no longer—gives me the jumps." "Whort's the matter with it?" says 'e. "Don't kip no sort o' time," says I. "Fust it gines and then it loses, and yer never knows wheer yer are with it. Look at it, yerself." And I 'ands it over ter 'im. "Why, its right ter the minnit," says 'e. And, blimey, so it were! "Yuss," says I, "thet's just the sort o' dutty trick thet watch *would* plye yer. When yer wornt it ter be right, it goes horf on some bloomin' anky-panky on its own, and when you're showin' it up fur bein' wrong, it turns art right ter spite yer. I ain't a rich man, but if free kicks at that ticker was a shillin' each, blest if I wouldn't tike one!" And with thet I tu'ns rarnd and walks art o' the shop. 'Arris swears nar as thet watch 'e lent me ain't gained or lost a minnit since I left it theer. "Hall right," says I, "then you stick to it. Don't part with it. It ain't 'appy awye from 'ome. Anywye don't lend it ter me—fur a pill-box with a bit o' string inside 'ud kip better time, and do less 'awm in the world."

ELIZA AND THE 9.43.

BY BARRY PAIN.

IN the course of conversation on Saturday evening it had transpired that Eliza had never been in St. Paul's Cathedral. "Then," I said, "you shall go there to-morrow morning; I will take you."

"I'm sure I'm agreeable," said Eliza.

On the Sunday morning one or two little things had happened to put me out. At breakfast I had occasion to say that the eggs were stone-cold, and Eliza contradicted me. It was very absurd of her. As I pointed out to her, what earthly motive could I have for saying that an egg was cold if it was not? What should I gain by it? Of course, she had no answer—that is, no reasonable answer. Then after breakfast I broke my boot-lace in two places. No, I was not angry. I hope I can keep my temper as well as most men. But I was in a state of mind bordering on the irritable.

* * * * *

Eliza came downstairs, dressed for going out, asked me why I was not ready, and said we should miss the 9.43.

"Indeed!" said I. "And what, precisely, might you mean by the 9.43?"

"I mean, precisely, the train which leaves here for the City at seventeen minutes to ten."

"One of your usual mistakes," I replied. "The train is 9.53, and not 9.43."

"Have you a time-table?" she asked.

"No."

"Because, if you had a time-table, I could show you that you are wrong. Why, I *know* it's the 9.43."

"If I had a time-table I could show you most certainly that it is the 9.53. Not that you'd believe it, even then. You're too obstinate, Eliza—too certain of yourself!"

* * * * *

"Look here!" I observed, after she had argued that point at some length, "let us come back to the original subject of discussion. Which of us travels most to and from London? That is the reasonable way to settle it."

"You do, on week-days. But you never go on Sundays, and the Sunday trains are different."

"I am fully aware of the difference. Every day I am thrown into constant contact with the time-tables. Only last night I was looking at them at the station. As far as I know, my memory is not going."

"No more is mine."

"Really? A week ago I purchased and brought home six new collars. They are not marked. Why? Because you forgot them! At this very moment that I am speaking to you I am wearing an unmarked collar."

"Yes; but I only forgot them one day."

"Then why did you not mark them on the other days?"

"Because on the other days you forgot to bring home the marking-ink."

"M, yes," I said. "In a sense that is true. I have my own business to attend to in the City, without always thinking about marking-ink. But what has that got to do with it? And why bring it in? We are not talking about marking-ink; we are talking about trains!"

She said that I began it, and, of course, I pointed out to her that I had done nothing of the kind.

* * * * *

We argued for some little time as to which of us had begun it, and then Eliza said, in her spiteful way—

"We are not talking about which of us began it; we are talking about trains!"

"It's very little use talking to you about trains. I know you're wrong! I would stake my life, cheerfully, that it is 9.53, and not 9.43. But you'd never own you're wrong; you're too obstinate for that!"

"Of course, I don't own I'm wrong, because I'm not wrong! That would be silly!" she added, reflectively. "Even if it was 9.53, I shouldn't be wrong. All I said was, that we should miss the 9.43. Well, if there is no 9.43, we cannot catch it; and what you don't catch, you miss!"

"Absurd nonsense! If you do not catch scarlet fever, you do not say that you miss it!"

She replied: "We are not talking about scarlet fever; we are talking about trains!"

"Bah!" I exclaimed. I should have added more, but at this moment the clock on the dining-room mantelpiece

struck ten loudly. I had no idea we had been talking so long. Eliza seemed amused; but then it takes a very little thing to amuse Eliza.

TOBACCO-USING TEETOTALERS*.

I have had under my care a large number of abstainers who were smokers, snuffers, or chewers. Some of these had used tobacco to great excess, and had been excessive smoke-consumers for long periods of years. Though I have no doubt whatever that tobacco is a poison, that its use is necessary to no one, and perilous to many, that it is the occasion of not a few enfeebled hearts, not a little loss of vision, not a small amount of nervous excitement, melancholia, and dyspepsia, not a limited number of premature deaths; and though I have as little doubt that everyone would be healthier by abstaining from tobacco, with the exception of a few cases, I have not been able to come to the conclusion that the use of tobacco as a general rule implies much liability to inebriety. At one time, before my opportunities of observing cases of inebriety were so extended, I entertained an opposite opinion, believing that tobacco was one of the chief predisposing causes of the inebriate habit; but loyalty to truth compels me to add that not only have I changed my mind as to this, but I have actually seen a few cases of inebriety in which the sedative influence of tobacco has subdued the craving for the moment, as it sometimes lulls for a time the sensation of hunger, and has thereby prevented an inebriate outbreak. Tobacco, however, operates as a contributory factor in the development of that neurotic diathesis, which, in some constitutions, sets up the diseased condition of inebriety, either in the offspring or in the succeeding generation.

* "Inebriety, or Narcomania," by Norman Kerr. (Lewis, London.)

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

MRS. TREHERNE FROM LEAMINGTON.

BY

FLORENCE A. SMITH.

Illustrated by A. S. FORREST.

"Two o'clock. Time to turn in."

Arthur Wyndham replaced his watch in his waistcoat pocket, gave a reluctant farewell glance to the fire that still gleamed brightly in his sitting-room grate, and stretched out his hand to extinguish the reading lamp on his table.

As his fingers touched the extinguisher, the sound of a peremptory tap at the outer door of his small flat made him pause.

A louder rap drew him quickly into the narrow passage that served as hall.

The bolts were soon unfastened, and the front door opened noiselessly on its well-oiled hinges.

A small lamp, affixed to an iron bracket on the passage wall, threw a light on the adjacent landing.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said a feminine voice, speaking in quick, though not nervously agitated tones, "but I saw the light in your passage as I came up, and I ran down to ask your assistance."

Evidently the speaker's rapid descent from the flat above had made her breathless.

"Can I help you?" asked Wyndham, looking critically at a girl of apparently about one-and-twenty, whose white silk dress showed partially through the folds of a long grey, fur-trimmed cloak.

From her attire, he surmised that his visitor had just returned from some kind of social festivity.

The girl had recovered her breath. Her grey eyes looked Wyndham frankly in the face, and a smile flickered at the corners of her mouth.

"Can you lend me your key to see whether it will open my door?" she said, holding out her gloved hand for the article in question. "I have done such a stupid thing. I told the maid she might spend the night at her mother's, as I should be home late, and she has evidently locked the door—and——" here she laughed

outright—"I forgot to take my own key when I went out to-night."



"CAN I HELP YOU?"

Her irregular features prevented her from being a beauty, but there was a certain charm about the gaiety and good humour of her face that appealed to Wyndham.

"Shall I come upstairs and try the lock? That will save you the trouble of bringing back the key."

"Many thanks. I do hope your key will open the door, or I shan't know what to do."

Wyndham removed the lamp from the bracket, and closing his outer door, followed his companion upstairs.

"Everyone else has gone to bed," said the girl, in a stage whisper, as they mounted the stone stairs that led to No. 16, Chelsea Gardens Flats. "I feel like a midnight marauder."

She smiled gaily as she stopped before her own door.

Wyndham gave the lamp into her hand and tried to insert the key in the lock.

"It's no use," he said at last, "the key doesn't fit."

The lamplight fell on the girl's face.

"What am I to do?" she asked ruefully. "I can't break open the door."

Wyndham had already made an effort to accomplish this latter task with his shoulder, but the outer door was fairly strong and resisted his efforts.

"I'm afraid we can't get a locksmith this time of night, and short of battering the door down, I don't see how we can force an entrance. Have you no friends to whom you can go? You might get a cab and drive to them."

The girl shook her head.

"I have no friends in London. In fact, I am really only here as a visitor. I rented this flat from Mrs. Arnold during her absence from town, and I came up partly on business and partly on pleasure."

"But the friends with whom you have been to-night—" began Wyndham.

"I hardly know them. I had cards for a reception at Lady Knight's, and I went with a friend who lives ten miles out of London. I can't possibly go back to her now."

The keen December wind had penetrated to the landing. Wyndham saw the girl shiver, and draw her cloak tightly round her.

The dilemma was extremely awkward. He could not leave the girl to stand all night on a cold landing, waiting for the return of Mrs. Arnold's maid, and yet the laws of Mrs. Grundy forbade a bachelor of eight-and-twenty to invite a fair visitor to take shelter in his rooms.

"Can't you suggest anything? I can't drive to an hotel in this garb," touching her white silk dress, "and I can't walk the streets all night without a hat."

Wyndham reflected another moment. His house-keeper was a married woman who slept at her own home and who usually arrived at his flat at seven in the morning.

By that time, he might have found a locksmith, and the girl could easily return to Mrs. Arnold's flat without anyone knowing of her midnight's adventure.

"What shall I do?" reiterated his companion, with clattering teeth. "It's dreadfully cold here."

For once Wyndham threw Mrs. Grundy to the winds.

"If you don't mind sitting up in an armchair all night, I shall be very pleased if you will make use of my sitting-room," he said, a trifle formally. "As you say, you cannot stay here all night, and I seem to be the only occupant of these flats able to offer you hospitality."

The girl raised her eyes and looked gratefully at the rather serious-faced young man before her.

"It's awfully good of you, and if you're quite sure I shan't inconvenience you I shall be delighted to accept the armchair."

Wyndham led the way downstairs. He was a man who rather prided himself on his observances of the conventional requirements of society, and he was far less at ease than the girl who tripped lightly behind him into his flat.

"What a glorious fire!" she said, kneeling down on the sitting-room hearthrug, and basking in the warmth. "And what a comfortable armchair! I shall be able to have a good sleep."

She cast her eyes round the sitting-room as though to guess what manner of man her host might be, judged by his surroundings.

"What a pretty room! Flowers and books and ornaments." She paused and smiled. "But, of course, this is your wife's room."

Wyndham shook his head.

"No, I am a bachelor."

He spoke in rather an embarrassed tone. There was no reason to tell his midnight visitor that his marriage to the daughter of a well-known barrister was to take place the following week, and that on the very sideboard whereon she was gazing were sundry wedding presents which had arrived for him only that day.

"Well, you couldn't be more comfortable if you were married, and I should advise you not to give up your freedom too soon."

The touch of cynicism in her voice somewhat amazed Wyndham.

His visitor had risen to her feet, and was now standing with her back to the fire. Her left hand was ungloved. To Wyndham's astonishment, the lamplight revealed a wedding-ring on the regulation finger.

So she was married herself, and spoke from experience.

"But I am keeping you up," she said, looking at Wyndham, who wore rather an awkward air. "In case I do not see you again, you must allow me to thank you for your hospitality. You have acted the part of the good Samaritan, and I hope you will be rewarded some day."

Her smile was as pretty as her words. Wyndham felt disposed to prolong the interview.

"You must allow me to offer you some wine," he said, going to the sideboard, upon which, among other silver, gleamed several tokens of old-time athletic victories at College. "I am sure you must be cold."

His visitor feebly protested, but Wyndham insisted upon reaching out wine and biscuits.

"Macaroons! My favourite biscuits!" said the girl, revealing some pretty teeth as she bit the macaroon. "Really, you are making me too comfortable. But I must say good-night to you. I expect the maid will be back by six o'clock, so that I shall be away long before you are up."

She held out a slim hand, and Wyndham pressed it more earnestly than he intended.

"I am a very early riser," he said, looking straight into the depths of the grey eyes, "so don't be alarmed if you hear me moving about towards six o'clock."

He was surprised to detect a quick gleam of annoyance in the girl's eyes. His vanity was touched. Surely he was not so disagreeable that she need frown at the thought of seeing him again.

But the gleam of annoyance was gone in an instant.

"Please don't let me disturb your slumbers. I shall be quite unhappy all night thinking that you cannot sleep for my presence in the house."

Wyndham laughed.

"You need have no fear, I sleep like a top. I believe I shouldn't hear the worst thunderstorm."

His visitor looked at him enviously.

"And I awaken at the least noise! And that reminds me—" She hesitated a half-moment. "Is there a key to this room? I am rather nervous, and I should like to lock the door."

Wyndham reflected a moment.

"There is no key to this room, but the one to my bedroom door will fit this lock. If you will wait a moment I will bring it to you."

He was out of the apartment the next instant, and had disappeared into the bedroom at the far end of the corridor.

On his return with the key, he found his visitor standing at the sitting-room door.

"Very many thanks!" she said, when Wyndham had inserted the key in the lock. "I shall sleep better now that I know I am quite safe."

Once again she held out her hand, and once again Wyndham pressed it warmly.

"When I return home I shall ask my husband to write and thank you for your kindness; at least—that is—"

She faltered, and cast her eyes down to the ground.

Wyndham at once divined her embarrassment. Her husband was a jealous brute, and she was afraid to tell him that she owed a night's lodging to a strange young man.

"Please don't trouble," he said, warmly. "I assure you I have only acted as every man would have done."

She shook her head.

"May I have your card? I am Mrs. Treherne, from Leamington."

Wyndham produced his card, and, after a momentary glance, young Mrs. Treherne placed it in her pocket.

"I shall never forget your kindness—never, never! And I shall say, not good-night, but *au revoir*."

Wyndham closed the door and walked rather solemnly to his own room, carrying the remembrance of the last charming smile in his mind.

He turned up the gas, and his eye at once fell upon a letter that he had received that afternoon, and had left upon his dressing-table.

"The Colonel! Good heavens! I had quite forgotten that he is due here in a few hours."

He seized the letter and hastily ran his eye over the lines—

"Dear Wyndham,—I am coming to town by the mid night train, and shall arrive at your place something after five. Will tell you all news over a cup of coffee.—Yours in haste, T. W. PONSONBY."

Wyndham felt himself growing pale. That Colonel Ponsonby, a man of the world, should discover a fair visitor secreted in Wyndham's sitting-room was not to be thought of. Not only would Mrs. Treherne's reputation be utterly ruined, but Wyndham, the fastidious student, the bachelor *sans reproche*, would stand forth as a detected hypocrite and a modern Joseph Surface.

"I must waken her at five and tell her that I expect a male friend to breakfast. Far better she should get cold waiting for the arrival of the maid, than that Ponsonby should find her in my room. Already I seem to hear his coarse laugh. The girl may be unconventional, and certainly does not attain to my standard of an ideal woman; but still, she mustn't suffer from her confidence in my respectability of character."

The threatened *contretemps* did not prevent Wyndham from enjoying his usual perfect repose. His sleep, however, was troubled, and in dreams he saw visions of grey-eyed girls and colonels with red faces and grizzled moustaches inextricably jumbled together.

He was awakened by the sound of the coarse laugh he had so fearfully anticipated.

To his annoyance, Colonel Ponsonby stood by his bedside, his rubicund face convulsed with laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! You gay dog! So you leave the little milliner to let herself out while you pretend to enjoy the sleep of the just. Ha! ha! ha! I saw her, my boy! She gave me a very angry look as I laughed in her face, but she's a jolly good-looking girl, and I admire your taste."

Wyndham sat up in bed. The hands of the clock pointed to a few minutes after five.

"What do you mean?" he asked, cursing his stupidity in oversleeping himself. "I don't understand you."

The Colonel threw himself down in a cane chair that creaked beneath his weight.

"Ho! ho! ho! Not to be caught by chaff, my boy! What do I mean? Simply that, as I was on the point of knocking at your front door, the handle suddenly turned, and the face and form of your charmer appeared. She was as much surprised to see me as I was to see her. I smiled at her, and wished her 'Good-morning,' but she drew her cloak round her with an air of injured innocence, and vanished quickly downstairs."

Wyndham looked at his visitor's satyr-like face, and

wondered if there were any hope of convincing him of the real truth.

The colonel still sat with wicked delight pictured on his countenance, and every now and again administered a meaning dig in the direction of Wyndham's ribs.

"You are quite mistaken in your insinuations," said Wyndham, springing from the bed. He had dressed himself previous to retiring, in the thought of being ready to say a final good-bye to his midnight visitor. "The young lady you saw was an entire stranger to me, and was in my rooms quite by accident."

He narrated the incident in his driest tones.

"Why waste your breath?" asked the Colonel, at the finish, shaking his head. "That's a very nice little



HE SEIZED THE LETTER.

story, but it don't wash, my boy; it don't wash. Mrs. Treherne, from Leamington! Ha! ha! ha!"

Wyndham gave up the idea of establishing his innocence in the colonel's eyes.

He shrugged his shoulders, and suggested an adjournment to the sitting-room.

"My housekeeper should be here soon," he said, pausing with his hand on the sitting-room door. "In the meantime, you might like a brandy and soda."

The fire still burned in the grate, and the armchair was drawn up as he had last seen it.

To Wyndham's eyes the room, however, looked strangely desolate. He seemed to miss the little piquant figure in the grey cloak.

The decanter of wine stood upon the table, and the empty wine-glass suggested a meaning to the ribald Colonel.

"Ha! ha! you dog! So you treated her to your old port! Gad! I wish I had been here with you."

Wyndham frowned, and went hastily to the sideboard to get the Tantalus.

Something unfamiliar in the aspect of the chiffonier suddenly struck his eye.

"Why—what—where are my silver cups?"

The sideboard was absolutely destitute of the silver trophies that had graced it last night.

"Your cups! What do you mean?"

Colonel Ponsonby had come forward in some amazement.

"My cups! and the silver salver! and—and——"

Wyndham looked wildly round the room. His eye fell upon a cherished small rosewood table, the glass lid of which was wont to conceal certain valuable silver and ivory knick-knacks collected in his travels.

"Hullo! Your room's been burgled!" ejaculated the Colonel, who knew of Wyndham's treasures. "Look!" this glass lid has been smashed, and all the contents taken. What about the plate? Is that safe!"

Wyndham flung open the doors of the sideboard. His careful housekeeper placed the plate-chest there every night before she left the flat, and Wyndham usually locked the doors before retiring. The unexpected advent of his midnight visitor had caused him to forget his usual mode of procedure.

"Gone! Everything cleared out!"

All the plate and the wedding presents had disappeared. The inside of the sideboard was as bare as the outside.

Wyndham's usually staid demeanour had vanished. His eyes stared wildly in their sockets. He was afraid

to speak out the terrible thought that whirled through his brain.

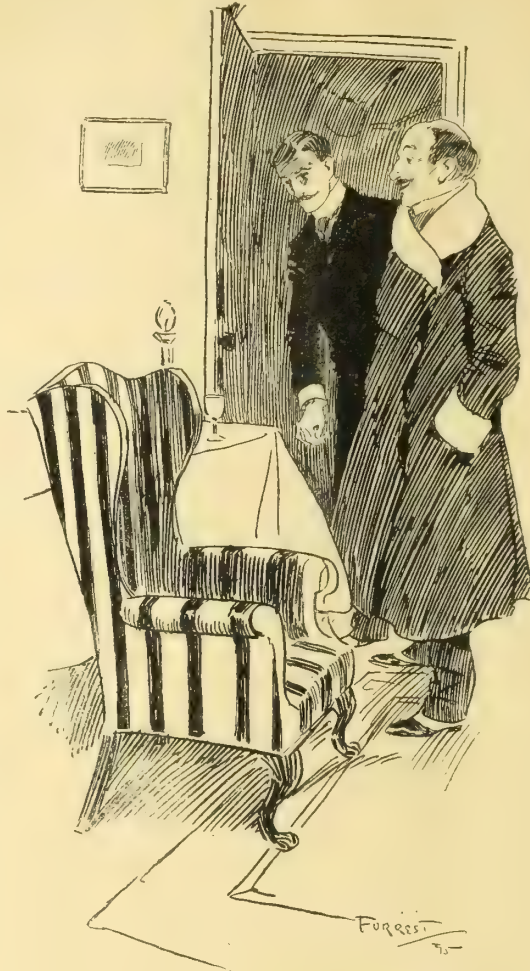
The Colonel stared fixedly at his host. Perhaps it was telepathy that gave him the clue to the workings of his host's mind.

He burst into a loud laugh that jarred discordantly on Wyndham's ears.

"Gad! I see the plot! Your charming visitor! Ha, ha! It was all a pure comedy, but you played the wrong part. You weren't the good Samaritan, but the man who fell among thieves and was robbed. Mrs. Treherne, from Leamington, was nothing but a clever female decoy for a set of burglars whom she let into the flat while you slept peacefully! And that reminds me, I forgot to ask you why I found your bedroom door locked on the outside! Ha, ha! No wonder she frowned at my sudden appearance! By Jove! I wish I had caught the pretty burglar!"

After inquiries proved the truth of the Colonel's surmise. The plans had been carefully laid. On Mrs. Arnold's return, she found her own flat burgled of all valuables, but neither she nor Wyndham ever set eyes

again either upon their silver or the charming Mrs. Treherne, from Leamington.



THE EMPTY WINEGLASS SUGGESTED A MEANING.



"I GUESS he's not much of a lawyer."

"Why?"

"I just heard him say that talk was cheap."

THE GOLDEN HORN.

It is strange how history repeats itself. Those events of recent date which have been occurring in the Ottoman Empire, and which have not only shocked the whole civilised world, but roused the Powers to action, can only be equalled by the murderous intrigues and bloody massacres which were never-ending during twenty-five centuries—from the time, in fact, that the Byzantine Empire was founded in 658 B.C., till the Pagans were finally routed in 1851, A.D., by Muhammed II.

Poets have sung of Byzantine romance, and of heroic deeds, and artists have limned in their brightest colours the beauties of the ancient capital, and of the Golden Horn—that lovely, sun-lit streak of gold-tipped blue, which laps the walls of the historic city, and mingles at the north with the Khayat Hanch, the “Sweet Waters of Europe.” But no country in the world has a more wondrous history, or a more terrible; none has been more drenched with blood, of the innocent and the guilty alike.

It was there, on either side of the Golden Horn, that, 3,000 years ago, the El Dorado was supposed to exist, where dwelt kings whose wealth was illimitable, waited upon by beauteous houris, and living lives of luxurious idleness, and, needless to say, immorality. Here it was, in the fabled land of the Golden Fleece, dwelt those warlike Amazons who made the lives of the ancient Greeks a burden to them. It was hither, 658 before Christ was, that a small band of Dorians, tempted by the wealth of which legend spoke, determined to brave the fury of the terrible Amazons for the sake of the gold they expected to find in that El Dorado which lay beyond the Golden Horn.

They came. Without opposition their galleys were rowed through the Golden Horn. They saw no gold, no fierce female warriors. They conquered, but it was only a few wild, ill-armed tribes, whom they easily kept back by throwing a stockade across the Golden Horn from shore to shore. There they settled; there was founded the ancient city of Byzantium; and then began that long, long rule of King Tyrannus, whose slaves, those barbarous monarchs who succeeded, dethroned and assassinated each other through so many centuries, seemed to vie with each other in their cruel and even fiendish persecutions of their peoples.

A curious romance is associated with the Ottoman badge of the Crescent and Star. It is much older than the Turkish Empire itself. The assumption of the emblem can, it is said, be traced back to the year 339 B.C. It was during the reign of Philip of Macedon. By him the city of Constantinople, or Byzantium, as it was then called, was besieged. His ships lay at the mouth of the Golden Horn, waiting an opportune time to commence the attack. Under the darkness of night they drew silently up to the city's walls, when suddenly the heavens were illumined by a great light. Some historians aver that it was the moon which appeared suddenly from behind a cloud; others that it was a comet. At any rate, it was sufficient to reveal to the Byzantines the movements of the enemy, who were repulsed with great slaughter, and destruction to their galleys. The pagan Byzantines naturally attributed their victory to the divine aid of the goddess Luna, and, as a token of their gratitude, they assumed the blazing crescent and star as the distinctive badge of their empire.

Important as the event may have been, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the successful siege of the city by Constantine, when the name was changed from Byzantium to Constantinople. It is generally known how, for a long time he had set covetous eyes upon the fine old city, and how he wished to make it “the central point of the world,” and how, on that very spot where he had pitched his tent, he built the Milion, or “golden milestone,” which marked that centre. It is to some of the more interesting events that occurred during a few of the reigns of terror in Constantinople, some of the more thrilling stories that are associated with the City of the

Golden Horn, which it is our purpose to allude, as illustrating the barbarities of those kings of old, which are hardly more harrowing than the awful dramas of blood which have occurred in our own time, and so recently, too.

The story of the fate of the cruel King Alboin, and his vengeful wife, Queen Rosamund, is one of the most notable. After a series of victorious fights in Italy and elsewhere, Alboin waged war with his father-in-law, Cunimund, the King of the Gepidae, and him he slew with his own hand in battle. To commemorate the event, Alboin preserved King Cunimund's skull, had it made into a cup, mounted in gold. At a banquet of rejoicing, Alboin adorned (?) his table with the ghastly trophy. Heated with liquor, he assigned his wife a horrible task. The skull of her slain father was filled with wine, and Rosamund was ordered to carry it round to the guests, whom he invited to drink to his future success. The Queen was forced to obey. But there was no more success in war for Alboin. “Revenge is sweet”—and especially to women; and Rosamund determined on a fearful revenge for the insult her husband had put upon her. She demeaned herself to a menial, bribed her husband's armourer—nay, more, sacrificed her honour to him—that he might kill Alboin as he lay asleep, and then she fled with her low-born paramour.

The story of Justinian who flourished about the year 525 B.C., is another romance, and forms a marked contrast to that of Alboin and Rosamund. He was a very staid king, and one of the few monarchs of those early days who merited the title of “the good.” Yet for a man bearing such a character he behaved very curiously. There was at that time a famous dancer, a burlesque actress, in fact, called Theodora. Now, Theodora was supposed to have been the most beautiful woman of her day, and the king became so enamoured of her that he made her his wife. This naturally created no end of sensation in the kingdom, for it was a breach of law for a member of Senate, or even a courtier to marry so contemptible a creature as an actress was considered. But Justinian's choice did not belie his keen insight into character. However loose, so far as morality went, Theodora had been while she was on the stage, she made a model queen. She was the wisest of her husband's counsellors, and more than once saved his throne from intriguers. Yet her influence all tended towards evil. Justinian's reign, after his marriage, was one long series of wars, and was memorable for the bloody faction fights, known as the “Sedition of Nika.” It is recorded that in six days 35,000 people were slain in the streets of Constantinople.

Following Justinian came Heraclius, who married his niece, Martina. The people never got over their rage and disgust at this incestuous alliance; and when Heraclius died, Martina and her son were sent into exile, the woman with her tongue slit in two, and the boy with his nose mutilated.

There was another Justinian, a very different man from him who wedded the dancer, Theodora, who, for his abuses, was driven from the capital by the enraged Senate, with his nose slit; but the two men who were enthroned in his stead, by name Leontius and Tiberius proved worse, and in a few years Justinian was welcomed back. Then did he avenge himself for his maltreated nose. He took the throne, with Leontius and Tiberius stretched out under him as footstools, and after thus insulting them he ordered their heads to be struck off. But the vengeance of Justinian did not end there. He hung all the chief men of the court of his usurpers over the walls of the city facing the Golden Horn, others were tied up in sacks, and cast into the waters, others were blinded, and others roasted to death. It is a pity such a devil died so simple a death. He was only beheaded.

The end of the good, yet warlike, Nicephorus, in 969 A.D., was a cruel one. It was the old story of a faithless wife, chafing to be free to wed a younger and handsomer man than her husband. It could not be said that Nicephorus had treated his wife ill, for he was as good as he

was brave. John Zemisches, a dashing young cavalry officer, and a nephew of Nicephorus, won the esteem of the king by his gallantry on the battlefield. The emperor's wife, who was young, too, grew weary of her husband, who, she imagined, neglected her for affairs of State, he was so wrapped up in working out plans for the improvement of his army, for his kingdom was his idol. With John Zemisches the young empress fell in love, and whatever respect she may ever have had for her husband was turned to hate. John fell before the temptress, and together, like the Macbeths of later date, they murdered the king in bed. But remorse fell upon Zemisches afterwards. After all, his uncle Nicephorus had been his best friend, and he had cowardly taken him unawares, and slain him in cold blood. His soul revolted against the woman who had tempted him to the deed; he refused to marry her, and sent her to a monastery; but he did not decline to ascend the throne himself. He did not enjoy his power long, however. He had a cousin named Bardas Phocas, who was as warlike as himself, and who determined to avenge the murder of Nicephorus. A long and bloody civil war followed, and in the end Zemisches was captured, and sent to prison where, repentant and heartbroken, he died.

Such was the character of the terrible dramas which were enacted in the City of the Golden Horn till, in 1851 A.D., Muhammed II. rode triumphant through its streets, and his chief Mulla proclaimed from the pulpit of St. Sophia that "God was great, and Mahomet was His prophet."

NEW SERPENTINE RACE.

FOR a race of one hundred yards, place ten flagstuffs in line, the first ten feet from the starting point and the others ten feet apart, the last being ten feet from the goal. Each pole should be surmounted by a small flag, which will add to the beauty and interest of the scene. Now for the manner of running. Supposing the runners to have toed the starting line with their left foot, the left knee should be bent, the body inclined forward, and the right hand raised above the level of the right shoulder. When the start is given, bring the right arm smartly downward—it will give you an impetus to make off. Pass the first staff on your left side, the second on your right, the third on your left, the fourth on your right, the fifth on your left, the sixth on your right, the seventh on your left, the eighth on your right, the ninth on your left, and, finally, the tenth on your right. From here make the best of your time in getting to the winning-post. This finishes the ordinary serpentine race.

A variation of the game is known as the rotary serpentine race, the object of which is to make a complete circle around each flagstaff. This, performed in an ordinary way, would make you giddy—a thing to be avoided. Observe, therefore, the directions laid down, and the result will be, instead, a pleasurable one. Start as before, passing the first staff on the left, encircle it by passing to the front of it, then, retreating backward, pass it on the left again. Running diagonally across, pass the second staff on the right, encircle it by retreating backward when at the front again. Run across to the third staff and pass it on the left, encircling the staff backward as before, and then run across to the fourth staff. Pass it on the right. Follow out these directions with the remaining flagstuffs, taking care to encircle each backward, and, in addition to the above directions, passing the fifth staff on the left side, the sixth on the right, the seventh on the left, the eighth on the right, the ninth on the left, and the tenth and last on the right. Then sprint to the winning-post.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

'ANKIN's bin very grite on furrin affeers litely. Whort thet man's spent on extry speshul noose-pipers durin' the lawst month, when 'e ain't 'ad the luck ter 'ave one left in 'is 'bus, 'as bin clean beyond reasing. Sims ter me as if 'e'd got 'is pore mind muddled with 'em, fur theer's no mikin' art anythink 'e means egsep' as 'e objec's ter hev'rythink, which is on'y yooshal with 'im, and wishes as 'e cud be Lor' Sorlsb'ry fur one week. "Ho!" says I, "yer do, do yer? Blimey, by the time you'd been 'im fur one week 'e wouldn't wornt ter be 'isself no more." Horf 'e goes on 'is' 'bus, gits thinkin' more abart whort 'e wornts than whort 'e's doin', and let's some wrong 'un plant a pewter florin on 'im which 'e's gort ter mike good art of 'is own subserqunt. Yuss, I thank 'evving I 'aint got no talinks. Bein' a pline man, though more joodishus than some, and knowin' that I ham whort I ham, I sticks ter my 'bus, and leaves them ter look arter the nyshun as is put theer fur it and pide fur it. As I says myself ter 'Ankin, "When Hingland's in any hurgent need o' your advice, I don't dart as she'll mention it. In the meantime all yer 'as ter do is ter punch tickits, shut your marth, and be thankful yer ain't a furriner."

* * * *

But it is amizin' the wye some don' sim ter know whort is their business an' whort ain't. The other dye I 'ad a ole lyedy on my 'bus as were that sort—warnted ter know hev'rythink abart hev'rythink, she did. "And 'ow much do they give yer a week, my man?" she awks me. "Three-an'-six," says I. "Whort?" says she, "is that horl you gits?" "Ho no!" says I. "In course, we 'as whort we steals." "Dear, dear!" says she "nar I'd alwise 'eard as the 'bus-conductors robbed the comp'ny. And whort's it come to haltergither?" "Comes to ten parnds a week," says I, "but then it don't go on fur long. Arter a few months we gits worn art." "Worn art?" she says. "Whort with?" "With awnserin' folks questshings abart things as don't concern 'em, ma'am." Well, thet did freeze 'er off fur a bit, but, bless yer, she were soon at it agin! She were one o' them born hinterferers thet ain't ter be storped so easy. She left me alone though. Theer were a gent sittin' oppersite 'er as she tackled next, an' I felt sorry fur 'im. She awsked 'im wheer 'e'd come from, wheer 'e were goin' to, and whart 'e were doin' it fur. She told 'im 'is necktie weren't strite and thet 'e were foolish to 'ave come art withart a humbereller. She mide 'im confess that 'e'd a awnt in an asylum, and thet 'e wore false teeth 'isself. She mide 'im tell 'er ev'rythink as 'e most perticular didn't wornt ter menshing. Nar and agin 'e'd try ter git awye from 'er and go on readin' 'is noosepiper, but she wouldn't let 'im be. I seed 'im gittin' more and more restless under it, and at the same time too perlite ter give 'er whort she derserved fur 'er cheek. Lawst of all 'e 'eaved a sigh of despur and jumped off the 'bus—with a tizepeeny tickit and 'im not ridden two-pennuth of it. Thet 'avin' left 'er with no one ter worry, she storps the bus an' gits art. When I left 'er she were talkin' ter the copper at the corner. In course she mye 'ave bin awstin' 'im 'er wye, but it's more likely as she were engquierin' whort 'e'd 'ad fur dinner the Sunday before and mikin' 'im tell 'er too. She were thet sort o' woman. If theer were on'y one woman of the kind in the world, I wouldn't compline; you could dodge 'er when you saw 'er comin'. But theer's 'eaps and 'eaps on 'em a-doin' of it, and whort they does it fur is a thing as beats me haltergither.

TOT SENTENTIÆ.

BY BARRY PAIN.

THERE were five men in the hotel smoking-room. The tired-looking man in the easy chair in the corner seemed anxious to go to sleep. Sleep was impossible, however, because the other four men were talking. They were talking about a certain paper that lay on the table.

"Yes," said the young man with the drooping pipe, and the velveteen coat, and the weak mouth; "it's not a bad paper, but I could improve it."

"You mean," said the man with the horseshoe pin, "by giving more space to sport? Yes; I've thought so myself."

"But I don't mean that," said the Poet.

"Of course you don't!" said the City Man with the waistcoat and the watch-chain. "There's only one thing wrong with the paper—it's not got enough commercial news. The most important thing in England is its commerce. The Press must realise that. The space now wasted on sport must be taken up by it. The——"

"But I don't mean commerce, either," said the Poet. "What disappoints me in the paper is——"

"Say no more!" interrupted the Parson, with a wave of his white hand, and settling his white tie. "I know exactly what you mean, and I fully sympathise with you. There are in the Church of England at the present moment three parties—the Evangelical, the Broad, and the Ritualistic. Two are wrong, and one is right. Personally, I belong to the right, and I need not say which that is. But I hold that it is the duty of the Press to take up a strong position on this subject—to let loose all its invective and all its satire on the two parties that are in the wrong. In that duty—in that point, and in that alone—this paper is lacking." He finished his something and soda, and put the glass down dramatically.

"I'm sorry to disagree with you all," said the Poet, "but I do not attach any importance to the sectarian question——"

"Then you're wrong!" interrupted the Parson.

"Or to sport——"

"Then you *ought* to!" interrupted the Sportsman.

"Or to commerce."

"But that's absurd!" said the City Man.

"My complaint is this: I sent some time ago to the office of the paper a poem which, if printed, would have run to five pages."

The Parson, the Sportsman, and the City Man checked a low whistle.

"It may have been a good poem, or it may not." He looked steadily round the room, but received no response.

"It may," he repeated, "have been a good poem, or it may not. I will not speak of that. But I offered it to the editor for nothing—actually *nothing*!—and, you can believe me or not, but he refused it!"

There was a moment's pause. The tired-looking man rolled another cigarette with one motion of one hand (this takes some practice) and fell back on his former compromise between keeping a cigarette alight and falling asleep.

Then the Parson, the Sportsman, and the City Man all began speaking together. Up to a certain point they all said the same thing, which was—

"I don't say your poem wasn't excellent; it probably was. But I——"

And here they branched off into different things. The Sportsman upheld sport, the City Man upheld the City, the Parson advocated his views, and the Poet interrupted with his plea for more poetry—more of his own poetry. An hour later they were still arguing, discussing, and contradicting each other.

The tired-looking man slowly extracted himself from the easy chair, said "Good-night," and went out into the hall. The others followed him in a body.

"You act as umpire!" said the Sportsman.

"Let's have your criticism!" said the Poet.

"You arbitrate in this case!" said the City Man. "What would you do, if you were the editor of this paper?"

"But I *am*!" said the tired-looking man, with a sigh.

"But I *am*!"

And the four men looked at one another.

And next week the paper was no better—and no worse.

CAN CATS REALLY CONVERSE?

THEORIES of articulate language in the animal kingdom are advanced every day. Some of them are serious, like Professor Garner's notion of an intelligent and intelligible speech of apes, but the most interesting are those which treat of the matter in a half-humorous way, which does not tax the credulity too far. Such an one is the theory of a feline tongue, exploited by the blind author, Marvin Clark, in his little book on "Pussy and Her Language." He declares that the "smooth and liquid passages in our poets, which express onomatopoeia, are but echoes from that most beautiful of all languages, that of the cat." The one most like it in human tongues, he says, is the Chinese, the sounds in each being musical, mellifluous, and pleasing to the senses. As in the Chinese, too, words in the cat's language have various meanings, according to the inflection of the voice. The number of words is very great, but the author has made up no complete lexicon of them as yet.

The following seventeen are important and frequent in the conversation which cats struggle to carry on with members of the household: Aelio means food; lao, milk; parriere, open; aliloo, water; bl, meat; ptleel, mouse meat; bleeme-be, cooked meat; pad, food; bo, head; pro, nail or claw; tut, limb; papoo, body; oolie, fur; mi-ouw, beware; burrieu, satisfaction or content; yiaou, extermination; mi-youw, here. Of primitive words it is believed there are more than 600 in the cat tongue, and many of these are obscure, for the cat relies greatly on signs for making its meaning clear to those who have neglected a study of its articulate speech. Thus, the last word in the foregoing list is used by a matronly cat in calling her family together, and she will continue to use it while caressing them. But the meaning of the word is never so well understood by the kittens as when uttered in a sharp tone and repeated a number of times, more as an explosive than otherwise, for it is a warning of danger and a call for instant action from the mother cat, who is imperious in her demands for obedience.

Then there is the word "mi-youw," which is varied to "wow-teioww-yow-tiow, wow-you-ts-s-syow!" ending in an explosion. The author believes that the word thus uttered signifies both defiance and a curse, "and comes near to bold, bad swearing."

There may be sceptical persons who will ridicule this theory, but we should say that it was just as reasonable as Professor Garner's, while the language of the cat sounds far more articulate and significant of design than the squeaky vocabulary which he brought home from gorilla land. One thing is certain—the means for carrying on investigations in the interesting field of feline language are available in almost every household, and to obtain the desired conversations from which a voluminous treatise upon it can be written, it is not necessary to go to Africa and remain for six months shut up in a cage in the heart of the forest.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—The fancy ball at Niagara has convinced people of the surpassing gracefulness of a domino on a good figure, and it will certainly have the effect of making the domino dust cloak more worn than ever in the approaching season. One of the handsomest worn on that most picturesque occasion was half black, half red, the two colours being fairly divided, each beginning in the middle of the back and ending in the centre of the front. A quite magnificent one, richest black silk with long sprays of silver embroidery down the back, was worn by a very handsome woman, no longer in her first youth. Her style was Juno like. Lovely brocade in pink and green and pearl was the material of a domino whose wearer roamed about, looking rather lonely.

By the way, we noticed that night that the happy proprietors of pretty mouths took good care not to have lace fails to their masks, so that this good point should not be concealed. The sharply defined outline of the black mask made good complexions look creamily soft and fair. It was a lovely sight. I hope there will be another. It was such fun to see them so immensely puzzled by the masks.

So you want an evening cape? What a pity you had not been here at the cheap sale! I saw in a Bond Street window yesterday a green cloth cape lined with heliotrope velvet and furnished with a chinchilla collar, the whole marked a guinea and a half. I bought a thirty-guinea cape for eight guineas, such a delicious creation in peach-blossom velvet broché, lined throughout with Mongolian goat—the long, fleecy white silky fur that always reminds me of white poodles. Over the cape there is a deep fall of beautiful lace put on with a jewelled band all round the shoulders. It is the warmest thing I ever felt and yet remarkably light; an ideal and consequently infrequent combination.

I saw a lady buying a most covetable cape in mandarin velvet, frilled all round the neck with full black chiffon, and bordered round all the outlines with black cocks' feather trimming. It was lined with black silk, a touch that rendered it perfect.

Feathers are in again for wearing on the left shoulder of evening dresses. They are never seen on both shoulders. Usually a flower balances the feathers in this way. The

Louis XVI. dresses are not numerous represented in general society. The fact is that the gathers round the waist are rather antagonistic to the taste of the present moment. We are so accustomed to closely fitting skirts immediately below the waist that the fulness of the Marie Antoinette variety makes the figure of the wearer appear responsible for the rotundity.

Black mignonette is one of the newest of artificial flowers. Does it not sound too odious? We have already had black roses, jet-black grapes, and poppies of the same funereal hue. Now we may expect black forget-me-nots, lilac sprays, laburnum, apple blossom, and japonica; every flower, in fact, that we associate with a glory of distinctive colour.



WALKING COSTUME.

A neck-ruff of pale yellow poppies, with black centres, was sewn round an orange velvet cape that we saw at a friend's "at home" the other day. It was bordered all round and down the front with two black chiffon frills, and it was lined with ermine. Do you know this fur at all? I do, a little, and can assure you that it is by far the most luxuriously soft and smooth of all furs. It is far more agreeable to the touch than even sable itself. Small wonder that it should be called the royal fur. In a delightful book on "Fur and Fur Garments," by Richard Davey (Roxburghe Press, Victoria Street), we are told how all this came about. I found in this volume what I have often wanted to know, and that is, the exact distinction between sable and marten. Some people seem to think them convertible terms, but on p. 73 it is explained that the American sable is called marten. It is not nearly so valuable as the Russian, the price of the latter being from

20s. to 70s. each, while that of the former ranges between 8s. and 30s. The information given in this book is of the most reliable kind: the natural history, commercial, and statistical portion of it having been supplied and edited by Mr. T. S. Jay, F.Z.S., manager of the International Fur Store.

I suppose you know that no one can dress and prepare sealskin like the London workmen? It seems strange that they have to be brought to our island, so far from where they are caught, to be washed, curried, and dyed.

I saw an amusing placard pinned on to a bit of stuff in a window the other day: "Seductive Prices!" Was it not clever?

The walking costume from which the sketch is made consists of a skirt and tight-fitting coat, the former plain

and full; the latter open-fronted, and with revers edged with astrakhan. The mousquetaire cuffs are bordered in the same way. The coat is drawn closely in front by means of two tabs of the cloth of which the costume is made, each trimmed with three buttons. The pointed waistcoat and high collar are in astrakhan. The tint of the cloth in the model dress is heliotrope.

We hear from a friend in New York that Paderewski's playing has led captive the women of that city. The scenes that take place at his concerts are incredibly hysterical. Self-control seems to disappear. The ladies sob, cry, utter loud ejaculations, and carry bouquets to the platform, where they offer them to the eminent pianist. The waving of hands and handkerchiefs goes on the whole time he is playing. We cannot say a word, for did not the women of London behave quite as absurdly when the man was here?—Yours affectionately,
SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IDA.—These are the correct accompaniments: With pheasant, bread-sauce, browned bread-crumbs, and brown gravy; with grouse, brown gravy; for turkey, cranberry jelly; for roast duck, apple sauce, or orange jelly; for roast goose, apple sauce; for chicken, cranberry jelly; for quails, or small birds, currant jelly; for venison, currant jelly; snipe, toast; wild duck, orange salad; roast pork, apple sauce.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

FOR soups and sauces the tomato is invaluable, whether prepared with cream or good brown stock. As an accompaniment to leg of mutton, roast or baked, it is lightly cooked in butter, and is an agreeable embellishment to the brown slices on one's plate, as well as a palatable addition. Cold veal is one of the most insipid sorts of food. Minced, and served with tomato salad, it takes on an attractiveness of which it is otherwise destitute. With macaroni the flavour of the love apple is often combined, nor could there be a more salutary and beneficial form of food, the one rich in nitrogenous and starchy materials, and cooked in butter, which supplies its deficiency in fat, while the tomato furnishes saline matter equally valuable in its effects upon the human frame. Stewed tomatoes are so simply prepared that one wonders at the watery, unappetising mess in which they so often appear at table. If kept well covered, they will abundantly supply their own juice, just as mushrooms do in similar circumstances. All that is necessary to induce them to do so is to put sufficient dissolved butter in the stewpan to cover the bottom. In preparing them in this way, a small quantity of grated onion improves the flavour without so aggressively asserting itself as to militate against the predominance of the principal ingredient. Nearly all stews are improved by the addition of tomatoes. The difficulty of freeing them from their skins is by no means insuperable. The application of boiling water for a couple of minutes renders them easily detachable. Italian tomatoes are sold in tins ready peeled and at a very low price per pound, cheaper than the ordinary purchaser can ever buy them. Vegetarians are not chary in acknowledging their debt to the tomato. One of their most inviting dishes supplies it grilled on toast. At some of their restaurants it is served scalloped, with breadcrumbs, butter, chopped onion, and, perhaps, in little puff-paste cases. Stuffed with chopped ham, a little suet, and breadcrumbs, then braised in a stewpan, the bottom of which has been covered with rather thick slices of fat bacon, the vegetable is excellent. Cheese combines well with it, if not too freely added. Mixed with biscuit-crumbs and a few pieces of butter, it makes a capital stuffing for them. Half-ripe ones are agreeably utilised in this way. One of the best recipes connected with them consists of neck chops of mutton stewed with an onion, with sliced tomatoes added, together with salt, a pinch of sugar, and half a red chilli. It is served with rice boiled as if for curry. The sauce is freed from fat, and should be very thick and creamy.

GERTIE.—"Tous les Mois," is a fine kind of cornflour.

that such an agreement means six performances in the evening, and one matinée. I, therefore, naturally concluded that my engagement with Mr. Oscar Barrett was to play in the evenings, and I was very surprised when I found that his pantomime could only be performed in the afternoons. Mr. Barrett wanted me to stick to my agreement, but I couldn't see how I could possibly play seven performances a week at a matinée show."

"So you went to law to decide whether the custom of the profession was a strong enough power to release you?"

"Well, I wanted to get the thing settled. It was as much for the benefit of the people as for myself. Now that the point has been settled by law, we know where we are. An engagement to play seven performances a week does not necessarily mean six evenings and one matinée—in spite of the old custom. It has been legally decided that if an actor or actress is engaged to play seven performances a week, he or she can be called upon at any hour of the day or night to put in a performance."

"But it would have been impossible for Mr. Barrett to play his pantomime at the Lyceum in the evenings, because——"

"Please don't run away with the idea that this has been a quarrel between Mr. Barrett and myself—nothing of the sort. We are quite good friends. As soon as my case was settled I went round to the Lyceum and asked for my part—excuse me just a minute!"

I waited in the wings, and heard Mr. Arthur Roberts—

"Emma! Emma! Remember, you're in court! I shall obtain an injunction against you if you're not careful!"

When she returned, Miss Kitty Loftus resumed—

"The general idea about my case is quite wrong. Of course, as a matter of fact, I have always played principal boy in pantomime, but that's not the point we went to law about."

"Now that the thing is settled, I suppose you'll take up your part in the Lyceum pantomime at once?"

"Yes, as soon as the dresses are ready. Otherwise, I should probably have been playing Polly Hopkins last Monday."

"How long would it take you to get such a part ready?"

"Not very long—about three days' work would do it, I think."

"And do you share this prevalent indifference to press notices—I beg your pardon—I should say dramatic criticism?"

"No, no, not at all. I couldn't understand it. Of course, I like good notices, and I read them all. I see Mr. Wyndham has already explained that he was misunderstood."

"When you go to the pantomime, will you still continue to play Emma in *Gentleman Joe*?"

"I may—or I may not. I should like you and everyone else to understand clearly that this action has not been the result of a quarrel. Mr. Barrett didn't wish to interfere with my playing in *Gentleman Joe*, and the management here make no objection to my performing in Mr. Barrett's pantomime in the afternoons."

"You must consider it a compliment to be sought after like this?"

"Well, it's better—than the other thing."

"You've had an extensive stage experience, haven't you?"

"Ever since I could walk, almost. And I love my work. The more you give me the better I like it."

THE ART OF GOING TO LAW.

A CHAT WITH MISS KITTY LOFTUS.

"LET me see, Miss Loftus, your point was that you were engaged to play principal boy——"

"No, no; everyone seems to have got hold of that idea, which is entirely wrong. The real thing we went to law about was this: I was engaged by Mr. Oscar Barrett to play seven performances a week. Now, it has always been the custom in the profession to understand

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—If you are up in town next week, and want to see something really amusing, go to Hyde Park about a quarter-past eleven in the morning. The cycling craze is growing hourly more rampant, and I am beginning to wonder what will happen in the season when all the fair weather cyclists turn out, and the crowd is even greater than at present. Hyde Park cycling is not cycling for cycling's sake; it is cycling for the sake of being *seen* cycling. Most of the men, and nearly all the women, attire themselves in costumes that are definitely unfitted for the work, though I readily admit they all look very smart and beautiful. They evidently know this themselves, too. You can ride right round the Park without meeting a dozen cyclers, but the instant you go down to the Ladies' Mile you will find them literally in hundreds. They rarely travel the whole distance from the corner to the Magazine. They turn about half-way, so it is perfectly plain that their obvious purpose is to see and be seen—nothing more. The crowd is already so thick that a carriage and pair can hardly use the road safely, and what it will be like later on I dare not think, especially as many of the ladies and children ride with a thoroughly cheerful and inspiring disregard of rules and contingencies. If they see anyone they want to speak to on the rails, they stop short and get down smiling, without a scrap of warning, and the usual result is that the riders behind them begin to wobble frantically, and generally collide. But still, as nobody, except the children, ever goes very fast it's all very amusing, refreshing, and exhilarating, and it only wants a refreshment kiosk and a band to make it perfect. Talking of the children, I rather wish more care was taken with their costume. The genius who will invent an ideal dress for female cyclists has not yet risen, but in the meantime, I am convinced that for girls between twelve and sixteen, a dark, short skirt, dark stockings, and *white* underclothes; is not all, that it might be—especially when anything like a high wind is blowing. It would really be to the public advantage if a conspiracy amongst rational dress ladies were to result in a regular morning parade of knickerbockers, just by way of an object lesson in decency.

Another reform that is badly needed is a move in the direction of first night punctuality. How it is to be stimulated I don't quite know. But I may tell you on the first night of *Michael and his Lost Angel*, at the Lyceum, people were coming into the stalls more than half an hour after the advertised time of commencement. This is an awful nuisance for authors, actors, and critics. If an author writes two or three pages of redundant introductory dialogue to give his audience time to "settle down," he is damned by the critics. If he starts his plot with a bang, he isn't heard. For another nuisance the management is to blame. If it states on the programme that there will be an interval of so many minutes, it should stick to it. On the Lyceum programme it was distinctly stated that after Act III. there would be an interval of fifteen minutes, but, as a fact, the curtain was down barely ten minutes. Consequently, as the auditorium was kept, according to the Irving tradition, in pitch darkness, many of us had to feel our way to our seats, falling over everything in our path. I have another Lyceum grievance also. People who went out had no notice of the act commencing. Attendants in the foyer simply exclaimed, "The curtain is up, gentlemen," when it really *was* up. Three minutes notice would get a lot of people back into their places.

Comyns Carr has determined on a successor for *The Late Mr. Castello*. It will be *Gossip*, an American play, by Clyde Fitch, and Mrs. Langtry will appear in it, as she has already done in the provinces, and at the

Metropole, Camberwell. Later, Carr will produce a costume play adapted by himself from the French. His first three years' tenancy of the Comedy Theatre will terminate in March, and I have not heard yet whether he means to renew. He has certainly had wretchedly bad luck, and if he were to retire temporarily from management, in despair and disgust, it would not altogether surprise me. Charles Hawtreys would probably have made a ready bid for his old theatre, had he not just secured a twenty-one years' lease of the Avenue. He had to take it, however, subject to the arrangement already entered into for the production of a new musical variety show, so I do not expect that we shall see a new comedy produced by him until September. There is a possibility that he will, meantime, migrate to the Court, with *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, in which case Mrs. John Wood will join the cast, taking up the part vacated by Miss Alma Stanley, who has been ordered by her doctor to pass a couple of months in Madeira. Hawtreys has up his sleeve two plays—one by Claude Carton, and one by himself. Carton's would, in the ordinary course of things, be produced first, but there is a difficulty in casting it, Carton believing that no one but Edward Terry can play it properly.

The new melodrama by G. R. Sims and Arthur Shirley is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon go into rehearsal at the Princess's, where it will, I expect, be seen for the first time on Easter Monday.

Pinero has gone over to Paris to complete a play on which he has been working for some time. Pinero invariably goes away from London to put the final touch on anything he does, so you may be sure that his latest play has been read to the company, and will be in rehearsal before long. Where? I could tell you, but I am bound by the solemn oaths that brother bicyclists alone know, to the utmost secrecy.

By the way, Mrs. Kendal has just learnt to cycle, and so has Henry Arthur Jones.

The *Referee* of Sunday last printed a very sensible protest against the growing custom of record-cutting in distant matinées. No great difficulty stands in the way of a London company giving a matinée at Brighton, and getting back to town in time for the evening show at night. But when it comes to Portsmouth and Birmingham, the thing is different. Members of the ordinary paying public should, if possible, carefully note the dates when the foolhardy excursions are being undertaken, and religiously avoid the London show thereon. The company are certain to be utterly tired out after such journeys, and, consequently, can't give such a good performance—that is, such good value for the playgoers' money as on ordinary occasions. Moreover, it's only about even betting that they ever get back to time at all. A slight block anywhere on a long line would mean half an hour's delay in getting up the curtain, and I should not be surprised if, one of these fine nights, a company got back too late to give their show at all. At any rate, the paying playgoer would do well to avoid the risk.

I find that I made a mistake in alluding to the Licensor of Plays last week as Mr. Ernest Radford. His correct style and title is George Alexander Redford.

There is very little news going about this week, except that young Henry Irving is engaged to be married to charming Miss Dorothea Trilby Baird. I wish the young couple every joy.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

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POOR LOST MICHAEL.

WE are all told that we ought not to like Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross*, and to dislike Henry Arthur Jones's *Michael and His Lost Angel*. For the life of me I cannot see why. The word has gone forth that these two totally distinct works are to be lumped together as tawdry, trashy, tasteless, and morbid melodramas, whereas, they have literally nothing whatsoever in common. The subject of the play at the Lyric, is, at least, noble; the subject of the Lyceum play is, to the last degree, ignoble.

In the one, a proud, selfish, sensual Pagan is divested of the worst part of his nature, is converted to Christianity, and dies a martyr to his faith through the influence of a pure and beautiful woman. A more noble subject for dramatic treatment could scarcely be quoted. I am not discussing now whether the play containing this theme is well done or ill done, but surely it is a dignified and worthy theme, too dignified and worthy, indeed, to be dismissed with the cheap sneer about tawdriness, too elevated to be crushed with the contemptuous statement that the conversion of Marcus Superbus in the days of Nero, that the attitude of the fair martyr Mercia, and that the heroism of the lad Antigonus, merely appeal to "the worst passions of the mob." On the other hand, the Lyceum play contains a subject absolutely ignoble.

The story is virtually the subtle seduction of a weak-kneed Anglican clergyman, by a frivolous, irreligious, and nasty-minded woman. In the classic play a certain moral is arrived at. It teaches the suppression of selfishness at the instigation of virtue. In the non-classical play, we find much clever talk, but no more moral than this, that when all temptations are removed from a sinner's path, he can turn to the Church and save his immortal soul.

Let me tell the story of Michael as it appeals to the ordinary spectator. The Rev. Michael Feversham is an ill-disciplined, self-righteous English clergyman. He is an Anglican priest absolutely without training, and wholly destitute of tact. A simple girl in the village, where he is rector, has gone wrong. Now, if this conceited priest knew anything about the world, he would be aware that it is a woman's natural instinct to hide her shame, and that it is her father's natural instinct to help her to do so. Being human beings and not fools, they keep the matter of the illegitimate child very dark. But, in doing so, they reckoned without their host. They tricked the Anglican parson. They did not let him into the secret. They put the priest's back up because, forsooth, he had been "deceived," as he ought to have been. So, instead of attending to the injunction of the prayer-book, and consulting and counselling the poor girl to come to the parson and "open her grief," this religious coxcomb makes a parade and a fuss about a public confession in church, not that it does a particle of good, but because the parson has been "deceived," as he calls it. So the girl is cruelly and brutally made to confess her sin before the whole of the gossiping village, her father is forced into the same ignominious farce, and the confession having been made, the wretched weeping girl is carried off to a Protestant nunnery to work at the wash-tub and bless the insolent priest.

Then comes on the scene a fast, flighty, and godless woman from London, who is to undermine the mock virtue of the parson. There is absolutely no affinity between them. The man is ascetic; the woman is passionate. The man is presumably religious; the woman is frankly agnostic. The soul is to the man a serious subject; to the woman it is a subject for reckless chaff. At any rate

the woman takes the measure of the man and lures him over to a lonely island in the Bristol Channel, where she makes him sin simply from a sense of isolation—a very nasty idea indeed, and one that goes far to prove that celebrate priests in the Anglican church should be sternly discouraged. If a pious Puseyite yields at the touch of such a woman as this, then he is a very bad guide for the young and helpless who go to him to be prepared for confirmation. In the older Church there is such a thing as "vocation" to be considered, and it is certain that a young man with the ardent temperament of the Rev. Michael Feversham would not be ordained at all. Having sinned so suddenly and so unnecessarily on the island, the priest, who has built a church out of the money given him by his seducer, determines to make a public confession from the altar rails. The effect of this he wholly discounts by telling the audience, his friends, and apparently the whole congregation, what he intends to do. Enter the procession of Anglican mummery. A bishop leads the way in a mitre, prepared to consecrate a church that contains images of saints which are absolutely illegal in the Protestant church. He is followed by a regiment of Protestant priests, of acolytes, thurifers, cross-bearers, and so on, all prepared to illuminate and "cense" an altar as empty as a deal table. In the Catholic Church there is a definite object in lights, flowers and incense; here, there is none at all. However, there are some among the audience who, like the children, love to "play at church," but the ceremony of public confession is treated by the congregation with absolute indifference.

They are apparently used to it, for they express no astonishment, and drop wearily on their knees and pray for the Lost Michael, when, having shed his garment on the floor, he goes out of church muttering his orisons. But we have not seen the last of Lost Michael. He turns up again at a Dominican monastery in Italy, determined to become a real priest this time. But at the sight of the heroine of the lonely island, who has wandered footsore into Italy, he flings religion to the winds, and swears he will "live and die for Nancy." When, however, the Lost Angel dies in his arms, he thinks he will become pious once more, on the strict condition that he is to meet his temptress in heaven!

It is difficult to conceive a much more unedifying tale. As a drama, it is without art and incomplete; as a story, it is essentially disagreeable. The scene in the church is intolerable to all who have any respect for religion, whilst the hero and heroine do not appeal to our sympathies. To make up for this the play is extremely well written, but it is far more suited to the study than the stage. These constant duologues weary the playgoer, however well spoken and acted by Mr. Forbes Robertson, an ideal Anglican divine, and by Miss Marion Terry, who is far too sweet for this very naughty woman. Unable to convince anyone that so charming an artist could deliberately plot the destruction of a bad priest, Miss Terry endeavours to guile by wearing a series of the most astounding dresses ever seen in a Drury Lane melodrama. She is dressed up, as an old grandmother of mine used to say, "like a dog at a fair." She goes out to sea in an open boat in a flimsy chiffon—I pity the chiffon—she parades an English village in gowns that would be *outré* in the park, and she comes to church in a cloak and ball gown that positively make the saints in the niches weep over the dear lady's passion for dress.

It is very much to be feared that neither Michael nor his Lost Angel will ever reach the heaven of success; but that is no reason why the Puseyite play should interfere with the pleasure afforded by the early Christian drama.

HE (earnestly)—Yes, Miss Clara, a man's success in this world depends upon his estimate of himself.

SHE—What a great future you have before you!

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QUEER CLIENTS AND THEIR WAYS.

IN a recent conversation with a clerk to a well-known firm of metropolitan auctioneers and valuers, a representative succeeded in obtaining the following interesting and curious details:—

"Been into a good many houses in my time?" said Mr. X., in reply to my first question; "I should rather think I have. Twenty-five years' experience in the business has shown me the interior of a good many hundred houses, of all sorts. I have been in the peer's mansion and the peasant's cottage, and, I am sorry to add, have sold up the goods and chattels of princes and paupers alike."

"You must have seen some queer things in your time?"

"Yes; rather queer. Not long ago, for example, I had to go down into the West of England to catalogue and arrange the effects of an old lady who had recently died. At her cottage home—which, by the way, contained some of the finest Chippendale and China I have ever had to lot—I discovered no less than forty cats of all sorts and sizes. My ears were assailed by a perfect chorus of 'mew-miauw.' Of course, as there wasn't another house within half-a-mile, if as near as that, it didn't matter much, this hobby of keeping an army of pussies; but if their late owner had lived in a town she would have soon got summoned. I spent two or three nights in the house, and hardly slept a wink, as the saying goes; but otherwise I enjoyed my trip. I fancy that the neighbouring game preserves must have suffered from the depredations of the pussies; in fact, the old servant admitted as much, saying, 'Well, zur, now I coom to think on't, I don't exactly care to deny that zum of they cats did now and then bring in a bird. But then, how-zumdever, we used to lose the cat after a bit.'"

"Did the cats sell?"

"Yes, fast enough. A dealer came down from Bristol and made what we considered a good offer—some were fine animals, I can assure you; Persians, and white French cats—and so they were put in one lot. All sold except three, specially excepted from sale by the old lady's will, which were given, with quite a nice little sum for maintenance, to the old servant."

"On another occasion," continued the speaker, "I went down into the Midlands to an old hall, which, on the death of the then occupier, was to come into the market. There had been a quarrel in the family, and, as the property was not entailed, the old squire who lived there determined to keep his heir out of it. Of course, this was easy enough to do; but he had his own ideas on the subject, and so I was to go down there and catalogue every thing ready for sale at a moment's notice. It was a queer, rambling old place, and had the reputation of being haunted. Its owner was fully seventy-five, fairly active as regards body, but failing a good deal in his mind. The first day I spent looking round, and it was whilst doing this that Mr. W. came up to me and asked if I had seen the long corridor, or gallery. I told him 'No.' So he took me along a maze of passages to it, and explained while doing so its history. When we reached the gallery he told me that the walls were hollow, and that in ancient times there had been a way from the house to a (now non-existent) hunting lodge. Going to the end of the gallery, he pulled at a portion of the wainscot moulding, and one of the large panels slid slowly back and disappeared, leaving a narrow doorway. Quite unsuspectingly, and out of curiosity, I stepped into the doorway a pace or two. Suddenly I found myself in almost total darkness, and, on turning sharply round, I found my retreat was cut off. To cut a (to me) terribly long story short, I was left in my predicament several hours, which seemed several years. For, although I tried to push back the panel, then to attract attention by hammering thereon, and, lastly, to discover another way out along between the hollow wall, and down a flight of dusty, narrow stairs, I did not succeed. All I found

was a dark passage blocked by a brick wall, and then had to retrace my steps and await release with as much equanimity as I could muster—which wasn't much, I must admit. All the horrible stories of bricked-up nuns, forgotten fugitives, and persons left to die in hiding, I had ever heard or read, crowded into my mind, and I had a very bad time of it. At last, when I had only half-a-dozen of my wax vestas unconsumed, the panel slid back, and I saw the old squire, with a broad grin on his face, regarding me. I afterwards found out from the old housekeeper that this was a favourite amusement of his; he wasn't quite right in his head at times; and a very nasty trick it was to play on anyone with weak nerves. I suppose that I must have shown my annoyance pretty plainly, for on the morning I left, some week or ten days later, he pressed a little parcel into my hand which, upon examination, proved to contain a valuable diamond scarf-pin of an old-fashioned pattern.

"People hoard strange things, I suppose?" was my next query.

"I should think they just do! We have all heard of the 'cute' American girl who papered her boudoir with her love-letters. Well, I can beat that. Ten years or so ago I ran down into Essex to make arrangements for the sale of the furniture belonging to a very old lady who had been a celebrated beauty in the early part of the present century. She had had, from all accounts—and you could verify them if I mentioned her name—a very liberal allowance of lovers (one a Royal personage, so report says), in addition to two husbands, whose married lives were shorter than their courtships, one is given to understand. This old grand dame had two eccentricities—the first was the hoarding of all her finery of long ago, and the second I shall mention in a minute or two. First as to the clothes. There were no less than dresses, 271 hats and bonnets, and other articles of all kinds, and of every fashion since about 1822, filling, it seems needless to say, innumerable presses and chests, in addition to wardrobes, cupboards, and chests of drawers. There were between 60 and 70 pairs of corsets, and some of the oldest of these the young lady who came down to see them before the sale on behalf of a well-known *corsetière* (who wished to purchase them for the museum of the firm) told me were only 15 in. in the waist. We hear a good deal about 'tight-lacing' every now and then, and this fact may, therefore, prove of interest. But the other freak was quite as strange. The bedding on which the old lady had slept for the last forty years and more seemed to me on inspection to be made, or rather stuffed, with peculiar materials. On ripping it open at one corner to examine it, I found out that the stuffing was composed of old letters, many of them not even torn up. These proved to be her love-letters, and would no doubt have thrown a queer sidelight upon her own life, and those of notable people, had they been for publication. What was done with them? They were, after a consultation, all destroyed by me in the yard, and made a fine blaze, there probably being at least a hundredweight of them."

"One of the strangest discoveries I ever made was in connection with a sale that we had in France. Not more than seven years ago a young Frenchman died with no near relatives. He left all his property to an English friend, who, having to go to India on business, placed the matter in the hands of our firm to realise. I was one of the two persons selected to arrange for the sale of Monsieur B.'s effects at his Paris and M—— residences. We went to Paris first, and had no difficulty with the matter. But on arriving at M——, a seaside resort on the northern French coast, we were met by the confidential valet of the deceased, who told us that it was no use for us to inquire about or refer to Monsieur B., as he didn't exist. Ultimately we discovered that the young fellow, who was singularly handsome, to judge from his portrait, had always when at M—— passed as *Mdlle. G——*. The valet, who was sincerely attached to him, had kept his secret. Poor young fellow! He was quite mad, and this was one of his whims. He never received

any visitors, though he went out in the ordinary way, rode, and shopped. His mania was never suspected by anyone, so far as could be discovered. We should have been inclined to doubt the extraordinary story, had not the servants referred to 'mademoiselle,' and had there not been several photos of him taken in girl's attire. He made a beautiful woman, and the taste he displayed in dresses, so far as I could judge, was exquisite. Mdlle. G.'s charity was spoken of by all, and we did nothing to injure the memory of the dead, or to dispel the illusion under which the townsfolk were suffering.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the speaker, in conclusion, "I have found unsuspected 'old masters' and valuable books which had been esteemed by their sometime owners as rubbish, but that falls to the lot of almost everyone in our line of business, though not so frequently nowadays. One funny discovery I must tell you of, however. We had a sale of furniture one day some years ago, and an old settee had been put up. The bidding had reached £4 10s., when the last bidder but one said that he would advance if the thing were sound. Having no doubts of this, as the thing was close to the desk where I was making notes of the lots sold, I caught hold of one of the turned legs. As I pulled at it it came off in my hands, and a stream of gold coins rolled on to the floor. Every leg, it afterwards proved, had been bored and filled with guineas of Georges III. and IV. There were two hundred and thirty-five in all. The settee was withdrawn, and the gentleman who had doubted its stability was probably sorry that he hadn't ventured the other five shillings, which would in all likelihood have secured it."

THE HUMOURS OF AUCTIONEERING.*

In this little brochure, recently read before the Institute of Estate and House agents, Mr. Simms tells the following amusing anecdotes—

"It is pleasant to believe that he (George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer) did not monopolise the entire wit of the period. We learn that he accidentally met a professional brother of provincial fame, named Watkins. 'Sir,' said the prince of auctioneers, 'I am happy to recognise in you the Robins of the West!' 'Sir,' Watkins is said to have replied, 'I reciprocate the compliment, and am proud to see in you the Watkins of the Metropolis,'—which, I think, was one to Watkins.

"I remember some mouse and egg-shaped bowls and vases, fashioned from a dull and dirty material that we ventured to call Parian, and also a dainty suite, described as follows: 'A beautifully designed and executed set of five coloured porcelain female figures, representing the Senses, on circular gilt stands, with glass shades over.' These were purchased wholesale from a German firm in Houndsditch, at a net cost, if I recollect rightly, of 2s. 9d. a set. As a consequence, whenever we had a furniture sale—and they came fairly often—the respective premises blossomed out into a cutaneous eruption of white mice, relieved at intervals by fairy female figures. On one occasion the sale was being conducted by the senior partner, a shrewd, self-possessed man, with no small sense of drollery. Presently the 'set of five' made their inevitable appearance. 'How very choice!' said the Governor. 'Porter, hand one of those figures up to me. Well, I declare! I don't think I saw anything quite so pretty before. Who'll say five pounds to begin with?' 'I will!' cried out an old lady, brandishing her umbrella. I have said that the auctioneer was a self-possessed man—so he was, as a rule—but this fairly beat him; he gasped audibly, and clutched at the sides of his cumbrous rostrum, until it threatened to topple over and bury me, the innocent clerk, amongst its ruins. But recovery, of course, was quick. With great reluctance, there being no further bidding, he knocked down the lot to her. She promptly paid and departed.

"At the sale of a country estate it was announced that, in accordance with custom, the shooting rights would be reserved. 'Not from everyone,' asked a jolly farmer. 'I've got shooting included in my holding—I suppose I may shoot—myself?' 'Oh, certainly—the sooner the better,' was all the consolation he received from the auctioneer.

"The punning auctioneer, of course, ought to be improved off the face of the earth. I was chatting with one of my brethren over the curious ancient custom (not yet extinct) of selling by candle. "Ah," said he, 'it's a bad custom, very bad. In fact it's scandalous.' At which he dared to laugh. 'You're wrong, Mr. Auctioneer, I know more about it than you do—I'm the liquidator!' shouted a bottle-nosed, bibulous-looking customer, at the Mart. 'Then you are not fit for the position,' came the calm retort. 'Not fit! Who the—what the—how the—' 'Liquid-hater? You're a great deal too fond of it.' The rebuke may have been a timely one, but it was too frivolous. And by what moral right can a man describe the purchaser of a dining-table who failed to reappear and claim it, as the most uncomfortable man he ever knew? We must pass by such cases with sorrowing contempt."

AN INNOCENT MAN.*

THE hero has been wrongfully accused of murder, and after two years' imprisonment is released from Dartmoor:—

"We drove in an open carriage to Plymouth. 'Let me see all there is to be seen,' I said, when Dr. Reece suggested that we should close the landau.

"But will you not find it cold?' pleaded Agnes.

"After two winters in Dartmoor, nothing can seem cold again,' I answered. 'Besides, the sight of this landscape is like heaven to me!'

"It looks very bare and winterly,' said Harold.

"To you it may; but think that for two long years I have seen scarcely anything but bare grey walls, until my eyes have ached for a patch of green!'

"I saw the tears come in Agnes's eyes as I turned my head towards her. After a few minutes she stole her hand in mine, and for most of the way afterwards we drove in silence.

"We broke our journey at Bristol, and reached Tallyfechan early on the afternoon of the following day. Dr. Reece telegraphed the hour we expected to arrive, the result of which was that nearly all the little town turned out to give me a welcome.

"For the last few miles of the journey we were very silent. I thought of my last brief visit to my old home. Great Heaven! what I had passed through since then! It was not to be wondered at that my eyes were full of pain, and that my face was pale and thin. As the old familiar hills loomed into sight, and every turn and opening revealed some well-known spot, I had great difficulty in keeping back the tears that rushed constantly to my eyes.

"When the train slowed into Tallyfechan station such a shout went up from the crowd that had gathered as I have rarely heard.

"Harold stood at the window and waved his handkerchief, so the people knew that I had actually come.

"I forgot their former treatment of me. It was nothing that they once hunted me down and clamoured for my blood. They were sorry enough now that they had done so, and were ready to atone for the evil they had meant. So that it was not for me to cherish enmity in my heart.

"How I hated them when I hid in that cave in the mountains! But that was over. I loved them now. A kind word or a kind look will atone for much."

* By WALTER SIMMS (J. & R. Kemp & Co.).

* "The Heart of Man." By Silas K. Hocking; 3rd edition. (F. Warne and Co.)

IN THE CITY.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SPECTACLE.

THE meeting of Barnato Bank shareholders, and others, held on Tuesday was well worth attending by anyone interested in company affairs, even though he was fortunate enough to have no holding in the Barnato Banking Company. We cannot imagine an occasion when shareholders would be more likely to expect, and to do all in their power to exact, information. The Barnato Bank Company was brought out with a capital of £4,500,000. It was not brought out in the customary way. There was no prospectus, no information as to the assets to be taken over by the company, no allotment in the usual manner. The shares were pooled, and Mr. Barnato sold his shares to the syndicate at 100 per cent. premium. Moreover, the company is not registered in England, and, consequently, the shareholders cannot get the information which is open to everybody in the case of a company registered at Somerset House. Those who put their money into the venture had nothing to rely upon but the good faith of Mr. Barnato, and the past career of that very prominent financier is not exactly calculated to inspire boundless confidence. Under these circumstances it might have been expected that once they were called together shareholders would insist upon full information, and if it was refused, would give very unequivocal expression to their disgust.

But what happened? Mr. Barnato spoke for seventy minutes, and said little or nothing that was not known before. He was silent as to the amount of the various holdings of the Bank, silent as to the price that had been paid for them. And when, at the conclusion of his speech, shareholders, following unbroken custom, rose to put questions that might elucidate matters in doubt, Mr. Barnato took up his pewter pot and went away. More contemptuous defiance it would be difficult to imagine. How was it received by the hundreds, we had almost said thousands, of shareholders present? Was there loud and emphatic protest? Not a bit of it. There were one or two cries of "Shame," uttered as if the men who gave vent to them were frightened at their own temerity, and that was all. The statement of some of the newspapers that there were loud and general cries of condemnation is quite untrue. Men shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and those of them who said anything said it was "Barney's way." Really shareholders who act in this manner deserve any losses they may sustain.

Upon the speech itself a correspondent writes as below:—

If after the concern was floated Barnato added a million of assets which, according to his own mode of optimistic reckoning, would show with the original assets a surplus of 20 per cent. if the concern were broken up to-day, it follows that the original assets were of a value very much short of the capital of the Company. Yet though these shares, according to Mr. Barnato's own admission, were worth very much less than par, he sold his shares to this syndicate for £2 each. You will remember he offered to repurchase at £1. If he did so what would it show? That he would have made £1 clear per share on the transaction, apart from the premium already made by him, and represented by the real value of the shares and par value. Thus his shares would cost him nothing and show a profit besides in cash. Again, reckoning after the entire million of assets had been chucked in, the price of the shares (showing 20 per cent. surplus), was 24s., and as Mr. Barnato got rid of his at 40s., his profit is still a clear 16s. per share. This is the usual way in which Barnato does favours to the public. He went to the meeting with his tongue in his cheek to hoodwink the hapless shareholders, and, being a master of the game, succeeded. He employed identical tactics in Johannesburg on a previous occasion, and will continue to do so as long as the public shows itself anxious to be hoodwinked. Seeing that a statement of the assets of the Barnato Consolidated was made, and that the one of the Barnato Bank though promised was not made, it looks badly for the "banks," for we have nothing but Mr. Barnato's statement, a very optimistic statement, unless I am much mistaken—that, as matters stand, there is a surplus of 20 per cent.

Well, time will tell. Meanwhile the shares stand at about 33s., which on Mr. Barnato's own showing is a good deal more than they are worth.

A WIDE-REACHING DECISION.

The judgment in the Court of Appeal—the unanimous decision of a Court composed of the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justices Smith and Rigby—in the case of *Andrews v. Mockford and Others*, must, if upheld, have wide-reaching consequences. The defendants appealed from verdict and judgment before the Lord Chief Justice and a special Middlesex jury, by which the plaintiffs had recovered £411 15s. 6d. on the ground of fraudulent misrepresentation by the defendants in respect of a gold mine in South Africa.

The facts are briefly these. When the Sutherland Reef Company was brought out the defendants, who were the promoters, sent the plaintiff a prospectus. The prospectus failed to induce the plaintiff to apply for shares, but some time after the company went to allotment, a telegram was published in the *Financial News*, which stated that gold had been found upon the property of the company, and that paper published an article which was little more than an elaboration of the telegram. The telegram confirmed the statements of the prospectus as to the richness of the ground belonging to the company, and, thereupon, the plaintiff, influenced by what appeared to be this corroborative evidence, bought shares in the open market.

It was argued by Mr. Carson, who appeared for the defendants, that the prospectus was only an invitation to take shares originally, and could not avail an assignee of shares upon the market after the whole capital of the company had been allotted. Moreover it was decided in *Beck v. Gurney* that when shares are purchased upon the market, and not taken by allotment from a company, fraudulent mis-statements in a prospectus cannot be relied upon by a purchaser, because the prospectus had theretofore performed its function, which was only to obtain purchasers from the company of the shares by allotment.

But in the case we are considering continuous fraud was proved, and continuous fraud has upset Mr. Mockford. There was first the fraudulent prospectus, then the fraudulent telegram sent by son to father at the instance of the father, and known by both to be fraudulent, and the publication of this fraudulent telegram in the *Financial News* at the instance of the defendant. The fraudulent telegram was intended to operate upon the plaintiff's mind, and did operate to his prejudice, and to the advantage of the defendants. The Court of Appeal would not allow the case to be severed into parts, but insisted upon taking it as a whole, and as a whole it could only be regarded as a continuous systematic fraud practised by the defendants upon the plaintiff to his detriment.

It may be expected that the case will be taken to the House of Lords, for this point of continuous fraud is one of supreme importance to company promoters of the unscrupulous sort. If the ruling of the Lord Chief Justice and the Court of Appeal is upheld, as we hope and believe it will be, a favourite device of a certain class of promoters will have to be dropped. At present there is constant publication of what may be described as fraudulent telegrams sent by the mining manager of companies just started. A prospectus is issued, the public subscription is small, but the directors go to allotment. The shares are unsaleable, or only to be got rid of at a very heavy discount, and so telegrams are received reporting wonderful assays, or something of the sort. Upon this information the shares go up, and those "in the know" unload. Hitherto this has been done with impunity. Now and again directors have been made responsible for misstatements in the prospectus, but never for misleading telegrams, which have mulcted the public much more heavily than the prospectus was able to do. In future, if the ruling of the Court of Appeal is upheld, any promoter who sends a prospectus to a person and afterwards publishes telegrams he knows to be false, which induce that person to buy, will be liable to the buyer for any loss that may accrue to him. We do not see why continuous fraud in the limited sense defined by the Court of Appeal should be necessary to bring home liability. If the false telegram induces purchases, then the sender of that telegram, being the promoter of the company, or his agent, when he knows it to be false, should be held liable for damages even if the buyer had not in the first instance received from him a prospectus. If no prospectus was sent to the buyer direct, in all probability he would have read it in his morning paper, where it would be inserted at the request of the promoter, and his mind might have been prepared for purchase upon confirmation of prospectus statements just as much as if he had received a copy of the prospectus under cover. Be that as it may, if the law upon the matter, as stated by the Court of Appeal, is sound, the public have a better grip upon the fraudulent promoter than was generally supposed.

THE WESTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS

In our last issue we gave the number of Westralian Gold Mining Companies with their aggregate capital issued on the London market in 1894 and 1895; and the output of gold taking the period up to the end of October last. It may be interesting

to follow this up by giving the quarterly results since 1889, and up to the end of December, 1895. Here they are—

Quarter to	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1895.
	ozs.	ozs.	ozs.	ozs.	ozs.	ozs.
March 31...	3,172...	3,087...	9,310...	16,177...	35,368...	53,815
June 30...	6,586...	8,399...	16,971...	23,121...	40,450...	54,465
Sept. 30...	4,411...	9,513...	17,492...	25,263...	62,846...	62,108
Dec. 31...	8,637...	9,312...	15,775...	46,330...	68,467...	61,124

Totals...22,806...30,311...59,548...110,891...207,131...231,512

The following table shows the output from the different districts:—

	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	Total.
	ozs.	ozs.	ozs.	ozs.	(to Oct. 31.)	(to Oct. 31.)	ozs.
Coolgardie	2,277	12,863	21,209	75,745	105,330	104,373	209,703
Yilgarn	—	—	—	—	31,498	18,863	164,284
Murchison	—	2,064	24,356	21,210	52,946	57,636	154,214
Pilbarra	16,055	11,875	12,893	11,698	16,255	16,111	96,057
Kimberley	4,474	2,670	1,089	1,621	589	660	22,265
Dundas	—	—	—	148	228	11	387
Ashburton	—	839	1	468	285	460	2,053
Totals	22,806	30,311	59,548	110,890	207,131	198,114	652,963

It will be noted that the Kimberley district has steadily fallen away, until in 1895 it gave only 660 ozs. The Dundas and the Ashburton, too, show insignificant results. The steady increase has been in the Murchison, the output from Coolgardie being 1,000 ozs. smaller in 1895 than in the preceeding year. The total amount of gold obtained up to the end of December last was 686,360 ozs.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN CHALLENGE.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Simpson and Dr. McNabe have practically arranged all details, and that the contest will come off in the last week of May, or the first week of June. The public belief in the chain seems to be spreading rapidly. We notice that the Humber people are associating themselves in their advertisements with the chain. One of the best known of English athletes, Warburton, is one of its strongest advocates. Large orders are being received, and the works at Draycott are busy. New plant is being put down, this week. In France, too, the chain seems to be making rapid headway. The Gladiator Company of Paris is fitting it on all Michel's machines, and the racing machines of Lisette, and Dutré her rival, whilst Bathiat, the well-known gentleman amateur rider of France, has beaten the Amateur World's Record unpaced by 1650 yards.

THE JOINT STOCK INSTITUTE.

We have received a copy of the *Joint Stock Circular* which, until now, has not been published for some time past. The present issue is got up very daintily, and gives us a number of illustrations of the interior of the Institute, and of the works of Companies promoted by the Institute. Mr. Bottomley takes much credit for the accuracy of the early predictions of the Journal with respect to Westralian Companies, and we are bound to say he makes good his claim. The Institute was largely interested in the promotion of the Great Boulder Company, and persistently advised its clients to purchase and hold. At that time the shares were almost unsaleable at about 10s. They are now quoted at over £6. The Journal was equally persistent in recommending West Australian Gold Fields. They were then obtainable at from 20s. to 25s. each. They are now about £7. Again the Institute placed many thousands of Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia at par. They have since been quoted at £3. On the other hand the Journal was one of the very few public prints that warned the public not to buy Londonderrys, but "to await developments before investing."

This is a very creditable record, and we think it due to the Institute to mention it, and for this reason. At the beginning of last year several correspondents complained that they had subscribed to the West Australian Mining Co-operation, opened by the Institute in the autumn of 1894, and had received accounts which claimed to show a profit of 50 per cent. upon the capital employed. This profit was reached by crediting the client with a certain number of shares, principally Great Boulders and Associated, at par. At the time, these shares could not be sold at the price at which they were credited, but the Institute told its customers that the shares "will almost immediately be saleable at various premiums." We therefore advised customers who consulted us—as in our issue of January 12th, 1895—to "act upon the 'strong advice' of the Institute and 'take up the certificates.'" Those who took that advice must have

made a very handsome thing out of their share in the co-operation.

We quote with pleasure the following paragraph from the present issue of the *Joint Stock Circular*. "We would advise investors of limited means, and dependent upon regular income, to be extremely chary of mining shares of all descriptions. They are of necessity of a highly speculative character." And again, "The minimum sum with which we will undertake to deal is £100. People with smaller capital at their disposal than this cannot be too strongly counselled to leave stocks and shares alone." We direct the attention of readers who may be disposed to have transactions with the Institute to these observations. If a man wants a "flutter," and can afford to lose, well and good. Let him have it, but he must not whine if he loses. For others, with no such margin, we say with the circular—"leave stocks and shares alone."

We understand that Mr. Gray, the well-known mining engineer, manager of Hannan's Proprietary and the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia, has just arrived in England. Mr. Gray will meet the shareholders of the former company, for the purpose of giving them full particulars of their property, on the 28th inst., and he will meet the shareholders of the Associated for a similar purpose on the 30th. Mr. Gray's official connection with Australian mines is, under his agreements, confined to these two companies.

On Friday, Consols touched 107½, the highest price they have touched since the National Debt began.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Various Shares. R. L.—(1) We do not recommend Natal Land and Colonisation Ordinary Shares. (2) The Bengal Steel Company has been doing better, but it has a good deal of leeway to make up. (3) The preference and preference are fair investments. (4) We should not touch the Uruguay Land Shares. (5) The preferred stock is fairly promising. (6) There is a national guarantee, but we do not like Brazilian ventures. (7) The Anglo-Egyptian Bank Shares are a fair investment. (8) We should not buy the Agency shares. **Transfer of Shares.** METER (Sheffield).—There is nothing to prevent the transfer. We cannot decipher the name of the company. **Chartered's.** OMEGA.—(1) The company has a charter. (2) It is impossible to name the intrinsic value of these shares. As to the future quotation a good deal will depend upon the outcome of the Jameson inquiry, and the alterations that may be made in the charter. **Moore and Burgess.** CANNY SCOT (Edinburgh).—There is only one share, of £1 denomination. The 3s. covers all liability. **Birkbeck Building Society.** A. T. B. (Lincoln).—Yes, quite safe. **The New Beeston Tyre Company.** S. E. R. (London).—On the face of it, yes. We will look into the matter. **Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** SHAREHOLDER (Birmingham).—You would be safe in buying at the present quotation. These shares are pretty certain to go higher before long. **The Giffard Gun Company.** F. B. (Nottingham).—The liquidation is not concluded. We understand that there has been an application in chambers for the removal of the liquidator. The company was enormously over capitalised, and ought never to have gone to allotment. **Two Mining Companies Shares.** JAY (Newcastle).—1. On the whole it would be well to join the reconstruction. We should not touch the other shares. **The West End Syndicate, Limited.** W. P. (Bournemouth).—We know nothing about the Syndicate, but we should advise you not to accept its offer. **The Commercial Stock and Share Corporation.** LIQUIDATOR. (Bury).—We understand that the liquidation is not completed. You should apply to the Liquidator. **Clarendon Land Development Company.** J. A. G. (Glasgow).—We will try and get the information you want in time for our next issue. **Standing of Promoter.** W. G. (Gourcock).—We know nothing about the person named in your letter. **Douglas Hungerford and Williams.** INVESTMENT. (Kensal Rise).—Their circulars and advertisements explain their business. We should not recommend the investment you suggest. **Eighteen Shares.** X. Y. Z. (Clitheroe).—You must have some little consideration for our space. You have a very excellent list, and we advise you to be content with it. Hold all, even No. 18. **Chaffey Bros., Low Water** (Edinburgh).—We agree with all you say. Shareholders have undoubtedly serious cause of complaint, and we think steps should be taken to ascertain the exact position of affairs, and what the Colonial Government is likely to do in the matter. **Company Specialist.** J. V. L. (Grays).—We know nothing to his prejudice, and for that matter very little about him anyway. **Joseph Hepworth and Co., Limited.** J. C. (Durham).—We will let you know next week. **Safe Debentures.** OBSERVER.—We cannot recommend them. We have frequently warned our readers against taking any of them. **The Leechdale Rhodesia Development Company.** R. N. (Dundee).—No.

INSURANCE.

J. W. T. (Hawes).—The Company is perfectly sound and reliable. Besides funds in hand, it has a large uncalled capital.

LAUREATE (Hull).—We presume you require a policy for only a small amount without profits. All the concerns you mention are thoroughly sound and will pay just claims without demur. No. 4, however, is a Friendly Society, and is not particularly well managed.

G. S. (Aberdeen).—The Company you specify particularly is a good, reliable Company, and is still strengthening its finances, and the policy you describe is a good one. We, nevertheless, incline to recommend in preference a policy in the second name of your alternative Companies.

BARNEY.—The company whose prospectus you inclose does not stand high as regards lowness of premiums, or for amount of bonuses. You will do better in either of the other companies, but best of all in the one established in 1848.

H. S.—The note in the paper you refer to no doubt gives the address. The company is sound and well managed. The scheme you refer to is one we recommend.

J. D. F.—We cannot say off-hand, but will inquire.

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TWINS ... RICHARD MARSH

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"The glass door opened to admit a lady"—"Cecil! where are you?"—"He was taken aback."—"He took it from her hand."—"Mr. Buxton has declined to acknowledge my acquaintance."—"Hubert glanced from one to the other."—"Laid his hand on Hubert's shoulder."—"A lady came down the staircase."—"Listening at the door."—"Hubert brandished the chair."

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"I could see it standing close to the water-butt."—"I sat down in the wash-basin."—"I got hold of the brake-wheel."—"I fell into a snow-bank."

A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XXVI., XXVII., XXVIII. ... ROBERT BARR

Illustration by HAL HURST.

"John tucked her in beside himself."

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Two Illustrations by A. S. BOYD.

"I could see the tuning-fork on his knee."—"Sank down heavily upon his seat."

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET

THE IDLER'S CLUB:—ARE INTERVIEWERS A BLESSING OR A CURSE? By the Interviewers—

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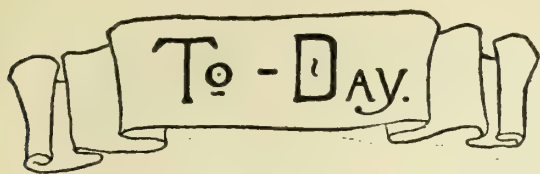
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles (not stories) of not less than 700 and not more than 2,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

JUST at the present moment Mr. Sidney Whitman's "Teuton Studies" make interesting reading. Mr. Whitman attributes German commercial successes, about which our English traders grow sorer year by year, directly to the conscription. Mr. Whitman, who has studied his subject more deeply than is common with the writers of books, is of opinion that the enforced military training has raised the nervous force and the physical energy of the whole German nation. "It has also been mainly instrumental," writes Mr. Whitman, "in stemming the tide of early improvident marriages—this most fruitful source of puny, neurotic manhood, pauperism, and drink." A short tour through Germany would open the eyes of our statesmen. The contrast between the German mechanic and our own Lancashire and Yorkshire operatives must be apparent to the most superficial observer. Forced military service has turned the German loafer and shuffling hobbledohy into a stalwart man.

COMPARE the English ploughboy, slouching, open-mouthed along a country lane, with the same material turned into a guardsman, and you see at a glance what an excellent thing military training is for bringing out the character and the grit of a man. Two or three years enforced military service would put backbone and chest into our lads, would make them smarter in business, quicker in their work. It would give tone to the whole nation. It would create comradeship and patriotism. Our present system of hiring men to defend us is contemptible and cowardly. Britain will never achieve her greatest until every British-born lad has gained the right to be one of the defenders and upholders of the motherland.

THE Yeovil magistrates appear to be a pack of utter fools. In cases where they cannot possibly avoid convicting they inflict a fine of five shillings. When this idiotic Bench consider the case an exceedingly bad one, they talk

a lot of twaddle, and make the fine ten shillings, but beg the prisoner not to hurry himself as regards payment, telling him that they will give him every facility. Where it is possible, these Yeovil magistrates go out of their way to defy the law, to make magisterial justice a farce, and to show their burning sympathy with brutality. Because of some technical flaw in the evidence presented by the Society, this Bench delightedly dismissed the case, and set to work to bully Mr. Colam, who represented the Society.

THE Bench said it was the duty of the Society to bring evidence before them. If the police and magistrates did their duty in this country there would be no need of the Society at all. It only exists because chief constables and magistrates of the Yeovil type shirk their work. I should like to know the names of these Yeovil magistrates. Their action is an insult to the law. One exception must be made. Mr. Southcombe strongly protested against some of the decisions I have alluded to, and, having a respect for the law, and not sharing in his brother magistrates' sympathy with cruelty, he would have inflicted imprisonment without the option of a fine. I am personally sorry to see Devonshire disgraced by such a Bench of magistrates.

MR. C. L. Buxton, Major H. S. Marsham, and others, the magistrates at Aylsham, have a nice sense of fun. Some laughter-loving boys, named Henry Pegg and Henry Dyball, amused themselves for an hour or so by throwing some small pigs against a manger—the game apparently being to see which boy could kill the most pigs. Mr. Buxton and his fellow magistrates thought that, all said and done, five shillings could not hurt the boys, and fined them that amount. At the Leicester County Police Court, before E. R. Norman, S. F. Stone, and E. Clephan, a corn-merchant named Selvidge was charged with deliberately and knowingly starving a horse to death. This corn dealer Selvidge had three times previously been convicted for cruelty. The magistrates simply inflicted a small fine upon him.

AT Kelsall, before Messrs. Tomkinson, Colonel Lascelles, Captain Higson, and others, Lightfoot, a 'bus owner, was charged with working a horse in an unfit state. Lightfoot had bought it from a cabman who considered it was too done up for his purposes. Lightfoot worked it in a heavy 'bus. It was starved, emaciated, and wounded. Colonel Lascelles, Captain Higson, and the others inflicted a fine of two pounds. Of course, the 'bus drawn by this dying animal was loaded with the usual crowd of Christians. At Nottingham, before Mr. T. Hall and Mr. F. Acton, a cab proprietor was charged with unmercifully beating a horse. The man, Frederick Cole, of Mand-street, Basford, said he would cut her heart out. Blood was flowing from the animal. He was fined fifteen shillings. Another cruelty case Messrs. Hall and Acton promptly dismissed. On the other hand, I am told that Judge Curran, of Tullamore, sentenced a wealthy farmer, to twelve months' hard labour for cutting the tail off a donkey. Cutting the tails off donkeys and cows has too long been regarded as good

sport in Ireland. The Irish farmer will practise it a little less often in the neighbourhood of Judge Curran.

A DR. STEPHENSON, of Nottingham, has been lecturing on the subject of premature burial. He told how he had once himself attended a girl. She had apparently died, and all arrangements were made for her funeral and a grave ordered. Her mother was annoyed because he would not sign the death certificate. The girl remained lifeless for three days. On the third day she slowly arose and recovered. Dr. Stephenson said the girl would undoubtedly have been buried had he not personally had a very great dread of being buried alive. Dr. Stephenson has some excuse for this fear, seeing that at one period of his life his own death certificate was actually signed. I am confident that in such a case many of the doctors who have written me indignantly denying that a human being has ever been buried alive would have signed that certificate cheerfully.

DR. STEPHENSON was of opinion that it was quite possible for people to be buried alive, and believed they often were, although in England, where we allow a longer period than is usual in other countries between death and burial, the cases are naturally not so frequent. Dr. Stephenson advocated cremation. It would certainly do much to dismiss from our minds this ever-haunting fear of being buried alive. I confess the idea has peculiar horrors for myself, and I have little faith in the impossibility of any doctor occasionally making mistakes on the subject.

AT AUCKLAND, before Sir William Eden, Bart., a man was charged with cruelty to his own little baby child, aged two years. He heated a poker in the fire until it was red-hot, and then burned the child on the arm and the leg. He then put the poker in the fire again, and brought it out and ordered the child to lick the portion of it that was red-hot. Defendant struck the child with his fists. The man was proved to be an arrant brute in all matters. Sir William Eden waxed indignant, and then fined him two pounds, and hoped he would not do it again. And Sir William Eden, Bart., still continues to sit upon the Bench, and to make a laughing-stock of justice.

I AM somewhat exercised in my mind by the success of the Penny Poets. I am trying to believe that this success means that the great British public is fonder of reading poetry than I have supposed. I have occasionally found an adult average man reading poetry; but only too often he has been doing so in order to verify a quotation, or because he has been paid to review the book, or for some other unworthy reason. There are few genuine and habitual poetry readers among my acquaintance. But my experience may have been misleading, and my suppositions wrong. I hope so. I should like to believe that the average man after his day's work shuns the degrading music-hall, the over-exciting theatre, the nauseous novel, the dangerous dance, the deleterious card-table, and finds his great delight in sitting quietly down to a cup of tea and a penn'orth of chopped Keats. What an Eden this world might be, if that were only so!

BUT is it? Or must I, reluctantly, look elsewhere to account for the success of the Penny Poets? Sometimes I am afraid that I must. The Penny Poet is a big

penn'orth, and I know how deeply the love of the big penn'orth is engrained in the British public. I have seen the British public eagerly buying bananas from a costermonger's barrow, not because they were edible (which, indeed, they had long since ceased to be), but because they were six a penny. I have seen the British public at a fair, or at Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, cheerfully paying pennies to enter a show which it knew to be a fraud; that public knew that what was painted on the outside of the booth was *not* what they would see inside; it knew that the lurid descriptions of the showman were sadly and sinfully inaccurate; but the announcement, "Three Entertainments for the Price of One" overcame all else, and they rushed for their big penn'orth of disappointment.

THERE is yet another consideration, one more reason, apart from the love of poetry, which may induce the public to buy it. In many a country house the heavy sixpenny reviews are carefully laid, week by week, on the library table, and are never, never read. The force of tradition compels their purchase. "Here," says tradition, "is the best writing! Here is journalism soaring upward into the pure and balmy air of literature!" The poor perplexed sporting country gentleman gives in to tradition and subscribes for those reviews; he may even find that, taken after a day's shooting, they induce a gentle and refreshing slumber; but he does not really and thoroughly read them. In the same way, the poets are bought, but not read. More, far more, people aspire to culture than possess any love of it. They buy the poets, put them on their bookshelves, give them as presents, refer to them in conversation, take a knowledge of them for granted—do anything, in short, except read them.

I HAVE to acknowledge the following subscriptions to our Pluck Fund: G. A. W., £1 1s.; J. E. W., 2s. 6d.; A. C. B., 1s. 6d.; W. R. R., 10s.; J. K., 1s.; Medical Student, 2s. 6d. (Medical Student also sends me 2s. 6d. for John Hickey); E. S., 20s. My attention has been called to a case which I think is deserving of recognition. On the last day of the old year a little boy, named Hewson, fell into the river near St. Ives, Hunts. The alarm was raised by another lad, and several people were quickly on the spot. I regret to hear, however, that they contented themselves with seeing the drowning boy being carried away by the strong current, and it is almost certain that the child would have lost his life if a Mr. Phillips had not arrived upon the scene. Mr. Phillips took off some of his clothes, dived, and brought the lad to the surface. The current was so strong that Mr. Phillips would have been overpowered if it had not been for the opportune assistance of a Mr. Sneesby. Finally the two men succeeded in bringing the boy safely to land. Under the circumstances, this was a very plucky rescue, and I am sending both gentlemen a silver medal from the Pluck Fund.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

"IDLER" CORRESPONDENCE. —Advised by a good many of our readers we shall, in February, return to the old cover. I am hoping you will find the new series to your liking. I will not grieve about it here because the proof of a magazine is in the reading, and, on February 5th, it will speak for itself.

H. W. H.—I know of no book dealing with the influence of journalism on literature. It is one of those matters upon which every person holds a different opinion. I do not see myself

whit connection there is between the two. Journalism is journalism, literature is quite another thing. As well might we discuss what influence illustrated newspapers have upon art. There are very few people in Great Britain who take any interest whatever in literature. In round figures I should put them at fifty thousand. The remaining forty-three millions odd would hardly read at all, if it were not for the newspapers.

F. C.—Certainly you may do as you suggest, and if you will forward the letter which you wish sent to Mr. Stanton, who resides in America, I will have it forwarded. G. F. L.—I could not say. Your best plan will be to write to Messrs. Spink. C. G. G.—I am sure you speak for the great majority of women in Great Britain.

N. J. H.—I was speaking only of European nations. Strangely enough, science has altered the art of warfare less than one would have imagined. Reading the campaigns of Julius Cæsar and the history of the late Franco-German war, one might believe that science had done nothing to alter military tactics. Now, as then, the courage of the soldier, and the skill of the leader, are the great essentials. A giddy Edison spins fairy yarns, imaginative authors write of imaginary battles in the future, but when it comes to practice we find that matters are little changed. I thank you for your good wishes for *To-Day* and *The Idler*.

F.—There is no harm in writing to the Home Secretary, or even to Her Majesty, and it might do good. F. W. K.—I quite agree with you that a more intelligent class of men is needed for the magisterial bench throughout the country. I know of no book on the subject.

HIGHLANDER AND OTHERS.—You are quite right, my good friends, and it is I who am wrong. I should have said "Britain" for "England," and "British" for "English." Somehow to an Englishman the word "England" comes pat, and, if he is not thinking at the moment, he writes it down. The Empire is the work of all four countries, and that fact cannot be too readily acknowledged, inasmuch as it forms a bond to draw us closer together.

J. H. R.—"When rogues fall out honest men come by their own" they say, so possibly the quarrelling of these prigs and prudes will be of service to Manchester.

FOXHUNTER.—Of course all sport is cruel to a certain degree, but then a certain amount of cruelty is also inflicted on animals when we kill them for food. Any argument carried to its logical conclusion results in an absurdity. One can only go as far as the line of common sense. The fox we must remember possibly feels little. He is mad with excitement and it is only a visiting upon him of much the same sensation as he carries night by night to others. My sympathies, I confess, are always with the hunted, and I am always glad when the fox gets away.

G. H. R.—It is a contemptible piece of business for a policeman to disguise himself, and then tempt a publican into selling him liquor after prohibited hours. The case you mention seems to be especially nasty. I am glad to see that the Bench dismissed it. I should like to know whether the policeman played this dirty trick on his own initiative, or whether he was instructed by a still more contemptible superior.

W. T. E. writes me from Pontypridd, indignantly denying the suggestion that prayers are ever offered up in that neighbourhood for wet Sundays and holidays. My correspondent, who, although a Nonconformist, Liberal, and temperance advocate, is broad-minded enough to say he admires and enjoys *To-Day*, asks me for the probable cost of entering the army and the legal profession. The cost would vary tremendously. It can be done economically, and it can be done comfortably. I would recommend him to get a copy of a book entitled "*A Popular Guide to the Professions*." (Is. 6d., Ward, Lock, and Co.)

L. S. H. sees much analogy in the late attitude of Germany and England to an incident descriptive of the meeting of Montmorency and the Marlowe cat, as set forth in a certain book, and sends me an amusing sketch.

A. H. C.—I thank you for your letter. The matter may prove interesting, but I must wait for the Board of Trade inquiry, and if I took the case up I should have to ask you to be prepared to support all your statements by clear evidence.

G. E. M.—The facts are too plain to admit of dispute. The man, against orders, marched into a State—capable of putting 12,000 excellent soldiers into the field—with a force of 480 troopers, and he made no preparations for the support of even this small number. You cannot get away from these simple facts.

D. L.—I am inclined to think that your informant was wrong as regards the German gentleman's threats. If he contemplated assaulting a lady under such circumstances he would, whatever else we might say of him, be an exceedingly courageous person. He would, in all probability, be immediately lynched by the crowd. So I should not attach much importance to the rumour. I am anxious to see the spirit of the nation kept up, but our pluck ought not to need feeding by bluster.

FAIRPLAY.—The man has no claim upon you for dinner and drive. M. W.—I cannot depart from my rule not to criticise.

E. J. H.—Your letter is useful as showing what I may term the shopkeeping spirit towards sport. I do not mean to be offensive, but it is so clear that you have no instinct for sport. As you say in your letter, you regard it as a mere trade. To quote your own words, "A man becomes a professional footballer as

he might become a scavenger, and his only duty is to make money." If this sort of thing satisfies the sporting instinct of the British public, then it must be that the real sporting spirit has departed from us.

F. S. L.—I am sorry I am unable to assist you.

J. M. C.—Your letter is mere special pleading. The man was murdered by a brutal mob. When few or many of that mob were caught they ought to have been severely punished. It is easy to heap abuse on a murdered man, who cannot reply. If he had been the contemptible person you seek to make out, he would quietly have avoided that row, and would not have made any attempt to do his duty. Whether the person he arrested was a man or a woman is immaterial. A drunken woman is generally more violent than a drunken man.

J. A. M. tells me that he once met a Highland cow. He attributes the subsequent proceedings to the fact that he did not wear a kilt, and did not speak with a Scotch accent. He tells me that in future he shall object to any dealings with Highland cattle in their raw state.

G. A. W.—Your Pluck Fund contribution is acknowledged in another column. The refusal of the English authorities to accept the services of soldiers and sailors compelled to wear glasses, savours a little of red tapeism. In Germany, I believe, some twenty per cent. of the men are spectaclled. I expect, in time, of real danger, few obstacles of such a kind would be put in your way. Of course there are many non-combative branches of both services where they would be willing enough to receive you, but this would only mean office work.

F. B. F. AND OTHER CORRESPONDENTS draw my attention to some extraordinary twaddle talked by a Mr. Walker, of Darlington. Judging from his speech, Mr. Walker is really too silly a person to be taken any notice of. E. W.—Part of your letter cheers me; part grieves me. Wherever have I suggested that women are brainless? D. C. T.—It would not be journalistic etiquette for me to pass an opinion on another paper. The article you draw my attention to does not interest me personally, but then I am only one reader.

L. M.—The weekly edition of the *Times*, price twopence, would keep you conversant with all matters of importance. I quite admit that English provincial towns can provide some very dull society. Country newspapers do not help, because the duty of a newspaper, I suppose, is to please its readers, and too many readers ask for nothing else but unpleasant police reports and statistics as to how many red herrings there are in the world and such like tit-bits of information. Thank you for all the kind things you say about *To-Day*. It seems to have made me many friends.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Personally, having seen the play, I am inclined to side with my own critic rather than with Mr. William Archer. Mr. William Archer, to a certain extent, resembles the gentleman who was always "agin the Government." The mere fact of the public liking a play would be enough to make Mr. Archer see in it only an appeal to vulgarity and stupidity. I went prepared to be bored, instead of which I enjoyed the piece; but then I am not a superior person and have given up all hopes of becoming one, consoling myself with the fact that, so far as I can judge, there are sufficient without me.

S. Y.—I thank you for your letter, but I still think that a severer sentence should have been passed. It would have been just and would have served as a warning. Now, at Liversedge, the roughs must think that the murder of a policeman is only a question of a few weeks imprisonment.

ANXIOUS.—If you are physically deformed, as you say, you certainly have no right to marry. Neither of you may be thinking about this matter at present, but human nature is human nature. We are made in a mould. We vary in small details, but in the essentials men and women think and feel alike. There will come a day when she will feel that in marrying her you have done her a great wrong. She will not, perhaps, say so, but the thought will be there, and married life will bring to you, as the days go by, torture, not happiness. But are you quite sure that you are describing yourself correctly? This is a medical matter, and you should only take the emphatic opinion of an experienced medical man. If he tells you your case is hopeless, then you must accept your fate. By fighting against it, you will only bring greater trouble to yourself and needless suffering to others.

P. A.—No, you certainly could not invite the young lady. Some of the people at the dance must be friends of hers. Cannot you appeal to them for further assistance? You have already made her acquaintance. All you want to do is to strengthen this.

E. V. S. writes me a pleasant, chatty letter from Nice, but she criticises severely the arrangements of the continental Train de Luxe, and complains that there are no agents for *To-Day* in Monte Carlo or Nice. PENARTHITE.—Of course these touting brokers' circulars are pure humbug. You will be very green to be taken in by them.

F. W. G.—Oh, dearie me! Here is this million postage stamp question cropped up again, and I thought I had done with it. Somebody has written to my correspondent's aunt, or maybe it is the aunt of a friend of my correspondent's, with all the old stock-in-trade—the medical institution, the lady cripple, the three copies of this letter, etc. I strongly advise my corre-

spondent to write nine letters, and post them, as requested. It is a pity, however, to stop at that. I would also beg him to collect all the used stamps he can find, and to go about asking his friends for more. It will fill up his time nicely.

AN OLD PRUDE.—Are you not aware that our grandmothers went about in low-necked dresses and bare arms in the afternoon, and out of doors? So it seems to me that we are growing more particular.

S. B. G. N. K.—I am afraid we do not agree as much as you apparently think we do. I consider the Kaiser's telegram was meant as an insult to England, and I do not suppose for a moment that Germany cares twopence about the Boers personally.

J. R.—Thank you for your friendly and pleasant letter. I am glad you found the tale so good. The author is a young man. I take some pride in discovering such. F. G. Y.—The matter you refer to is purchased from the rightful owners and paid for through their agents in England.

F. M.—If you would explain just what you mean in a few sensible lines instead of penning what you no doubt consider to be very brilliant sarcasm, I should be able to understand you and to answer you. What is the trouble?

M. H. tells me that the Exeter tram horses have long been a disgrace to that city, and that in Sunderland many horses are used in cabs which are poor, lame, and worn out. ITALIO.—You do not explain yourself. I thank you for your kind remarks.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—The "Swindling Gangs" stories were written by an Anglo-Indian journalist, and each one was founded on absolute fact. I am hoping to obtain some more articles from Aunt Fan. Plenty of works have been written on the subject of fatalism. You would find them in any public library.

W. E. L. T.—I think the public are unnecessarily timid on this subject of mad dogs. I also believe that a muzzle is of no value whatever. A mad dog does not wait to have his muzzle put on before it goes out to do mischief.

SPAIN.—Your plan of exchange might be very serviceable to us, but, if it were, I doubt if our European friends would agree to it.

C. E. S.—who is a young lady of eighteen—writes me a letter which is partly a reproof and partly praise. She suggests that I have a sarcastic smile, which suggestion would have pleased me immensely at twenty, when I cultivated that sort of smile. After thirty, one no longer takes pride in it. My friend also asks me to remember the time when I was young myself, and fond of girls' society. This is unkind of her; she need not have impressed my age upon me. She evidently considers that I have passed the time when a man is any longer fond of girls' society. Alas! sinner that I am, I still crave for it, even at my age! But I must forgive my young friend for her unkindness (young girls are so thoughtless), for much of her letter is extremely kind, and though it makes me feel like an old fogey, I know she does not mean to be severe. My friend talks about good girls and says, "We are always making good resolutions and then breaking them." I am afraid I am wicked enough to be almost glad to think that we men are not alone in finding it difficult to be supremely good. There is something very inhuman about the woman of fiction, who is all purity and goodness without any effort. We see her on the stage, and we know that she is the heroine of all orthodox fiction. I have come to take a dislike to her. Women have their struggles with the flesh as men have. They have their faults, their follies, and their vices. I do not think we should love them so well if they had not, and I am sure they would never be able to tolerate us.

M. W.—Francis Xavier was a Roman Catholic "saint" who lived in the sixteenth century, and was one of the first disciples of Ignatius Loyola. G. Q. A.—Many thanks for your letter and enclosure. G. A.—Many thanks for your letter which I have read with much interest. J. G.—Write to R. Forder, 28, Stone-

cutter Street, for the sixpenny pamphlet I recommended some time ago.

W. H.—It is not an uncommon thing for a bounty to be given by a Government when it is desired to encourage a particular industry. One or two countries on the Continent, I believe, give a sugar bounty to their own people to encourage the growing and manufacture of beet-root sugar, and thereby to keep money in the country which would otherwise go into the pockets of the West Indian planter and the English mercantile service. I doubt if the British Parliament would ever sanction a bounty on wheat, so there is little need to trouble about the question.

T. H.—A good many correspondents seem to regard me as a very convenient catspaw. Interested parties are continually asking me to take up, and make public, this, that, and the other case; but they are always very anxious that their names should be scrupulously kept out of the matter. I am to do all the work in their interests. To-DAY is to run the chance of libel suits, and these correspondents of mine are not even to be inconvenienced by the mention of their names.

R. D. M.—I think the method of advertising to which you call my attention may be left to die of itself. I am inclined to think that the advertiser will one day awaken to the fact that instead of attracting he is simply irritating people.

W. K. tells me that in the Isle of Man the glass stands so high that it is impossible to read it, as the mercury has gone beyond register, and that ripe strawberries are being gathered in that island.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

A FEMININE IMPOSTOR.*

In this stirring novel Lucile takes the place of her cowardly brother in a duel. Fortunately, her antagonist sees through her disguise, and treats her accordingly:—

"She held out the coat, looked at it in a half-frightened way, and from it down at her own gown. As hardly needs saying, seeing what her father's opinions were, it was fashioned in the severest style of revolutionary simplicity. It was a costume that offered no obstacle to her half-formed purpose. Her face flushed, and her eyes began to sparkle, as she saw how simply it could be done, and set about the transformation. The skirts were easily drawn up, so that when she put on her brother's high-collared coat there was no trace of woman's drapery to be seen. As for her feet, they were easily hidden. She had but to draw on his top-boots over her own little shoes. Her rebellious brown hair was the worst. It had to be tucked away under his hat, so that only the wavy ends were seen hanging down on either side of her cheeks, as was the mode for young men of fashion. By the help of a golden hand-mirror, which she took from the jewel-case, even this was done at last to her satisfaction, and a faint smile forced its way up through her distress at the irresistible travesty of her brother, that was staring at her out of the glass.

"The morning was misty, with little or no wind, and what there was changed, so that now they were under the lee of the point, and the sea came in easily on the beach. The fog was drifting slowly in-shore, but not too

* "A Business in Great Waters." By Julian Corbett. (Methuen. 6s.)

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



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thickly for her to make out through the moving veil two figures pacing up and down upon the sand. The rest of the world the fog cut off, and a deep impression of solitude took hold of her. Of what still existed of the world of yesterday there was nothing to tell except the pulse of the unseen sea, and the sound of it was so indolent and unconcerned as only to add to her sense of isolation. Perhaps even then she would have gone back, had she not seen the two figures stop and turn at the sound of the closing door. There was nothing to do then but to advance towards them as boldly as she might. The fog crowded in behind her as she went, with a kind of hurry, she felt, to cut off all support. With no less haste it thinned before her, till she could plainly see her adversary, and the sight of his face and gallant bearing so quickened the memory of his words that her spirit leaped up again, and she confronted him with good countenance enough.

"You have no witness, sir," he said, after they had formally saluted each other.

"'Tis no matter," she answered; "one is enough."

"He looked at her very hard as she spoke, so that she feared his clear, grey eyes would detect her.

"I think we are ready," she went on, to hasten the matter before she was discovered.

"I think so," he said.

"He began unbuttoning his coat, but she drew her blade with a flourish.

"Will you not remove your coat, sir?" he said, surprised.

"'Tis very raw," she answered hurriedly, "and I easily take cold."

"It was so strange a speech, at such a time, that Curtis hardly knew whether to laugh at its effeminacy, or to admire it for a piece of cool impudence, as though the danger of his blade were not worth considering beside the inclemency of the air. He was in excellent spirits at the prospect of his approaching escape. His little affair of honour he regarded as no more than a jest. 'I will but disarm the youngster,' he had explained to Ducket, 'or perhaps leave him a scratch to boast of; for 'tis a game bantam, if crowing's anything.' The humour of the lad's last remark fairly set him aglow with geniality, and he cried, '*En garde*, then, sir!' in the pleasantest manner imaginable.

"He never forgot the exquisite grace with which she saluted and fell on guard, nor she the sinking of her heart as they engaged. It was not so much fear that seized hold of her, as the naked conviction of his power. Till that moment she had really believed that she could fence. Her easy victories over Aymon had given her a natural confidence, but here was something utterly strange to her experience. His wrist was like iron, her blade seemed frozen to his, and the stare of his eyes dominated her so fiercely that her head began to swim.

"Play there was none. She had bare time to realise her helplessness when her sword flew from her grasp; his point flashed across her eyes; her hat was suddenly whipped off, and her hair rolled down in masses upon her shoulders. It was done in a moment—and more besides, for, before she could cry out, or move, or think, he had put his left arm about her and kissed her with a merry laugh.

"That is how we fight ladies in my country," cried he; and now he stood saluting her with hat and sword—the gallantest, merriest, most maddening figure in the world."

CLUB CHATTER.

My colleague, "Randolph," has so often spoken in favour of allowing smoking in theatres, that I have been following with a good deal of interest a discussion going on in the Paris Press asking why permission to smoke is refused to playgoers. Practically, every manager and critic has spoken on the subject, and they are fairly equally divided in their views. As a matter of fact, I

should say that it would be simply courting a repetition of the Opéra Comique horror to permit smoking in nine out of every ten Parisian theatres. Old-fashioned, with wood as dry as tinder, seats placed in rows so close together that you cannot move, a common wooden staircase, into which gallery and dress circle open. That is the Paris theatre. A lighted match would turn these places into furnaces in a few minutes. I remember once going to the Scala. It was packed, and the only seat available was in the dress circle. I sat there for an hour, and I never looked at the stage. I was all the time working out the problem of how I was going to get out in case of a panic. And I am not a nervous man. When Lord Mayor Renals was in Paris they took him to the Comédie Française. He stood it for an hour, and then he went outside and perspired on the doorstep. "That may be the home of Molière," he remarked, "and that is the only air that I can find!"

I AM not at all surprised to hear that the lengths to which the *deshabillé* has gone in Paris theatres is calling forth a protest from the Society of Fine Arts, who are demanding that the censor shall use some discretion. When two gentlemen and a lady walk on to the stage and are set upon by a crowd of roughs, who strip them of all clothing that they can take away with any regard to decency, things have gone pretty far, to say the least of it. Meanwhile, I hear on good authority that *La Modele*, the new play to be produced shortly at the Odéon, by those brilliant writers, Fouquier and Bertal, contains a *deshabillé* scene so daring that half the actresses in Paris are intriguing to secure the principal rôle.

THOSE who know how badly Paris is lighted—notwithstanding its reputation as *la ville lumière*—will appreciate the decision of the Municipal Council to light it from end to end by electricity and to complete the work before the 1900 Exhibition.

A MONTE CARLO correspondent writes me:—The glory of Monte Carlo seems to be departing. I have wintered here for the last ten years, but now I have finished. They are not making the money at the rooms that they did in the old days, and a fatal policy of economy is being followed. Everyone is cycling, old and young. It is the craze this season. Young girls worry me at dinner with descriptions of different gears and tyres, and old men and maidens discuss makers and makes as though they were chatting over the performances of Ormonde and St. Blaise. The Russians are playing heavily, but the English are not doing much. I am told that there is a lot of heavy play going on at the card-tables in private rooms. The weather is gorgeous, and we are catching butterflies while you are putting on respirators.

FROM what I have seen and heard I am inclined to think that fashionable men won't present such a sombre appearance this season as they have hitherto done. Last year the coloured frock-coat was seen chiefly at race meetings, but I have already come across a few in Piccadilly, and I have little doubt that they will speedily become fashionable. The favourite colour seems to be a kind of dark chocolate brown. They are very becoming on a tall man. With regard to the tie worn with the brown frock-coat, there is as yet little or no change from the tie with the black ground and small coloured pattern.

TALKING of brown frock-coats reminds me that Mr. Lewis Waller evidently regards them as the coming fashion in men's clothes. When playing the harassed politician in *An Ideal Husband*, it was in a brown frock coat that he chose to appear; and now, in the first act of *A Woman's Reason*, Mr. Waller again wears similar garments. Similar, did I say? Is it possible that—Well, why not? They look very nice, and I, for one, shall follow Mr. Waller's lead.

WE heard a good deal of talk last season about the long-tailed morning coat, and many men made up their minds that the frock-coat was doomed. That this is very far from being the case is pretty patent to anyone who likes to stroll down Piccadilly in the afternoon. The fact is frock-coats have been "out" for so long—as far as young men are concerned—that now they have once become fashionable they are not likely to disappear very suddenly. This season they will be made somewhat shorter than those of last year. The waistcoats will be double-breasted, of course, the opening at the neck being V-shaped, and not very deep—about low enough to admit of a small expanse of shirt front on either side of the tie being plainly visible.

THE Parkhurst theatre at Holloway is, I hear, filled every night with north Londoners anxious to see that prime old pantomime, "*Dick Whittington*," and I should imagine that the inclusion of such pretty girls as Miss Nina L'Estelle, and Miss Marlowe, is having much to do with its success. Fred Storey, better known as an inimitable dancer than a painter, is responsible for the scenery, and Sir Augustus Harris will pay the theatre a

visit next week with that managerial eye of his wide open for the discovery of fresh talent.

I CAME across a distinct novelty in socks the other day. They were like miniature golf stockings in appearance, the patterns and texture being precisely the same. They certainly looked very warm and comfortable, but I am afraid the wearing of a pair would necessitate taking a very large size in boots, and so few of us can afford to do that.

By-the-way, talking of boots reminds me that (whether owing to the influence of *Tribby* or not, I cannot say), everyone is now paying a good deal of attention to the beautifying of their feet. A well-known West-end chiropodist told me the other day that scores of men have apparently just awakened to the fact that the human foot, when deformed by the modern pointed-toe boot, is not a pretty or elegant thing. The result of this is that the chiropodist's assistance has been called in, and men—and ladies too, for the matter of that—are trying to coax their feet back into the pattern

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As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on "*Pushing the Trade*" and "*Making Sales*," so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce.

Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These have not been effected without very great care and attention—care and attention to minute matters which to others may have seemed at times to be some what fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.



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One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.

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originally designed by nature. This takes a little time after long years of narrow boots with pointed block toes.

In Solo Whist a very important consideration when calling an Abundance on two suits of equal length but different strength is the selection of which you announce as trumps. When one is of head strength in sequence, such as Ace, King, Queen, Jack, and, say, two small cards, and the other of divided head strength, such as Ace, Queen, Jack, 9, 8, 6, the weaker suit should be chosen. As a plain suit it would be ineffective unless the caller could establish it by clearing away the King and 10, and to do this he would require sufficient trumps to draw the adverse trumps first, and then to bring himself in again on each occasion that he lost the lead in the plain suit. Should his last trump be exhausted before he had established the mastery of the suit, or cleared all the other trumps, his chance of making nine tricks would be practically hopeless.

In this case we are assuming that the plain suit is divided against him unfavourably, say King, 10, and two more in one hand, or King supported in one hand, and 10 with three more in another. Say he made his first entry by ruffing, and finding four trumps with one opponent, had to play four rounds to draw them. He would then probably only make Ace and Jack of the plain suit—eight tricks in all—and lose his declaration. And now let us see what would have occurred with the same distribution of cards and divided suit made trumps.

The caller would use one trump to bring himself in, play Ace and Queen, lose the lead, ruff to come in again, lead Jack, and then with one of two remaining trumps, the ten being but against him, proceed to force the latter by playing his Ace, King, Queen, Jack plain suit, and unless five cards, ranging to the nine or ten were against him in one hand he must make ten tricks. In both these instances it has been assumed that the caller

was not first player. With the original lead either suit as trumps would be equally successful.

To have first lead so as to draw a round of two of trumps before being forced means, as a rule, one trump ahead on the situation. And on doubtful hands this consideration often governs experienced players as to whether they shall declare or not. With broken trumps you may take it roughly that for every time that you are likely to lose the lead you require one trump in excess of the greatest number that, on the average of chances, you may expect to find against you in one hand, in order to eventually bring in your plain suit. Thus with Ace, Queen, 10, 9, 8, 6, and the lead, you would probably lose it twice, but as you might not expect to find more than four trumps together against you, your plain suit would eventually come in.

SIMILAR considerations in respect to the advantages of first leads, and the selection of the trump suit apply not only to abundances, but to the second suit. Solo calls in the Kimberley game, in Solo Whist for three, and also for two players.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

S. S. S.—I fear that you are fighting the wind, for I am quite at one with you in what you advance. The Wellington and Bluecher calls played under the conditions you quote are perfectly legitimate, but they are mostly used in the way I stated, and this I consider unjustifiable. You may take it that mine is the correct version of the origin of the calls.

CONSTANT READER.—Fourth hand is justified in proposing with Ace, Queen, and three other trumps.

BARKIS.—If you and your set are willing, there is nothing more to be said. The laws of the American Whist League do not permit a player to look at the last trick after it has been turned and quitted, and as this principle seems to be in accord with the

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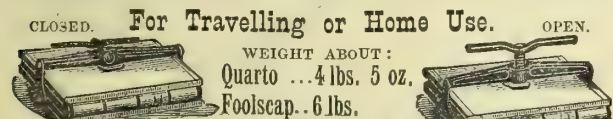
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ideas of most of our modern authorities, I think it not unlikely that it will be eventually adopted here.

H. A. R.—No trouble, my dear sir, I assure you. With regard to your invention, I'm afraid I don't see what advantage yours will have over the article at present in use. It is difficult to say more in print, as you are probably not anxious to have your secret made known until you have obtained a provisional patent. If you will write more fully I may be of help to you; at any rate I will do what I can.

J.F.A. (New Jersey) tells me how he successfully treated a badly-burned meerschaum pipe:—"I bought some vaseline. I smoked my pipe until it got hot. Then, with my finger, I gently rubbed vaseline over the hot pipe where it ought to have been coloured, but was burned. I repeated this frequently, until the meerschaum became saturated, when I had no further trouble. The pipe now is just perfect, being lovely to look at and heavenly to smoke."

LONGNOSE.—(1) Certainly, your game was quite correct. (2) I do not consider that your game was at all a selfish one; I should have done the same thing myself.

NAPOLEON.—When a player calls four he can only be superseded by a "nap."

S. C.—(1) I know of no glove that is manufactured on purpose for cycling in, but you might possibly get what you want by writing to any firm of Athletic Outfitters. (2) You could get kid gloves made to your order by placing your instructions with any good hosiery. I don't think you would have to order more than three pairs at a time.

S. W. J. BRADFORD.—If you had only told me whether or not you spoke French, I could have answered your questions better. Let me give you one word of good advice: Have nothing to do with those guides that hang about the Grand Hotel, who offer to show you all the life of Paris. They are generally sharp, and a few of them would hardly be welcome at Alexandra Park Races. As to music-halls, there is the Olympia, close to the Grand Hotel; the Casino and the Moulin Rouge, which are a mixture of the music-hall and the dancing establishments; the Folies Bergère, which is very English in its entertainment. The French variety theatre, pure and simple, would to-day be meaningless to you, as they are devoted to *revues*, which are of interest only to those who have closely followed French history for the year. If you are staying at the Grand Hotel, the head waiter will generally give you a lot of useful hints. I should certainly drop into the Musée Grévin for an afternoon.

M. A. H. writes:—"I happen to be a teetotaler, and as such am often in a quandary to know what short palatable drink to

take in company with my fellow man when he enjoys his whisky." I am afraid "M. A. H." has asked me a question that admits of only one answer—leave off being a teetotaler. But if this is not convenient "M. A. H." should stick to small lemon squashes. With the thermometer down to 22 deg. at night this doesn't sound very invigorating, but I'm firmly convinced that a lemon squash is the most convenient drink under the circumstances.

SCOT.—Yours is an excellent idea, but you have been forestalled. Mr. R. G. Knowles has taken out a patent for the same thing. I will find out the address of the manufacturers and let you know.

J. W. H. (Glasgow).—Your friends are right; cigarette cases of plain silver do get scratched more quickly than the other kind, but they have the advantage of not getting dirty so quickly. A cigarette case of chased silver must be thoroughly cleaned at least once a week if it is to look at all decent. I much prefer a plain case with a neat monogram, and I'm sure you won't regret it if you follow my advice and have one.

FANCY DRESS.—You would only spoil your evening clothes if you had them altered. Why not hire the costume you want? You would probably get the very thing at Messrs. Nathan and Co., Bear Street, Leicester Square.

C. V.—It is usual to put "Mr." before your name on a visiting card.

RAW SCOTCHMAN.—(1) No, you must certainly not address all young ladies by their christian names. Of course, it would be absurd to speak to a mere child as "Miss," followed by her surname; but the exact age at which the difference can be made varies considerably. It all depends on the child. If she is a very "old" child she might feel offended if you didn't treat her with all possible ceremony. (2) On calling on people for the first time, you may either send in your card or not—whichever you like. (3) No; Oxford shoes cannot be worn at a dance. You must invest in a pair of pumps.

W. S.—Many thanks for your kindly appreciation of this column. Paddock coats are not made with sack backs now, but perhaps you could have yours altered to fit closely. You can have velvet cuffs to match the collar if you like, but they are not essential. Black mufflers are not worn much now, but anything in black is never very far wrong.

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RICHMOND GEM



CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

As I walked along the Strand the other day, I saw Professor Lecky with a bundle of books under his arm. He was looking up at the Law Courts with a somewhat dazed expression, as if he couldn't understand how they had attained such a weather-beaten appearance in the last few years. Professor Lecky is a tall man, clad in the orthodox silk hat and frock coat. He is reddish-haired, of a ruddy complexion withal, has a fringe of whiskers, with hollow face, high cheek bones, and heavy wrinkles about the eyes. His feet are ample.

"Random Rhymes and Christmas Chimes," by Miss Lily Overington (Digby Long), is a somewhat commonplace collection of verse. "A loyal land affords th' regretful tear" is rather a difficult line to scan. "Roughing it on the Stage," by Leopold Wagner (Iliffe and Son, 1s.), comes perilously near, as a title, to "On the Stage and Off," but lacks the humour of the latter, although interestingly written. "Sunny Manitoba," by A. O. Legge (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), is a somewhat dry yet exceedingly useful compilation about Manitoba and the North-West generally. Intending settlers there cannot do better than read it. By the way, the Guelph (Ontario) Agricultural College is a capital place to which to send a youngster for a year or two before he begins farming on his own account. "The Palace of Delights and Other Poems," by Henry Osborne, M.A. (Digby Long, 3s. 6d.), is not without merit, but a little incongruous in places. What is "A warm exhale of violet"?

Wirrasthroe! and ochone! and all the other generally received expressions of lamentation. Gertrude Atherton, the clever writer of "The Doomsdancer," has just completed a novel of 195,000 words, and it will shortly see the light without any curtailment. The story is an American one. Eighty thousand words would be ample. It reminds me of an author at the Vagabond Club, who was going to read a few chapters of a forthcoming work. First the chairman went round and asked him to knock off a chapter. Then the vice-chairman sauntered innocently by and suggested that a second chapter might go. When it came to the deputy vice-chairman's expressing an opinion that a brief synopsis of the plot or an anecdote would fill a long-felt want, the indignant author rolled up his proofs and went home. Can't Mrs. Atherton knock off a hundred thousand words from her story, and let us feast on the 95,000?

Here is a story for the collectors of Zangwilliana. Zangwill has had a sofa stuffed with his press cuttings—a far more sensible plan than stuffing himself with them. Well, he deserves to lie soft, for he has risen solely by his own brilliant talent and originality.

Have just been reading Mr. Vizetelly's translation of Zola's "The Fat and the Thin" (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), and am very agreeably surprised to find it utterly free from the grossness which disfigures so much of his earlier work. It is a story of life in and around those vast central markets which form so distinctive a feature of modern Paris. The plot of the story is very slight; but what amazes one is Zola's photographic accuracy in depicting the traits and appearance of every bird, beast, fish, and vegetable to be found in these great markets. The book is worth reading, if only to show that realism need not necessarily be of the gutter. Florent, the hero, is an irresolute dreamer who has escaped from Cayenne, and is ultimately sent back again. The characterisation of the people with whom he comes in contact after his return is simply marvellous.

The name of Mr. Francis Gribble's new book, to appear

on the 15th February (Messrs. Innes and Co.), is "The Things that Matter." It raises the question—What will happen when people try to keep two artistic temperaments going in a house where there is only room for one?

The following notice caught my eye in an odd copy of the *Behar Times*, the other day. The noteworthy thing about this programme is its lack of comprehensiveness:—

NOTICE.

The *Harbinger*, published fortnightly at Lahore, advocates Monotheism, Vegetarianism, Temperance, Philanthropy, Yoga, and the study of Sanscrit, Science, Arts and Professions, Social Reform, giving a Translation of the Rig Veda and the Six Schools of Philosophy, and important news.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—Thanks for your pleasant note. Here is your riddle for the world to guess. The only clue I shall give is that it concerns a poet:—

My first goes bobbing up and down
Through country lane or busy town;
My second you can open fling,
Close fast, or set upon the swing;
My whole is where a poet lies,
Who gave us our Lost Paradise.

H. H.—My dear sir, in the far off days when your first letter was written, I hadn't a shop of my own, and I fear that when I took over the concern some of the correspondence was omitted. You must remember that this part of the paper is always printed a fortnight ahead of actual dates. Your sonnet is very good, a little over-alliterative, and the accents are not indicated. You have evidently made a close study of the sonnet form.

POET LAUREATE.—Oh, well, it can't be helped. Swinburne and William Morris are the great uncrowned kings of verse, and the appointment is an eminently respectable one. You can't go along the Strand now without meeting a disappointed candidate for the post, clad in black, and looking like a "Praise-God Barebones" without anything for which to thank his Maker. After all, the appointment does not alter the fact that we have two great poets; it only shows that elementary education has not yet reached the "upper succles."

L. A. MACE.—The article appears in the October (1893) number of the *Idler*, and can be obtained at the *Idler* office.

S. G.—I take this opportunity of thanking you, and many other kind friends, for good wishes. It is a great pleasure to receive an occasional pat on the back from a reader when one has been trying to "get at the roots of things."

P. B. I.—Have seen no such book as the one you mention. A good many of my personal friends are out in Armenia now as correspondents. I was in Armenia a few years ago and know Diarbekir, Sivas, and Kharpoot (pronounced "Harpoon") by heart. The American missionaries at Kharpoot were very fine fellows; and there was one poor woman missionary who wouldn't go home after her ten years of service, because there was a tiny grave close to the mission house, which she could not bear to leave. The missionaries were educating the Armenians; the whole province was oppressed and robbed by the Turks. What can you expect when the governor of a province buys his place on the understanding that he is to make what he can get out of it? I once stayed with a pious old Turk at Aleppo who was much admired, because he had "eaten" three provinces. And he was still hungry.

A LITERARY ENQUIRER wants to know if, in justice to himself, he should put "all he knows" into his first book. I don't think there will be any harm in his unloading himself in this way, provided he gradually prepares the British public for what is coming. It is the "filling up" process he will find most trying—that sort of horrid vacuum when a man sits forlornly gazing at his paper, and the gods won't hear his prayer for genius wherewith to electrify the world. No one writes a poor book from choice; and there is nothing sweeter in this world than to throw down the pen at the end of a work in which one has put all one's body and soul, and toiled and laughed and sweated and wept over, and to be able to say, "Whatever may come of it, this book is honest, pure, clean work, the best that is in me." We want earnestness in fiction, nobility of aim and purpose, the "desire of the moth for the star," rather than the loathsome yearning of the beetle for the dung-heap. Ninety-six is a good year to begin; there never was such a chance for a new man whose one object in life is not to make so much a thousand words. Now "Literary Enquirer," think this out before you begin to unload.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

*Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.**Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.*

PART I.

CHAPTER VII.

AT COURT.



THE relations of the Court of Spain with the Imperial Government at this period were characterised by excessive courtesy on both sides. Napoleon displayed an incessant solicitude for the affairs of the Monarchy, and by this the King pretended to be profoundly

touched. But in reality, Napoleon already contemplated the transfer of the crown of Spain to one of his own brothers, and in the meantime was dragging out of the country all that it could be made to furnish in subsidies and soldiers.

Some months earlier than the period of this narrative King Charles, in pursuance of this ultra-friendly policy, had sent twenty superb horses, taken from his breeding stud at Aranjuez, to the Emperor, and now, in return, the Emperor had sent to the Queen twelve Court robes and three Court mantles of extraordinary richness and beauty of design, manufactured at Lyons, and made up by the famous house of Defodon Sisters, Paris. The French Ambassador had been instructed to present these gifts to the Queen, in solemn audience, and the representative of Defodon Sisters was commanded to attend on a certain day. Preparations for the event had been going on at the Aranjuez Palace since early morning, and by ten o'clock the "Gallery of Festas" was adorned as though for a great festival. The robes and mantles were displayed in front of the thrones by Stéphanie Defodon, with the assistance of the Royal Cameristas, and she was bustling about, full of business and self-importance, giving her orders with all the self-possession of a Parisian, perfectly at home, as finely-dressed as the lay figures on which the costumes intended for Maria Luisa were displayed, and as vainglorious as though the robes and mantles were given by herself. Stéphanie was accompanied by the Chevalier de Fontaine, who was not altogether comfortable. He had not been invited, but she had insisted on taking him to the Palace in the character of an employé of Defodon Sisters, whose services she required; but her real purpose was to present him to their Majesties, announce her approaching marriage with him, and implore them to obtain permission for him to return to France. The Chevalier longed so ardently to get back to his own country that he had allowed himself to be persuaded of the necessity of his presence, and, notwithstanding his confusion, he acquitted himself very well in his assumed character, obeying Stéphanie's orders promptly, arranging skirts and shaking out laces with a suspicious dexterity in the handling of feminine adornments.

The Gallery of Festas was filling rapidly with all the courtiers, male and female, and the *élite* of Spanish society, the whole company in Court dress, and the ladies glittering with jewels under the rays of the sun darting down through the lofty windows into the vast, perfumed hall, when a stir became perceptible on the side of the grand entrance, to which the great staircase led. Presently the Marquis de Beauharnais, in full gala dress, entered, preceded by halberdiers and chamberlains, and

followed by the entire staff of his Embassy. He was conducted to a chair of state at the foot of the throne.

Twenty minutes elapsed. The ambassador had graciously recognised Stéphanie as an old Paris acquaintance (his sister-in-law greatly approved of her taste and dexterity), and Stéphanie had contrived to present the Chevalier de Fontaine to his Excellency, while fussily displaying the Imperial gifts, to the despair of the assembled ladies, who were restrained with great difficulty by the Duquesa d'Arizza, First Lady-in-Waiting, and a most imposing personage, from invading the reserved space sacred to the gorgeous garments. Everything was ready for the reception of the Royal family, and all eyes were turned to the door by which they were to enter the gallery. But that door remained closed.

The Grand Chamberlain approached the Ambassador and addressed him in a low voice—

"Your Excellency must have a little patience. The King has not yet come in from hunting, but he will soon be here."

M. de Beauharnais bowed, without any expression or look of surprise. He was used to the ways of Charles IV.

Presently a clamour arose from the courtyard of the palace. A chamberlain went quickly to a window, looked out, and, turning to the Ambassador, he said—

"Your Excellency will not have long to wait. His Majesty is there."

"But what is the meaning of those cries?" asked M. de Beauharnais.

"Oh, nothing!" answered the chamberlain, laughing. "It is the King beating one of his grooms. That is a habit of his; he either flatters or flogs them."

The noise outside subsided, and in the gallery there was profound silence. At length the King and Queen, announced by their officers of the household, appeared.

Charles IV. was in hunting dress—a chocolate-coloured cloth coat with brass buttons, doe-skin breeches, and blue stockings; on his grey wig, of the fashion of Louis XVI., which accentuated his Bourbon type, he wore a black three-cornered hat, much turned up at the brim.

He was only fifty-nine, but looked much older. His gait was slow and heavy, but not wanting in majesty.

The Queen, whose rich and elaborate attire contrasted strangely with his, walked by the King's side. A golden tiara, each point terminating in a big pearl, rested on her frizzed hair, pepper and salt colour now, and a glittering aigrette rose upright from the parting above her forehead. A gown of yellow satin, trimmed with lace of the kind then called "English point," clung to her figure like a sheath; the bodice ended immediately beneath the hardly-veiled bosom, and an over-vest of silk. The flat sleeves reached only to the elbow; on both wrists were bracelets, one of gold with a padlock, the other formed of a single ruby.

All this adornment, far from beautifying Maria Luisa, made the handiwork of her fifty-three years more manifest. The poor queen was but a ruin, wrinkled, faded, and lamentable. Nevertheless, she came in smiling, showing a double row of false teeth between her thick lips. Behind her, and between his two younger brothers, came the Prince of the Asturias, his face wearing its invariable expression of sullen melancholy. The Prince of the Peace, always audacious, ostentatiously walked in the same line with Don Ferdinand, and carried his head over the son of his King.

Then came the suite: the Queen's ladies, Margarita de Castrogeriz among them, Rafael d'Osorio, looking right soldierly in his Royal Guards' uniform, Juan Morera dressed in sombre black, and with a stern mien, lost amid the high functionaries of the palace, none of whom perhaps equalled him in power and will.

The King and Queen seated themselves, the Infantes were placed near them, the Prince of the Asturias by his father's side, his brothers by the Queen's, and the Prince of the Peace leaned carelessly on the back of Her Majesty's throne. The Comte de Beauharnais, standing in

front of the King, read, while His Majesty also stood, an address in which the Ambassador of France in the name of the Emperor, thanked Charles IV. for his present of horses and asked permission to offer some specimens of French industry to the Queen.

The King replied, and in words at once pompous and familiar, expressed the gratitude with which the constant kindness of his powerful friend Napoleon inspired him. He concluded his discourse by these words, which terminated the official ceremony—

"Now, let us go and contemplate these masterpieces."

He then stepped down from the throne, and the Queen following him, they proceeded to a serious and leisurely inspection of Napoleon's costly gifts.

"This is the artist to whom the merit of these beautiful things is due," said the Ambassador kindly, presenting Stéphanie.

"Stéphanie Defodon, of Defodon Sifers, Paris," she explained in a faltering voice.

"Accept my best compliments, and my acknowledgments, charming French lady," replied the Queen, in the Spanish form.

Stéphanie was for a moment on the point of fainting; but she recovered by a strong effort, and did the honours of her productions with great grace and propriety. The Queen exhibited childish delight with the finery; she uttered little cries, fresh exclamations at every moment, had not words sufficient to express her enthusiasm. She called on the King and on the Prince of the Peace successively to share her pleasure.

"Do look, Charles. Is it not lovely? Do admire this, Manuel."

And the Court surpassed the encomiums of Maria Luisa. By degrees the laws of etiquette lost their force, and ladies-in-waiting, the wives of Grandees, and others, gathered in a group around the Queen. Everybody talked, the Gallery resounded with voices. The King related the incidents of the morning's hunt, Beauharnais conversed with Godoy and Morera. Other groups were formed, farther off, and Stéphanie, taking full advantage of her accidental favour, interested the Queen in her love affair, and presented the Chevalier de Fontaine.

"If your Majesty pleases to desire it, my betrothed will be restored to his country."

"We shall bless your Majesty," added the Chevalier, humbly.

The Queen laughed heartily; she was much amused by the adventure of this gentleman who was going to marry a dressmaker for love.

The Prince of the Asturias held himself aloof from all this commotion in a corner alone, casting moody and scornful glances upon the frivolous crowd, disporting itself while Spain was rushing to her ruin. He counted the courtiers who ventured to approach him. Beauharnais

himself, after he had saluted him on his entrance, avoided him. Everyone, except Rafael, forsook him.

He was suddenly aroused from his meditation.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," said a low voice, "assume another countenance. Do not make your enemies rejoice."

He turned sharply round. It was Margarita Castrogeriz who had spoken.

"Ah, Doña Margarita, I am very unhappy."

"Wait until we are alone to tell me."

She laid her finger on her lips, and disappeared in the crowd.

The guests had left the palace after the *déjeuner*, on the departure of the Ambassador of France, and the King had retired to his apartments for his customary siesta. This was the hour at which the Prince of the Peace, when at Madrid, habitually visited the Queen. She would summon him to her room, and dismiss her attendants, and then with closed doors Godoy and she would agree upon the measures which were to be submitted for the assent of the King, who never had, in any single instance, refused it. He could not refuse Godoy anything; he was attached to him, depended on him for society, and blindly followed his advice whatever it might be. This confidence was the creation of Maria Luisa. For fifteen years she had incessantly praised the devotion of the favourite in the hearing of her Royal husband.

Nevertheless, she had reason to complain of Godoy, to whom, betrayed, maltreated, humiliated as she was in her womanly dignity, and in her queenly pride, she owed much more sorrow than joy. In her he regarded only the docile instrument of his unbridled ambition. His arrogance, now that the unhappy Queen was growing old, was still less restrained; he did not even keep silence upon his infidelities. Far, however, from detaching her-

self from this ingrate, she multiplied her efforts to please him, and in the vain hope of keeping him, she submitted to his will, and executed his orders. The entire Court, all Spain, knew the lamentable truth; only the King was ignorant of it. History affirms this, and innumerable episodes support its affirmation.

The relations of the two accomplices were frequently traversed by storms. No sooner was she alone with the man who was now her lover only in name, than the poor woman began to complain and lament, reproaching him with his ill-conduct, and with all she had done for him which he had so ill-requited. He would listen to her at first with impatience, then with rage, threatening to see her no more, and having reduced her to imploring his forgiveness, would haughtily consent to pardon her outbreaks of temper.

On this day nothing of the sort had happened. The



THE KING BEATING ONE OF HIS GROOMS.

Queen, who was pleased with the Emperor's presents, received Godoy after the old fashion of time when she had believed herself loved, and an unaccustomed calm reigned in the cool, lofty, and luxurious chamber. Maria Luisa had discarded her gorgeous array, replaced it by an Indian muslin wrapper, and was now lying on a sofa, while Godoy, occupying a low chair opposite, was in earnest conference with her respecting the visit he had received from the French Ambassador, which greatly disturbed the Queen. She was alarmed and exasperated by these fresh exactions of Napoleon.

"Will he never cease to harass us by his demands?" she asked, despairingly. "What has he not got out of us?"

"He is indeed insatiable, but he knows how to show his gratitude."

"Towards you, perhaps, Manuel, but not towards Spain."

"He has given a kingdom to your nephew and to your daughter."

"Yes, the kingdom of Ituria: and has he not boasted of it sufficiently? A kingdom! Much of that, indeed! He gives them to all his family. And besides, is he not talking of taking it back? That man, Manuelito, is a scourge to us all. Cannot some one be found to deliver us from him? I would pay well whoever would kill him."

"That is woman's talk," Godoy objected gravely. "You have already said that sort of thing before the King, and he begged you to observe that your words were not those of a Christian."

"Oh, he," replied the Queen, with a shrug of her shoulders, "he would let himself be robbed without crying out."

"You wrong him. He is ready to resist, but how? We are in Napoleon's hands."

"Then you are going to yield to him again, to give him sixteen thousand men for his war against Portugal. Take care, Manuel. After he has eaten up the Braganzas, he will eat up us, the Bourbons of Spain, like the Bourbons of France and the Bourbons of Naples."

"Unless he contents himself with dethroning Charles IV., and enthroning Ferdinand VII."

"What is that you say?"

Godoy rose, approached the Queen, and leaning over her, answered—

"I say that if we do not yield he will favour Ferdinand secretly. Is that what you wish?"

"No, no; anything rather than that."

"Then support me with the King, when I shall advise him to agree to Napoleon's demands."

"You do not require to be supported, Manuel. It is enough for you to advise. Charles sees only through your eyes."

"It is not for you to complain of that."

Someone knocked discreetly at the door.

"Who is there?" said the Queen.

Godoy did not wait for a reply, but opened the door.

Juan Morera appeared.

"I came to inquire for your Majesty," he said. "Are my services required?"

The Queen shook her head, while the Court Physician came forward, bowing low to her.

"You cannot cure my malady, doctor," said she. "Only Manuel can do that."

Godoy made an impatient gesture.

"What is it now?" he asked, angrily.

"If you would be more affectionate, more tender——"

"Do you hear her?" he exclaimed, looking at Morera.

"Who would believe that she is fifty-three?"

The Queen revolted against this insult.

"My heart has not grown old, Manuel."

"You are always complaining."

"Because you forsake me, ingrate that you are."

"I don't forsake you, since I am here by your side."

"Yes, to offend and wound me incessantly."

"Go on, if you like; I'm off!"

He moved away, but the Queen, by a suppliant cry, detained him.

"Stay, stay!" she sobbed; "I will complain no more."

She dried her tears, while Godoy came towards her, resuming—

"We should be so happy if you did not persist in persecuting me."

"And if you still loved me."

"There is nobody whom I love more than you."

Suddenly touched, he knelt down before her. He was unwilling to leave her, presently, under the stroke of his cruel words.

Juan Morera, seeing that a reconciliation would be effected without his interposition, had turned away to a window, and was looking out through the lattice blinds at the gardens, silent and solitary at this time of day. No doubt what he saw there excited his curiosity, for he remained for some time in the same attitude. But when at length he turned, he addressed the Queen—

"Does your Majesty wish to know what his Highness the Prince of the Asturias is doing at this moment?"

"What is he doing?" asked the Queen, recalled in a moment to one of her pressing troubles.

"He is in the shrubberies on the side of the island. I have just caught sight of him."

"He is taking a walk," said Godoy; "it is no matter."

"A walk at siesta time! No matter! That is not my notion."

"What do you think, doctor?" asked the Queen. "Pray tell us!"

"I don't think the Prince has merely gone out for a walk, but I do think he is keeping an appointment."

"With whom?"

"With whom? With Doña Castrogeriz, of course!"

"Doña Margarita!" cried the Queen. "I was not mistaken, then. I observed them exchanging signs. So much the better, if he cares for that pretty girl. She will not give him bad advice."

"No, I am not afraid of that; but they are both young, and if the devil, or, rather, if love meddles with the matter——"

"Well! and what harm? If he falls in love, he will forget ambition."

"And that is all we want of him," observed Godoy, coolly.

"And besides," said the Queen, "we can utilise the influence over him that Margarita will certainly acquire."

"But if the King were to learn that His Highness had wronged the daughter of a grandee?"

"It would be a grievance the more against Ferdinand. You mentioned the devil, doctor. Let him alone; he is working for us."

On hearing the mother of the Prince say this, Juan Morera threw off his mask. His face shone with gladness and triumph.

"I am happy," he said, "to have anticipated your Majesty's intentions."

"My intentions! I don't understand you."

"Perhaps I count for something in this meeting of our love-birds, and more meetings of the kind are certain to occur, because such is my will. I shall be much surprised if Doña Margarita does not come to the Queen in three months, or three weeks, or perhaps sooner, with all the confidences of His Highness."

Maria Luisa sat up suddenly, and stared at Morera.

"Then you really are a sorcerer, doctor? I have been on the look-out for a long time for a girl sharp and cunning enough to get at his secrets."

"Your Majesty need look no farther," said Morera.

"Doña Margarita is the girl for you. She is in our interests."

"How much mistaken I have been! I should never have thought of her," was the natural answer of the astonished Queen.

While this edifying conversation was in progress Margarita de Castrogeriz, with whom Don Ferdinand had exchanged a few words on rising from the Royal table on the departure of the French Ambassador, was awaiting his arrival at the rendezvous which he had given her in the park. She was not troubled with any scruple; she well knew the austere morality of the Prince. To him,

such a relation with her as Juan Morera planned, and his mother gleefully anticipated, would have been abhorrent at any period, and, since the death of his wife, he had become deeply religious, with, perhaps, some exaggeration. Not more pure than her devotion to him was the grateful friendship of the Prince of the Asturias, for the unfortunate girl who would have died to serve, and was bound to ruin, him.

Margarita was seated on a bench in the deep shade of a grove of noble trees when the Prince appeared. She rose instantly and advanced to meet him, when he took

"Ah! I want to believe him so; but he was sent to me by my worst enemy, Godoy, and I never forget this. It comes remorselessly between him and me, like a warning phantom, and, although he has given me proofs of ardent zeal in my cause, I frequently ask myself whether his actions are not intended to deceive me to the full, so that he may betray me to the utmost."

"You must get rid of such a notion, sir. Don Rafael is absolutely to be trusted. Do not doubt him. I make myself answerable for the sincerity of his affection for you."



HE KNELT DOWN BEFORE HER.

her hand, led her back to her seat, and placed himself by her side.

"Will you forgive my boldness in asking you to come here, señorita?" he said.

"I am your Highness's servant."

"Do not speak so to me; the language of convention is not for us. I need, not a servant, but a friend. Yes, a friend, patient and sure; for I am quite alone at my father's Court, forsaken by his friends, and separated from mine."

"Has not your Highness at least one?"

"Of whom do you speak, Doña Margarita?"

"Of the Conde d'Osorio, sir. He is devoted to you—faithful and devoted."

"I thank you with all my heart for that assurance. This is what I want to hear. I have sore need of encouragement and guidance, for I am on the eve of a great enterprise. Oh! Margarita, come to my aid! Help me!"

"How can I, sir? What help can I give? I am only a woman, and we women can do so little."

"You can at least listen to me, when silence becomes too hard for me to keep, console me when I suffer, calm me when my wrath outruns my reason. You can tell the truth about me to the outside world, and, through your father, your family, and your friends, make me known to those who misjudge me because they are deceived by Godoy. Margarita! you live among my enemies; you

can put me on my guard against their snares. But will you do all I ask, or will you be afraid of compromising yourself?"

"Compromising myself!" She repeated his words with a bright smile. "I should have to be very dull and clumsy if I could not elude any suspicion that I was conniving with your Highness. I will do as Don Rafael does. I will play a double game, unless, indeed, you should think proper to suspect me also."

"No, no!" he cried. "Do not be afraid of that. My faith in you is perfect and invulnerable. I love and trust you as a sister."

"Then tell me all your troubles. You said just now that you were very unhappy."

"And so, indeed, I am. My mother hates me, and makes my father hate me too. Behind her is Godoy, making ready in the dark to strike me, and he is seconded by Juan Morera. Godoy wanted to make me marry his wife's sister! Imagine *me*, brother-in-law to that man! I told my mother that the idea filled me with horror and disgust, and she coolly told me that I must pay that price for reigning. I have refused to submit to the conditions that my mother and the favourite want to impose on me, and they threaten to make the King abdicate in favour of one of my brothers. But I will assert my rights before all Spain. I will appeal to the people."

"And raise a revolt? Oh, sir, take care! If it be repressed, and your adherents defeated, you will be lost for ever. You will have given your father a pretext for superseding you."

"I will try other means first. I will open my father's

eyes to the infidelity of the Queen and the treachery of Godoy. A painful task, but one that I must face for the country's sake. But this is not all. If necessary, I shall appeal to Napoleon for assistance and succour. I shall offer to place a lady of his family by my side on the throne of Spain. If I become his nephew he cannot forsake me. He must protect me against my enemies."

"To solicit the intervention of the Emperor would surely be dangerous, sir. Might he not profit by your family dissensions to lay hands on our country? My father regards him as our greatest enemy."

"When I shall have given his niece a crown he will cease to be an enemy."

"God grant it, sir! and give you success in all your undertakings. Women cannot fight; they can only pray."

She had risen. A great disquiet was in her eyes, and her face was deadly pale.

"I have told you all my secrets, Margarita," resumed Ferdinand, "and chosen you for my consoler."

"I am proud to be chosen, sir. I will love and serve you as a sister, and die for you, if needful. Only," she added, with emphasis, "be careful to tell no one else what you have told me! Treason watches at the gates of Aranjuez. Be prudent, Don Ferdinand. Let no one divine your purposes."

"I have confided them to no one but Don Rafael and yourself."

"Then they are safe," said she, thoughtfully.

END OF PART I.

(To be continued.)

A CHAT WITH MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

PERHAPS it was the greasy road, perhaps it was the threatening fog, or perchance the horse divined my mission and wished to give me a practical illustration of *The Divided Way*. But I know this one thing—my hansom "divided" at the corner of the Marylebone Road. It was the fault of the lamp-post, the driver said.

When we had sorted ourselves—the cabby, that portion of the hansom which had refused to follow the horse to Euston, and myself—I paid Jehu for the performance, shut my ears to the voices that criticised my first appearance in public, and hastened on my way to Miss Millard.

When I arrived at her pretty little home, I awaited her coming by drying myself before a cheerful fire, and tried to collect my thoughts.

Unfortunately, I found I had left them with the *débris* of the cab; possibly they were wildly careering down the Euston Road in company with the horse.

And then Miss Millard entered, and the fog cleared, and I forgot my sorrows. For Miss Millard is invigorating. She was the first person I had met for two days whose spirits had not been suffocated by the weather.

I told her my mission.

"Won't you sit down? I am very glad to see you, but"—I knew what was coming—"I hope you are not going to ask me where I was born, and why I went on the stage, and all those old questions. You will find me a very bad subject to interview; I think it so difficult to talk about one's self."

I wanted to tell Miss Millard that I came for the express purpose of hearing her talk about herself; but, as I have said, the questions I had carefully prepared were lost in the mazes of Euston.

"Will you tell me something about the St. James's play and Princess Flavia?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes! *A Prisoner of Zenda* is a fine piece of romantic work, isn't it? And it has come at just the right time—the birth of the new year, the dawn of a new era in dramatic art. We have left problems behind, and start afresh with dreams and ideals."

"And which does Miss Millard prefer?"

"Ah! that is a difficult question, and not a fair one, to boot. As I have just said, I like my part immensely as the Princess. I love romance and air-castles and fairy tales; but I do not believe men and women should read only dream-books, or see nothing save romances performed. Fairy tales are pretty, amusing; they are delightful as a relaxation from the stress and worry of worldly matters; but to-day we surely require more solid fare occasionally. We are not *all* overgrown children; therefore, we should not be afraid to face a problem of life, if that problem is faithfully represented to us by an author, dramatist, or artist. There is something grand and ennobling, to my mind, in firmly and boldly tackling a subject that deals with our modern life, and bringing it into the full, pure light of day, discussing the why and the wherefore, the mischief and the remedy. And this has been done by Ibsen—much reviled, but wonderful man—Pinero, Grundy, and, lastly, Mr. Esmond. Mr. Esmond came a little late, but he had something to say, and he said it well."

"Certain people think that certain subjects are unfitted for the theatre—are unsuitable for artistic treatment?"

"Was it not Goethe who wrote, 'No *real* thing is artistic so long as the artist knows how to use it?' The very name 'playhouse' or 'theatre' tells us that it is a place reserved for performances of life; 'imitations of man's daily life'; representations of the ambitions, desires, longings; the triumphs, failures, sorrows, and joys of men and women. And what could be more interesting, ennobling, and amusing? But, to return to the *Prisoner of Zenda* I am sure it will continue to run a long time. A few months of romance and comedy will do everyone good; it will give them renewed strength and courage to return to the struggle with 'facts' and 'reality.'"

"I wish everyone took such a healthy and broad view of life as you do!" I said. "We should have no need of Judes or Mrs. Tanquerays then. It is the sickly sentimentality— But, pardon me, I was forgetting. Now I am here, will you not tell me something about your part in *The Divided Way*?"

"I liked Lois very much—*very* much indeed! But it was sad, and tiring."

"I remember thinking what a terrible strain it must have been on you—suffering, night after night, as she suffered. For you *did* suffer. That was what hurt one so, what made the tragedy so real—and almost brutal."

Miss Millard laughed. "It did hurt a little, because I could not help entering into the life of Lois—living her life, for a few hours."

I think it was this annihilation of Miss Millard by Miss Millard; this incarnation of Lois Humeden by the actress; this giving real life and existence to the creation of an author's brain which made many of us cry, "How horrible!" We did not mean Lois was horrible; it was being brought face to face with the awful help-

lessness of this woman's love. We were horrified at the terrible reality of the tragedy.

Miss Millard chatted of men, women, and things generally appertaining to art. "Why do not some of your young men, whose genius languishes in obscurity, write plays?" asked Miss Millard. "There is a great opening for a good play now."

Of course, when it was time to go, I found I had spent a very pleasant afternoon, for I had forgotten the fog, the rain, the "divided cab," and the "interview."

"I am afraid I haven't given you much information," said Miss Millard, as I prepared to wade away into misty space.

She had not. But then true artists never will talk about themselves. It is hopeless to try and interview them. They generally interview you.



Photo by Alfred Ellis,

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

20, Upper Baker Street, N. W.

"I'm twenty-eight, and I was never kissed by any living man," boasted the New Woman.

"All are dead now, are they?" innocently asked her friend.

FENNER—Did you go to the amateur concert last night?
Dyer—No.

Fenner—I thought you were fond of music?
Dyer.—I am.

R. L. STEVENSON IN SAMOA.*

"THOUGH I write so little, I pass all my hours of field-work in continual converse and imaginary correspondence. I scarce pull up a weed but I invent a sentence on the matter to yourself (Sidney Colvin); it does not get written; *autant en emportent les vents*; but the intent is there, and for me (in some sort) the companionship. To-day, for instance, we had a great talk. I was toiling, the sweat dripping from my nose, in the hot fit after a squall of rain. Methought you asked me—frankly, was I happy? 'Happy?' said I; 'I was only happy once; that was at Hyères; it came to an end from a variety of reasons—decline of health, change of place, increase of money, age, with his stealing steps. Since then, as before then, I know not what it means. But I know pleasure still—pleasure, with a thousand faces, and none perfect; a thousand tongues, all broken; a thousand hands, and all of them with scratching nails. High among these I place this delight of weeding out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken by incongruous sounds of birds. And, take my life all through, look at it fore and back, and upside down—though I would very fain change myself—I would not change my circumstances, unless it were to bring you here. And yet, God knows, perhaps this intercourse of writing serves as well; and I wonder, were you here indeed, would I commune so continually with the thought of you. I say 'I wonder' for a form; I know, and I know I should not."

"So far, and much further, the conversation went, while I groped in slime after viscous roots, musing, and spearing little spears of grass, and retreating (even with outcry) from the prod of the wild limes. I wonder if anyone ever had the same attitude to Nature as I hold, and have held for so long? This business fascinates me like a tune or a passion, yet all the while I thrill with a strong distaste. The horror of the thing, objective and subjective, is always present to my mind; the horror of

creeping things, a superstitious horror of the void and the powers about me, the horror of my own devastation and continual murders. The life of the plants comes through my finger-tips, their struggles go to my heart like supplications, I feel myself blood-boltered; then I look back on my cleared grass, and count myself an ally in a fair quarrel, and make stout my heart. . . .

As for my damned literature, God knows what a business, it is, grinding along without a scrap of inspiration or a note of style! But it has to be ground, and the mill grinds exceeding slowly, though not particularly small."

The cattle are Jack, my horse, quite converted; my wife rides him now, and he is as steady as a doctor's cob; Tifaga Jack, a circus-horse, my mother's piebald, bought from a passing circus; Belle's mare, now in childbed or next door, confound the slut! Musu—amusingly translated the other day 'don't want to,' literally cross, but always in the sense of stubbornness and resistance—my wife's little dark-brown mare, with a white star on her forehead, whom I have been riding of late to steady her; she has no vices, but is unused, skittish and uneasy, and wants a lot of attention and humoring: lastly (of saddle-horses) Luna—not the Latin moon, the Hawaiian overseer, but it is pronounced the same—a pretty little mare, too, but scarce at all broken, a bad buckler, and has to be ridden with a stock-whip and be brought back with her rump criss-crossed like a clan tartan; the two cart-horses, now only used with pack-saddles; two cows, one in the straw (I trust) to-morrow; a third cow—the Jersey—whose milk and temper are alike subjects of admiration—she gives good exercise to the farming saunterer and refreshes him on his return with cream; two calves—a bull and a cow; God knows how many ducks and chickens, and for a wager not even God knows how many cats; twelve horses, seven horses, five kine: is not this Babylon the Great which I have builded?"

"Vailima Letters," by R. L. Stevenson; Methuens, 7s. 6d.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MATTER OF A CERTIFICATE.

BY

HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON.

Illustrated by GEORGE HUTCHINSON.

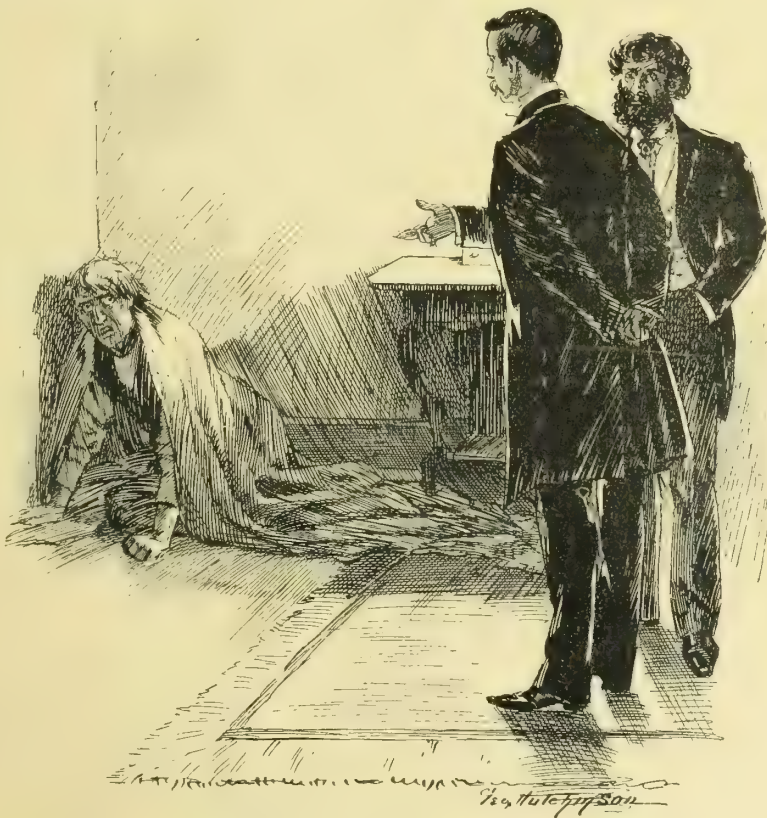
I AM a middle-aged country doctor, without hope or even thought of ever being anything more. But once upon a time, when I was a younger man, I had a London practice, and enough ambition to think that I might some day occupy an important position in my profession. What wrought this change I am about to tell you. It was a strange incident, and, looking back, I cannot see that I was to blame. If I erred at all, the error was merely one of judgment. Yet the consequences have followed me all these years, and have shaped my life to be what it is. There are some scars, often the result of an apparently trivial accident, which endure as long as the body itself.

One evening I was summoned in haste to a house where I had never been before. It was a large house in Fitzroy Crescent, and, although the neighbourhood could not be called fashionable, it gave one the impression

that its occupants must be persons of means. This impression was not altogether confirmed by the inside, for the servant was slatternly, and the furniture, though it must once have cost a good deal of money, was worn and shabby. The drawing-room, into which I was shown, was pervaded by that peculiar smell which ox-gall always leaves behind. It was a bare, cheerless room, chiefly remarkable for its want of homeliness.

In it was a short, thick-set, square-shouldered man, with a profusion of curly black hair, black whiskers, moustache, and beard, who introduced himself as Mr.

Webbe. He had a florid face and a florid manner. He was very smartly dressed—far too smartly, for he wore several diamond rings, and in his red tie glistened a diamond pin. If I had had to guess at his occupation I should have set him down as a prosperous book-maker, but he might have been almost anything. His wife entered shortly after I did, and her attire was equally brilliant. It was impossible to help noticing the contrast between their finery and the shabbiness of their room, but at the time I could not account for it. In appearance, Mrs. Webbe was as fair as her husband was dark, and while he



A DREADFUL-LOOKING OBJECT.

talked incessantly, in a fussy sort of way, she sat quiet, only speaking at intervals, and then never without a glance of inquiry at him.

He told me her brother, named Tyler, had had a severe shock, owing to the failure of a bank, and they were afraid he had gone out of his mind. Would I be good enough to see him? and would I say whether there was any hope of a cure?

"Certainly!" I replied.

So Mr. Webbe conducted me upstairs to a large square bedroom, lighted by a candle which stood upon the dressing-table. At first I could not see anybody; but out of the corner between the bed and the wall came a growl which I thought proceeded from a dog, until I noticed a shapeless heap of clothes, from which protruded the head of a man. His fair hair was long and dishevelled, his eye glared fiercely, his lips were spattered with foam. I never saw a more dreadful looking object. As I was quite unprepared for anything of the sort, it was some time before I could speak with sufficient calmness. I then said—

"I hear you are not very well, Mr. Tyler."

"Mr. Who?" he said, in a hoarse voice, his body suddenly straightening a little.

"Didn't you say the name was Tyler?" I asked, turning to Mr. Webbe, who stood just behind.

"Yes," he answered softly; "that's his name. Christian name, John."

"Mr. Tyler," I began again.

"Don't speak to me like that!" shouted the unfortunate creature in the corner. "I don't want you to speak to me at all! I didn't ask you here, did I? If you must address me, do it properly!"

"That's just what I am anxious to do," I said soothingly. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"As 'your lordship,' of course! How else should you address the Earl of Wimpole? Now go! I don't want you!"

"There, you've got his delusion," whispered Mr. Webbe; "on most other things he seems right enough."

"I am only pleased to see your lordship," I said, advancing; "but what are you doing here?"

"Don't ask foolish questions!" cried Tyler, with growing fury. "Leave me alone; it's no business of yours! You've been told to go, haven't you? Then don't blame me if an accident happens to you."

Almost as he spoke, he snatched off his slipper and flung it at the candle, which it struck and knocked over, the room being plunged into complete darkness. It was not a very pleasant position to be placed in. If he had attacked us next we should have had great difficulty in defending ourselves. Mr. Webbe suggested that we had better retire, and I readily agreed.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked, upon our return to the drawing-room.

"Of course, after such a brief visit," I answered, "it is impossible to speak positively. But I am very much afraid that your brother-in-law ought to be put under restraint, if only that he may have proper care."

"I hope not," said Mr. Webbe, earnestly; "I hope not. Proper care he shall have, of course, but restraint—that is a terrible word, doctor. Suppose you come and see the poor fellow again to-morrow? He may be quiet then?"

Accordingly, I paid a second visit to the house on the following day. Mr. Webbe received me with a very grave face. He said he was afraid I should find the patient worse instead of better, and that was the conclusion which was forced upon me when I went upstairs. For the first few moments Tyler spoke quietly and sensibly, but, as on the former occasion, a casual mention of his name roused him into a perfect fury. He became so violent that it was hardly safe to stay in the room with him. I could not help thinking that he ought to be removed at once to an asylum, and when I came downstairs I said so to Mr. Webbe.

"An asylum!" he exclaimed, with a horrified look at his wife, who was already in tears. "We could not bear it, doctor—we couldn't, indeed! My wife here is exceedingly fond of the poor fellow, and, to tell the truth, so am I. You have no idea what a quiet creature

he is when he is all right. Can't anything be done for him? Can't you give him any medicine?"

"It's not a case for medicine," I replied; "he ought to be put under the charge of a specialist. So far as I can see, that is the only chance for him."

"In an asylum! We can't do it—at least, not just yet—can we, Lucy?" He looked at his wife, who merely shook her head as she rocked to and fro, crying silently. "He may pull through; nature works in unexpected ways. But, if the evil day must come, we should like to put it off as long as possible."

"Well, remember, Mr. Webbe," I said, "if any accident happens, you can't hold me responsible."

"Certainly not!" he said. "If you will continue to visit my unfortunate brother-in-law, and to report how he is going on, that is all I ask of you."

As he was very anxious to try the effect of medicine, I sent in a couple of bottles, though without much hope that it would do any real good, nor was it followed by any improvement. In fact, Tyler grew more unmanageable every day. He took to destroying the furniture in his room, and towards the end of the week I was amazed to find him in possession of a razor. I then repeated more emphatically than before that he ought to be sent to an asylum without delay.

"Well, if it must be, it must," said Mr. Webbe, after some hesitation. "Will you be good enough, doctor, to write out the necessary certificate?"

Instantly there flashed into my mind the wish that I had not been so pressing.

"I don't think I should care to do that," I said. "In the unsatisfactory state of the law, it is a most risky thing to do. In fact, I doubt if you will find a medical man in London who will do it. There was a case lately—a case as clear as this—in which a dozen were applied to, and all of them refused."

"Then what are we to do?" he asked, in dismay. "You see, the poor fellow has a razor in his hands now. Must we stay here and fight for our lives, with the probable result of having our throats cut?"

"Well, I'm afraid the law won't interfere to protect you until he really does commit some act of violence, unless you can manage to turn him into the streets. The police would then arrest him for being 'a lunatic at large.' That would be a way out of your trouble."

"A way we shouldn't care to take," said Mr. Webbe, with decision. "Come, doctor! you say he ought to be in an asylum, and you have been urging us to send him there, against our own wishes, though I now see you are right. Surely you have the courage of your convictions! Surely you won't desert us in our need! Putting us aside, isn't it your duty to your patient? Isn't it rather cowardly to refuse?"

"Very well," I said at length; "I'll do it."

I accordingly wrote out a certificate of lunacy, and at his urgent request I also gave him a letter of introduction to a friend who had lately settled in Bayswater, in the hope of building up a practice there. As he was not very well off, I thought he might be glad of this opportunity of earning a guinea. Mr. Webbe was most profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and, when I left, it was with the satisfaction of feeling that I had done all in my power to assist three of my fellow-creatures out of a very serious difficulty.

Two days later, however, I had cause to look at the matter in rather a different light. On my way to visit a patient, I had to pass along Fitzroy Crescent, and when I reached the house in which these incidents occurred, I happened to look up at the windows, and was struck with their desolate aspect. Blinds and curtains were in their usual places, and articles of furniture could be seen in the lower rooms; yet the place gave me the impression of being deserted, an impression strengthened by the fact that the little garden in front was littered with scraps of paper and straw, chasing one another in the wind. Nevertheless, there was someone on the premises, for when I rang the bell an old woman came up the area steps from the basement. In reply to my inquiries she said that the house had been let furnished,

and that the tenants had gone away on the previous night, leaving the rent unpaid. That was all she could tell me about them. But I can add that they had also neglected to pay me, and from that day to this I have never got a penny of the money. Although this is, unfortunately, a common enough experience for a doctor, I felt extremely hurt, for I had gone out of my way to help the Webbes.

Such feelings, however, seldom last long, and at the end of a week I was beginning to forget the whole affair. But about ten o'clock in the evening, while I was standing at the open window in my dining-room, a newsboy came along, crying, "Mysterious Disappearance of the Earl of Wimpole!" My interest being aroused by the fact that Mr. Webbe's brother-in-law laboured under the delusion that he was this very nobleman, I hailed the boy and bought a copy of the paper. According to the account given there, the Earl had been travelling abroad for several years, and had accumulated a vast quantity of valuable curiosities, which he intended bringing home with him. For this reason, instead of leaving the vessel earlier, as most of the other passengers did, he had remained on board until she reached the London docks. This was just a week ago, yet since then he had not been seen. He had not arrived at his house in Montgomery Square, though he had announced his coming to his housekeeper, nor had he turned up at either of his country seats. Inquiries at the principal hotels had led to no result, and it had been ascertained that he had not been to any of his clubs. In some extraordinary way he had disappeared. Among the many theories to account for his disappearance, only two need be mentioned. One was that, being a most eccentric man, he had hidden himself in order to mystify his friends; and the other, that he had been waylaid and murdered for the sake of his valuable property. The latter theory, the paper said, found favour with the earl's agent, who was directing the search.

As I had a good deal to think about just then, the matter might have passed from my mind had not it been for a visit which I received from Jack Wenlock, a friend who had entered the same profession as myself. Since our student days we had almost lost sight of one another, he having gone away to the north of England. I now learned that he had come south again, and had just been appointed to the staff of Westwood Lunatic Asylum. It was not merely a wish to revive our old friendship that had brought him to see me. He explained that a patient had recently been admitted to the asylum upon a certificate which bore my signature, and it was partly in reference to this man that he had come. Had I read in the papers of the disappearance of the Earl of Wimpole? I replied that I had.

"Well," said Jack, "of course you know what Tyler's delusion is! Upon all other points he strikes me as being perfectly sane. I suppose there is no doubt that he isn't the Earl?"

"How could he be?" asked I. "I was called in to see him more than a week before the Earl arrived in England. Why, even the certificate is dated two days before the vessel reached the docks."

"That seems to settle the matter, certainly. I did

think of writing to the Earl's agent, but I didn't wish to run the risk of making a fool of myself, and it occurred to me that you could decide the question equally well. Of course, you couldn't be mistaken about the dates?"

"Not by any possibility. How could I get a whole week wrong in my reckoning? But, see for yourself; here is my note-book, with the visits paid and the dates all regularly entered."

I turned over the page to show him.

"Yes, I see," said Jack, "all clear and business like. There's no mistake there, at any rate. It was merely an idea of mine—not an idea to which I attached any importance, though I thought it better to test it. Now that I have done that, I am satisfied. But it is an odd thing, isn't it?"

"Odd in some ways, certainly," I said. "But you must remember, Jack, that the Earl's eccentricities were notorious. They had raised him into quite a public character, and for that very reason he was just the sort of person to exercise an influence over a mind bordering upon insanity. It would be the most natural thing in the world for Tyler, conscious of his growing peculiarities, to imagine himself to be the Earl of Wimpole. It is a desire to conceal the defect that often determines the course which the mania ultimately takes."

"That's true enough," said Jack.

And then we talked of other matters.

Before he left he extracted from me a promise to pay him a visit next day, and in accordance with it I presented myself between three and four o'clock in the afternoon at his rooms in Westwood Asylum. One of the first things he said to me, was to ask me whether I would mind seeing Tyler.

"I wish you would," he said, earnestly. "I should like to know what you think of him now—whether he is worse or better."

"I'll see him with pleasure," I replied. "Where is he? With the other patients!"

"No, we are obliged to keep him in a room by him-

self. The fact is, we find him rather hard to manage."

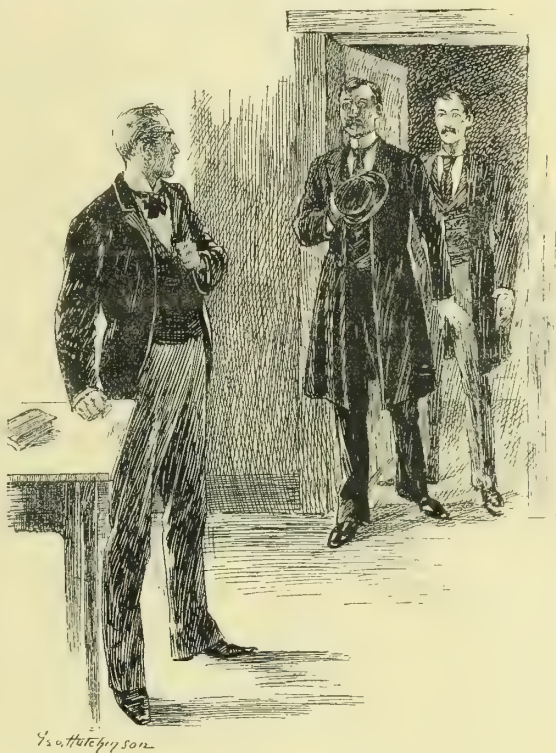
"I'm not surprised at that," I said. "The last time I saw him, he was flourishing a razor."

"Oh, well, you needn't be afraid of anything of the sort here," said Jack. "If we left razors lying about, there would be an end of our patients—or of us."

He led the way through a long, dim corridor, and at the end of it stopped and unlocked a door. When he had opened it, he motioned to me to enter. I stepped forward, but did not get beyond the threshold. Of the room itself I have no recollection. All that I saw was the man—a tall, thin, gray-haired man with piercing dark eyes and strongly marked features. Anyone more unlike Tyler, with his fair hair and flabby face, it would be impossible to imagine, and I started back exclaiming :

"Some mistake!" cried the man. "Isn't that what I've been trying to drive into their heads since they brought me here? And you believe it! Then, by Heaven, you shan't go till you've made them believe it!"

And with his long arms outstretched he hurried forward.



²¹
Y^o. Hatcher son

"JACK, WHO'S THIS?"

But Jack dragged me back, and slammed and locked the door, and we stood outside staring at one another in bewilderment, while the man within flung himself against it again and again and shouted.

"What do you mean?" at length asked Jack.

"I mean that the man in there is not Tyler—at least, he is not the man I attended as Tyler."

"But the certificate is yours," he gasped. "I know your handwriting."

"That may be," I said, "but it referred to somebody else."

"I don't understand yet," he said, after a pause. "Do you suggest that a certificate was obtained from you for one person with the express intention of applying it to somebody else?"

"I am inclined to think so."

"Then a gross fraud has been practised upon us. By Jove, how unpleasant! Perhaps the man in there is sane after all. I wonder who he is. Not the Earl, surely?"

"I expect he is," I said, hardly able to help laughing, Jack looked so thunderstruck. "You had better telegraph to his agent at once."

That was the course which, after consultation with the superintendent, he eventually adopted. A telegram was despatched to the agent, and in less than an hour an answer was received to say that he would arrive about nine o'clock. Not that he kept us in suspense until then, for the message contained a short description which rendered it practically certain that it was indeed the Earl of Wimpole who was confined in the asylum. Anxious as I was to stay to the end, I could not do so, having an appointment which I was bound to keep. But I was already aware that, in

allowing myself to be victimised by the Webbes, I had given them the opportunity of carrying out their conspiracy successfully. If I had been able to entertain any hope of catching them, I should not have felt so despondent, but they had had more than a week to escape and to make away with their plunder.

"We have been harder hit than you," said Jack, trying to console me, as he accompanied me to the door. "You gave a certificate for a man who appears to have been undoubtedly insane, but we have received and treated as insane a man who is as sane as you are, our only reason for doing so being that he persisted in being himself. It is against us that the whole battery of the Press, big guns and little guns, will open fire when the truth becomes known."

"We will see," I said gloomily.

As we passed through the hall, a clamour of excited voices came from a small room just inside the door. It was used as a sort of inquiry office, and also as a waiting-room for visitors. One of the voices struck me as being strangely familiar—a soft, smooth voice which would in-

stantly have arrested attention, if only by its contrast with the angry tones of the others, and I inquired who the speaker was.

"I don't know," replied Jack, "but they have no right to be making that row in there."

He stepped forward to interfere. But I, being nearer, reached the door before him, and, looking in, saw that the room contained four men, one of them a porter or clerk, I forget which. Of the others one was evidently a patient who had just arrived, for he was vehemently protesting his sanity, while the other two were the men who had brought him. The voice that had attracted my notice proceeded from one of the latter, a short, stout man with a quantity of fair hair, and a beard of the same colour. His companion, taller and thinner, had long black hair and black whiskers and beard.

Thinking I had made a mistake, I was about to retire, when the short man, turning suddenly, caught sight of me standing at the door. The start he gave induced me to stop and look at him more closely, and the flash

of a diamond ring revealed the truth. The man who stood before me was Webbe. But a still greater surprise had yet to come, for upon turning again to his companion, I recognised him as Tyler, the supposed lunatic. Although both of the rascals were very cleverly disguised, having exchanged wigs and altered their appearance in other ways, there could be no doubt as to their identity.

"Jack, help me to guard the door," I shouted. "There are the men who have imposed upon us. Don't let them pass, whatever you do."

Almost before I had finished speaking, they were upon us, Webbe, charging with lowered head like a bull, Tyler thrust-

ing about his long arms behind. It was sharp work while it lasted, but fortunately it was soon over. We were four to two. Their victim and the porter came to our assistance, and before many minutes had elapsed, we had both rascals upon the ground, their arms securely pinioned. From this position they did not rise until we handed them over to the police.

It was certainly a daring thing of them to enter the lion's den a second time, but, of course, it was an accident that I happened to be upon the spot, and even then it was only by chance that I recognised them. If only they had been less noisy—if even Webbe had kept his diamond ring out of sight—this second plot might have been as successful as the first. The victim in this case proved to be a Mr. Everett, a wealthy man, like the Earl of Wimpole, just returned from abroad. The certificate of lunacy was in the name of Saxby, no doubt one of Tyler's various aliases. In both cases, Webbe, who acted the principal part, announced to his victims that he had been sent down to meet them, and the acceptance of his statement rendered the rest easy. He had



ALMOST BEFORE I HAD FINISHED SPEAKING THEY WERE UPON US.

merely to drive to the asylum, leave them there, and then drive off with the plunder. Nothing could be simpler. I imagine that the two affairs had been planned simultaneously—so that if anything occurred to interfere with the one, the other might be immediately proceeded with—but that the complete success of the first had served as an inducement to carry out the second also. Whether or not, it is certain that others must have been engaged in the conspiracy. But only Webbe and Tyler were caught, even the former's wife escaping. Both of them were convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

THE SHUTTLEWORTH CLUB.

A CHAT WITH ITS PRESIDENT.

ON more than one occasion allusion has been made in the columns of *TO-DAY* to the great necessity which exists in London for some place where the young folk of both sexes, struggling hard for their daily bread in this huge metropolis of ours, could find a little genuine recreation after business hours. There are, of course, a vast number of institutions in London whose only purpose is to supply this want, but not one of them can pretend to be conducted on broad and liberal lines. No ordinary individual could very well pretend to know the inside working of every club for young men and women in the metropolis, but it is not a difficult matter to become acquainted with their rules and regulations; and it was the fact that one of them—the Shuttleworth Club—laid claim to possessing a broader-minded spirit, more especially with regard to the absence of ridiculous restrictions, which resulted in my being commissioned to pay a visit to the genial founder of the club, in order to see if this claim could be made good.

Until quite recently, I admit, I was not personally aware of the existence of the Shuttleworth Club, and it was not without a fear that I was paying a visit to some bigoted, "churchy" institution, that I made my way to Fye Foot Lane, in Queen Victoria Street, where the club building is situated, to "interview" the president—the Reverend Professor Shuttleworth—to go over the premises, and, on the kindly invitation of the secretary, to test the dining capacity of the club.

In response to my ring at the electric bell at the brightly-lit entrance of the building, I was quickly taken in hand by the honorary secretary, Mr. Edward Davis, and shown up into an exceedingly pretty drawing-room, where I found the President sitting in front of a roaring fire. So strong had been my anticipation of being waylaid into a little Bethel, of the non-smoking, non-drinking, non-everything order, that I must admit I felt a kind of ecstatic shock when the rector invited me to select from his case what proved to be an exceedingly fragrant cigar.

Picture a well-bred, robust, not to say muscular, Cornish gentleman, with keen, bright eyes, a most kindly smile, and the colour of a man used to outdoor life and outdoor sports; add to this the fact that he speaks in a straightforward way, and has the knack of calling a spade a spade, and you have the Reverend Professor Shuttleworth as I saw him.

"The idea of the club originated in this way," exclaimed the President, in his brisk and incisive style. "I found, after I had been working in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral for some time, that the young fellow of slender means working in the City who wished to meet a friend of either sex after business hours, had no alternative but the pavement or the 'pub.' As you know, there are Y.M.C.A.'s and kindred institutions, but they all exclude the man they should endeavour to reach by absurd and vexatious restrictions. Many of them also insist upon some religious test. As you know, at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, before becoming a member, you must, in their

For me, as I said at the commencement of my narrative, the consequences were most serious. I was blamed for having allowed myself to be imposed upon by a sham madman; I was also blamed for having given the scoundrels a letter of introduction to another doctor. So violent was the storm that it swept away a great part of my practice, and drove me to quit London, and to abandon all hope of advancement in my profession. If I had committed some abominable crime, my career could not have been more completely wrecked. Yet once more I ask, Where did I do wrong?

words, give clear 'evidence of your conversion to God.' Why," exclaimed the rector, most emphatically, "as far as I am personally concerned—I do not mean to say that I am ashamed of my faith—there is nothing earthly which would induce me to give such so-called evidence to any of my fellow men on the score of its being a necessary qualification for joining a club.

"The young man I wish to reach," continued the President, "has two needs—first, real social recreation after the day's grind in the office or the warehouse; secondly, an opportunity of mingling with young women as well as with young men. I don't want to provide here what young men *ought* to want, but what they *really do* want—that is the point. No young fellow's life can be a really healthy one unless it is influenced by good women."

"What, then, are the peculiar characteristics of the club?"

"Well, it is unique in one respect—in admitting both men and women as members on precisely the same footing. No distinction of any sort is made. They all share in the same privileges. In this respect it differs from any sort of club I know of. But amongst clubs intended for the benefit of young folk, with a subscription of one guinea a year, I think it also stands alone as an institution with a good bar of its own, where alcoholic drink can be obtained—of the best quality, however, and at the lowest price—and a large dining-room, where a good and cheap meal can be had without—to a non-teetotaler—having it spoilt for want of a glass of beer or a glass of wine, while there are several rooms where you can smoke just as much as you like, and if you choose you can get cigars, cigarettes, or tobacco on the premises. These are all points peculiar to this particular institute, but I will venture to say that there is no club, call itself what it may, with a higher tone, or with a better lot of well-behaved and good-hearted young fellows, and the girls are sweetness itself. "No," he added with a delighted laugh, in reply to a question I promptly put, "we have been running now for six years, and have not had one case of drunkenness, or a single case of any impropriety between the sexes. The fact is, that such a club as this is the last place for anything of the sort. We have trusted to the honour of our members, and that confidence has never been misplaced."

"What business do the majority of the members follow, Mr. Shuttleworth?" I inquired.

"Well, of course, the vocations represented in a membership of nearly five hundred must be exceedingly varied, but with us the clerk and the warehouseman are the type. I have always been particularly anxious to reach those young fellows who have to sleep on their business premises, and in the same big room—barracks, we call them—with other men. The young women here are most of them shop-girls—and very nice shop-girls, too."

"I am told that one or two publicans around here are not feeling over friendly towards me, and I have been reproached for running a rival pub. But, my dear fellow, this is just what I want to do. I just want every young fellow to know that there is a place where he can get his drink in a good, healthy atmosphere, and, if he likes, where

he can get his chat without being compelled to order a drink for the good of the house. No one is ashamed of being a teetotaler here, and no one is ashamed to order a drink, or more drinks, if he wishes it.

"People have chaffed me about this being a great marriage association. Well, I'm not ashamed of it! I don't know how many members have been married to members of the club—perhaps as many as thirty of such marriages have taken place within the last year. Of course, some of them were engaged before they joined the club, and wanted the chance of a pleasant chat together. A man can't be really happy until he's safely and congenially mated. The only point about introductions resulting in marriages concerning which I have the least regret is that I have not been Jewish enough to charge a small commission and thus work off the debt, which notwithstanding the six thousand pounds I have earned and collected, still hangs over the club.

"Yes; this leads us to the important question of finance. Let me tell you that the accounts are carefully kept and published every year. I get some money from the public, and both they and the members have a right to know precisely how it is spent. The club is not yet quite self-supporting, though not far from it. When it was called the St. Nicholas Club (because, as you know, I am rector of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, but the title was thought by the members to be a little too churchy for the broad-minded work we are doing), I rented two floors, but the accommodation was limited, and I felt tired of putting money into other people's pockets, so this place was built for us with money borrowed at low interest from a friend, and to clear that right off and make the building our own, I want another two thousand pounds. With this and with another hundred members we should be self-supporting. The whole of the six thousand pounds I have collected has been in small sums, with the exception of one donation of five hundred pounds and two of fifty pounds, and I may tell you that all the money I earn by lecturing, and I manage to deliver about fifty a month, I hand in to the club. I am just waiting for that two thousand pounds and increased membership to be perfectly happy!

"Well, now," he concluded, as we rose together, "you will be able to see if the place is in good working order or not," and the genial Professor, who, by his vivacity and frankness, had really made my cross-examination a very pleasant experience, hurried away.

With the assistance of the secretary, Mr. Davis, I then made a tour of the premises, to find that the drawing-room was by no means the only pretty, and, what the Professor would call "homey," room in the building.

My first visit was to the billiard-room in the basement, where I found both tables occupied by some stern and skilful contestants, or doubtless I should have taken the opportunity so temptingly presented to have put in a

few strokes that would have made the best man there feel just a bit ashamed of himself. The room is a good-sized one, and lit, as are all the rooms, by electric light, and large enough to accommodate a considerable number of onlookers without interfering with play. The cloak-rooms and lavatories are on the same floor, the equivalent rooms for the ladies being at the top of the building. We then journeyed into the bar, near which is the dining-room, and Mr. Davis and I drank a something-and-bitters to show that, up to that moment, there was no ill-feeling between us. Then, passing the drawing-room, which, with its screens and big easy chairs, presented a handsome and inviting appearance, and is much frequented in consequence, I glanced into a room where smoking is not permitted, being mainly reserved for the ladies, and which is little used, and then, at the top of the house, entered the library, which proved to be the *beau ideal* of a cosy and prettily-arranged room.

Here Mr. Davis said he would like me to come and have a chat with a few of the members and himself, after dinner, and on this understanding, I was conducted downstairs to the dining-room. Of our dinner I

need only say that it was in every way what a good dinner should be. The soup, fish, roast duck, pudding, and so on were the best of their kind, and I must add that the sherry, claret, and coffee left nothing to be desired. The various items were so well cooked and well served that, before I left, I felt it my duty to glue my eyes for one moment to the list of prices, and was astonished to find that they were lower than the amounts charged at the cheapest (and nastiest) places in the City. I was not surprised to learn that there is a regular luncheon *clintèle* who use the club principally for this mid-day meal, and that while most of



THE REV. PROFESSOR H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH.

them are men who wish to lay out a shilling to the best advantage, a good many are well-to-do men, who appreciate the comfort of a well-served lunch, followed by a game of billiards, and a smoke.

On returning to the library, at the secretary's request I started another of the club's most excellent cigars, and had a long chat—in fact, quite a debate—on a good many matters, with Mr. Davis and with one or two typical members of the club. A great deal was told me as pertaining to the club and its members, which I found exceedingly interesting, but limits of space compel me to draw my article to a close. I can only add, briefly, that there is an admirable debating society in the club, to which non-members are invited, and which meets once a fortnight to discuss, not some abstract principle, but the events of the past two weeks; while the chess club, I was told, can muster a team of no mean strength, and a good search has to be found to find men who can compete on level terms at billiards with one or two members of the club. The smoking concerts and "socials" have naturally been a great success, as have

the—tremble, ye narrow-minded ones!—the Cinderella dances, while one or two fancy-dress affairs have been quite an excitement. There is also a small dramatic society in good going order, and the President assured me that he was so satisfied with its work that he had determined to find a small stage for it somewhere, as there was not room for one in the building; tennis, cricket, and hockey clubs are to be seen in full swing in the summer.

Holding no brief for Professor Shuttleworth's praise-worthy work, I went down to Fye Foot Lane quite prepared, if need be, to report quite against it; but I think everyone reading the few facts I have recorded will agree that a club with such claims should be worthy of every support, and I can only conclude with a strong recommendation to every young fellow and every young woman reading these pages, and living in London, to communicate with the secretary, and, by joining as members, to find out individually whether the claims of the Shuttleworth Club to provide recreation on invigoratingly broad and generous lines, are not amply made good.

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.*

Miss May has just been endeavouring to explain to the philosopher, by means of a hypothetical case (the philosopher is B.), that she wants him to propose to her, and the unconscious philosopher pronounces in favour of her marrying A, without having the slightest idea of the real facts of the case:—

Her blush faded away into paleness; her lips closed. Without speaking she turned and walked slowly away, her head drooping. The philosopher heard the rustle of her skirt in the long grass of the orchard; he watched her for a few moments.

"A pretty, graceful creature," said he, with a smile.

Then he opened his book, took his pencil in his hand, and slipped in a careful forefinger to mark the flyleaf.

The sun had passed mid-heaven, and began to decline westwards before he finished the book. Then he stretched himself and looked at his watch.

"Good gracious, two o'clock! I shall be late for lunch," and he hurried to his feet.

He was very late for lunch.

"Everything's cold," wailed his hostess. "Where have you been, Mr. Jerningham?"

"Only in the orchard—reading."

"And you've missed Miss May?"

"Missed Miss May? How do you mean? I had a long talk with her this morning—a most interesting talk."

"But you weren't here to say good-bye. Now, you don't mean to say that you forgot that she was leaving by the two o'clock train? What a man you are!"

"Dear me! To think of my forgetting it!" said the philosopher shamefacedly.

"She told me to say good-bye to you for her."

"She's very kind. I can't forgive myself."

His hostess looked at him for a moment; then she signed, and smiled and sighed again.

"Have you everything you want?" she asked.

"Everything, thank you," said he, sitting down opposite the cheese, and propping his book (he thought he would just run through the last chapter again) against the loaf: "everything in the world that I want, thanks."

His hostess did not tell him that the girl had come in from the apple-orchard, and run hastily upstairs, lest her friend should see what her friend did see in her eyes. So that he had no suspicion at all that he had received an offer of marriage—and refused it. And he did not refer to anything of that sort when he paused once in his reading, and exclaimed—

"I'm really sorry I missed Miss May. That was an interesting case of hers. But I gave the right answer. The girl ought to marry A."

And so the girl did.

* "Comedies of Courtship." By Anthony Hope. (A. D. Innes and Co. 6s.)

MARRIAGE MADE EASY.

BY A SCOTCH LAWYER.

WHILE so much is being made of the marriage question, and every possible form or degree of ignorance and misconception is being voiced in fifty thousand different sharps and flats, it is curious that so little attention has been paid to the manners and customs in this respect of the queer folk north of the Border. It is startling to find that at our own door we have a perfect museum of different marriage rites. There is hardly one of those objections to the ceremony which fill the air at present with which the matrimonial pharmacopoeia of Scotch Law is not able to deal. Every stumbling-block in the road that leads to holy wedlock has been removed, and every rough place made smooth. Do you object to obtaining a licence to permit you to marry, or do you shrink from the publication to the world of your intention? Neither licence nor publication is required. Parson and registrar and magistrate may all alike be dispensed with, and not even the presence of witnesses is essential.

If Jock but says to Jenny, "Jenny, wumman, I hereby tak' ye tae be ma weddit wife," and the bashful fair replies, "An' aa tak' ye for ma man," the knot is tied as surely as if the Archbishop of Canterbury had blessed the bond, and St. George's, Hanover Square, had echoed to "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." It may be that only the stars and the corn-rigs heard the vows. It matters not. At the same time, if Jenny is a sensible woman, she will take care that the pledge is repeated before witnesses, for convenience of proof, should Jocky prove restive on the curb.

As a concession to tradition, the law makes one inexorable stipulation—the consent must be *de presenti*. It looks a little formidable in Latin, but it only means that it must be expressed in the present tense—"Here and now." "The future is vary unsartin," as the gardener said, when he elected to take his glass of whisky before his work instead of after. And apparently the law-givers of his nation were of the same opinion.

But if any evil-disposed person thinks that he can escape the snare of marriage by slipping the element of futurity into his eager vows, he reckons without the width of the Scotch matrimonial net. True, if Jocky only swears by the stars above or the black waters of the lochern below, or the heather about them, that he *will* marry her *some day*, he is not thereby married. But if Jenny, simple lass, listens to the pleadings of her trusting heart, and, on the faith of his passionate vows, yields to him honour dearer than life, the die is cast, the circuit is complete, and where she seemed most lost Jenny is most secure. For is it not written that if seduction follows on a promise of marriage that in itself completes the bond? Thus is the engineer hoist with his own petard.

Again, should Jock and Jenny, careless of the world, "all ear and eye, and with such a foolish heart to interpret ear and eye," merely set up house together, without entering the fold by either of the doors referred to; and should they but give themselves out to their neighbours as "Mr. and Mrs. MacSeavaig," their abstinence from vows and promises will avail them little. The law has yet another hold on them. "Habit and repute," says old Dame Lex; "habit and repute!" "What mair wad ye have?" In fact, the law presumes the unspoken consent from the fact of their living as only honest married folk do live—at least, in Scotland.

It is comparatively easy to keep out of wedlock in England, but the game takes some playing in Scotland. Yet such is the caution and astuteness of that extraordinary race that thousands of both sexes escape matrimony every year.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—An enormous crowd gathered round the enticing windows of Peter Robinson's great "emporium" the other day to gaze at the numerous dominos of every kind and colour there displayed. It was the Ice Carnival at Niagara Hall that induced this show, I suppose. Some were made of brocade in lovely colours, others of accordion-pleated silk or veiling, and others of plain white satin or moiré. Some of them with the hoods drawn up were curiously suggestive of a diver's business garb. In one domino, the sleeves were immensely exaggerated, and a Leghorn hat that hung near it was on the same scale. Probably these two things were simply a form of advertising.

One morning, before we were up, a telegram came and frightened us dreadfully. "Who can it be wiring us at this hour?" we asked. "It must be something very serious." But when we opened it we found that it was "Peter Robinson's sale is now proceeding." What do you think of the new style of advertising? I don't think it is very prepossessing.

I never saw anything prettier than the performance of the Diamond Skaters at Niagara Hall. We went on Thursday to see it and were simply enchanted. The lights are all extinguished except a few in the corridors, which are turned low. Then came the peculiar hissing noise of the limelights, dotted all round the gallery, and suddenly the whole expanse of the ice was tinged a lovely violet, which was gone in a moment, giving place to a golden glow as fleeting, and soon replaced by a ruddy crimson. A huge star of various tints was then thrown upon the ice, and it kaleidoscopically changed its colours with every minute. Sometimes half the points would be yellow, half green, and again the latter would give way to a lovely rose colour, and the yellow would turn to brightest gold. After this fantastic play of tints there was a darkness, in the midst of which three white figures appeared on the ice, eliciting a reception of warm applause. As they advanced to the centre, the colours began to alternate again, and it could be seen that the Diamond Skaters were three young men dressed from head

to foot in white satin, spangled with silver. In the radiant, shifting light they executed the most wonderfully graceful variations on the theme of skating, with rhythmic movement and in such perfect accord that the whole performance gave the impression of having been done with absolute ease, instead of being supremely difficult. Hand-in-hand they gracefully went round the circle, then in time to the waltz music they parted, each revolving separately, then approaching each other, one would glide in between the other two, and again the three, noiselessly and lightly as though they had been thistledowns, would seem to be wafted apart, only to close in again and in a series of curves skate round each other with one diagonally crossing the orbit of the other two. Then, on a change of measure in the waltz music one skater left, and

the trio became a duo, the others waltzing round in noiseless rhythm, while the lights wavered from gold to green and from violet to purple, with a lovely rose tint intermittent among the less emphatic tones. The applause became almost constant during this Terpsichorean duet, and when it was over the third performer came on. With an astounding combination of speed and precision, he whirled round in a series of circles, rushed backwards with the same tremendous swiftness, and then walked round on his skates, taking about three yards in every step so tremendous was the impetus given him by his speed. To those who understand the difficulties of skating, this seemed wonderful, but the accomplishments of the "Diamonds" were by no means exhausted. Another single skater followed who, after a rapid rush round the arena and in the centre, actually twirled round like a teetotum on his iron blades, the arms stretched out to their fullest extent. Once he jumped off his skates into the air, immediately after being joined by the others in an amazing series of involutions and convolutions, the most graceful I have ever seen.

This pretty tea-gown, illustrated, is made of flowered surah lined with silk and worn over a front of white chiffon, lightly embroidered at the edge and trimmed with knots of black velvet just above the embroidery. The graceful, folded bodice, is draped across to the left and finishes below the waist under a pointed band of



BROCHÉ TEA-GOWN.

This pretty tea-gown, illustrated, is made of flowered surah lined with silk and worn over a front of white chiffon, lightly embroidered at the edge and trimmed with knots of black velvet just above the embroidery. The graceful, folded bodice, is draped across to the left and finishes below the waist under a pointed band of

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Model 400.
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In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of Full Godet Skirt, protected at the hem with an inside facing of same material; also Full Blouse Bodice (which may be worn inside or outside skirt) with stand-up Collar and Wide Fashionable Sleeves, Saddle and Sleeves Lined. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

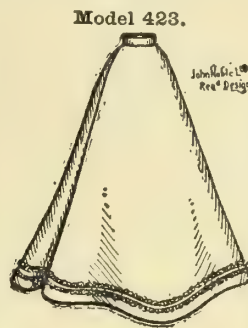
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Model 402.
A NEW BLOUSE MODE

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of gracefully-cut full-width Skirt, and very Stylish Blouse trimmed at the Collar, Front and Sleeves with detachable fittings of a contrasting shade of Fine Serge. The Saddle and Sleeves are Lined. **Price only 14/9 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

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LADIES' COSTUME SKIRT,

New wide Godet shape, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge trimmed one row of new fancy braided gold silk cord, or black silk cord. The skirt is protected at the hem with a broad inside facing of own material. **Price only 8/9 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

8/9

Model 453.
EMBROIDERED COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of wide Godet Skirt and smart Bodice, the front of which is in very fine Foulé Serge, elaborately embroidered with beautiful bold silk cord. Colours: Black with White or Helio, front embroidered black silk; Brown with Fawn front embroidered brown silk; and Navy or Myrtle with Cardinal front embroidered black silk. **Price only 21/-** complete. Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

21/-



Model 374.
THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES.

An exceedingly smart mode in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of wide Godet Skirt, with belt, also very neat Bodice with full front and broad box pleat down centre, trimmed bold silk cord and three large buttons; Collar and Cuffs finished silk cord; saddle and sleeves lined. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. Skirt only, as sketch, can be supplied for 5/6, carriage 6d. extra.

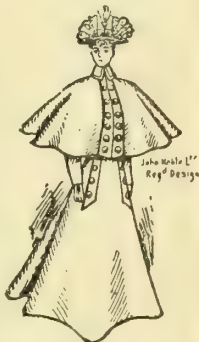
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Model 410.
THE JOHN NOBLE COMPLETE CAPE COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, comprising Fashionable Godet Cape, lined through, and trimmed revers and large buttons also well-cut stylish bodice trimmed in suit, and full Godet Skirt trimmed from waist to match Cape. **Price only 25/- complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

25/-



Model 407.
LADIES' WALKING COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of new Russian tailor-made Bodice and wide Godet Skirt. Bodice has pointed saddle-back, three double box pleats in front, and new full sleeves. Hem of Skirt effectively trimmed, six rows of silk tailor stitching, collar, cuffs, and edge of Bodice trimmed to match. **Price only 21/- complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

21/-



Model 418.
PARISIAN COAT COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of fashionable Open Coat, Double-breasted Waistcoat and wide Godet Skirt, supplied in the following colours, viz: Black, Navy, Brown, Fawn or Grey, with Waistcoat in self, lighter or darker shade. **Price only 27/6 the complete costume.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

27/6



Model 415.
THE JOHN NOBLE POPULAR SUIT

For Ladies, made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The Suit consists of newest shape Open Coat with full sleeves, fashionable revers and pockets all finished tailor stitching; also gracefully cut Godet Skirt, tailor stitched to match and bound at extreme edge with bias between. **Price complete only 15/-.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

15/-

Model 404.
STYLISH EMBROIDERED COSTUMES

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, comprising very smart Bodice, full wide Godet Skirt with Eiffel Tower belt attached, which extends from waist to throat, and is prettily embroidered with silk in harmonising shade; collar and cuffs trimmed en suite. **Price 16/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

16/6



Model 416.
THE JOHN NOBLE OUT-DOOR SUIT

Consisting of Open Coat and wide Godet Costume Skirt, tailor-made, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge; also Waistcoat of New Fancy Spot Vesting in shades to match Serge. The coat fits the figure to perfection, and is made with deep collar and lapels, wide Rugby sleeves and full basque. **Price only 21/- complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

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THE JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS

For Girls are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered, being thoroughly well made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. **Price 1/6** complete. Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 36 ins. Price 1/6 2/6 3/6 4/6 5/6 6/6 each. Postage 4d. extra. Lengths are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.



Model 427.
YOUNG LADIES' COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with lined Bodice, trimmed military braid, centre box-pleat and buttons, the skirt being ornamented at each side with fancy pocket and finished military braid and buttons en suite. **Price 8/6** complete. Lengths 35 38 42 46 50 ins. Price 8/6 9/6 10/6 12/6 13/6 each. Lengths are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front. Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

8/6

Model 435.



GIRL'S OVERALL

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top and full skirt, trimmed braid round Skirt, Collar and Cuffs. An admirable style for rough school wear. **Price 2/8** complete. Lengths 19 21 24 27 ins. Price 2/8 3/3 3/9 4/3 each. Lengths 30 33 36 ins. Price 5/- 6/- 7/- each. Postage 4d. extra. Lengths are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

2/8

N.B. - The ordinary stock sizes of the Ladies' Costumes all fit any figure up to 38-in round the bust under arms, the skirts being 38, 40, and 42 inches long in front. Larger or special sizes made to measure for 1s. 6d. extra. COLOURS - Any of the above Costumes can be supplied in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Electric-Blue, Ruby, Dark Cinnamon, Fawn, or Grey. PATTERNS, also Illustrated Book of the Serge and Fashion Sheets of numerous other designs in Ladies and Children's Costumes, etc., sent Post Free to any reader of To-Day on application to

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THE COLLEEN BAWN: A RECOLLECTION.

THERE have been three Adelphi Theatres in my recollection. First, the old Adelphi Theatre of Frederick Yates, father of our old friend, Edmund Yates, the Adelphi of O'Smith, Edward Wright, and Mrs. Yates, who was the original Geraldine in *The Green Bushes*. Secondly, the new Adelphi Theatre, which may be called the Benjamin Webster Adelphi, the scene of the many triumphs of the Dion Boucicaults in *The Colleen Bawn*, and many more Irish romantic dramas; of Miss Kate Bateman, who electrified all London with her *Leah*; of Joseph Jefferson, who here first played *Rip Van Winkle*; the home for many years of dear old Johnnie Toole, Paul Bedford, and the Billingtons. The third Adelphi, that we all know, is the one now standing—the Adelphi of the Brothers Gatti—far finer, more comfortable and handsome than any of its predecessors.

In the year 1860 the Adelphi of Benjamin Webster was anything but an establishment creditable to the renown of theatrical London. Artist and gentleman as he was, he allowed his theatre to be conducted on very slovenly principles. Dirt and dowdiness were the characteristic features of the playhouse he conducted. The scenery was tawdry, the dressing and decoration on the stage abominable, and a youngster of the day, called William Schwenck Gilbert, who was just making his mark as a humorist in the columns of *Fun*, edited by Tom Hood, continually chaffed what he called the "Adelphi guests," astounding "supers" dressed as no human beings were ever dressed before. However, Dion Boucicault had got round old Ben Webster, and, being a man of spirit, intended to revolutionise the stage with his version of *The Colleen Bawn*. The story came from Gerald Griffin's novel, "The Collegians." Old playgoers insist that the play plot is taken from an old "East-end" drama called *Eily O'Connor*. At any rate, in dialogue, in poetry, and charm, it bears the imprint of the master hand of the author of "London Assurance."

It is to be a great night at the play, for Dion Boucicault is as famous as an actor, as an author, and he has recently married pretty Agnes Robertson, a charming girl who has been the *protégé* of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. At the door of the dingy theatre in the Strand stands a bulky little gentleman, one J. W. Anson, who has been an actor of some eminence, but is now the right-hand man of Ben Webster, his acting manager, and destined to be connected with those miserable failures, the Crystal Palace Dramatic Fêtes and the dead-alive Dramatic College at Woking. Mr. Anson's duties to-night—the first night of *The Colleen Bawn*—is to stand at the top of the stairs and "pass in" the critics and such as demand orders and free admissions.

Behold, then, the noble army of critics, the majority of whom have come from the Arundel Club, a delightful literary and artistic rendezvous, held in a fine old house, the last in Salisbury Street, Strand, overlooking the river, which has no Embankment.

John Oxenford, who represents the *Times*—a white-haired old gentleman in spectacles, who is usually accompanied by his friends, Mr. Herbert, a solicitor, and Mr. Murphy, a Government Office clerk—is passed into a private box in virtue of his seniority and commanding influence on the stage of the day. E. L. Blanchard represents the *Daily Telegraph*, now gradually rising into fame—a genial, delightful man, who is a walking encyclopædia of theatrical and Bohemian knowledge. John Hollingshead, frank, outspoken and fearless, is for the *Daily News*; Leicester Buckingham, an extraordinary person, with long, black, silky hair, is for the *Morning Star*; whilst the other critical seats are filled by courteous Bayle Bernard, by old F. G. Tomlins with the sunny smile, whilst a corner is found for Tom Robertson, who does the notices for the *Illustrated Times*, for W. S. Gilbert, and for Clement Scott.

Everyone sees at a glance that Dion Boucicault has

done wonders with the Adelphi stage. The scenery is far better than usual, and the "Adelphi moon" not so obtrusively prominent. Boucicault, being a born Irishman, knows how to dress the Kerry peasants, whilst he and his wife—albeit a Scotchwoman—might have stepped out of the Emerald Isle.

Boucicault's Myles-na-Coppaleen was a masterpiece of roguishness and humour. He was the model Irish boy, with eyes twinkling with fun, and a mouth overflowing with honied sentiments. In her way, Mrs. Dion Boucicault was equally delightful, a perfect little picture, once seen not easily forgotten, speaking as sweetly as she sang the various Irish ballads happily introduced by the author. The majority of the Irish characters are filled by Irishmen, notably the Danny Mann by Edward Falconer, and Father Tom by C. H. Stephenson.

The cave, or water scene, with Dion Boucicault's "sensation header," as it was called, at once took the town. Nothing had been seen like it before. It was placarded on every hoarding, and subsequently burlesqued by H. J. Byron at the old Strand Theatre, when Eily O'Connor was played by that drollest of comedians, Jimmy Rogers, one of the most melancholy and funniest of men. From that hour the fortunes of actor, author, manager and theatre looked up. Boucicault rented a mansion in old Brompton—the actors' suburb in those days—and lived like a prince until his savings from *The Colleen Bawn* were all gone, when he had to turn to his desk again and write another play. It was a gay time in the world of Bohemia, I can assure you. Ned Sothorn had made quite as great a hit with Lord Dundreary at the Haymarket, as Boucicault had with *The Colleen Bawn*, and the actors' Sunday Dinner Parties were things to be remembered.

The Colleen Bawn tradition remains safe with the ever-respected widow of Dion Boucicault, who, after a lapse of thirty-six years, changes dear Eily O'Connor for Mrs. Cregan, but is able to coach the new school of artists at the Princess's, where the old play has the advantage of real water in the cave scene, and the kind of athletic exercises which perhaps the actors and actresses in 1860 would have shirked. Like children, we used to "make believe" in 1860. We imagined the water, though we did not see it. It all seemed like water, and we pitied Eily O'Connor from our hearts, and hated crafty Danny Mann, and applauded the roguish Myles, and went home dreaming of dear old Ireland, and the lakes of Killarney and Muckross Head, and mixed impressions of the dark-haired little Eily, in her short peasant's petticoats, and the tall, fair-haired Anne Chute in her long green and gold embroidered riding-habit—a character admirably impersonated by Miss Woolgar, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Mellon. The whole world and his wife crowded to see *The Colleen Bawn*. Since that day there have been several revivals of Boucicault's Irish drama. Twenty years ago William Terriss played Hardress Cregan at the Princess's Theatre. The same part is now capitally acted by Tom Terriss, his clever young son. With all her endeavours to encourage and applaud, I very much doubt if Mrs. Dion Boucicault could place her hand on her heart, and say that the famous play is as well acted now as it was originally. Her husband was simply one of the best comedians of the last half-century, an actor of humour and infinite charm, as witness his performance in *Arrah-na-Pogue* and *The Shaughraun*. The ivy tower scene in the first play, and the "wake-scene" in the last are not likely to be forgotten by any who saw them. And then how admirable was Falconer's Danny Mann, with its mixture of cruelty and fawning cunning. However, we may be thankful for small mercies, for we have Mrs. Boucicault as Mrs. Cregan, Agnes Hewitt a handsome Anne Chute, and a pretty Eily O'Connor in Miss Beaumont Collins. And then we have the tank, and a gallant swimmer in Mr. Purdon, who does not mind getting a ducking every evening in rescuing the hapless Eily. *The Colleen Bawn*, with its new patent tank, is pro-

bably better than no *Colleen Bawn* at all, for, at any rate, we get a clever romantic play and some delightful dialogue. Age has not withered, nor custom staled its infinite variety.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—I have just heard a most extraordinary bit of news. It is said that the committee of one of the oldest Service clubs in London, of which the German Emperor is a member, have called on him to resign. If this is true, you may be sure that what one does the others will do, and lots of trouble will follow. Royalty is perturbed and divided in its views, and the authorities are agitated, for already all the influence of our new Commander-in-Chief has been needed to stop wholesale resignation of the officers in our English regiments of which the German Emperor is honorary colonel. These officers, now reinforced by the views of their seniors, will probably reassert themselves. The cheerful conundrum that they informally propounded to the War Office took this form: "Suppose hostilities break out with Germany, and suppose we meet the German Emperor on the battle-field, shall we be court-martialled under the Articles of War if we shoot him—i.e., shoot our commanding officer? Or shall we be treated as traitors if we obey his orders as our commanding officer, and turn our swords against our English comrades?"

I learn that the Queen holds very stern views with regard to the conduct of the Kaiser. Her determination to review the Flying Squadron came of her own initiative. She regards the squadron very much in the light of a gauntlet thrown down to the world. It was her wish that it should have gone out on its mysterious errand commanded by a Prince of the Blood, with the Royal Standard flying at the peak of his flagship. There is something magnificently Elizabethan about this that rather appeals to me. Of course, the only possible commander was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, but, as the German Emperor is his Sovereign, he could not assume a position in our navy. It would be his duty to fight against us; yet we pay him £10,000 a year! This is ridiculous, and will be heard about when Parliament meets.

The circumstances attending the deplorable demise of poor Prince Henry of Battenberg have accentuated the awkward position of the German Emperor. The moment was obviously one when very stringent etiquette might very decently have been laid aside. Knowing that our Queen was very fond of Prince Henry, knowing that Her Majesty and her daughter were suddenly overtaken by a very great grief, the Emperor might have gracefully seized the opportunity to be first with a simple and sincere expression of sympathy. After all, the Queen is his grandmother. Our Princess Royal is his mother. It is the husband of her sister who is dead. Surely there is a duty to the family as well as a duty to the State! But the German Emperor evidently thinks otherwise, and he can get no further than a formal call on the British Ambassador in Berlin.

Meantime, the condolences of President Cleveland come from America in the most prompt and tender terms. They are very pleasant reading, and coming, as they do, on the top of Senator Walcott's remarkable speech, they seem to define what I may call the New Monroe Doctrine as a pronouncement from Jonathan to John Bull in these terms: "Look here, old man! I rather like having rows with you myself, but I am damned if I'll stand by and let anybody else bully you!"

Prince Henry's death somehow had a very depressing effect on the theatres last week. In all classes of society there seemed to be a disinclination to go out. Not only stalls, but pits and galleries, were badly patronised, even at the most popular playhouses.

This, of course, did not much affect things at the Lyceum, where the failure of *Michael and His Lost Angel* had previously been accepted with resignation. The management was less prompt in making up its mind about the future. At first a revival of that startling novelty, the *School for Scandal*, was contemplated, pending a production of *Othello*, and overtures were made in several directions with a view to both casts; but finally the obvious and economical expedient of letting Oscar Barrett have the theatre for evening performances of his pantomime was determined on, and now time can be taken over preparations for a version of Coppée's *Pour la Couronne*, by John Davidson, poet. To this end Mrs. Pat. Campbell has been torn away from the delights of the bicycle and chats with Thomas Hardy on the possibilities of a dramatised *Tess*.

The Shaftesbury Company got back all right from their flying visit to Manchester, doing the journey twenty-two minutes under the fastest express time. They only had one slight fright, when running into a heavy mist, on the road home, they were startled by the regular "bang, bang" of fog-signals. This might have meant any length of delay, and they lived on their watches for half an hour. But the mist cleared, and they careered home triumphantly. Waller and Morell were quite conscious of the risks run on such an enterprise, however, and they insured the company for £2,000, and the chance of not opening the theatre that night for £500. This quaint bit of business was done at Lloyds for a premium of £5.

There is not much doubt, I think, that *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past* will move to the Court, and Mrs. John Wood will join the cast. The play has worked up wonderfully since the first night, and is now exceedingly funny. The Vaudeville will shortly revert to the Gattis, who will probably run it themselves, though I know that Miss Cissy Graham made an offer for it last week, with a view to producing a new musical comedy by Cecil Clay, the author of the marvellously successful *Pantomime Rehearsal*. The new play is on similar lines, but longer and more elaborate.

Nelly Farren has found the strain of management on her health more than she can safely bear, and, having closed the Opera Comique she will rest till the autumn. If she is then sufficiently recovered to play herself—as there is every hope—there will be no doubt about her success. Meantime, a German company will appear at the Opera Comique for a short season, and then possibly Sir Augustus Harris will give a run to a new light opera on the subject of *Shamus O'Brien*.

The new opera house to be built on the site of Her Majesty's, has got into its first difficulty with the County Council, who would not accept the plans, and asked for alterations. A big theatre surrounded by clubs, chambers, and restaurants, all fitted with kitchens and things, was sure to meet with their disapproval, for they stand firmly to their policy of keeping new theatres as much isolated as possible. I can't help wondering why the new opera house is to be so large. Covent Garden is admittedly a size too big, and the new house is to be bigger. A new theatre, a shade smaller than Drury Lane, would always be a first-class marketable property, for you could play anything in it. But a theatre bigger than Covent Garden means opera only, which means also a season of barely three months per year. To give you a practical idea of how size increases every kind of expense, I may tell you that when a big procession in a spectacular show comes down the stage at Drury Lane, eight girls in a row is a sufficient number. For the same procession at Covent Garden you must have twelve girls in a row. For the new opera house you would want fourteen or sixteen. The same is true of every department. Bigger scenery wants more carpenters to run it. A larger stage requires more

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limes to light it. I present these suggestions to the directors of the new enterprise entirely free of charge.

I wish that another suggestion of mine could be accepted by another set of authorities. Why will they turn bicyclists out of Hyde Park at twelve o'clock? It is an impossible hour. It is too soon for after breakfast, and it is too early for before lunch. No harm would be done by leaving the cyclists alone in their glory up to half-past one, and then we should all be happy. By the way, rational dress for lady cyclists in the Park is increasing. I counted no less than six knickerbockered ladies the other day, and very nice they looked. Two of them fell into the fatal error, however, of wearing very feminine hats. Lace and ribbons do not go with tailor-made clothes. A brown felt, or a neat, simple straw is all right. The other is not. To make my meaning clear, may I call the attention of these ladies to the fact that a nude statue is perfectly inoffensive in itself. But directly you put a silk stocking on one leg, or a lace trimmed hat on the head, it instantly becomes indecent. I don't exactly know why, but it is so. And it is equally and similarly so with the lady bicyclists' rational dress.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

A CONVICT'S MARRIAGE IN NEW CALEDONIA.*

FRENCH convicts sentenced to imprisonment are sometimes allowed to marry if the betrothed follows her lover to New Caledonia. After the ceremony husband and wife see no more of each other until the convict's sentence has expired:—

"The nuptial blessing was droned monotonously in French by a stout, rubicund priest, who wore soiled and crumpled vestments.

The scene was strange and impressive.

Upon a tawdry altar, in a small, bare chapel, two candles flickered unsteadily. The gloomy place was utterly devoid of embellishment, with damp-stained, whitewashed walls, a stone floor, dirty and uneven, and broken windows patched with paper.

Over the man and woman kneeling at the steps the priest outstretched his hands and pronounced the benediction.

When he had concluded a gabbled exhortation and penitentialism, they rose. The weary-eyed man regained his feet quickly, gazing a trifle sadly at his companion, while the latter, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, got up slowly, and affectionately embraced her newly-wedded husband.

As the bride placed her arms about her husband's neck he bent, and, lifting her black veil slightly, gave her a fond, passionate caress.

Turning from the altar, the priest grasped their hands, wishing them health and happiness. What bitter irony! What a canting pretence of humanity! As if either could be obtained in New Caledonia, the malarial island to which the French transport their criminals. The ill-timed sarcasm caused the statuesque warders to grin, but a tear stood in the eye of more than one of the bridegroom's comrades in adversity, even though they were desperate characters, hardened by crime.

"We thank you heartily for your kind wishes," he replied, "and trust that your blessing will render our lot less wearisome."

The convict's bride remained silent, gazing about her unconcernedly.

"Come!" exclaimed the officer, rising abruptly; "we must not linger; already we have lost too much time."

After the register had been signed the husband again kissed his wife. As she raised her lips to his he whispered a few words, as if to reassure her, then said aloud—

"Farewell, dearest! In seven years I shall be free. Till then, *au revoir, sans adieu!*"

"*Sans adieu!*" she echoed, in a low voice, apparently unmoved.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned towards his stern guards.

"I must apologise for detaining you, gentlemen," he said. "Let us go. I am ready."

The bride, who was young, was dressed very plainly in black, yet with Parisian taste. Perhaps she was handsome, but the thick veil concealed her features. The husband's appearance, however, was decidedly unprepossessing. He was undergoing a term of ten years' hard labour and lifelong banishment.

Tall, bronzed, and bearded, with a thin face wrinkled by toil, although still retaining traces of good looks, he remained for a moment motionless, contemplating with loving eyes the woman who was now his wife. His attire was scarcely befitting a bridegroom, for he had no coat, and wore the soiled and ragged grey shirt and trousers of a miner, while the chains that bound his wrists seemed strangely out of place.

Yet the spectators of this odd ceremony were as strikingly incongruous as the principals themselves.

There were but eight persons. Five were fellow-prisoners of the husband, comprising the labour gang in which he worked, while close behind them sat an officer and two sinister-looking warders, in faded military uniforms, the butts of their loaded rifles resting on the floor. The convicts were watching the ceremony interestedly, frequently whispering among themselves, and ever and anon, as either stirred, the clanking of their chains formed an ominous accompaniment to the hastily-gabbled formula, as if reminding them of the dismal hopelessness of their situation.

Neither replied. The warder who held the chain to which the five prisoners were manacled stepped forward and locked it to the bridegroom's fetters.

For a few minutes, while before the altar, the latter had been allowed comparative freedom; but now, the ceremony over, he was compelled to return with his gang to the atrocious tortures and dispiriting gloom of the copper mines—that monotonous, toilsome existence of French convicts; a life without rest, without hope, with naught else beyond hard labour, brutal taskmasters, and the whining homilies of drunken priests.

At the word from the officer the men filed slowly out—a dismal, dejected procession. Notwithstanding the uniform grey dress and closely-cropped heads, the difference in their physiognomy came prominently out. It was easily distinguishable that the husband belonged to a higher social circle than the others, who, from their ferocious, forbidding aspect, had evidently given the rein to their evil passions, and were undergoing their just punishment. Through the narrow door they passed in single file, the warders following immediately behind with their rifles upon their shoulders.

The officer paused at the door, and, turning, lifted his cap politely to the bride, saying—

"Forgive me, madame, for thus taking your husband from you, but, alas! I have orders which must be obeyed."

"No apology is needed, m'sieur," she replied, with a slight sigh. "My husband's honeymoon has been brief indeed; but, as one convicted of a serious crime, what can he expect? We must both wait. Nothing further need be said."

"And you have followed him here—from Paris?"

"Yes."

"Ah! what devotion! Madame, truly yours is a cruel separation, and you have my heartfelt sympathy. Adieu."

"Thanks, m'sieur; adieu," she said, brokenly; but the officer had already passed out, and was beyond hearing.

Tobaccoists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobaccoists' Outfitting Co., 126, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT. WANTED TO BUY, Old Life Insurance Bonus Policies at prices exceeding the Office surrender value.—Apply J. L. SHERRIN, 40, Old Broad St., London. ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

LOANS granted on Short Term Insurance Policies. Reversions bought. Correspondence invited. Distance no object.—Walker & Son, Midland Chambers, Nottingham.

* "The Temptress." By William Le Queux. (Tower Publishing Company. 6s.)

IN THE CITY.

UITLANDERS AND SPECULATORS.

The text of the famous letter to Dr. Jameson, first published in *The Times* of January 1, has now been received from South Africa through independent sources, and we have the names of the men who signed the letter. They are:—

1. Colonel Rhodes.
2. Charles Leonard.
3. Lionel Phillips.
4. John Hays Hammond.
5. George H. Farrar.

Now, all these persons, with the exception of Charles Leonard, who is a lawyer, are very largely interested in the Transvaal gold mines. We have not space to enumerate the numerous companies of which they are directors—for example, Mr. Phillips is director of over twenty companies, and chairman of several—but we will take for our present purpose three companies in one or other of which each of these persons is largely interested. Thus—

(a) Colonel Rhodes is managing director of the Consolidated Gold Fields, Limited.

(b) Mr. Lionel Phillips is chairman of the Rand Mines, Limited.

(c) Mr. J. H. Hammond is a director of the Consolidated Gold Fields, Limited.

(d) Mr. G. H. Farrar is managing director of the Anglo-French Exploration Company.

Now, let us note the market value of these three companies—without mentioning others such as the East Rand, of which Mr. Farrar is chairman, and the market value of which fell over £5,000,000 in the three months—at the end of September, and contrast that value with the aggregate value at the end of December:—

	Market Value. Sept. 30.	Market Value. Dec. 31.	Shrinkage.
Consolidated Gold Fields	£8,027,500...	£2,535,000...	£5,492,500
Rand Mines, Limited	14,805,506...	6,820,514...	7,984,992
Anglo-French Exploration	2,192,100...	876,840...	1,315,260
	£25,025,106...	£10,232,354...	£14,792,752

Here we find that between the end of September and the end of December the fall in the market value of three companies, out of the dozens in which the four signatories were interested, amounted to close upon £15,000,000 sterling, and we know that all four were heavy sellers prior to the outbreak. What is the explanation? It has been generally assumed that the collapse was the necessary consequence of enormous inflation, but there is nearly always an ostensible specific reason, as the *Financial Times* points out, for a heavy fall, and here there was none for a fall unprecedented in this generation. This fall was, in fact, due to the manipulations of men some of whom have since been laid by the heels by the Transvaal Government. The *Financial News* will not be charged with a jaundiced view of Stock Exchange doings, but note what that journal said on the subject in its issue of January 18:—

All this selling is an aspect of the case that the Colonial Office would do well not to overlook. If it establishes nothing else, it establishes the fact that trouble was looked for, and this is just one of those sinister cases which suggest the comment that those are the truest prophets who take care to make their own predictions come true. . . . Whatever may have been the object of the revolutionary movements in the first instance, they have been mixed up with and contaminated by as vile a lot of stockjobbing as ever discredited the annals of finance.

So say we. It is stated, on what purports to be good authority, that £6,000,000 sterling had been placed at the disposal of the Johannesburg Defence Committee. It is a big sum, but almost a trifle to what the men who offered it would have made if only their scheme had worked without hitch. It has failed, but the schemers are still at work. They may have abandoned the idiotic idea of taking the Transvaal with a rush, but they still hope to knock down prices until they can buy at enormously reduced quotations. To bring that about the rumour is spread that the mines are to be shut down for an indefinite time. Our advice to our readers who may have shares in the Transvaal companies we have mentioned, and others, is to hold. The talk about permanent shutting down, or shutting down for any time, is moonshine. If there was any serious attempt at that sort of thing we should soon find it checkmated in short and summary fashion by the Transvaal Government. The companies would be told that they must either work the mines or have them confiscated.

We shall have Mr. Cecil Rhodes with us in a few days. Perhaps he will tell us why he was such a heavy seller of Consolidated Gold Mines, and other shares, prior to the outbreak?

THE GLOBE INDUSTRIAL AND GENERAL TRUST CORPORATION.

THIS company was brought out in November, 1889, with the object of carrying on the business of a Trust company. Its capital was to be £1,000,000 in £10 shares, and £1,000 founders' shares of £10 each. The debenture capital was to be £250,000, in £5 per cent. permanent debenture stock.

In the prospectus it is stated that "the directors feel justified from the figures which have been laid before them in anticipating that large returns will be realised by the judicious investment of the company's funds." At the foot of the prospectus is appended a list of a number of Trust companies with the prices at which the shares, or stock, were then standing, showing that the same were then at a premium of from 10 to 23 per cent.

Of the ordinary share capital of the company £5 per share was only likely to be called up. This has been done, and the remaining £5 per share can only be called up in the event of the company going into liquidation.

From the first balance-sheet of the company it appears that 39,980 shares of £10 each were allotted, and that as against this £181,400 debenture stock was issued.

The first annual meeting of the company was held on the 12th January, 1891, Mr. Littler, Q.C., presiding, and at that meeting a dividend of four per cent. was declared. Since then no dividend has been declared.

Even the one dividend ought not to have been paid. It was paid notwithstanding the strong protest of the auditor, Mr. Dever, of Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, and Co., who informed the shareholders' meeting that "It would be greatly to the advantage of the Company that it should not be paid," and when, in spite of this advice, the meeting—to whom the Chairman left the decision—decided that it should be paid, Mr. Dever said he was "extremely vexed that the shareholders had not listened to the recommendation of their auditors."

The Directors have persistently refused to publish a statement of their investments, and the same have been stated at their cost price in the company's balance sheets.

It now appears from the circular issued by the directors, which accompanied a notice of an extraordinary general meeting for the purpose of passing a resolution for voluntary liquidation, that the company is no longer able to pay the interest on its debenture stock, and that it is proposed to reconstruct the company, and to give each member two fully-paid £1 shares in respect of every share in the old company when fully paid up. That is to say, the remaining £5 per share will be called up by the liquidator, in exchange for which the holders will receive shares to the value of £2 for every £10. It would therefore appear that eight-tenths of the capital of the company has been lost, and will be non-existent when the liabilities have been discharged.

Looking at the disastrous result of the Company's operations in the past, it certainly seems foolish to entrust the Directors with any further capital out of which to make ducks and drakes. Liquidation seems the only course open to the Company, the debenture stock being a charge on the uncalled capital. But why should Directors who have failed so miserably to attain even the most moderate degree of success in their management of the Company's funds be entrusted with further capital?

It also appears desirable that an independent investigation into the mode in which the Company was formed should be undertaken. Of course if the Company is liquidated voluntarily, and a liquidator friendly to the Directors appointed, this will not be done.

The extraordinary general meeting was held on the 17th inst., but shareholders who could not be present complain that they do not know what resolutions were come to, no report having appeared in the papers. We, therefore, wrote to Mr. Broad to ask him what was done, and the following is his reply:—

1, Walbrook,
London, E.C., 23rd January, 1893.

The Globe Industrial and General Trust Corporation, Ltd.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday.

At the meeting on 17th inst., it was decided to wind up the Company voluntarily, and I was appointed Liquidator.

It is hoped that it may be possible later on to reconstruct the Company.

Yours faithfully,

H. Evans Broad, Liquidator, pro tem.

Having regard to all the circumstances of the case, we think shareholders should move for a compulsory winding-up order.

The whole course of proceedings of the company since its formation in 1889 has been more or less shrouded in mystery, and it is very desirable that there should be light. There is nothing before shareholders to lead them to consider reconstruction desirable.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHALLENGE.

Referring to our reference to this matter in our last issue, we are now authorised to say that all details have been settled, and that the races will be run in the first week in June. There will be three contests: A five-mile race, a twenty-five mile race, and a hundred mile race. The one mile race has been abandoned on the ground that in so short a race accident might give undue advantage to one side or the other. But after the three races have been run, Mr. Simpson will give an exhibition time mile, if the day is anything fair, to break the world's record. This race will not take up much time, and should round off the day pleasantly. Dr. McCabe tells us that there will be quite an Irish invasion on the day of the race. Irish cyclists are showing a very keen interest in the contest.

SALVATIONISTS AS PROMOTERS.

In the course of last year we had occasion to direct attention to the methods of the so-called Salvation Army Bank, and to complain that deposits were received on essentially misleading representations. On another occasion attention was directed to certain Stock Exchange transactions in which one of the Booths was concerned. We have now to note evidence given in the Bankruptcy Court, which proves that Mr. Bramwell Booth finances inventors—anyway has financed one.

On Friday an application was made in the Bankruptcy Court from which it appeared that in 1889 a person name Lafitte had invented and patented a colour printing machine. In that year he was put into communication with Mr. Bramwell Booth and another, who bought an interest in the patent for £900, and undertook to provide the cost of developing it up to £25,000.

This development work went on until, by the end of December, 1894, Mr. Bramwell Booth had advanced £10,000, the construction of the machine being carried on at the Salvation Army headquarters. Soon after apparently the inventor went into the Bankruptcy Court, but with that we have no concern.

When the machine was perfected it was to be sold to the public, and Mr. Bramwell Booth was to take half the profit. How does he justify an arrangement of that kind? Presumably the £10,000 came from the funds of the Salvation Army. If not we have to assume that Mr. Bramwell Booth is a wealthy man, wealthy enough to risk a little fortune in experiments intended to perfect an invention ultimately to be put upon the market and sold, we must suppose, for the biggest profit obtainable. Would that profit have gone to the Salvation Army Treasury? We do not doubt that it would have done so if the £10,000 came from Salvation Army funds, but we cannot help thinking that it would be better if Mr. Bramwell Booth, now practically chief of the Salvation Army, steered clear of transactions that suggest the company promoter.

ORNAMENTAL DIRECTORS.

The ornamental director is still with us. In the course of the trial of A. T. Hawkins for frauds alleged to have been committed in connection with the National Dwellings Society, of which he was managing director, two of the other directors were examined. The first, General Collingwood, said among other things—

"He knew nothing about the affairs of the company."

"He knew nothing of business; he had been in the Army all his life."

"He knew nothing."

And the second, Colonel Brown, admitted that

"He did not know what funds the company had,"

"He investigated nothing,"

"He was not a man of business."

It does not appear to have occurred to either of these warriors that in giving their names to a financial undertaking which accepted and invited the moneys of the public without taking the trouble to satisfy themselves that the business was, and remained, upon a sound footing, their conduct was inconsistent with what ought to be the action of "officers and gentlemen" in these matters. That General Collingwood and Colonel Brown erred in very good company, and did nothing that is not done every day by brother officers is true, but is no adequate excuse.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

The West-end Syndicate, Limited.—We have received numerous

letters from correspondents who have answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for a secretary, and have in reply received a type-written letter from the above concern to the effect that the salary attached to the post is £200 per annum, increasing to £500. The letter goes on to suggest that the applicant shall put money into the syndicate. To quote Mr. H.C. Wild, "sec. pro. tem.," "If you can yourself take, or place among your friends, any 10 per cent. preference shares, at £1 each, it would be to your advantage to do so, and in the event of your not obtaining the post of secretary, I will pay you 20 per cent. on any capital introduced by you in this way." Mr. Wild ends with the remark that "it would be advisable to send the application and cheque for full amount at the same time as you return the enclosed secretaryship form." In addition to this letter, which appears to be the same in all cases, our correspondent sends us a printed form in which he is asked various questions as to his personal affairs. This method of obtaining a secretary for "The West-end Syndicate, Limited, promoting The Central African Ivory Trading Expedition," seems to us open to considerable objection.

NEW ISSUES.

The Victoria Reef Gold Mine, Lim. Capital £75,000. Present issue £35,000. Formed to acquire a mining property some miles west of Mount Jackson, in the Yilgarn Goldfields, Western Australia. Development has been in progress for some time, and there are already five shafts and cuts in the property on the lode. Mr. Nicholls, the mining manager of Fraser's Gold Mining Co., has reported favourably upon the mine, and is of the opinion that the vein struck is a true fissure and will exist to great depths. Water and timber are said to be abundant, and it was estimated at the end of 1894 that there were 5,000 tons of ore in sight. The capital is moderate, and £20,000 of it has been left for working capital, which has been guaranteed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

First Favourite System. G. — (Sidcup).—Your question is not of the kind usually answered in this column, but we may say we have no faith in the "First," or any other system, that promises certain winnings. **Pleiades.** W. A. R. (Loughboro').—You could hardly go wrong in buying them at their present price. The honour of the house of Barnato, of which we heard so much at the Cannon Street meeting, will necessitate something being done by the chief custodian of that honour on behalf of shareholders who, relying upon his representations and his "honour," bought the shares when he put them upon the market at a premium of 100 per cent. **Kabongas.** CAUTION (Edinburgh).—(1) If you are cautious you will not touch the rubbish. (2) Yes, we think there will be something like a "boom" in the Westralian market in the spring, if the war clouds pass away. Indeed it seems to be already beginning. (3) Randfonteins are good to buy. **Murchison New Chum.** J. J. C. (London).—(1) Yes. (2) Not yet. **Outside Brokers.** SCOTT (Glasgow).—(1) All seven are much of the same class, with the possible exception of No 7. (2) None of the list is among the best of the outside brokers. **Streeter and Co.** T. 1009 (Manchester).—We should prefer some other selection, but we must not be understood to imply anything to the prejudice of the company in question. **City and South London Electric Railway.** A. W. (Forest Hill).—(1) We should hold. (2) Hold for the present. **Banking Account.** — (Arundel).—The practice varies. You should go to the Birkbeck if the account is very small. If less small the London and South-Western would probably be as accommodating as any. **"Dearest Bertha."** J. B. C. (Kilburn).—We are obliged to you for the cutting. **Victoria and Altamira.** VICTORIA (St. James').—Better have nothing to do with them. **Investment of £4,250.** EXECUTOR (Leeds).—The 4 per cent. preference stock of 1891, mentioned by you, though not, of course, so absolutely safe as the railway preference stock quoted at higher price is, we think, sufficiently secure. But if the amount of the interest is not a very pressing consideration, we should prefer another selection, say, London and South-western Railway Stock. **Pneumatic Road Skate Company.** Q. R.—We cannot advise you to invest in it. If the subscription is accurately stated in the paragraph you send us the directors ought not to have gone to allotment. **Murchison New Chum.** WAIT A BIT (Edinburgh).—(1) We are disposed to think so. (2) We should hold the Black Flags. We know nothing against the brokers you mention. Bear in mind, before you decide to buy, that mining shares are at best a very speculative purchase. If you cannot afford to lose, look nearer home and put your money into some sound industrial undertaking. **Chaffey Brothers, Limited.** POOR JOE (Bournemouth). We will try and get the information you want, and answer your several questions in our next issue. The Melbourne meeting decided for voluntary liquidation. **Various Investments.** J. M. P. (Harrogate).—Speaking generally, the list is a good one. The brewery debenture is a better security than it was, but it still leaves something to be desired. **Two Westralian Shares.** FARINA (Kilburn).—We cannot recommend either. **North Queensland Mining Agency.** C. H. D. (Brighton).—Noted. We have not space to deal with the matter this week, but we will go into it in our next issue. **Farm and Colonisation Company, Limited.** B. V. (Newmarket).—We will look into the matter and answer in our next issue. **Klersdorps.** **Tempora Mutantur.**—(1) Yes. (2) We should prefer another selection. **Adler's Consols.** HULL (C. S.).—We think them well worth their present price. **A Good Speculation.** EXACT FACTS.—We do not recommend you to buy just now. **The Carlton Bank.** SUBSCRIBER (Scorrier).—We are obliged. The matter shall have our attention.

INSURANCE.

E. B. and U. R. E.—We will inquire.

T. B. (Redcar).—The concern you inquire about is founded presumably in ignorance of the true principles of life assurance. Its outgo is far in excess of its income, and to meet the deficiency large sums of money have been borrowed, which cannot be repaid. When stoppage occurs is only a question of time.

BENEVOLENT.—The need you describe is a common one, but it is not, so far as we know, met by any insurance scheme.

INQUIRER (Edinburgh).—(1) This is the most expensively managed life office in this country, and none in existence has so bitterly disappointed its policy-holders, both by its general administration and treatment of the individual policy-holders. Moreover, we doubt if its liabilities and assets were valued by independent experts it would be found solvent. (2) This company is small but is managed with care and integrity. It is quite safe for all the risks it will accept.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS' 17th Grand Pantomime, CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.30. For full particulars see daily papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, W. To-day, at Three and Eight.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—Enormous success of the 31st Annual Carnival Programme, produced upon a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The Magnificent Company increased to Sixty Performers, including a fine choir of juvenile and adult voices, phalanx of Comedians, and a superb Orchestra.

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MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW STORY OF ADVENTURE.

This is MR. ANTHONY HOPE's first long story written since "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is a stirring Tale of Adventures in the Island of Neopalia.

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LETTERS TO CLORINDA,

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WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.—I. EVE A. J. GOODMAN
CONTRABAND OF WAR W. W. JACOBS

Four Illustrations by MAX COWPER.
"A middle-aged seaman of sedate appearance sat crocheting an antimacassar."—"Committed his body to the deep."—"His mind's wandering," said he, hastily."—"Taking him affectionately by the arm, led him aft to the skipper."

DR. MAX NORDAU, THE AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION"—
ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD

Three Illustrations.
Max Nordau.—Dr. Max Nordau's Study.—Dr. Max Nordau.

CAUGHT HAL HURST
THE PICTURE OF THE CURSE ALLEN UPWARD

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.
"Sitting in the same attitude."—"Trembling in every limb."—"Fell into my arms."—"I noticed a change in the aspect of the man."

FOR A PICTURE CHARLES KENNETT BURROW
Illustration by R. SAUBER.
"You had no thought save just to go your ways."

THE LOOTING OF LUCKNOW SIR W. H. RUSSELL
A SLEEPING-CAR TRAGEDY W. L. ALDEN

Four Illustrations by R. JACK.
"Bringing her cakes and apples."—"They'd take off their boots."—"Telling anecdotes was always my strong suit."—"Sat down in front of him with his pistol in his hand."

ALL UP WITH HER MAX COWPER
A SUBURBAN "AT HOME" W. PETT RIDGE

Three Illustrations by HAL HURST.
"The Romance of 89 K."—"One of his funny sketches."—"We could go to the lovers' walk."

THE HORRORS OF LONDON.—I. WESTMINSTER ABBEY—
ALLEN UPWARD

Illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER.
MISS NELLY FARREN AT HOME.. .. WHITWICK BROOK

Eleven Illustrations.
Miss Farren as "Jack Sheppard."—Miss Farren's Dining-Room.—The Study.—The Drawing-Room.

A HARD CASE SYDNEY ADAMSON
THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.—I. THE DEAF CLERGYMAN—
HERBERT KEEN

Four Illustrations by W. DEWAR.
"I found her engaged in writing out the menus for the evening's repast."—"Would you be so good, sir, as to tell me the names of some of our fellow-guests?"—"We found the landing thick with smoke and the Colonel's door open."—"The Major sprang to his feet with a muttered oath."

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL J. F. NISBET
THE DOCTOR'S REMORSE SIDNEY H. SIME

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
"The British Barbarians."—"A Child's Garden of Verses."—"Jude, the Obscure."—"A Second Jungle Book."—"Valima Letters," &c.

T. WALTER WILSON, R.I., AND HIS WORK .. WALLACE LAWLER
Fifteen Illustrations.

Mr. T. Walter Wilson. R.I.—Rough sketches by Mr. Walter Wilson.—The Parnell Commission.—The Athenaeum Club.—At the Parnell Commission.—A page of sketches of Mr. Gladstone taken in the House of Commons by Mr. Walter Wilson.

A TALE OF TWIN SOULS FRED WHISHAW
Three Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.

"Ruth is my name."—"A slouch hat and a false beard can only partially eclipse."—"Mr. Daniels."

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.—"CINDERELLA" AT DRURY LANE.
Illustrated by Photos by ELLIS, and DRAWINGS BY PENNY STANLEY.

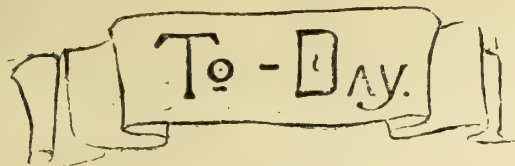
Miss Ida Bowman as "Cinderella."—Incises designed by Drury Lane Pantomime.—Miss Herbert Campbell as "The Baron."—"Dan Lens-practising his dance."—"Miss Miraguerre's entrance as the French Ambassador."—"Miss Laine conjures up a Demon."—"Miss Ida Bowman and Miss Ada Bowman as "Cinderella" and "The Prince."—"At rehearsal."—"Mr. Dan Lens as "The Baroness."

THE ACTING MANAGER GEORGE P. HAWTREY
THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—SKATING DUDLEY HARDY

THE IDLER'S CLUB: THE MAN IN LOVE IS HE RIDICULOUS OR
SUBLINE IN THE EYES OF THE LOVED ONE.

Mrs. EVELYN SIEGEL, Miss FLETCHER, Miss NORA YANKE, Miss HELEN MATHERS, Miss BETA, A. N. STANIER, Mrs. ROY DAVENPORT, and Mrs. LANN LINTON.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

A timely and most interesting interview appeared in the *Daily News* of last week with a Russian staff officer on the subject of the conscription in Great Britain. If we wish to maintain our position amongst the nations we shall sooner or later be compelled to adopt the conscription. Our Navy is a grand force, but it is quite conceivable that, as a defence, it could be broken down by European combination. One breach in that wall and we should be lost. Our enemies' armies would pour into our land, and against them we could oppose only a pitiful little army that, massed together, could hardly cope with a single German army corps.

Britons have plenty of pluck, and they would rise and fight for their homes and their liberty, but, as our Russian critic points out, the days when an undrilled mass of men could oppose any serious barrier against an invading force has passed away. Millions of trained fighting men would make short work of what would practically be a mob, however brave and however enthusiastic. Nor, allowing the infallibility of our Navy, could any great war be maintained purely on the defensive. Yet what troops should we have to spare away from home? Did we adopt the conscription we could easily, as our Russian friend acknowledges, with the aid of our fleet, land a million of men in the enemy's territory before that enemy quite knew what had happened, and could snap our fingers in the face of any combination, European or universal, that could be brought against us.

But even in the Navy itself something very akin to conscription, or a return to the old press-gang system, will be necessary in the time of war. Some of the Radical papers are at this moment congratulating themselves that the Admiralty finds difficulty in

manning its present ships. A seaman needs a longer training even than a soldier. We might call upon our merchant service it is said; but, as the *Daily News* itself is bound to admit, hardly twenty per cent. of our merchant seamen are Englishmen, born and bred. Our merchant navy is manned by Germans, Scandinavians, Lascars, and Americans. Of what use would they be to us in our hour of trouble? And should we be compelled to denude the merchant ships of all their English seamen, what would become of our trading service upon which our overcrowded population depends for its very existence, and would have to depend still more in time of war?

Conscription may be an evil. Personally, as I have explained in these columns before, I should regard it as a good; but, admitting all that can be said against it, is it not a less evil than national disaster, and possibly annihilation?—for that is the alternative that in the face of any great war we should have to face. We possess a great people, a warlike people. If Germans and Russians will submit patiently to the discomforts of conscription, our statesmen need have no fear of the answer that would be given from every corner of the British Isles, had they the courage to explain to the nation the necessity for this new departure. In times of ease we sit and listen to the words of wisdom spoken by peace societies, and we are quite ready to agree with all the excellent ladies and gentlemen who suggest that we should revise human nature and govern human affairs from the office of the Sunday School Union. But at heart the English, Scotch and Irish are a fighting race.

They have sprung from the loins of men to whom battle was a delight, and, for good or evil, the old fierce fighting blood runs in their veins. They have the instinct for warfare—a cool head, a strong arm, and a stout heart. The conscription, to quote the words of our Russian critic, would raise us into "the position of the foremost and the most formidable power in the world." In other lands men consider it their duty to fight for their country. I do not believe that the shopkeeping instinct has grown so strong within us as to have driven out completely the old virtue of our race. I believe that if the need were shown for it, our people would accept the conscription without a murmur, and that there is a need for it no one but a blind optimist is likely to deny.

One is accustomed to see folly and stupidity upon the English bench. A case was tried the other day at the Leeds West Riding Court, before Messrs. S. W. Duncan, W. H. Maude, B. Naylor, and J. W. Morkill. Mr. Duncan and his friends listened very patiently to all the prosecution had to say. The moment the defendant got into the box they decided against him, without allowing him, or his solicitor, to speak. The magistrates seemed to think the whole business funny. They called for "Next, please." Possibly some of them may have been ex-barbers' assistants, and the joke came apt to them. The solicitor again demanded to be heard, saying it was an unheard of thing for magistrates to decide a case without even hearing what the defence was. The magistrates again called "Next, please." Is there any unpleasant explanation behind this case, or is it the result of sheer stupidity?

A YOUNG man, a boiler-maker, applied the other day to the Thames magistrate for advice. He had formerly belonged to the Society of Boiler Makers, but had quarrelled with them, and was not allowed to rejoin. Whenever he attempted to obtain employment, a delegate from the Boiler Makers' Society would interfere to prevent his doing so. Mr. Mead was unable to help him. The law allows this sort of interference. The applicant asked whether the Boiler Makers' Society had a right to stop him working wherever he went. Mr. Mead: "Yes; that is the state of affairs." I can imagine the indignant leader that would have appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* had the case been reversed. Had an employer refused to engage him because he was a union man, letters would not have been big enough for the *Star* placard. But, as it is the Radical papers only shrug their shoulders, a union can do no wrong being the new doctrine. By what moral law has society the right to hunt a man from workshop to workshop in this manner?

THERE is something very painful in the frenzied delight with which a certain class of Radicals welcome any transparent lie that is circulated concerning England or Englishmen. Anything that can belittle their own country, anything that can injure it, is fastened upon with joy. Any telegram that comes from the Boers is paraded in big type by the *Daily Chronicle*, and given implicit credence. Any statement emanating from an Englishman is dubbed without proof a contemptible falsehood. Why should belonging to one particular party make a man burn with enmity to the country whose bread he eats, out of whose soil he has sprung? It always has been so, and it always will be so. Waterloo was mourned by the Liberal Party in England as a defeat, and Majuba Hill was welcomed by modern Radicals as a victory.

At Aberdeen, before Baillie Taylor, a man was charged with cruelly torturing a horse by working it when lame. It was a dilapidated old creature. The carter had paid four pounds for it. Baillie Taylor fined him fifty shillings, making the price of the horse six pounds ten shillings. At Dorchester a hawkster was charged with driving a donkey to death. He travelled all day and night, and gave the animal no food. The Bench imposed a fine of five shillings. At North Shields some pitmen were charged with cruelly torturing a pigeon. They plucked its feathers, and then set it down to be worried to death by dogs. The Mayor of North Shields fined the chief culprit twenty shillings.

The Leeds cabmen are adepts at torturing their horses and at forcing work out of worn-out creatures by means of cruelty. The popular cab whip in Leeds is finished off with a lash of gutta percha, which is guaranteed to draw blood and to lift a certain amount of flesh at each stroke. The Leeds stipendiary fined a man named Parker, who plied such a whip savagely on a horse, forty shillings. The human animal is a cruelty-loving creature. At South Shields, before Alderman Browell and other magistrates, a man named Fairs was charged with ill treating a horse. It was in a condition utterly unfitted for work, but it was made to draw a waggone, containing fifteen human brutes—the men and women of South Shields. They had crammed the

vehicle and were sitting on the footboard and rails. The driver walked by the side and beat the horse unmercifully all the way. He was fined by Alderman Browell five shillings!

The following letter, received by a London house from its representative in the Transvaal, is interesting at the present moment:—"You will know more ere this reaches you as to the Transvaal than I can tell you; but you can have no idea of the upsidedown feeling we have had for the last week. Rhodes and Co. are, of course, at the back of poor Jameson, but the gasbags of Johannesburg who invited him into the country and then never struck a blow for him or the cause which they had orated about so freely are generally execrated, but we don't yet know all the facts, if we ever will know them. It is now stated that the National Union Committee wired to Jameson cancelling their letter of invitation. This wire was intercepted and retained by the Boers, who let Jameson come on, and got ready for him. At the same time, they state that had they marched out to meet Jameson, the Boers would have occupied Johannesburg, and the whole crowd would have been massacred. It's a nice muddle. Rhodes has resigned Premiership of Colony, and Sprigg has up to now failed to form a Ministry. The general effect on Transvaal business has been disastrous, and will be felt for a very long time." There is no need to attach undue importance to rumours and gossip, but one would be glad to think that the Johannesburgers did make some effort to stop the coming of Jameson. A telegram was a poor thing to trust to. If they did not even send that it would be a good thing for humanity did that much-talked-about Boer massacre of them take place.

A WRITER in the *Sun* takes the question of professional football in hand, and settles it. With the courage of his convictions he calls for the abolition of amateurism. That such a man should be the sporting writer of an important newspaper proves how utterly the idea and spirit of sport has been driven out of England by professionalism. The *Sun* man thinks it a shame that the game should be played for nothing when money can be made out of it. It outrages every instinct of his being. He thinks it wrong that men should play a game without lining their pockets thereby. It is a waste of precious time. There is money in this game, says the *Sun* writer, and the duty of a player is to make all the money he can. The duty of a football club is to return dividends. Money is before this writer's eyes at every turn. He thinks that anybody who pretends to care more for sport than money, must be a liar and canting humbug.

To play a game without any idea of making money seems snobbish in this writer's opinion. He cannot conceive a frame of mind in any human creature where money and the making of money is not regarded as the prime end of man's existence. The amateur, says this writer, is bound to disappear. Football players have discovered that there are large incomes in the game. The public is willing to pay them, and the old-fashioned sporting player, who loved the game because it was a game, and who played it for its own sake, must be got rid of. He is in the way of

business. I am glad an influential writer has come forward and stated the case in all its nakedness. It proves to what a state of degradation the game must have fallen, when it can be patronised by such a thinker.

I HAVE received an extremely interesting letter from an American gentleman. My correspondent writes: "I, as a private citizen of the U.S.A., have nothing but the kindest and warmest feelings towards all England. I was out with Uncle Sam, and fought against my countrymen in the Civil War (Confederate War), and have the marks of it in my right arm; but I would not shoot a gun against England. Neither would I see her get left in any European War. This is a natural and spontaneous feeling with me." As an expression of sentiment arriving at such a time, the letter is of importance, for my correspondent is a business man who mixes with American business men. The hatred of England, which undoubtedly does exist in America, springs chiefly from the Irish-American and the more ignorant class of American citizens. That hatred is a factor in our international relationship must not be overlooked, but it is good to think that side by side with it there grows also a strong friendship for us.

"The safe deposit company is the place where women of good taste, and neither ancient nor excessively ugly, prefer to wear their diamonds." Now this is very gratifying. It is gratifying, because it appears in an American paper, and shows an absence of profusion, ostentation, and extravagance, that a harsh and censorious world has been only too ready to consider characteristic of America. I am now eagerly waiting to have the rest of my erroneous views corrected. It is possible, even probable, that in many points the general public is very, very wrong. I am expecting every day to hear that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Grant Allen did *not* smile when he invented his "hill-top" trade-mark, to be stamped on all conscientious work (and see that you get it); that France, Russia, and Germany are all alike chiefly remarkable for their overpowering love of England; that the New Woman really exists; and that Mr. Alfred Austin is a poet.

But no—to have one's little delusions cleared away, and one's long-standing opinions corrected, may be good for one, and edifying, and chastening, but it also saddens. I have felt that, even about the smallest and most trifling things. When, for instance, the entire stranger, with no previous journalistic experience, looks in at an editor's office, and, with no desire for profit, and no other motive than the purest and holiest philanthropy, is willing to spend an hour of his own time (not to mention the editor's), in instructing the poor man in the way to run his own paper—then, of course, that editor hears much which he has not heard before, and his mind gets expanded, and his cherished ideas are rooted up and thrown away, and the new light breaks on him. As I say, it is edifying. It is, possibly, just exactly what one wants. But it is saddening—I have been there myself, and I know it—it is very saddening.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

A. E. L. tells me that, at Cardiff, they are starting a To-Day Club. "We are staunch To-Dayites," writes my corre-

spondent, "and this link has cemented a strong bond of friendship amongst us. From the common standpoint of To-Day, affinities and qualities have been discovered, encouraged, and accepted mutually, the result being that we form quite a happy family, and the question is why not increase the area of our circle? Hence the idea of a To-Day club." The idea naturally seems to me an excellent one, but my correspondent goes on to ask my advice as to how such a club should be run. I have no new ideas on the subject; I can only suggest the usual lines on which debating clubs are conducted, and I am sure my friends are sufficiently practical to be their own guides. I wish the club every success, and I shall watch its progress with the feelings of a proud father.

W.H.S., writing me from Buenos Ayres, where, he tells me, To-Day is most popular, and begs me not to write about his country unless I know something about it. I am not aware of having ever written anything about Buenos Ayres, but I do beg my correspondent not to attempt to tie me down to those subjects about which I possess some slight information. A journalist cannot be hampered in this fashion, and if we all followed this rule two-thirds of the newspaper Press throughout the world would appear in the form of blank columns. My correspondent goes on to give me information concerning Brazil or Argentina, or wherever Buenos Ayres may happen to be. He tells me that there the charities are flourishing. He says "We can run a bazaar and make £7,000 clear in four nights." I am thinking of selling To-Day, and starting as a bazaar proprietor in Buenos Ayres. My correspondent tells me there is little or no drunkenness in Argentina, no cruelty to children, that the poor are happy and well-dressed, and that wife-beating is unknown. Is my correspondent quite sure that he hasn't slipped into Heaven by mistake? I really do not see where the good South American Republican is going to when he dies.

A. M. (Trinidad).—I thank you for your kind letter and information as to how to mummify a head. I have friends whom the process would distinctly improve; and shall hope to experiment.

M. G.—The Post Office is supposed to possess a monopoly of the right to carry letters, and, therefore, technically, the tradesman's action was an infringement of the law, but the whole thing seems very petty. Technically, I have not the right to stop a boy in the street and say, "Take this letter to So-and-So, and here's a penny for you." I am delighted you find To-Day so much to your liking.

SANS ESPOIRE.—The evil that parents do in sending their children out into the world without a word of warning as to the temptations they will encounter is incalculable. Do not fight the evil so much as try to get away from it. Do not think about it more often than you can possibly help, one way or the other. Try and fill your mind with other thoughts. The human animal is a sorely tempted creature. Apparently he possesses the instincts of all his brute brothers combined. But, on the other hand, he is given ideals and aspirations, and the power to guide himself. Civilisation steps in and makes things harder for him. Perfect purity is not, perhaps, possible for a young man, but he ought to put it before him as an ideal, and strive with every nerve and every prayer that is in him towards it. But unnatural sin drags him below the level of the lowest thing that crawls upon the earth. Go to some broadminded doctor, not a quack. You will need only to tell him that you are troubled with thoughts. He will give you practical advice on points that I cannot touch upon. As regards your postscript, it is quite possible to be in love at your age, but love from such as you are at present would only be an insult to any woman. You must make a man of yourself first.

M. H.—Thanks for your kind letter. Don't run away with the idea that To-Day is intended to be a man's paper only.

W. N.—For information on the eight hours' question, I would advise you to write to the Secretary of the National Liberal Club, and with regard to Old Age Pensions, you might write to Mr. Chamberlain's secretary.

PERPLEXED.—Your medical man could put you in the way of becoming a nurse, but do not run away with the usual feminine idea that it is a sweet and pleasant occupation. It requires great physical strength and power of endurance. The duties are often repulsive, the surroundings loathsome, the moral and mental atmosphere soul-sickening. I do not wish to turn you away from good work, if you feel drawn towards it, but hospital nursing is training of the severest type, and it is no good approaching the labour with false views.

A. D.—How can I give you a medical opinion? I am not a doctor. I have not studied the subject.

L. L.—You have practically no check, but the leading publishing houses can be thoroughly relied upon.

J. P. T.—I am glad to hear that Liversedge public opinion was shocked by the murder. The prisoners tried were proved to have assisted in a riot that resulted in a murder. This being so, they were responsible for the murder, otherwise a man could always be murdered with comparative impunity by

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getting half-a-dozen people to do it instead of one. You say that the mob was not a savage one. I wonder what your opinion would have been if you had been in the sergeant's place, or had a relation of your own been murdered by them. It is very easy to take these matters comfortably, when it is only a police-constable who dies. I should like to see what would be said if a magistrate were killed by a mob.

BRICUSPIDE.—I see very little use in the Society myself. I should like to know what work it has done.

A. D., writing from a Welsh town, tells me that of the local bench of magistrates, two have been confined in an asylum for lunatics, the third is the only surviving member of a family of idiots, while the father of the fourth was for a considerable time in an asylum. He asks my opinion as to whether these men are competent to sit on the Bench. If my correspondent has got hold of the facts, the case is interesting. One lunatic on the bench is reasonable enough. When there are two, one is thankful that there are not more; but when, out of a bench of four gentlemen, two have been lunatics, one comes from a family of lunatics, and the fourth has descended from a lunatic, one begins to understand what is meant by the phrase, a mad world.

A. B. wishes me to remonstrate with women on the wearing of feathers. Great cruelty to, and slaughter of, birds is the result of this fashion; but it would be utterly idle to attempt to move the fashionable woman by any appeal to her humanity. She has very little of the quality. The fashionable woman is generally a shallow, selfish creature, without sufficient brain even to be ashamed of her callousness. One might as well talk to a cat about the necessity of kindness to mice. Women have much more sentiment than men, but they are more practical with it. They never allow it to interfere with their own business.

L. F.—No theatrical manager would look at a young man of twenty-one without experience. Why should he? The stage is almost impossible to enter upon without influence.

M. C., and some half-dozen other correspondents, write me on the subject of my answer to "E. L. J." If I cared to start a matrimonial agency, I feel that now would be my time. One of my correspondents thinks that "E. L. J." must be an ideal man. The love of another one I have already gained for him by the notice of his case.

M. H.—I thank you for submitting the matter to me. My space forbids my taking it up. Shall I return you your notes? To other newspapers the matter might be valuable. If you wish me to do so, kindly send stamps.

C. E. A. N.—Your letter gave me great pleasure. Such communications, as you say, give one heart for one's work. The most exhaustive recitation book I know of is "Voice, Speech, and Gesture," published by Deacon and Co., but there are so many issued that it would take weeks of study to be able to give an account of them. One gets much more unhackneyed subjects by looking about for one's self. Whatever gets into a recitation book soon gets well known.

H. D. sends me a cutting from the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, of January 21st, in which much prominence is given to the gratuitous advertisement of a spiritualistic quack. It certainly seems a pity that a paper of repute should make itself responsible for such matter.

JACK.—If you have judged yourself truly, you are just sort of man to succeed in a colony. You will get details from the Emigration Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

C. E. W.—The subject "Shall bachelors be taxed?" is a silly one to argue about at all. I cannot assist you to waste the time of yourself or your society upon such a matter.

CORRESPONDENT tells me that a Birmingham clergyman advertised for a morning governess. She was required to take charge of five children from 8.30 to 2, their elementary education to

include music. She was to have no food in the house, and her salary was to be six pounds a year. Clergymen are often poor, but poverty does not excuse one for grinding down others. I regard the offer of such terms for such work as distinctly dishonest, taking the word to mean average fair dealing.

X. Y. Z. and **T. H. R.**—The article was slipped in at the last moment, and a proof, unfortunately, was not sent to the author, who is a man well versed in his subject. The mistakes evidently arose from a misreading of his manuscript. The gentleman is a well-known journalist, and he is as vexed about the matter as I myself am.

L. J. N.—We want more Mr. Arnold Forsters on the Bench. I thank you for sending me a cutting. I should be the last man to ask you to see eye to eye with me. If I have set you thinking for yourself I have done far more good. I finish with the *Liversedge* case this week.

J. H. tells me that at a baby show, recently held at Margate, a special prize was offered for the lightest baby. As my correspondent points out, this seems to be offering a premium on starvation. The child who won the prize was nine weeks old, and weighed only 4½ lbs. My correspondent also draws my attention to a well-deserved punishment of fourteen days' hard labour, without the option of a fine, inflicted on a couple of Devonshire lads for kicking a cat to death. It certainly looks as if magistrates were improving.

WHITE-AND-BLUE.—I thank you for your letter, which I am sending on to our printers. We have been paying a lot of attention to this ink question, and have, I am glad to say, improved matters. One or two copies get sent out each week which are not sufficiently dried.

CYCLING "TO-DAY"—**IST.**—Do you not consider it rather cowardly to libel people, as you do, under the shelter of anonymity? You are ashamed to put your name on your letter, but you are not ashamed to bring the gravest charges against the people you name. I am sorry to find that I number such a very shady personage amongst my readers. If you like to send your name, I will hand your letter over to the persons you libel, and you will have the satisfaction of being able to prove your words instead of merely making loose assertions.

C. T. R.—Your letter practically reopens and retries the whole case. If I published, I should have to go into the matter, and add my reply to it. I read the case carefully from the beginning, and I came to the conclusion that the men were guilty of gross cruelty, and I am convinced that the punishment was well merited.

CONNIE S.—Try your strength in an amateur club first. I daresay, if you wrote a polite note to Mr. W. Hogg, 89, Strand, he would tell you of some amateur clubs. He must know pretty well all of them.

M. N.—Legal replies are only made to subscribers through the post, R. A. G. and Others.—Many thanks for correction. Geography always was my weak point.

LEX.—Enlistment only takes place among people who live at the Cape. Your friend would have to pay his own passage out, and take the chance of getting into the force.

M. P. S.—An excellent book on the subject is published by L. Upcott Gill, and there is also a useful book published by Routledge, entitled "Poultry Keeping." You can obtain both of these books, which are about half-a-crown each, through your bookseller.

A. B.—I had intended to make a note on the incident, but found I wanted space. One cannot but admire the gallant old fellow in facing starvation rather than ask for charity. Men of such character and independence are none too plentiful. One takes one's hat off to the gallant old soldier. He was a grand man, though, perhaps, not wise as this world's wisdom goes.

GEORGE KNIGHT is requested to communicate his address.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

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CLUB CHATTER.

A STRANGE idea, that of M. Jean Lassalle, the world-famous baritone! He had entirely gone out of Paris life, and a forgetful world had almost ceased to talk of him, when every artistic temperament in France was shocked to hear that he had established himself as a cement maker, of all things! He was perfectly contented, but seemed rather annoyed at being dug out of retirement. "Yes," he said; "I prefer this to the theatre, and the late hours, and the applause. I have got three little men growing up round me, and I shall die the happier for leaving them with a flourishing business to look after, rather than a fortune to spend."

M. LASSALLE, who is still under 50, had long decided to devote the fortune he had made to founding a cement works, and throughout his artistic career he had made it a hobby to study every scientific work dealing with the subject. He said to a friend in London once, after a big triumph: "I like the applause of the English; it seems to me so spontaneous. You never think of the word *claque*!" But his greatest pleasure was to receive a frank and hearty shake of the hand, and an honest word of congratulation.

I AM told of a splendid piece of bluff that is being played on the Parisian public. There is a band of singers known as the "Queen of Madagascar Court singers." They sing in English, and are English!

NEVER in the history of journalism, I should think, has there been such a sordid page as the fight now raging between the tearful and noble-minded Mme. Severine and Henri Rochefort. She tells him that he allows his relatives to starve, that his life would not bear investigation, and goes into a lot of scandal, while he attacks her morality, her honesty, and writes at her as fiercely as if she were M. Constans. These two personages are of some interest to readers of TO-DAY, as at different times they have been interviewed in our pages. The whole thing arises out of poor little Max Lebaudy's death.

It would be interesting to know to what pitch realism on the stage will be carried, say, in another thirty years' time. Nowadays we have real soldiers in place of well-trained supers, and real water where, a little while ago, we should have been quite content to see an undulating sheet of well-painted canvas. By the bye, I am told that in the court scene in *The Prisoner of Zenda* three of the ladies have actually been presented at our English Court, so that all the details may be relied upon as being absolutely correct.

BUT are we any happier for this laboured exactness? I remember once, for my sins, and in consequence of a slight railway accident, I was compelled to pass one night in a small provincial town. For want of something to do, I visited the barn-like Town Hall, where a company of strolling players were engaged in doing their worst with *Lady Audley's Secret*. I have never regretted the eighteenpence that secured me my seat in the front row of the stalls. Lady Audley—without an *h* to her back—was alone in the garden when to her entered her original husband, come back from Australia. (It will be remembered that Lady Audley was not really Lady Audley, her original husband being alive when she married Sir Robert.) The original husband had arrived from Australia in a suit of shiny black, and with no hat. His wife did her best to get rid of him, but failed. Finally she exclaimed; "I've tried threats, I've tried promises, but hoi! of no avail. I will resource to strata-gem—I faint, I swoon!"

WITH these words she sat down slowly on the stage. Her original husband rushed up and appeared greatly

perturbed. "Take this 'andkerchief," she exclaimed, producing a rag which, in spite of the urgency of her request, he might have been pardoned for refusing; "take this 'andkerchief, dip it in yonder well, and press it to these throbbing temples." He proceeded to dip it into the very stagey well on the O.P. side. The water in this particular well apparently came right up to the brim. As he was dipping it, the strategical lady came gently up behind him, placed her hands on a portion of the black and shiny suit, and pushed. For a time nothing happened.

THEN, the man below being quite ready, the original husband proceeded to vanish slowly down the well. When nothing but his knees to his boots was visible, some collapse apparently happened, and the rest of that man vanished just about as quickly as one would vanish in falling down a well. From underneath the stage there came a loud and wicked word, and the noise of subsequent altercation. Lady Audley turned to the audience. "Hand now," she said, "no man knows my secret." Whereupon the comic countryman popped out his head from behind the rustic arbour, and observed: "Except me." The curtain fell, and I went home, because it is not a good thing to laugh too much in one night. I have always maintained since that a really bad performance is far more interesting than a very good one.

TALKING of theatres, I wish the Drury Lane pantomime were paying sufficiently well to enable Sir Augustus Harris to have a proper staff in front. As things are, ladies are left in their carriages to get out by themselves and fight their way through a crowd of dirty urchins. There are practically no commissionaires about, and at the end of the performances the very small and inadequate staff are quite incompetent to fetch all the carriages and cabs required. Surely this state of affairs deserves speedy alteration.

WHEN will smokers obtain their rights from railway companies? Some time ago I had something to say in these columns on the subject of ladies in smoking carriages. This week I have received a letter, in which my correspondent does a very well-deserved grumble about the small accommodation provided for smokers by all the big railway companies. My correspondent says: "I have to travel a great deal in the way of my business, returning home sometimes on the Friday night, sometimes on the Saturday morning, and I almost always find that, unless I go second class—and not always then—there are only two or three smoking compartments on a long train, like the Bristol express, for instance." My correspondent estimates that there are three times as many smokers as there are non-smokers in the world. I should think six would be nearer the mark. At any rate, there can be no doubt that the accommodation provided for smokers by the railway companies is sadly inadequate, and I cordially agree with my correspondent's opinion that the sooner the arrangements are altered the better.

ONE of the effects of the warm winter has been the sudden and premature death of the white knitted glove. You never see a pair in Bond Street nowadays. They were cheap, even when the expense of washing them was taken into account. Consequently, they became a little too general, and the highest fashion dropped them. But I fancy that this is as much the result of the weather as anything else, and in the event of a sharp frost we should still find the white woollen glove being worn. When it is quite clean and fits tight to the hand it always seems to me to have a certain style. In the meantime, many men are wearing a suede or dogskin glove of a curious shade of grey, looking very much like the other grey after it has been left out in the rain for a night.

I WANT to enter a word of protest against the Hebraic, be-jewelled single stud for evening dress. I still see it occasionally at first nights, and in some music-halls. It is all wrong. The style in evening dress of the present time is simple and unpretending. Two or three studs may be worn, but they should be small, and there should be nothing about them to attract attention. Pearls are very correct, but the other night I saw a man with pearl studs the size of small marbles, and he looked absurd. Small studs, please, and no big, flaunting solitaire. Diamond studs are not supposed to be in good taste just now, but they will probably come in again before very long.

THE other day I came across a bicycle made to a large extent of aluminium. The machine seemed to me to possess many advantages over the ordinary frame, not the least important of these being that it is much lighter. My friend who was riding the machine pointed out to me that, as the bicycle was made practically in one piece, the whole frame being cast, the machine must of a necessity be perfectly true. The appearance of the machine attracted my attention, for, though it was raining slightly

at the time, the frame was quite bright. If any rider is looking for a machine that is unaffected by wet or mud, I should say he would find what he wants here. As there are no joints in the frame, the process of cleaning is considerably facilitated. By the way, I hear that the manufacturers of this machine are so conscientious that they won't call it an aluminium frame, but have adopted the registered word, "Lu-Mi-Num," the actual metal employed being aluminium with a very small percentage of alloy. The company makes the frames and fits them up as complete machines, and I was very pleased to find that the price-list is based on the sensible principle of cash and net prices. The Lu-Mi-Num machines are not more expensive than those with ordinary frames.

THE railway companies always seemed to me to have curious methods of arranging their prices, not only for carrying passengers, but for the conveyance of parcels. Some figures which have just been put into my hands will serve to illustrate what I mean. The price charged for carrying white printing paper from Edinburgh to London is 23s. 4d. per ton. The same amount can be shipped from Edinburgh to New York for 10s. and re-

TRY THE CELEBRATED SCOTCH ECLIPSE OAT CAKES.



CRISP AND SWEET.
LARGEST SALE.
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Sample Packet sent to any address,
post free, for SIXPENCE.

AGENTS WANTED.

WHOLESALE FROM
THE ECLIPSE BAKING COMPANY,
159, West Street, Tradeston, Glasgow.

RILEY'S "CORONA" SHIRT.



As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on "Pushing the Trade" and "Making Sales," so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce.

Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These have not been effected without very great care and attention—

care and attention to minute matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.



ALEXANDER RILEY, 42, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.

CIGARS. We beg to draw attention to our THREE SPECIAL BRANDS OF CIGARS,

which we claim to be the best of their kind made at the money. Being desirous of making them more widely known, we offer them at a small margin of profit, feeling assured that Connoisseurs will pronounce them equal to their reputation, and will make them known to their friends.

"ESTRELLAS de OROS" Perfectionados.

One of the finest cigars made. A delicious smoke.

70s. per 100. 36s. per 50 box. Sample 1s.

"CELESTE IMPERIO" Camelias.

A beautiful cigar.

35s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

"ROYAL PECULIARS."

Made from the purest tobacco.

20s. per 100. 10s. 6d. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

Samples sent, boxed, post free, if not less than 1s. 6d. ordered.

Boxes post free on receipt of remittance

OLLEY & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.



GUARANTEED
FREE FROM ALL
ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURINGS.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS
STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON.
GLASGOW. ESTAB. 1723.

turned from there to London for the same price. Therefore, the cheapest way to send paper from Edinburgh to London is *via* New York, the manufacturer saving a clear 3s. 4d. on every ton!

The new system of photography—that of taking the picture regardless of obstacles—is already causing some alarm to ladies. It is said that the ordinary feminine wearing apparel will be powerless to prevent the camera from taking any picture the operator chooses, and if the principle is carried out in snapshot cameras we may expect all sorts of awkward complications. I am told that the only material which will baffle the camera of the future is satin, so that ladies who wish to preserve a certain degree of privacy in their walks abroad will do well to provide themselves with a complete suit of armour manufactured of satin. I have already heard of several dresses being described as “camera proof,” and if the new photography becomes popular—and there is every reason for expecting that it will—“camera proof” materials for ladies will soon be at a premium in all West-end shops.

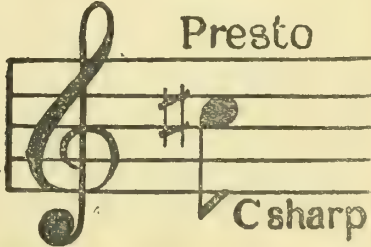
Whatever may be the fashion in men's clothes this season, the general tendency will be to give everyone a smart, well-groomed and thoroughly mannish appearance. Anything approaching effeminacy will be banished. Of course, just now every fashionable man is more or less in mourning. Coloured waistcoats have suddenly disappeared. The trousering most in favour is a plain black material with a very thin white or grey stripe.

The newest hats are bell-shaped, a pattern that was very fashionable a few years ago, and which the Prince of Wales has practically never discarded. Few men realise the enormous difference that can be imparted to their appearance simply by altering the shape of the hat. The new hat will have an ample brim, with a fairly good curl, and it will be found that this pattern is far more becoming than the “sugar loaf” hat of two years ago.

Everyone is so patriotic just now, that it is only natural that the effect should be seen in men's dress. A few weeks ago almost any shape of collar—except the flat, turned-down pattern—was in the fashion, but

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE! TINICO FRAGRANT COOL & SWEET. FLAKE ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO. EXCEEDINGLY MILD.			After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.	NO MORE IRRITATION OF THE TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS AFTER SMOKING. <i>To be had from all First Class Tobacconists</i> Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4½d. extra. Sample 2ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free from
J. P. BURNS, Tobacconist, 17, SOUTH EXCHANGE PLACE, GLASGOW. The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.				

A Warning Note



Presto

Csharp

AVOID IMITATIONS OF

OC DEN'S

GUINEA-GOLD

CIGARETTES

now the right collar is of the plain, stick-up pattern—quite a military collar. Just such a change was noticeable after the Duke of Clarence died, for then every man was wearing the stick-up collar with the turned-down points. This is the recognised collar for the navy, and was worn, I presume, out of compliment to our sailor Prince, the Duke of York.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

CONFIDENT.—I should recommend you to take out a patent for your invention at once. Having done this, you should write to any large firm of toy manufacturers, who would probably buy the idea right out. But be sure you get patents first.

H. A. R.—Your invention may be a very clever idea, but I don't think that it possesses any very great advantage over the old method. I shouldn't advise you to waste any money on it. Why don't you try your hand on something that is of more practical use? You could probably turn this same piece of mechanism to much better account if you applied it to something else.

DOG LOVER seems to be in a queer muddle. "Dog Lover" is—as one would naturally expect from his *nom-de-plume*—an ardent admirer of all dogs, but he can't make up his mind what breed to go in for. He wants to keep one dog as a pet, and wishes to know "the best breed for the purpose." Really, "Dog Lover," I shouldn't have imagined that this point would have troubled you, but you are quite right in supposing that some varieties are more adapted by nature, as it were, to be what is called "a one dog" breed. For instance, a fox hound wouldn't suit you at all; neither would a toy spaniel—if you are a man. Perhaps one of the best breeds for your purpose is a Chow-Chow. This dog is rapidly becoming very popular, and there is no doubt that he makes a perfect pet. He is faithful and good-tempered with his master, but strangers mustn't take liberties with him. He is also an excellent house-dog, and I have known several instances where three-week old puppies have been taken into the house, when it was found that they required practically no training at all. The only possible objection to the Chow-Chow is that his coat, being about as long as a collie's—though utterly unlike it in texture—is apt to get muddy in the wet weather, and so soil the furniture of the home. But this, to a man who is really fond of dogs, is a small matter.

The Subscription List will close on Wednesday, January 29th, at 10 a.m. for Town and Country.

The Working Capital of £20,000 having been guaranteed, the Directors will proceed to Allotment upon the List being closed.

The Pentalta Exploration Company, Limited, invites subscriptions for the shares of

THE VICTORIA REEF GOLD MINE, LIMITED

(Mount Jackson, Western Australia).

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

Capital £75,000,

Divided into

,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, of which the Vendors take 40,000 in part payment of the purchase money,

Present Issue £35,000,

Payable:—

2s. 6d. on Application; 2s. 6d. on Allotment; 5s. one month after Allotment, and the balance in Calls not exceeding 5s. per share, and with not less than thirty days' notice as and when required.

DIRECTORS.

James Blackwood, Esq., Chairman, Champion Reef (Nannine, W. A.) Gold Mining Company, Limited (Messrs. Blackwood, Bryson, and Co.), 12, Great Tower Street, London, E.C., Chairman.

Henry J. Hadrill, Esq. (late of Messrs. Cockburn, Smithes, and Co., London and Oporto), Millfield, Chislehurst, Kent.

Admiral Leicester C. Keppel, The Lodge, West Bergholt, Colchester.

Arthur Morier Lee, Esq. (Messrs. Lee, Crerar and Co.), 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

Agents in Australia—Messrs. F. W. Prell and Co., Queen Street, Melbourne.

Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C., and its Branches.

Brokers—Messrs. R. B. Smith and Co., 10, Throgmorton Avenue, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Solicitors—Messrs. Morten Cutler and Co., 99, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

Mining Manager—Mr. D. Chambers (Present Manager, Victoria Gold Mining Syndicate).

Auditors—Messrs. Clark, Battams and Co. (Chartered Accountants), 4, Brabant Court, Philpot Lane, London, E.C.

Secretary and Offices—Mr. J. M. Robertson, 72, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring Lease No. 214, situate about ten miles west of Mount Jackson, in the Yilgarn Goldfields, Western Australia, containing 17 acres or thereabouts, and known as "The Victoria Gold Mines."

The property was reported on for the Victoria Gold Mining Syndicate in 1894 by Messrs. D. Chambers and J. George, by Mr. C. H. Yeo, and by Mr. J. R. Filwood, and their reports in full are enclosed with the prospectus.

A more recent report being, however, required by the directors, one has been obtained from Mr. W. H. Nicholas, M.E. (Manager of Fraser's Gold Mining Company), who inspected the mine in October last, and who reports as follows:—

"Southern Cross, Yilgarn, W.A.,
26th October, 1895.

"F. W. Prell and Co.,
"41, Queen Street, Melbourne.

"Dear Sirs,—In accordance with your instructions I have completed

my inspection of the Victoria Mine at Mount Jackson, and beg to report thereon, and also to confirm my wire of even date, giving synopsis of same.

"The mine consists of 17 acres held under Gold Mining Lease No. 214, Mount Jackson,, Yilgarn Goldfields, and is about 100 miles from Southern Cross in a northerly direction.

"The country is highly favourable for the occurrence of quartz lodes, and consists of a diorite and micaceous schist.

"The strike of the ore body is N. 1 deg. W., and the underlay 36 deg. East.

"The lode stuff has a most promising appearance, being beautifully laminated and regular. The country is soft and kindly, and I feel satisfied that the vein is a true fissure and will exist to great depths. There are five shafts and cuts in the property on the lode.

"No. 1, near the Northern boundary and adjoining the North Victoria Company, cuts the lode at 40 feet, and proved it to be 4 feet in width, the quartz of leafy character, with traces of pyrites, and is of a most promising description.

"A sample taken from bulk pile assayed by myself gave a return of 8 (eight) ounces, 12 (twelve) pennyweights, 6 (six) grains, which I consider a most satisfactory result.

"The ore is very tractable, and easily treated, and bears every indication of its highly auriferous nature.

"No. 2 Shaft is now being sunk, and by indications is now approaching the lode.

"No. 3 shaft, which may be described as the main shaft of the mine, is 6 feet by 4 in the clear, and has been sunk to a depth of 100 feet.

"The level has been driven 50 feet to the West, which cuts through the lode, proving it to be 9 feet in width from wall to wall. The stone here sampled by myself assayed 4 ounces, 6 pennyweights, 2 grains.

"There are about 20 (twenty) tons of stone at grass which will give about 4 ozs. (four ounces) to the ton.

"In conclusion I may state, considering the natural advantages, timber and firewood being plentiful, that the property has most excellent prospects. The mine itself shows good stone, a good supply of water is assured, and I can with confidence recommend its purchase.

"I am, dear sirs, yours faithfully,

"Wm. H. NICHOLAS, M.E., M.M.

(School of Mines, Ballarat).

"Fraser's Gold Mining Company, Southern Cross."

In amplification of this report Mr. Nicholas cabled on the 13th November as follows:—

"Southern Cross, 13th November.—Having well-defined walls, the vein is a true fissure vein.—NICHOLAS."

The directors are informed by Messrs. F. W. Prell and Co. that a sample of the ore from the mine was sent in September, 1894, to Mr. Bernard H. Woodward, Assayer to the Government of Western Australia, and they have received a duplicate copy of his certificate, which is as follows:—

"From the Government Assayer to Chas. H. Yeo, Esq.,
"I certify that the 4 lbs. 1 oz. auriferous quartz brought to me this morning and said to be from Nicholson's Lease, Mount Jackson, contains gold at the rate of twenty-five (25) ozs. 16 dwts. 3 grs.) to the ton. The gold is free and mostly very fine.

BERNARD H. WOODWARD,

"Government Assayer."

Taking into consideration the fact that the work already done on the property has proved the size and value of the reef, and that there is a large body of stone available to supply a battery, coupled with a plentiful supply of water, the Directors have every confidence that with good management dividends should be earned within a short time after the erection of the machinery.

Applications for shares should be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

London, January, 1896.

APPLICATION FORM.

This form may be used.

THE VICTORIA REEF GOLD MINE, Limited.

Capital, £75,000, in 75,000 Shares of £1 each.

Issue of Shares of £1 each, £

To the Directors of
THE VICTORIA REEF GOLD MINE, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,

Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £ being the deposit of 2s. 6d. per share due on application on shares, I hereby request you to allot me the same, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less amount allotted me under the conditions of the prospectus, and I agree to pay the instalments thereon as required in the terms of the prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the register in respect of such capital, and I declare that I waive any fuller compliance with section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, than that contained in such prospectus. In the event of my receiving no allotment the amount to be returned in full.

Name (in full)

Description

Address

Date 1896.

If desirous of paying up in full on allotment, sign also here—



One Dozen Cases sent Carriage Paid for Cash 45s.

WM. STENHOUSE & Co., WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

In Mr. Anthony Hope's "Comedies of Courtship" (A. D. Innes and Co., 6s.) we get not the "scent of the hay over the footlights," but the essence of French light comedy in an English setting. The longest story in the book may be described briefly as a Comedy of Errors. A. and B. are engaged; they bore each other, and respectively prefer C. and D. C. and D. reciprocate the affection of A. and B., but meet, tell their stories, and gradually transfer themselves from A. and B. to each other. A. and B. finally fall in love again, and get back to what my old drill-sergeant at school used to call, "As you wos!"

The stories are all so well done that it is a matter of individual preference to decide which is the best. Personally, I prefer "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard." A pretty girl is doing her best to persuade the professor that she loves him, without actually telling him so, and the purblind professor doesn't see it. There is a touch of real genius in this little tale. We get it under our own eyes every day. Custom never lessens its sadness. Love forms the motive for so many stories that in real life we very often don't quite realise our own particular story is going on until the "d——d good-natured friend" comes along (always when it is too late) to tell us what we have missed. M. Anthony Hope very charmingly illustrates one great truth, which we are also very reluctant to admit to ourselves, and that is—

"How the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?"

* * * * *

I have not read anything of Mr. George Gissing's for some time, but the other day a customer came into the shop and asked for "The Paying Guest" (Cassell's Pocket Library, 1s. 6d.). When he had gone, I got down another copy and read it. It is simply the story of a girl who quarrels with her own middle-class relations, and goes to live with other middle-class people as "a paying guest." Now, I'm not sneering at middle-class people in the least; but some of them are occasionally rather trying. What has struck me in reading Mr. Gissing's book is the charm with which he makes people who would be supremely commonplace and uninteresting in real life, full of fascination to read about. His method must be that of selection; he discards the things that don't matter, gives you the others, and the result is that the people simply stand in front of you. You either like or dislike them according to your own idiosyncrasies. Mrs. Higgins, whose husband was "Messrs. 'Iggins, of Fenchurch-street," remains an indelible portrait. We have all met her at some time or another, and wish we hadn't.

* * * * *

Last week, I had a glimpse at the proof-sheets of "The Trespasses of Two," the new novel by Frederic Breton. The scene is laid in the Hebrides, where the author broke fresh ground in his "Heroine in Homespun." It is a stirring story, narrated in the first person, of the secret of a lonely household on the wild western seaboard of Skye, to which ancient superstition and quaint local observances give an original tinge. Among the characters is a delightful child, who tells the following naïve dog-story:—

"Did you hear all the screaming in the kitchen? I dressed up Fuddy (a collie) in one of Julie's new chemises, put his front legs in the sleeves for knickerbockers—it was a beautiful chemise, you know, made specially for the wedding, all lace and embroidery and feather-stitching, and a lovely frill, which just came round his neck like a Toby collar. It became him beautifully, and he kept turning his head and admiring himself, though he did look surprised when he saw what he had on. The only difficulty I had was his tail. He would keep curling it over his back, and it looked as if he wore a dress-improver. However, I took him along to the kitchen and ushered him in just as the girls were sitting down to dinner. They screamed and giggled enough to make any dog ashamed, but he marched solemnly across to Red Anna, with his dress-improver on top of his back, and the skirt trailing gracefully over his hind legs. He put his long nose on Red

Anna's lap; but when she told him in Gaelic what he was wearing, he nearly sank through the floor, looking as foolish as a sheep—a black sheep, too—a black sheep in white clothing!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SLINGER.—No value at all. T. J. C.—Staunton's "Chess Player's Handbook," 5s. Do not know of any work on the theory only. R. P. DODGSON.—The Byron query referred to separate works; for instance, the first editions of "Hours of Idleness" and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" are worth about £3 each, and the last copy sold of "The Waltz" realised £86. The collected edition, in seventeen volumes, to which the query had no reference whatever, is not worth more than £2 2s. CON-TADOR.—Levi (Professor Leone), "Commercial Law of the World" (Smith and Elder). OWEN (D.).—"Marine Insurance" (Sampson Low). C. MILLER.—Ollendorff's, published by Dulau and Co. H. J. E.—Do not know it. HERBERT.—"Proctor's "Legends and Lyrics" (Bell and Sons), 3s.

IAGO.—Any bookseller will show you recitation books, from which you must choose for yourself. W. J.—I do not think there are any published. E. A.—I do not know of such a book; inquire at Denham's, Booksellers' Row, Strand. C. W. H.—"Men of the Time" will tell you when H. S. Leigh died. Do not know publishers of "The Leper"; probably not in print. X. Y. Z. wants to know the real name of "An Old Bohemian." Was he an eminent chemist, and is he still alive? G. R. G. C.—The first edition of "Crichton" was in three volumes, and was not published in Paris. F. L. POCHIN.—Black's General Atlas of the World, £3 3s. J. E. SCOTT.—Have answered your query on post-card about Mr. Alfred Austin's poems. I should have thought "Jameson's Ride" would have sufficed for some time. Dear, dear, dear, but it is hopelessly bad. It doesn't rhyme, it isn't sense, and it is a claptrap appeal to the multitude.

G. A. P.—30s. if in good condition. If you wish to sell it apply to Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London, W.C. W. G. J. KILLEAGH.—No value at all; they are odd volumes. J. D. BARTON.—Stormouth's, 7s. 6d.; Nuttall's, 3s. 6d. H. NEWMAN.—First editions are of some value, but not later ones. A. BROWN.—Worth 7s. 6d. Bennett, of Shrewbury, might buy or exchange. J. C. BROWNE.—No special value. ION. GIBBONS and Co. have a Memoir of Adam Lindsay Gordon, by Ross, containing many of his poems, price 3s. 6d. A collected edition has been published, which I have in my private collection, but I believe it is now out of print. Poor Gordon had a turbulent life and a bitter ending to it. There is a wonderful amount of dash and go in his poems, although they are strongly reminiscent of Swinburne and Whyte Melville. A. HENDERSON.—Does not appear in publishers' lists, so is probably out of print. J. H. J.—If out of print you must try booksellers' shops, or advertise till you meet with a copy. JOHN W. ROYLE.—The edition of 1866 sells for about £3. A former edition (1856) is on a larger scale, and sells for about £8. PUNCH.—Odd volumes of *Punch* are of no value; a complete set sells for about £20. R. O.—The Alken, if complete, should have forty-three plates (coloured), and would be worth about £1 10s. Apply to Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, W.C., if you wish to sell it. You give no date to the Lawrence, which I should think would be worth about 5s. PAUL WRIGHT.—No value at all. CHARLES F. WILSON.—They are out of print. Vizetelly, the publisher, was fined and imprisoned for selling them.

MR. EDWARD DALE writes me the following interesting letter: "Dear Bookseller,—In your 'Diary of a Bookseller' this week you take exception to Mr. Stanley Weyman's dealing with his hero in 'The Red Cockade' by placing him under some trusses of hay for three hours, and still preserving his life. You say this is one little point in Mr. Stanley Weyman's romance that puzzles you! I wish to tell you a little story in defence of Mr. Stanley Weyman, for the truth of which I can vouch:—

"About four years ago one of the Steam Navigation Company's vessels was taking in cargo at Bordeaux for London on a return voyage. Amongst the freights was a considerable number of bales of feathers; these were stowed away in the hold by gangs of 'limpers' belonging to Bordeaux. At mid-day the gang had got half through the task when they left, and after the usual interval for dinner were replaced by a different gang, which completed the stowage. The vessel was duly loaded during the day, and started for London.

"I believe the passage takes about eighty hours. The vessel had a fine run up channel to the Thames, and arriving at Gravesend, she was at once boarded by an official, who handed the captain a telegram that had been awaiting the vessel's arrival.

"The message was from Bordeaux, and ran somewhat as follows: 'Search cargo of feathers instantly; man missing; last seen in hold of your vessel.'

The captain at once ordered all hands to the task of getting the bales upon deck, meanwhile keeping his own counsel, and certainly expecting that if he found the missing man in the hold, he would be dead, but, extraordinary to relate, the man was discovered in the midst of the feathers, and with a few hours careful treatment he became as much alive again as ever. It appeared that instead of going home to dinner with the other members of the gang he had lain down on the soft cargo for a *siesta*: and his wonderful escape from death proves again the old adage 'Truth is stranger than Fiction.'"

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

*Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.**Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.*

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE AND DANGER.

WITH the beginning of autumn the great world returned to Madrid, and the Royal family went into residence at the Palace of the Escorial. The vicinity of that sombre dwelling of the living and the dead to the capital enabled Rafael d'Osorio, in common with the majority of his brother officers, to make frequent expeditions to Madrid. It is only necessary to state that Doña Beatriz Nebral had taken up her abode with her father in the capital, after a brief sojourn at Toledo, to account for Don Rafael's readiness to avail himself of all the leave he could get. He was deeply in love with the young widow, whom he had met under such romantic circumstances, and to his youthful mind and ardent temperament the difficulties that so seemingly incongruous an attachment might encounter presented no obstacles worth consideration. Of her actual circumstances he had very little knowledge.

She was the presumably wealthy widow of an indisputably wealthy merchant—far removed from the rank of the Conde d'Osorio by her marriage and by her birth, although the exceptional position of the King's Armourer removed much of the latter distinction—and she had troublesome money matters to arrange, both at Havana and at Madrid. Don Rafael thought of these things in a hazy sort of vein; the one point in relation to her that was not hazy, and was important, was, did she love him? From his first visit, the day after the removal of the Court to the Escorial, when he had been received with the utmost cordiality by Don Antonio Borodisti, he had gathered hope. She was confused, nervous, self-conscious—all good signs, as even the least practised aspirant to a woman's love cannot fail to know—and since then he had seen her frequently. The confident and joyous side of that capricious and unreasonable passion called love was turned to Rafael at this stage, and his life was full of objects and emotions that made it well worth living indeed. The sympathy between the Conde and the Armourer in things political was complete. Rafael desired to rid Spain of the detested yoke of Godoy. Borodisti, being informed of what was proposed to that end, devoted himself heart and soul to the enterprise. He had brought his popularity in Madrid, his influence with the working-men of the capital, the esteem in which he was held alike by nobles and citizens, his courage, his credit, and his fortune to the cause that Rafael was defending.

The armourer's shop had become the centre of action of the conspiracy. There Rafael could receive the persons with whom he had to confer, and whose comings and goings about his own abode would certainly have awakened the suspicions of the police sooner or later, in complete security. There he met the partisans of Don Ferdinand; from thence the letters which were to revive the zeal and activity of Godoy's enemies in the provinces were despatched. There, too, he saw Doña Beatriz daily, and became more and more enamoured of the beautiful, tender-hearted, and bright-minded young widow, who made no secret to herself of the fact that she reciprocated those sentiments of whose existence she had been conscious from the first, but who faced the fact in a spirit widely different from that of Don Rafael. He was not blind to the inevitable consequences of his marriage with a woman who was not of noble birth—for the prejudices of caste were stronger in Spain than they are in our time. He knew they included his incurring disgrace with the King and the unanimous blame of his

own class. But he was satisfied to brave these dangers; his doubt was of the equal readiness of Beatriz. Would she consent to retire from the world and live at Cordova with him in obscurity? Would her love be equal to such a sacrifice? Would her pride allow her to submit to it as the punishment for having married a noble? He misjudged her by the doubt. To live as he felt they would be sentenced to do by the voice of society, would have been no sacrifice to her. It was for him she feared; it was from the ruin of his career that she shrank. While he was in her presence she silenced these scruples, but when she was alone they returned, and on the October afternoon when we meet her again, waiting for the coming of Rafael, she has been striving to nerve herself to a great resolution. She will seek safety in flight; she will make a pretext of the business of her succession to her late husband's fortune, and return to Havana, although the real matters in consideration are in the hands of her lawyers at Madrid. Sorrowfully but resolutely pondering this resolution, she sat listening for Rafael's step. At last she heard the door of the ante-room thrown open, and someone advanced towards the inner room which she occupied. She hastily assumed a cheerful expression, and approached the door by which he would enter, but was arrested and startled by the voice of her dueña announcing Don Juan Morera.

He paused in the doorway, and bowed low with a feigned humility, and said—

"Pray excuse my temerity, Doña Beatriz. I came to see your father, but he is absent, and, learning that you were here, I asked to be admitted to your presence."

"Be pleased to come in, señor," she replied, with simple courtesy; "you are welcome."

"I am happy to meet you alone," he remarked, when he had taken a seat. "I have often regretted that I could see you only when I made one of a crowd of your admirers, and I have envied Don Rafael his better fortune—"

Beatriz interrupted him.

"Don Rafael," she said, "is my father's friend and mine. That I am a living woman we owe to him, and the service he did us gives him the right of the nearest of kin."

"Oh! I do not complain," protested Juan Morera, with a deprecatory gesture. "I know that he won favour here by a gallant action. And then he has youth, a high spirit, and an illustrious name in his favour. He is a brilliant caballero."

"Let us leave the subject of the Conde d'Osorio, señor," said Beatriz, coldly; "I do not suppose it was to speak to me of him that you came hither."

"No; it was not to speak to you of him, señora; it was to speak to you of myself."

She was surprised and disconcerted by his accent, his attitude, the hard, fixed look he bent on her, and could only stammer—

"Of yourself! What can you have to say to me?"

"Listen to me, Doña Beatriz," replied Juan Morera, in a resolute tone; "and, however much you may be surprised, be attentive and patient until I have said what I intend to say. I do not mean to offend you, as you shall see."

"A truce to preamble, señor! Proceed to explain your visit."

"I will. I love you, Doña Beatriz!"

She sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing with angry surprise.

"Señor, this language offends me!"

But he deliberately took her hand and replaced her in her chair.

"I have asked you for attention and patience, and you will do well to hear me. I love you with all the ardour of a young man. Before you went to Havana, I had hardly seen you; you were only a child. But since your return I am dazzled by your beauty, and simply love you to madness—yes, so it is; madness is the right word. You will object to my age, señora—you, who are

all radiant with youth. But I am old in years only; my heart is in its first youth, for I have never loved, and I offer you treasures of devotion and tenderness. I also offer you a vast fortune, and influence at Court that I have hitherto disdained to use, but which will raise me, whensoever I choose to exert it, to any height I may care to attain. Doña Beatrix, I have the honour to ask you to become my wife."

This was plain and clear; she was forced to answer. She looked him straight in the face and made him this reply—

"Your wife? I? Never!"

Juan Morera started as though she had struck him with a whip, and for a moment shrank back, so haughty and contemptuous was the tone of that "Never!"

Then, rallying with an effort, he said mildly—

"That is coming very quickly to a decision, Doña

Beatrix. Perhaps it would be more kind to extend the charity of a little reflection to my feelings."

"What good is there in pretending? To marry a man one must love him."

"And you do not love me? Not to-day, possibly, but to-morrow?"

"No more to-morrow than to-day, señor."

"You love another, then?"

"If you think so, why have you come here, and why should my refusal surprise you?"

Besides, señor, I am not accountable to you. I am free to marry whom I choose."

"Don Rafael, for instance."

"Why not, if I am as pleasing to him as he is pleasing to me?"

This speech exasperated him, and his face turned white.

"Don't set me at defiance!" he said, restraining his fury with a great effort. "Take care lest Rafael have to pay dearly for the honour of being distinguished by you!"

"Threats!" she said, with slow disdain.

"Yes, threats, which would soon be carried into effect, you foolish woman! were you to persist in resisting me. Understand me, once for all! While I live, no man but Juan Morera shall be your husband—neither Rafael nor another. You shall be mine only."

"Will you dispute with God?"

"A nun! You? Nonsense! To condemn yourself to the cloister you should have a vocation, which you have not."

"What do you know about that?" she said quietly.

"Have I opened my heart and confided my thoughts to you?"

"You have done better, Doña Beatrix. You have allowed me to observe the way in which you look at Rafael when he is with you, and if I have not overheard your conversation, I can guess its bearing. You love this young man, and he loves you. Do not deny it, denial is useless. You have betrayed yourselves."

"You are mistaken, señor," she answered sadly. "I know too well how widely I am separated from the Conde d'Osorio to dream of becoming his wife. He is a great noble, and I am an artisan's daughter. If Don Rafael is attracted by me, he has not told me so. I do not

love him, and were he to ask for my hand I should refuse it. I am a widow, and a widow I shall remain."

"Until the day when you accept my name: for you will accept it, such being my pleasure. Yes, I shall so strongly dominate you that you will be forced to submit."

He advanced upon her, head up, with outstretched arms, in an attitude that was both terrible and grotesque.

"Unhappy man," sighed Beatrix, in an accent of mingled compassion and fright, "he is out of his mind."

And she retreated before him.

"Sleep!" he commanded suddenly, and touched her forehead with his finger tips.

This injunction, which was incomprehensible to her, made her face him defiantly, daring him by her proud glance, which was perfectly self-possessed.

He redoubled his mesmeric movements, and repeated with all his force of will and voice—

"Sleep!"

But his command was vain, his efforts were futile. Magnetism had no power over the healthy, vigorous, and well-balanced nature of the woman whom he would have made his victim.

Doña Beatrix, convinced that Juan Morera had gone mad, continued to fall back before him in the direction of the door. She had



HE ADVANCED UPON HER.

almost reached it, when rapid footsteps were heard upon the stairs. Someone was coming; that meant safety.

But the doctor sprang forward and placed himself between Doña Beatrix and the door. With an instantaneous change of face, and in his usual low, composed tone, he said—

"We will resume this conversation, señora. Until then, beware how you reveal to any living soul what has passed between us. If you speak, you seal the fate of Don Rafael and your own!"

She had no time to take up his threat. The door was opened, and the Conde d'Osorio entered, just as the doctor was saluting Doña Beatrix with the simplest and most natural air in the world, and saying—

"I hope to see you soon, señora. When I have good news to bring you, I shall come again."

Then, apparently without recognising the newcomer, he passed out before Rafael, and went down the stairs.

When the sound of his footsteps had ceased, Rafael advanced and said—

"You receive him, then?"

It was painful to Beatrix to tell Rafael a falsehood; but Morera's threat was ringing in her ears.

"He came to offer me his services in my affairs at Havana," she replied, with a well-simulated carelessness.

"And you accept them?"

"How can I refuse without annoying him? My position is difficult, Don Rafael. You know what I think of Don Juan Morera. But if I reject this offer, I may have to reckon him among my enemies."

"Take care, Doña Beatrix. Perhaps he came here to discover our secrets, and were these prematurely revealed, how many patriots would fall victims to his vengeance? The first would be your father and myself. Very soon there will be a rising in Spain, and a struggle."

"Is there anything new?" inquired Beatrix, seizing the opportunity to escape from the subject of Don Juan.

"Yes. The Emperor has had a reply sent to Don Ferdinand's letter. His Ambassador has confided to our friend, Canon Escoiquiz, who is secretly employed by his Highness to negotiate with Napoleon, that the Emperor will not be displeased to witness the abdication of Charles IV. and the accession of Ferdinand VII."

"Does he consent to Don Ferdinand's marriage with his niece?"

"He reserved his decision on that point. But he is not likely to refuse. He is going to war with Portugal in order to drive out the English, and he has need of us."

"Is this war really imminent?"

"It is about to begin. Twenty-five thousand French soldiers coming from Bayonne have entered Spain, commanded by General Junot. They are proceeding towards Salamanca to march on the Portuguese frontier."

"Foreigners in Spain!" cried Beatrix, in affright. "What would happen if, having once got in they refused to go away?"

"The Spanish people would rise and drive them out," said Rafael. "Nothing of that sort is to be feared, however. Napoleon does not forget that we are his friends."

"God send he never may forget it."

"Whatever may come of these events, no reproach can attach to us. They are the doing of Godov and the Queen. It is they who have handed over Spain to the Emperor. But, with the help of Heaven, Don Ferdinand will deliver our land. And you, Doña Beatrix, shall share our triumph. Ferdinand VII. will amply repay Borodisti's services to the cause of the Prince of the Asturias."

"My father expects nothing from the gratitude of the Infante; his patriotism is disinterested. As for me, in that hour of victory, should it come, I shall be far from Madrid."

"You are going away?"

"I shall shortly return to Havana. My lawyers require me."

"But not to remain? You will soon come back?"

"I do not know. Only God knows."

"You did not prepare me for this, Doña Beatrix."

"My plans were not formed until yesterday," she answered, in evident embarrassment. "I received pressing letters."

"So, then, you would go away? You would leave me altogether? Do you not know that I love you?"

This question confounded her. For the first time the Conde d'Osorio confessed his love, and how was she to escape from that avowal? Just now in the effort to avert a quarrel between Rafael and Juan Morera, she had found courage to tell a falsehood to her lover, but she could do so no more. The truth forced its way from her lips.

"I know that you love me, Don Rafael," said she, trembling, "and perhaps you know that I return your love. But between you and me, your birth, your rank, the historic greatness of your house, intervene; you cannot descend to me. I cannot be your wife, and therefore I am going away."

Listening to her words he was transfigured; his brow shone with pride, his eyes flashed with joy, he was radiant with triumph. She loved him! Where is the lover for whom that knowledge does not open Paradise? Perhaps he was about to plead the futility of her objection, and the strength of his cause, but the sudden appearance of Borodisti inspired him with a happier idea. He took Beatrix's hand, and before she could divine his intention, led her to her father.

"Don Antonio," he said, "we love each other, and we are going to be married. Give your blessing to our betrothal."

"My daughter your wife, Don Rafael? But, have you considered her rank and yours, my humble station?"

Borodisti stammered out these words in his surprise and confusion, not knowing whether to consent or to refuse.

"No, no, it is impossible," said Beatrix, who was breathless and blushing.

But Rafael went on resolutely—

"Do not condemn me to misery by your refusal, Don Antonio. And you, my beloved, understand and believe that my strength to carry through the enterprise I am engaged in, must come from your promise and the hope of being united to you for ever; it can have no other source. Our engagement will remain a secret. After Don Ferdinand's victory will come our marriage."

"It is for you to answer, my child," said Don Antonio.

She made no reply in speech, but her hand lay passive in that of Don Rafael.

(To be continued.)

A PERSIAN DINNER PARTY.

THE order of procedure is always much the same. The guests arrive about sundown and are shown into a reception room, where they are received by the host and his male relations. Water-pipes, wine, and undiluted spirits (the latter preferred), are offered them, and they continue to smoke and drink intermittently during the whole of the evening. Dishes of pistachio nuts and the like are handed round, and from time to time a spit of kebabs, enveloped in a folded sheet of flat bread, is brought in. These things serve to bring out the flavour of the wine, and at the same time stimulate and appease the appetite of the guests, for the actual supper is not served until the time for breaking up the assembly has almost arrived, which is rarely much before midnight. As a rule, music is provided. The musicians are usually three in number; one plays a stringed instrument, one a drum consisting of an earthenware framework, shaped something like a huge eggcup, and covered with parchment at one end only, the third sings to the accompaniment of these instruments. Sometimes dancing boys are present, who excite the applause of the audience by their elaborate posturing, which, according to our ideas, is usually more remarkable for acrobatic skill than for grace. If the singer's voice is sweet, and his appearance comely, he will be greeted with rapturous applause. At one entertainment the guests were so moved by the performance of the boy singer that they all joined hands and danced round him in a circle, shouting, "God bless thee, little one! God bless thee, little one!" till sheer exhaustion compelled them to stop. When the host thinks the entertainment has lasted long enough he gives the signal for supper. A cloth is laid on the floor, round which are arranged the long, flat cakes of pebble bread, which serve also as plates. The meats, consisting for the most part of piläus and chiläus of different sorts, are placed on the centre, together with bowls of sherbet, each supplied with a delicately-carved wooden spoon, with deep, boat-shaped bowls, of which the sides slope down to form a sort of keel at the bottom. The guests squat on their knees and heels round the cloth, the host placing him he delights most to honour on his right side at the upper end of the room (opposite the door). At the lower end musicians and minstrels take their places, and all commence to eat rapidly, with little conversation. It is not usual in Persia to linger over meals or prolong them by talk. If the host wishes to pay special attention to a guest he picks out some particularly delicate morsel and places it in his mouth. In about a quarter of an hour from the commencement of the banquet most of the guests have finished and washed their hands by pouring water over them from a metal ewer into a plate of the same material, brought round by servants for that purpose.—From "A Year Amongst the Persians," by Dr. Granville Brown.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

It mye be remembered as 'ow in the summer o' lawst year it were my misforchoon one dye ter 'ave a bit of a difference with one o' them Italying ice-creamers. Well I ain't none the more predijooed along o' thet (which were a privit affeer o' my own) and whort I says nar is nutthink more nor whort I yoosed to sye afore thet 'appened. Whort I says is, I wornts them Italying ice-creamers shunted—and in sying ice cream I refers likewise ter barril-orgings, 'ot chestnuts, and the 'ole bilin'. Awst yerself, in the nime o' commings-sense, whort the road's intended fur? His it intended fur traffic, or his it intended fur ter be a bloomin' dutty Italying tea-garding? The coppers does whort they can, and that's nutthink. The Italying comes up grinnin' like 'alf a monkey-ouse; the beak fines 'im. That's all. And a plucky lot them Italyings keers abart any fine. Seenin' as they gits the filth they mikes theer hices and theer 'okey-pokey with fur abart 'alf nutthink, and seein' as they sells it at a 'ipe'ny the dollup, and bloomin' little ter the dollup, they can afford ter drop a trifle nar and then. Why, when you're mikin' a tharsand per cent. hev'ry dye of your life, you ain't goin' ter storp it off on account of a fine of a few shillin's once hev'ry two months. Nort likely. As I sye, I wornt them Italyings shunted. They tikes no trouble ter git art of the wye of traffic, knowin' as yer darstn't run 'em darn intenshnal; they sells filth and mikes young lads wiste theer money; theer a nawsty, dirty, jealous lot, and when they quarrels they whips art theer knives like the cut-throat blaggards they is, instead o' fightin' with theer fists, like the decent Christchings they never will be. I'd do it this wye. Fust time the coppers brings up any Italying, let the beak fine 'im; but if that sime man comes a second time, let 'im be cawted back ter Hitaly agin, and 'is bloomin' barrer and things sold ter pye is bloomin' passidge. I don't wornt nutthink 'awsh or art-o'-the wye. Let the beak tell that Italying perlutely: "I've seed your dirty fice before and I ain't goin' ter see it agin. Back yer goes ter yer nitive pig-stye, and if ever you shows yer ugly 'ead in Hingland agin' we'll thrash the life art of yer." That's the wye I'd treat 'em—one warning and no more—firm and joodishus. We 'as the Hinglish costers as well, and them I don't mind so much, though we cud do withart 'em wheer streets is narrow and traffic is thick. A Hinglish coster mostly 'as one pitch and one time, and sticks to it. They is, in a kind of a wye, the pore man's mawkit. They ain't hall over the plice like them Italyings. But theer—I've 'ad a bit of a sick'ner of furriners, of lite. They comes over 'ear in crards and shoals; they mikes theer livin' art of us; they sives a pile of money whort they've mide art of us. Then they goes off 'ome ter spend thet money and sye 'ow they 'ites the Hinglish—a dirty ongriteful lot I calls 'em. I ain't no rever-loosherner. I ain't no bloomin' 'Ankin. But all the sime I sez as the time is come for us ter draw the line somewhere.

TRUE ENOUGH.

MRS. MCGINNIS—Faith, an' it's a great woman is Misshus O'Toole!

MRS. O'Hilligan—Shure, an' what's she been after doin' now?

MRS. MCGINNIS—Knocked the inshurance agent downstairs, an' thin tauld him 'twas only the firsh step as was difficult.

SISTERLY.

JESS—Jack tried to pump me last night on your age.

BESS—You didn't tell him?

JESS—Of course not; I said you didn't look it.

ELIZA AND THE MUSHROOM.

BY BARRY PAIN.

WE were at breakfast one morning in the summer, when the girl entered rather excitedly and said that to the best of her belief there was a mushroom coming in the little lawn in front of the house. It seemed a most extraordinary thing, and Eliza and I both went out to look at it. There was certainly something white coming through the turf; the only question was, whether or not it was a mushroom. The girl seemed certain about it. "Why," she said, "in my last place mushrooms was frequent. You see, being wealthy, they had anything they fancied. If I didn't know about mushrooms, I ought to!" There is a familiarity in that girl's manner which to my mind is highly objectionable. The establishment where she was formerly employed was apparently on a scale that we do not attempt. That does not justify her, however, in continually drawing comparisons. I shall certainly have something to say to her about it.

* * * * *

However, it was not about Jane that I intended to speak, but about the mushroom.

Eliza said that I ought to put a flower-pot over the mushroom, because, being visible from the road, someone might be tempted to come in and steal it. But I was too deep for that. "No," I replied; "if you put an inverted plant-pot there everybody will guess that you are hiding a mushroom underneath it. Just put a scrap of newspaper over it."

"But that might get blown away!"

"Fasten down one corner of it with a hairpin."

Eliza said that I was certainly one to think of things. I believe there is truth in that. On my way to the station I happened to meet Mr. Bungwall's gardener (a most obliging and respectful man), and had a word with him about the mushroom. He said that he would come round in the evening and have a look at it.

* * * * *

I was pleased to find (on my return) that the mushroom was still in the garden under the newspaper, and had increased slightly in size.

"This," I said to Eliza, "is very satisfactory."

"It would make a nice little present to send to mother," Eliza observed.

There I could not entirely agree with her. I pointed out that in a week's time I should probably be applying to her mother for a small temporary loan. I did not think it a fair thing to her mother to try and influence her mind beforehand by sending a present. I wished her to approach the question of the loan purely in a business spirit. I added that I thought we would leave the mushroom to grow for one more day, and then have it for breakfast. That ultimately was decided upon.

Then Mr. Bungwall's gardener arrived and said that he was sorry to disappoint us in any way, and it was not his fault, but the mushroom was a toadstool.

"This," I said to Eliza, "is something of a blow."

"Perhaps," she said, "Mr. Bungwall's gardener is mistaken."

"I fear not. But, however, I happened to mention about that mushroom to our head clerk this morning, and he said that he thoroughly understood mushrooms and had made a small profit by growing them. To-morrow morning I will pick that toadstool or mushroom, as the case may be, take it up to the City, and ask him about it."

Eliza agreed that this would be the best way.

* * * * *

But at breakfast next morning she seemed thoughtful and somewhat depressed. I asked her what she was thinking about.

"It's like this," she said. "If your head clerk says that our toadstool is a mushroom, while Mr. Bungwall's gardener says that our mushroom is a toadstool, we shan't like to eat it because of Mr. Bungwall's gardener, and we shant like to throw it away because of your head clerk, and I don't see what to do with it."

"You forget, my dear. We have a third opinion. Jane says the mushroom is a mushroom."

"Jane will say anything."

"Well, we might put her to the test. We might ask her if she'd like to eat the mushroom herself, and then if she says yes and seems pleased, why, of course, we'd eat it. I'll go and pick it now."

And when I went to do so, I found that the mushroom had gone.

* * * * *
Eliza says that Mr. Bungwall's gardener told us it was a toadstool to keep us from picking it, and then stole it himself, because he knew that it was a mushroom.

That may be. I should be sorry to believe it, because I have always found Mr. Bungwall's gardener such a very respectful man. To my mind there is an air of mystery over the whole affair.

THE MOST ANCIENT RELIGION.

THE oldest known religion in the world has many interesting points about it. It is probably at least 7,000 years old, and was absolutely unknown to us a few years ago.

It is that of Turanian Chaldea.

When those ancient descendants of Shem—many years after the Deluge—"found a plain in the land of Shinar and dwelt there," they also found an ancient, civilised people, already resident in the district, who possessed cities, a written language, and a religious system. The newcomers, when settled down, made grammars and dictionaries as necessary aids to the study of the language of this elder people, and by the help of these aids recovered from the library of a later king, we, in the present day, are able to read their books and to learn the tenets of this religion, which we now know existed from three to four thousand years before the Hebrew formulated by Moses, and probably before any known religion of the Egyptians. How much more ancient it may be no one can tell.

Primitive man, when sufficiently civilised to think of such things, found himself both powerful and helpless. He could kill or subdue huge animals, which in size and strength were more powerful than he; he could compel the ground to bear choicer food than that which the mere beasts cropped; he could make fire. But he saw things round him which he could not control. The sun and the rain which fertilised and ripened his crops could also scorch and rot them. Disease, mysterious and awful, brought him sickness and death. It was natural to consider all these things as living beings, either baleful or beneficent. They were spirits, unseen yet known.

The ancient folk of Shumir and Accad formed their religion on these bases; it was a religion of fear. And it was this religious system that the later and nobler race above-mentioned has preserved for us in the books of the Royal Library of Nineveh, now in the British Museum and elsewhere.

We had glimmerings of this people and religion through old Greek writers (never reliable), and through the Babylonian, Berosus. The lately-recovered books supplement and correct these accounts.

The Shumiro-Accadians then, peopled the Universe with spirits, in hosts. But over all was the great spirit Zi, or spirit of heaven Zi-Ana. The atmosphere was holy to Mermer, the wind. In the waters of ocean dwelt Ea, the man-fish. Beneath the crust of the earth was the abyss with its Lord, Mul-ge, in whose domain dwelt the feared and terrible Maskim, the seven spirits of hell, concerning whom a celebrated incantation has come down to us. These powerful ones did not submit even to the Lord of Hell himself. In this they were like their brothers of the air who being originally heavenly messengers rebelled against the great spirit, Zi-Ana. (Compare the Jewish idea of Lucifer and his angels; Lucifer, whom Paul terms "The prince of the powers of the air").

Namtar or Dibbara was the demon of Pestilence, Idpa

of Fever. All these evil ones were classed together as "Beings of the Abyss."

There is little to show that these people imagined any happy state after death, or if any state of actual punishment; the dead were consigned to Arali, or "The Great Land," where they wandered in darkness; the ruler of this awful region was a goddess, "The Lady of the Abyss," whose chief servant was Pestilence (Namtar). These people feared their own dead, and the idea of their spirits returning to earth was looked on as the most awful calamity.

Even this religion of terror was not enough to burden their lives. In addition, they believed in sorcerers who could compel the demons to obey them, and who could by a look (evil eye), or by incantations, inflict death or disaster.

Their sacred observances, naturally, under these conditions, took the form of conjuring rites and spells, and the vast collection of texts translated by Sir H. Rawlinson and George Smith reveals exactly this state of things. It is also supposed that human sacrifice was one of their rites.

Yet there is a bright side to all this horror. Ana and Ea, the spirits of Heaven and of Earth, were beneficent; to them cries of help were raised. Ea especially was the "Great Father"; he knew all things; he could tell his suffering children what they must do. But he was too exalted to be approached in person, so, when wishing to appeal to him, they called in his son Mirri-Dugga, who acted as mediator between his father and mankind. It was he who spread before Ea the suppliant's prayer, and asked his father for help.

Compare the Christian doctrine of the Christ mediator.

Incantations and the like naturally lead to talismans. These were universally worn about the body or placed at the doors of dwellings to ward off disasters. One class of these were images of winged spirits which guarded entrances. This idea was adopted by the later Assyrians and also the Jews. The Accadian name for these spirits was Keribu (in Hebrew, Cherubim). The ancient Jews acknowledged that their belief in angels came from Chaldea.

Assisting Ea in his task of protection were the sun, moon, and fire, chiefly because they dispel night's darkness when the evil demons have greatest power. Many very fine hymns addressed to the sun have come down to us.

The newer and nobler race, when they reached this land of Shinar, spiritualised and improved this religion, and this later stage is plainly noticeable in the later books. The later Babylonian religion, with its mythology, which contains the story of Creation, Paradise, and the Tree of Life, and the Deluge, would require another paper; but an example of part of an early "Penitential Psalm" (as they have been called), may be given as a conclusion. (Given by Z. A. Ragozin, in "Chaldea." T. Fisher Unwin.)

The complaints of the Repentant Heart.

O, my God, my transgressions are very great; very great my sins. I transgress and know it not; I sin and know it not; I feed on transgressions and know it not; I wander on wrong paths and know it not. The Lord, in the wrath of his heart, has overwhelmed me with confusion. I lie on the ground and none reaches a hand to me. I am silent and in tears, and none takes me by the hand. I cry, and there is none that hears me. I am exhausted, oppressed, and none releases me. My god, who knowest the unknown, be merciful! My goddess, who knowest the unknown, be merciful! How long, O my god!, etc. (Compare the Penitential Hebrew psalms.)

Mr. F. Hommel, one of our greatest Assyriologists, unhesitatingly places the Babylonian incantations in the fifth thousand B.C. These penitential psalms are not much later.

Both in the prayers and mythology of this ancient race we see, undoubtedly, the germs of those stories which their descendants the Hebrews incorporated into Genesis.

THE SOURCE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

I THOUGHT it was the fire-engine. For the cabmen were shouting "Hi!" the 'buses were pulling into the kerb, while the people on the garden-seats were standing up and looking down Piccadilly, and the air seemed pregnant with expectancy of an event. I stopped on the steps of the club, and in a few seconds a hansom came dashing along the cleared path, the horse galloping hard, the driver tugging with all his might at the reins. Just as it was passing me the wheel of the cab caught the kerb of a refuge. The swerve of the cab threw the horse; the shafts smashed, the driver alighted on his hands and feet about a yard in front of the horse, which lay quietly in the fatalistic attitude assumed by horses when they fall with harness on their backs; a policeman came up with a note-book, and from the mass of wreckage crept my cousin Dick.

"That's a record between Hyde Park Corner and the Lyceum Club," said Dick, catching sight of me as he brushed his hat on his coat-sleeve. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting. I couldn't have come quicker, you know."

Dick had just passed out of Sandhurst and got his commission, and was being dined by me at the club in consequence.

"Not at all," I said. "Hope you are not hurt?"

"Not a bit," said Dick cheerfully. "You've only got to jamb yourself across—feet one side and shoulders the other—hard—and you're fairly safe in a hansom, barring a thunderbolt. I learnt that tip years ago."

However, I took Dick up into the smoking-room and gave him a whisky and soda to steady his nerves. Martin was sitting in a corner smoking, and congratulated Dick on his escape, which he had seen from the window.

"I suppose you'll give up hansoms for a bit now?" I said, as Dick finished his drink.

"No. Why?" said Dick. "Can't do without 'em, you know. Wouldn't do to ride in four-wheelers—awful form, you know. Besides, they never get there under an hour."

"For my own part," I said, "I don't care about form. I haven't been in a hansom for more than three years. I have already taken more hansoms than are good for me; there is too much excitement about them."

"Oh, you're afraid," sighed Martin, from his corner. "Some people are. But I didn't know there were any Englishmen among them."

"It isn't exactly that," I said. "But I like to know where I'm going, and go there without any fuss. Now, in a hansom you can never be sure from one moment to another that you aren't going to be catapulted into the Unknown. I can't sleep peacefully under such conditions."

"When I hear men talking like that, I tremble for the future of the British Empire," said Martin.

"I don't quite see what hansoms have to do with the British Empire," said Dick, being professionally interested.

Martin shifted himself into an easier position in the depths of the sofa.

"Do you know when hansoms were invented?" he said.

"Fifty years ago?" said Dick, tentatively.

"You're not far out," said Martin. "And isn't it within the last half-century or so that Great Britain has girdled the earth with her—her—herself? You see the connection?"

Dick stared. I, knowing Martin better, laughed.

"Don't you see," said Martin, "that Englishmen are always ready to face danger and difficulty because they train themselves to face danger and difficulty every minute of their lives? They habitually go out of their way to seek peril and invent obstacles. It is easy enough to kill a fox. But we take the most elaborate precautions to make the process as hard as possible. If we

want to send a golf ball from one point to another, we select instruments carefully designed to frustrate our efforts, and try it that way. A Frenchman would send it by Parcel Post. If we want to walk up things we are not content with anything safe, like the dome of St. Paul's; we travel to Switzerland or the Himalayas to find something to fall down. If we want to put a football between two posts we get eleven men to try to stop us doing it; we even pay them for trying. And on what," continued Martin, sitting up as he warmed to his subject, "does the commercial supremacy of England depend? Why, upon her preposterous system of coinage, weights and measures, which no living foreigner has ever learned completely—and never will."

"I don't quite see that," said Dick.

"Because," said Martin, "other nations have debilitated their calculating powers with the decimal system, which explains itself. Our monetary system is the toughest thing ever invented by the skill of man. Ask a foreigner how many half-crowns go to a guinea, and how many guineas to a five-pound note, and see him tear his hair. But it doesn't bother us. We're used to it. What is an ounce? An ounce of one thing isn't the same as an ounce of another. And how many ounces of one thing weigh as much as a chaldron of another? It is only by a lucky chance that a pound of feathers happens to weigh as much as a pound of lead. You see, the Englishman is always running obstacle races over the multiplication tables, and that strengthens his mental muscles. And it's the same with British pluck. How has the British Empire been won?"

"Playing fields of Eton?" murmured Dick, doubtfully.

"Playing-fields of Eton be damned!" said Martin.

"It was won in the hansom cabs of London. The man who invented hansoms knew what he was doing. He knew that what Britons wanted was a real, right-down, nerve-bracing cab—a cab which only an acrobat could get into without smashing his hat—a cab which would put them face to face with sudden death every day of their lives. And Britons have got it. The man who gets into a hansom places his life unreservedly in the hands of a man he has never seen, who may be drunk, and probably is. He sits in the forefront of the cab where he can see every danger and is absolutely powerless to avoid a single one. He sees the tramcar coming towards him with the irresistible force of the Rhone Glacier, and knows that if his driver has gone to sleep or doesn't switch his horse aside, he must die the death. The man who can sit still in a hansom is the man who can lie for half a day quietly on his stomach and get shot at."

"Yes, it does make you sit up a bit now and then," said Dick, reflectively.

"But that's the sort of man for the British Empire," said Martin. "And now you see why French and English courage differ. It all depends on the difference between French and English cabs. You know they tried to introduce hansoms into Paris. They failed. It was lucky for the British Empire."

"Then that's the solution of the mystery of the hansom cab?" I said. "I was always afraid of it, only I was afraid to say so. And I never could understand why people rode in them when four-wheelers were plentiful."

"It'll be a bad day for the country when hansoms succumb to—growlers—like you," said Martin, rising, and throwing the stump of his cigar into the fire.

"Not dining here?" I said.

"No. Going to a dinner party," said Martin. "Waiter, whistle me up a cab."

"Hansom, sir?"

I didn't hear the answer. We went downstairs together, Dick and I, to the dining-room, Martin to find his coat.

"He's a clever sort of Johnny, isn't he?" said Dick, as we entered the dining-room. "Seems to think a lot about things. Rather rot, though, eh?"

I heard the porter blowing a single whistle. It looked bad for the Empire.

HOW NOVELISTS PUT OUT A FIRE.*

COBB and Louise Derrick have quarrelled about another lover of Louise. Cobb, in his anger, upsets a toy chair, and doesn't pick it up again:—

"You may go if you like," said Louise; "but you understand, if you do—"

Cobb, inflamed with desire and jealousy, made an effort to recapture her. Louise sprang away from him, but immediately behind her lay the foolish little chair which he had kicked over, and just beyond that stood the scarcely less foolish little table which supported the heavy lamp, with its bowl of coloured glass and its spreading yellow shade. She tottered back, fell with all her weight against the table, and brought the lamp crashing to the floor. A shriek of terror from Louise, from her lover a shout of alarm, blended with the sound of breaking glass. In an instant a great flame shot up half-way to the ceiling. The lamp-shade was ablaze; the much-embroidered screen, Mrs. Mumford's wedding present, forthwith caught fire from a burning tongue that ran along the carpet; and Louise's dress, well sprinkled with paraffin, aided the conflagration. Cobb, of course, saw only the danger to the girl. He seized the woollen hearthrug, and tried to wrap it about her; but with screams of pain and frantic struggles Louise did her best to thwart his purpose.

The window was open, and now a servant, rushing in to see what the uproar meant, gave the blaze every benefit of draught.

"Bring water!" roared Cobb, who had just succeeded in extinguishing Louise's dress, and was carrying her, still despite her struggles, out of the room. "Here! one of you take Miss Derrick to the next house. Bring water, you!"

All three servants were scampering and screeching about the hall. Cobb caught hold of one of them and all but twisted her arm out of its socket. At his fierce command the woman supported Louise into the garden, and thence, after a minute or two of faintness on the sufferer's part, led her to the gate of the neighbouring house. . . . The lamp-shade, the screen, the little table, and the diminutive chair blazed gallantly, and with such a volleying of poisonous fumes that Cobb could scarce hold his ground to do battle. Louise out of the way, he at once became cool and resourceful. Before a flame could reach the window he had rent down the flimsy curtains and flung them outside. Bellowing for the water which was so long in coming, he used the hearthrug to some purpose on the outskirts of the bonfire, but had to keep falling back for fresh air. Then appeared a pail and a can, which he emptied effectively, and next moment sounded the voice of the gentleman from next door.

"Have you a garden-hose? Set it on to the tap, and bring it in here."

The hose was brought into play, and in no great time the last flame had flickered out amid a deluge. When all danger was at an end, one of the servants, the nurse-girl, uttered a sudden shriek; it merely signified that she had now thought for the first time of the little child asleep upstairs. Aided by the housemaid, she rushed to the nursery, snatched her charge from bed, and carried the unhappy youngster into the breezes of the night, where he screamed at the top of his gamut.

Cobb, when he no longer feared the house would be burnt down, hurried to inquire after Louise.

* "The Paying Guest." By George Gissing. (Cassell and Co. 1s. 6d.)

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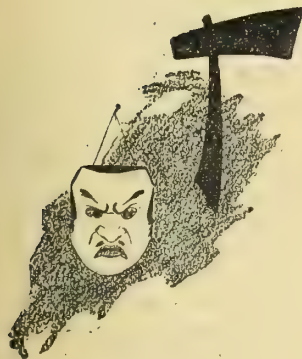
PRICE TWOPENCE.

TWO UNIMPORTANT EVENTS.

BY

A. J. DAWSON.

Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.



HIS does not pretend to be a story, or even the record of any stirring incidents, but merely a brief statement of two events—unimportant because they only affected people about whom the great world of to-day knows nothing, and cares less; but striking in the abstract, as an instance of the workings of that Destiny which is said to shape most of our ends:

How I became possessed of the details does not matter much to anyone, but there is no harm in my mentioning that when Vavasour Wray went to Berlin the last time, he handed me a bundle of papers, to make whatever use of that I thought proper. From these papers, and from one or two friends, I learnt all about his two little events. They point no moral, so far as I can see, unless indeed it be, firstly, that in love affairs more than in the other events of this life of ours gold is invariably given for silver, old lamps are always purchased in exchange for new; and, secondly, that he or she who gives gold for silver, and new lamps for old, is far better off than he or she who bargains on the other side.

This is the only sign of a moral which I can see in these two episodes that followed each other so quickly in the life of Vavasour Wray, and this—such as it is—might have been considered by the late Captain Cuttle worth making a note of.

Vavasour Wray, Esquire—he always liked to see his name in full—was a very fine gentleman; in fact, as Artemus Ward said of the perpetrator of the "More Roon than Octo" swindle, he was "as fine a man as anyone might wish to see." It is true he was not rich, or even independent, but he was a fashionable artist, and made a very comfortable income out of his pictures. He lived in a perfect gem of a villa in St. John's

Wood, and his suppers, luncheon-breakfasts, velvet coats, and repartee, were things which many men envied, and more than a few tried to imitate. In most respects he was kind-hearted, and he prided himself, in the set he led, upon his artistic taste in the details of life, and upon what he called his "bizarrrity" in all things.

Particularly in his dealings with the other sex, did this man of paint delight to show, and tell of, his perfect taste and artistic skill in management. In this respect he was absolutely without scruple, and openly stated, in his charmingly *insouciant* manner, that he considered the whole feminine world as fair game. Yet it was impossible to imagine Wray being guilty of anything brutal, his small hands were so white, and his nervous sensibilities were so keen that he could not bear to see a fly killed. Perhaps he painted himself in darker colours than he deserved in this respect; at all events, nothing openly brutal was ever brought up against him, though his name had been connected with innumerable fair members of the opposite sex, known and unknown to society.

It was in the summer of '86 that he decided that his nerves and brain could no longer stand the wear of London work and worry, and so he announced his intention of going out of town till late in autumn, or till early winter.

"Now so many men," he said to Mrs. Manton Morley two days before he left, "So many men say they want to put civilisation behind them, and rest on their oars—and then they stand up and tell the whole world where they intend going. That is such a disgustingly conventional thing to do, Mrs. Morley, don't you think so? Now, I shall quietly leave London, without telling even you, where I intend going, and then, away from all my choicest friends and pet aversions, I shall dawdle through two or three months, sketching round some out-of-the-way village, and preparing to please my comrades and friends in the winter. Capital dodge, don't you think?"

Of course, Mrs. Morley agreed with him, though she would have given her best bonnet to be able to tell her special little circle where Mr. Vavasour Wray intended to rusticate.

So Wray went away, the blinds were drawn down at the St. John's Wood villa, and London lost its champion of "bizarrrity." The man really did want seclusion, and instead of going into the Riviera, he went straight to a little village called Elmsleigh, in Wiltshire, and prepared to "dawdle" as he had told Mrs. Manton Morley he would. Now Elmsleigh is the centre of a rich dairying

district, and the first thing Wray did after settling down at the comfortable farmhouse in which he had engaged rooms was to get in the way of a naturally irritable stud bull, who, on that particular occasion, was more than usually put out by the perversity of some cows that grazed in a field next to his.

The artist was rather badly mauled, and would very likely have been killed but for the intervention of the plucky daughter of his host. This girl, who was passing on the other side of the hedge, near which Wray fell out of the bull, succeeded in diverting that capricious animal's attention long enough to give herself time to half-drag, half-carry its victim into the next field. As it was, he had to begin his holidays by being confined to his room, and was obliged to submit to the loss of most of his silky locks to enable the village surgeon to dress a couple of nasty wounds on his head. He was most carefully and attentively nursed, during the four or five days he had to spend in bed, by the girl who had saved him and her mother, and this was the manner of his first meeting with Margaret Whitstable, the daughter of the farmer in whose house he stayed.

It may be thought that pretty Margaret Whitstable was not a very great conquest for so artistic and experienced a lady-killer as Vavasour Wray, and, indeed, she was not, as a conquest, but Wray's principles were nothing if not universal in application, and Margaret was very lovely. She was marvellously fair, as Wiltshire beauties often are, and though hers was by no means the dairymaid type of prettiness, yet she had all the graceful freedom in carriage, and lithe smoothness in figure, which characterises those whom Nature, having made beautiful, claims as her own in their mode of living. She was inclined to like and admire Wray from the beginning, as her sex are prone to do with men whom they have assisted or saved from danger. It is a sweet attribute of their nature which often leads to trouble.

The whole affair was admirably suited to the artist's disposition and state of mind at the time, and seeing the girl watching his ways and appearance with rustically ill-concealed admiration, he often found keen pleasure in showing his most attractive side for her innocent inspection. He dazzled her with his airy artistic small talk; amazed her with his apparent familiarity with all things, and with all people, and charmed her with his cleverly affected air of almost tender courtesy, and his manly gratitude for favours received. O'd Whitstable was far too much of an Englishman and a farmer to suspect his handsome London visitor of having designs on his daughter's affections, and his wife was far too busy, too careless, and too good-naturedly vain, to think of how often her daughter went out with the artist or how long she sat watching him sketch.

Poor little Margaret! Her heart was easily won—far too easily to please Wray, who condemned himself, in his flippant manner, for having shown a want of the delicate manipulation and refined tact which should have enabled him to stave off any climax until the end of his holiday arrived. Still, having allowed matters to advance as far as they had, he could not permit the harmony of his holiday to be disturbed by the fact of his being behind or in front, or in any way out of tune with his surroundings. So he allowed the first crisis to, as it were, gracefully precipitate itself upon him at an earlier stage than he would otherwise have done.

The country round about old Whitstable's farm was wonderfully beautiful at this time, and Wray fairly revelled in the rich scents, bright colours, and charming aspect of the spot he had chosen for his holiday. In the early nights, when the evening milking and the evening meal were finished, the artist used to stroll down the narrow lane at the back of the farmhouse, or in the sweet-smelling fields in front, smoking a cigarette and talking idly, airily, and at times tenderly, to the fair confiding daughter of the farmer. A harvest moon shed its soft clear light on the country side during those evenings, and the scene of Wray's walks was peacefully beautiful

enough to have had a softening effect on the heart of any man. Even Wray, with his refined "bizarrité" and cultured, *blasé* life, felt a wave of almost overpowering tenderness, brush swiftly across his heart as he told Margaret, on one of those ideally beautiful nights, that he loved her.

They were standing together under a big, leafy chestnut tree, and the artist had carefully led up to his declaration—from friendliness and gratitude to sentiment and tenderness, and from that to love—it was but a step under the circumstances. He played his part far too well to speak of marriage, and with his lofty, romantic way of dealing with everything, the omission did not seem an omission, and was not noticed. He told her he loved her—worshipped her with the whole strength of his artistic soul—what more could poor, simple Margaret ask or desire? She desired nothing more, for to her trusting nature all else seemed only a part of this wonderful love, which made a courtly London gentleman, a handsome, famous artist, drop on one knee at her feet and ask permission to seal his declaration with a kiss!

It is all such an old, old, pitiful story, that sure the wonder is that a fine gentleman like Vavasour Wray does not tire very early in life of the part he plays in the sad drama! But no! Wray was just as studiously tactful, just as delicately tender and cautious in this case, as in all the other and more elaborate affairs that had gone before in his life. The only drawback was that poor, loving, foolish Margaret was not sufficiently artistic. She had not tact enough—untrained rustic that she was—to assist her well-bred lover in gradually, gracefully carrying the affair to its proper and conventional end. When he told her he loved her, she allowed her fair head to droop upon his velvet-covered shoulder, and in a few incredibly crude and simple words she yielded up her young heart unreservedly and in its entirety. The force and simplicity of her girlish love was startling to the artist, and he recognised that he had stirred up a deep spring, and would have to leave Wiltshire even sooner than he expected, in order to avoid the pain of witnessing the overflow of this spring.

In the meantime the exigencies of the artistic atmosphere in which he always lived demanded the outlay of much tenderness and refined love-making. And so, though in the process he was rather annoyed, as he thought of what an all-absorbing and solemn thing it was to the girl, Margaret was made intensely happy. Every evening they wandered about together in the glorious moonlight, and during the greater part of every day she sat watching him sketching, or listening to his rippling easy talk. He took a dozen sketches of her in different idealised poses, and with different artistically called forth expressions.

Then the parting came, and Wray's diplomatic ingenuity was taxed to the utmost in framing the stratagems and little deceptions necessary for the avoidance of a vulgar and unpleasant scene. Poor Margaret, on the last evening of his stay, sobbed as though her unsophisticated heart would burst, and caused the refined nature of the artist considerable pain. However, his delicate perception and graceful diplomacy steered him through the crisis at length, and whilst Margaret wandered, sobbing pitifully, through the little wood below her father's farm, Vavasour Wray established himself once more in the bijou villa at St. John's Wood.

The artist had made one little mistake in the Elmsleigh affair. In a rash moment, during his stay at Whitstable's farm, he had allowed Margaret to ascertain the whereabouts of his London residence. The result was that the man was deluged with painful letters, the supply of which he vainly endeavoured to check. Several months elapsed, and then his finer sensibilities were ruthlessly jarred upon by a scene such as any ordinary Vandal might have brought upon himself—and that in the sanctity of his own artistic abode.

Single-hearted Margaret, confident that the sight of her sweet self would bring her lover humbly to her feet again, actually left her home and visited his house in St.

John's Wood. She was followed by Farmer Whitstable, and before they left the house its owner was several times brought to the verge of desperation—such desperation as very nearly caused him to lose his customary coolness and skill in the manipulation of affairs of this kind. However, the unpleasant scene came to an end at length, and the artist was left—temporarily, at all events—in peace; whilst Margaret was carried off to wear out her true heart in Wiltshire.

* * * * *

The second of the two little episodes recorded in Vavasour's papers was of a Continental character, and widely different to the Elmsleigh affair.

The artist's nerves had been so severely strained and upset by the scene which had followed Margaret's visit

His style of living enabled him to speedily form a select circle of English and German acquaintances, and he was able, at an early stage, to assert himself as leader of what he considered a bizarre and refined pleasure-seeking set. His bright little post theatre and opera suppers, his smart dog-cart, and his elegant café lounging costumes soon gave him sway with the set he cultivated, and he was able to occupy a higher stand there than he had reached in his palmiest London days.

Then he met Marie Salchan, the prima donna and queen of Berlin Bohemianism. No one knew whom she really was, some calling her a Russian princess, and others saying that she was an Indian of some kind; but all were agreed that she had very great beauty, of a certain dashing order, and few dared to deny that she ruled



SHE STOOD WATCHING HIM SKETCHING.

to his house that he broke off all his engagements for the ensuing season, and, closing the St. John's Wood house, announced his intention of travelling on the Continent. Wray's friends thought his health was failing somewhat. He seemed a shade less sprightly than of yore, and many people said there was not the same vim and energy about his work, or in the "bizarrité" of his ways, as there had been. Altogether, he was not nearly so much missed when he left London for Berlin as he might have expected to be.

Now, Berlin is a pleasant and economical capital to live in, and as soon as Wray was comfortably established in good chambers on Potsdammer Strasse, he made up his mind to spend a few months in ministering to the tastes and desires of the most Bohemian side of his artistic nature.

the world of pleasure in the German capital. That she was utterly heartless, mercenary to the last degree, and madly capricious in all her inclinations, was quite a minor detail. She was the fashion, and of course Vavasour Wray cultivated her. If she chose to break gilded flagons of old Johannisberg over his supper-table, and flaunt her capricious insolence in his face before his guests—well, all Berlin talked of it next day, and the very waiters in the café Ronacher grew more respectful in their attentions to the refined and artistic Englishman.

Wray had been able to keep up an elaborate style of living in Berlin on less than he spent in England, but Marie Salchan soon taught him that, even in Germany, money may be made to flow like water when one's tastes are extravagant, and the maddest whims of a capricious woman are to be gratified. What annoyed and puzzled

Wray, however, as time wore on, far more than the money question could have done, was the fact that he could apparently make no impression on this Bohemian beauty's heart. At masquerade balls and midnight suppers, in the theatre, and in the Thiergarten, in cafés and on pleasure excursions, the artist brought the full artillery of his many charms to bear on Marie Salchan, without apparently producing the slightest effect. He was by turns tender and sparkling, sad and cynical, poetically refined, and brilliantly bold—for the man was rich in the versatility of superficial genius—but all without avail. Through it all this queen of pleasure bled him with unsparing hand, laughed in his face as she spilled his costly wine, and maddened him by sparkling glances of ridicule, given in the midst of his tender speeches, and when the surroundings of brilliant lights, gaily-coloured dresses, and exciting German music had in themselves half-intoxicated the man.

The end of it was that he—Vavasour Wray, who had passed through more delicate affairs than any man in London; he who for years had looked upon sentiment with contempt, as a vulgarity beneath the truly artistic mind; he, the gracefully *blasé* Bohemian, of impenetrable *insouciance*—he became madly in love with the heroine of a dozen scandals of the Berlin *demi-monde*.

There was no disguising this fact, and the hopelessness of it was borne in upon the artist with fresh force every day. He had become reckless in his expenditure, more careless in his mode of living, and was altogether a slave to a passion which seemed to be only inflamed by the ridicule and open indifference with which its object received it.

His name, linked with that of the beautiful prima donna, became a proverb for all that was mad and thoughtlessly extravagant in the capital. Marie boasted of her power over the Engländer—the power he was unable to resist or repudiate—and Wray's life became to him a nightmare. His infatuation filled his mind by day and night, and seemed to permeate his very body. His health was visibly breaking down under the fearful strain he put upon it, and through it all the beautiful, heartless woman laughed, and ridiculed the man, who in his dreams was haunted by the vision of her sneering,

wine-washed lips, smiling at him in scornful bravado.

Wray had never been a saving man, and now that his income had ceased, owing to stoppage of work, he soon found himself financially crippled. Then it was that he came over to London for the purpose of realising on all the property he possessed. The man's absence from Berlin seemed, if anything, to heighten his madness, and when he entered the villa at St. John's Wood he angrily tossed aside the little pile of Wiltshire letters, written in Margaret's childish hand, which lay on his table. He sold everything he had in the world, losing heavily in his haste to realise; and, visiting no one save myself, and perhaps two other men, hurried back to Berlin.

For three months his mad extravagance and infatuated devotion to the prima donna's slightest whim formed a subject of wonder and gossip throughout Berlin.

Then came the crash. Those who watched the affair say that for a week he had not slept, when, on a certain summer's night, he gave a fête, to which all Bohemia was invited. At this entertainment Wray seemed almost himself again, and his graceful wit, brilliant appearance, and air of gaiety, earned for him much admiration. Everything went well, and the long, richly-decorated supper tables shook under the applauding hands of a hundred excited guests at the conclusion of the artist's little speech, in which he most aptly and cleverly thanked his friends for their cordial reception of the



HE TOSSED ASIDE THE LITTLE PILE OF WILTSHIRE LETTERS.

toast of his health.

Afterwards, when the sun was rising outside the hall, and the guests inside were furiously dancing to the music of one of the best orchestras in Germany, Wray sat alone in an alcove with Marie Salchan. A little table covered with wine bottles and half-empty glasses had been pushed hastily to one side by the artist, who was half-kneeling, half-sitting, at the prima donna's feet. She looked, to him, bewilderingly beautiful—her fearless black eyes sparkling with excitement, and her softly rounded cheeks flushed with wine and dancing.

The artist was protesting, praying, begging, and declaiming, in one hot breath. The woman was smiling, her eyes full of interest, her lips all scorn and ridicule.

"Marie," he said, hoarsely, "you have ruined me, as you know! I am a bankrupt to-night—but I am still an artist! Marie, have pity on me, and you will see that I can earn for you every luxury that you desire! Say that you will be——"

The prima donna burst into a musical laugh as she placed one dainty hand over the distracted man's lips.

"Be quiet!" she said, "or I won't speak to you at all. You know I don't love you any more than I love the Kaiser, or as much!"

She rose before him and stamped her little foot. He rose too, and stood, white and shaking, with one hand resting on the little table.

"Very well, Marie!" he said slowly; "then I will go away, because I am ruined now! Good-bye, Marie! May I kiss you before I go?"

She laughed, as she held out her white, jewelled fingers for him to kiss. "Yes; and to-morrow, and the next day, and ever after while I choose, you will come to me again!"

The muscles of the artist's face contracted nervously as he said, "No; I will go, Marie. Good-bye!" And he walked with bent head and limp shoulders across the brilliant ball-room into the outer vestibule.

Shortly afterwards the music ceased, and the assembled

guests stood still in amazement as Marie Salchan, her beautiful hair flowing loose on her shoulders, and her fine eyes staring with fright, rushed through the room, crying: "I love him! I love him! It's a mistake! Don't let him go!"

The woman seemed possessed, and, finding that Wray had left the building, she rushed bareheaded into the street, and, springing into a droschke, told the coachman to drive to the artist's chambers in Potsdammer Strasse.

But she did not find him there, and went away down the sunlit street, sobbing and wringing her hands.

Curiously enough, no one else has ever found him since, though a friend of mine vows he saw him two years afterwards painting scenery in a third-rate music-hall in San Francisco.

Three days after his disappearance Margaret Whitstable received a long and penitent letter, praying for forgiveness for the injuries of the past, and signed "Vavasour Wray."

She tried her loving best to discover the writer's whereabouts, that she might prove her forgiveness, but up to this day no one, to my knowledge, has ever seen or heard of the artist whose religion was "bizarritry," and whose boast was of refined and cultivated heartlessness.

RACING TERMS.



1. "At the post."



2. "Clearing the hurdle."



3. "Under a strong pull."



4. "On the home stretch."



5. "Neck and neck."



6. "They're off."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LADIES' DRAMATIC COMPANY.

EVEN a hardened and fearless interviewer might have been excused for feeling a trifle nervous at the prospect of meeting a dramatic company composed entirely of ladies. I felt, indeed, that it was not a task to be tackled single-handed, and it was only the knowledge that a male friend was lurking in the background to be ready in case of emergency, that nerved me to my perilous work.

For ten minutes I waited in an ante-room. The company were rehearsing in the drawing-room of its founder, Miss Beatrice Selwyn. Every now and again I could hear that the rehearsal was stopped, but this occurrence was not attended with the usual conversation that ensues when an ordinary dramatic company is rehearsing. On the contrary, the interval was filled up with some delightful music. A paper was put into my hands, and I learnt that the Ladies' Dramatic Company ought really to be termed the Ladies' Musical and Dramatic Company,

Miss Beatrice Selwyn came to my assistance.

"To begin with," she said, "don't, please, run away with the idea that, because my company are going to do without male assistance, that we are all necessarily New Women, and hold strong views on the subject of the Entire Suppression of Man. No, no! Nothing of the sort! It occurred to me that a dramatic performance without actors would be more or less of a novelty—that's all. So I looked round, and got a company together, with the result that you see."

"And about your programme—don't you have some little difficulty in finding pieces for female characters only?"

"Well, it is rather a bother. In our present programme there are three short comediettas, of which I am responsible for one-and-a-half. But I am on the look-out for something of a more solid character—a serious play, preferably in two acts."

"But why not inverse the successful policy adopted in *Charley's Aunt*, and perform ordinary plays? Surely any member of your company could play a man's part!"



MISS CLARE GREET.



MISS EVELLINE FAULKNER.

for its members can not only act but can sing, play all kinds of musical instruments, do skirt dances, and lots of other nice things.

Presently the door opened, and Miss Lois Royd appeared.

"There is a short interval now," said Miss Royd, "so that Miss Selwyn can see you if you'll come this way."

It occurred to me that here was a chance of interviewing one of the company alone, and so lessening my embarrassment at the great ordeal.

But Miss Lois Royd thought otherwise.

"Character parts are my favourites" she said, "and—and now do you like *Tribby*?"

A glance from my male friend seemed to imply that I was lacking in courage in attempting an interview in this way.

"Be a man," he whispered, when Miss Royd's back was turned. I shook hands with him, and followed Miss Royd to the drawing-room.

"I've no doubt of it," replied Miss Selwyn; "but that isn't what we want at all. I don't like bearded women, and I really don't see why the dramatic interest of a piece should be lessened just because there are no men in it."

One of the tit-bits of the programme is the clever little dialogue, "In Two Minds," written expressly for Miss Agnes Hill by the author, Mr. A. M. Heathcote. Miss Agnes Hill plays her original character in this piece.

Miss Clare Greet was ready enough to talk about anything outside her profession. Her favourite topic was dogs, and many were the wonderful stories she had to tell of her own dog, Buda, whose photograph is reproduced here.

Miss Evelline Faulkner has had that best of all trainings, viz., long provincial tours. One of her pet characters is Ellen, in *Dr. Bill*, which she played in the provinces in Mr. George Alexander's company.

Then I came round again to Miss Beatrice Selwyn.

"You are your own stage-manager, aren't you?"

"Yes, and I must say I find it a delightfully easy task. But, you know, we don't play every day. As a rule, we don't perform for more than three nights a week. That



MISS BEATRICE SELWYN AS "RUTH" IN "HYPATIA."

sounds like trifling, but I can assure you that when you've everything to see after yourself it's quite enough."

"But haven't you one man in the whole concern to look after the business?"

"Well, yes. I found that I had to make that concession. It doesn't do to be too independent, you know."

"And what made you start the Ladies' Dramatic Company?"

"Oh, it grew gradually. For some years I have been playing duologues and little things in drawing-rooms—always with female characters only. Then it occurred to me that the idea might be developed, with the result that you see."

"And in the future?"

"Well, we hope for the best."

And by the time I had finished talking to all the members of the Ladies' Dramatic Company I was firmly convinced that Miss Selwyn's hopes would be fully realised.

THE MEADOW OF BEAJIN.*

THE teller of the story loses himself one summer evening and describes the Russian custom of turning the horses out to grass and setting boys to look after them:—

The hillock on which I stood sloped down abruptly with an almost vertical chasm, and its gigantic contours stood out in black relief from the bluish, airy void. Immediately under me was a corner, formed by the chasm and the plain adjoining the river, which at this place stood motionless as a dark river. Here I saw two fires burning side by side with a red flame. Around them I could see people moving about, shadows flitting hither

and thither, and sometimes the top of a small curled head was brightly lit up.

I recognised at last where I had come. This meadow is celebrated in our parts by the name of the Meadow of Beajin. But to return home was utterly impossible, especially at night. My legs completely gave way under me from exhaustion. I decided to go nearer to the fires, and in the company of the people, whom I thought were drovers, to await the dawn. I descended safely, but I had hardly let go my hold of the last twig when two huge white shaggy dogs sprang at me, barking furiously. Ringing childish voices called out round the fires, and two or three boys quickly rose from the ground. I answered to their questioning calls. They ran towards me, at once called off their dogs, who were particularly astonished at the sight of my own, and I approached them.

I was mistaken in taking the people sitting round the fire for drovers. They were simply peasant boys of the neighbouring village, who were taking care of a drove of horses. During the hot summer-time horses in this country are driven out to find fodder in the fields. During the daytime neither the flies nor the wasps would let them be at peace. To drive the animals out before evening sets in, and to drive them in at morning dawn, is a great treat to our peasant boys. Sitting, without caps and in old, short fur coats, on the most spirited horses, they ride with merry shouts, shaking their hands and feet, jumping and laughing loudly. A slight yellow column of dust rises up and is blown along the road; far off you hear the tramping of the horses running, with their ears pricked; in front of all the rest, with upraised tail and incessantly changing foot, jumps some shaggy chestnut horse with burrs in its entangled mane.

I told the boys that I had lost my way, and seated myself close to them. They asked me whence I came, then kept silent and stood aside. We talked a little. I lay down under a bare bush and began to look round. The picture was magnificent. The round, reddish reflection near the flames trembled and seemed almost dying out against the background of the dark night. The flame, blazing up, threw darting reflections at times beyond the limit of this circle, while the thin tongue of light licked the naked branches and at once disappeared. Sharp, long shadows, breaking in for a moment, in their turn, rushed up to the flames themselves, like darkness struggling with light. Sometimes, when the flame was burning dimly and the circle of light was contracted, out of the darkness suddenly appeared the head of a horse, a bay one, or a quite white one, quickly chewing the long grass, and immediately vanishing again. One could hear him chewing and snorting.

Sitting in the light of the fire, it was difficult to distinguish what was going on in the darkness, and therefore everything near at hand seemed to be as if covered by an almost black curtain; but farther away, towards the horizon, the hills and forests were to be seen in long patches. The dark, clear sky lay majestically and immeasurably high above us with all its mysterious magnificence. I felt glad at heart, inhaling that peculiar, overpowering, and fresh odour—the odour of a Russian summer night. Scarcely any sound could be heard. Only now and then one noticed the sudden splashing of a big fish in the river close by, and the reeds on the shore faintly rustled from the scarcely agitated incoming wave. . . . The fires alone crackled gently.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

FORRESTER—You live in a quiet part of the city, do you not?

Lancaster—Not now.

Moved?

No. Twins.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears the crown;"

Small wonder he's uneasy, and we scoff.

A king to wear his crown while lying down!

Why don't the blooming idiot take it off?

* Tales from the Notebook of a Sportsman." By Ivan Turgenev. (Lamley and Co., 3s. 6d.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Lady Katherine Beauclerk had a lovely trousseau. We saw some of the things at Durrant's, and they were fit for a princess in a fairy tale. Her going-away dress was white cloth with no trimming on the skirt, but with the bodice in white satin covered with openwork embroidery on batiste. The long travelling cloak was in sapphire velvet, lined throughout with white satin, and ruched round the edges with a thick white satin frilling. The high collar, also lined with white satin, was filled in with exquisite old lace. The toque was white satin, old lace and white violets. A perfectly lovely evening dress was in opal-tinted satin with old lace and great bunches of shaded roses. Her mother, the Duchess of St. Albans, wore a dark blue-striped satin, made princess shape, the bodice turned back with revers of blue satin, and a fichu of blue chiffon. Lady Henry Somerset, the bridegroom's mother, looked charming in mouse-grey mirror velvet exquisitely embroidered in gold and seed pearls. The fronts, thus embellished, opened to show a front of white satin veiled with old Brussels point.

Many people have got considerably puzzled over the strange "likeness in unlikeness" of the names of the two families. Lady Henry Somerset, daughter of the last Earl Somers, married Lord Henry Somerset, the two families bearing no relationship to each other or to that of the Duke of Somerset, whose family name is Seymour. Lord Henry is second son of the Duke of Beaufort, and his son has now married Lady Katherine de Vere Beauclerk, adding yet another phonetic resemblance to the previous ones. Lady Henry is immensely wealthy. As the eldest daughter she inherited the vast property of her father, owns nearly all Somerstown, and estates in the country besides.

You must often have come across the beautiful songs composed by Lord Henry Somerset. They are all written for a soprano voice, so that they do not suit everybody, but many of them are perfect little gems.

We have just had tea with Ella at the Ladies' County Club in Hanover Square, and there heard that the proprietress, Miss I. R. Taylor, is to be married, sometime this year, to Mr. Charles Harrie Abbott, editor of *Judy*, also joint proprietor of that lively little paper. But this is to make no difference to the club, which will go on the same as ever. It is a pretty club and the tariff is so low that it is largely patronised for luncheons and teas.

Someone has sent me particulars of an Association for the Suppression of Street Noises. We wish it all

success. Oh, the barrel-organs that persecute us up in this part of the world! We had nothing like them in our old home. There is one that plays Gounod's "Serenade," that lovely thing with the gentle oscillation of a cradle or a hammock in it. Will you believe it? That wretched organ, instead of ending on the last note, which should be so soft and dreamy as the end of a *rallentando*, finishes off by playing the chord of the scale in thirds and closing an octave higher. I always stop my ears when he gets near the close. After the "Serenade" he plays that beautiful old English air "Sally in our Alley," drilling it out in the wooden way inseparable from mechanical music. It seems a shame that all the beauty of such songs can with impunity be stolen away from them in this unblushing fashion.

But apart from the murdering of music, the noises in great cities are sources of real suffering, especially in the poorer quarters. Is there ever a street where no single resident is ill? Hardly ever, I should say. But well or ill, the poor occupants of the small houses have to bear up as they may against the racket that begins with "Milk oh!" in the morning, goes on with the yells of the costermongers all through the forenoon, continues with the coal-vendor and the muffin-bell in the afternoon, and only ceases when the itinerant oyster merchant, or the "Potatoes, all hot!" men have finished business somewhere about 1.0 a.m. On Sundays even there is no chance of quiet. The newspaper boys keep up a din all through the morning, followed by hawkers of fruit or nuts, and in the afternoon, orange-sellers share the warpath with the noisy muffin-man.

Then there is the traffic, the unending, noisy traffic. But what can be done to lessen the weary sound of that? Bad enough in the broad, asphalted thoroughfares and in the wide, well-kept streets of the West-end, what must it be on the

rough cobbles of the poorer streets to the ears of those who live in thin-walled houses with windows actually on a level with the sidewalk? To many such, life must pass as a nightmare of noise-surrounded toil. Even when one becomes accustomed to it, noise must impair brain power, just as breathing an atmosphere of fluff impairs the health of drapers and renders them among the most short-lived of tradesmen. They get accustomed to it, deadly as it is; and brain workers who possess self-control and a stock of patience, soon recognise that putting up with the endless noise of London with as much fortitude and resignation as may be brought to bear upon it, is the cheapest way out of the trouble. Look what Carlyle suffered by giving way to irritability about every noise. He pampered himself in this respect to such a degree that he lost all self-control, worked his brain into such a ferment, and actually suffered as much



AN EVENING CLOAK.

from the expectation of noises as from actually hearing them.

Poor Paganini, too! Street musicians used to surround his windows for the fun of seeing him come raging out, almost dancing in his oral torture, and uttering protests in remarkable language. Don't you hope the Association may succeed in banishing some of these trials? I hope the fearful men who thump their crockery on their carts will be among the first to be coerced into quieter methods. Next to them I detest the muffin bell. The man does not ring it, he swings it, and as a consequence its tintinnabulation is incessant, a weary noise that gets inside one's head. Wish the Society success.

The Evening Cloak illustrated is made of white silk, bordered with black velvet, and trimmed with gold embroidery and white chiffon.—Yours affectionately,

SUSIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BARBARA asks if I can recommend tinned meats. Such a question cannot be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." At one time, the very mention of tinned meats of any kind would have roused the good housewife to wrath. The prejudice against them was strong indeed, nor was it wholly undeserved. The first tinned meats that came to us from California and Australia were far from excellence. The meat was overcooked and stringy. The nourishment was all gone from it, in consequence of the overcooking, and for the same reason the flavour had almost disappeared as well. So strong was the disapprobation felt that "tinned meats" became quite a term of reproach; and when, shortly after, some cases occurred of poisoning, owing to eating tinned salmon and peas, preserved in the same way, the matter was practically settled. No sensible person ever bought any. But this was in the early days of the art of preserving food in tins. The meat that came from the great pasture plains of Australia and California was simply boiled down or baked in the roughest fashion and poured into tins, the carcasses being superfluous after the fat had been obtained from them. Since then a new development has been reached, and at the present moment the trade done in tinned foods of every kind is simply enormous. America has, to a great extent, led the way, and with fruit, vegetables, fish pâtés, and poultry, does an enormous and world-wide trade. From the South of France come the most delicious bottled pears, apricots, peaches, and nectarines. Italy sends us olives, plain or stuffed, and the salad oil for which she has long been famous. From Russia comes the fresh caviare, the taste for which appears so monstrous to those who are acquainted only with the inferior caviare that is anything but fresh. The greatest skill is expended upon preserving all these things in their utmost perfection. The mistake that people make about tinned foods is in expecting them to be cheap. This is the very root of failure. It was cheapness that caused the earliest preparations of the kind to fall into disrepute. The cases of poisoning that still occasionally occur are those in which cheap tins are bought; and the contents partaken. People actually appear to expect that the food put up in tins should be cheaper than it ever is when bought fresh from the fishmonger, the butcher, or the poultryman. That there must be something wrong somewhere when a pound of salmon can be bought for 3½d., when even at the height of its season it can never be had cheaper at the fishmonger's than a shilling at the very lowest, has never occurred to the buyers, who are chiefly of the poorer classes. There is the cost of the tin, the packing, the soldering down, and the transmission to England from America, Holland, or other countries.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

CREAM CAKES.—One pint of rich, sour cream, quarter of a pound of butter, one pound and a-quarter of white sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in a pound of flour. Mix all well together, and add more flour, if necessary, to make a soft dough that will roll out to be cut in cakes. If the cream is not very sour, or if it is sweet, add lemon-juice or cream of tartar, in usual proportions.

COOKIES are made precisely as pound-cake, except that only three-fourths of a pound of butter are used, and sufficient flour added to make a dough which can be rolled out on a board. Roll them quite thin, and cut them into any shapes you fancy with a cutter. Fry them in boiling lard, sufficient to buoy them up well from the bottom of the pan. Take them out as soon as they are a light brown colour. Take care they are not scorched. Drain them well from the lard. Nutmeg is the usual flavouring for cookies.

SWEET BISCUITS.—A pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, a glass of wine, a little nutmeg. Wet it with sweet milk, knead it well, roll out the dough, and cut it in shapes. Let the cakes be thin.

A MURDERER IN HIDING*

Markham, in a brutal quarrel, has stabbed another man, and taken refuge in a Canadian swamp. His daughter Ann secretly brings him food at night:—

"Of course, I'll row you to The Mills, if it's to jail you want to go; but Walker is pretty bad, they say. I think it'll be murder they'll bring you up for; and it ain't no sort of use trying to prove you didn't do it!"

The miserable man put his dirty knotted hands before his face and howled again. But even that involuntary sound was furtive lest anyone should hear. He might have shrieked and roared with all the strength that was in him—there was no human ear within reach—but the instinct of cowardice kept him from making any more noise than was necessary to rend and break the heart of the woman beside him—that, although he was only half conscious of it, was his purpose in crying.

Ann was not given to feeling for others. Yet now it was intense suffering to her to see him shaking, writhing, moving like a beast in pain. She did not think of it as her suffering. She transferred it all to him, and supposed that it was the realisation of his misery that she experienced.

At last she said—

"There's one fellow up to the falls that knows a track through the north of the marsh to sound ground: I heard him tell it one day, how he found it out. It's that David Brown that's been coming round to see Christa. Christa can get the chart he made from him by to-morrow night. I know she can. I'll try to be here earlier than I was to-night. And I brought you strips of stuff, father, so that you could tie yourself on to the tree and have a sort of sleep, and I brought a few drops of morphia, just enough to make you feel sleepy and stupid, and make the time pass a bit quicker."

For a long while he writhed and cried, telling her that it took all the wits that he had to keep awake enough to keep the devils off him, without taking stuff to make him sleep, and that he was sure she'd never come back, and that he would very likely be left on the tree to rot or to fall into the water.

All that he said came very near to being true that it caused her the utmost pain to hear it. He was clever enough by instinct, not by thought, to know that mere idle cries could not torture her as did the true picture of the fears and dangers that encompassed him in his wild hiding-place. The endurance of this torture exhausted her as nothing had ever exhausted her before; yet all the time she never doubted but that the pain was his, and that she was merely a spectator.

She soothed him at last, not by gentleness and caresses—no such communications ever passed between them—but by plain, practical, hopeful suggestions, spoken out clearly in the intervals of his whining. At length she esteemed it time to use the spur instead of stroking him any longer.

"Get up on the tree, father, and I will give you the rest of the things when you are fixed on the branch. Climb up now. I'll give you the things. There—there isn't enough of the morphia drops to get you to sleep, only to make you feel easy; and here's the strips of blanket I've sewed together to tie yourself on with. It's nice and soft—climb up now and fix yourself. It's Toyner that will catch me, and you, too, if I don't get back. Look at the moon—near the middle of the sky."

She established him on the branch again with the comforts that she had promised, and then she gave him one thing more, of which she had not spoken before. It was a bag of food that would last, if need be, for several days.

He took it as evidence that she had lied to him in her assurance that she would return the next night. As she moved her boat out of the secret openings among the dead trees, she heard him whining with fear and calling a volley of curses after her.

* "The Zeigeist," by L. Dougal. (Hutchinson and Co., London. 1s. 6d.)

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—Slowly but surely I am coming to the conclusion that the two most difficult things in this world are to attain salvation and to know a good play when you read it.

For a long time past everybody connected with the theatrical calling has known of, and has appreciated, Charles Cartwright's keen and unerring judgment of plays in which he had no pecuniary interest. He was sometimes a severe critic, but he could always back up his opinion with concise and logical arguments. He said yea and nay very emphatically, but he could invariably adduce excellent reasons for so saying. Directly, however, he embarked upon management, in conjunction with Henry Dana, the critical faculty appeared to desert him. *Her Advocate*, his first selection, was an unequal play, and he cast himself for the wrong part. Instead of gasping as a legal sentimentalist, he ought to have played the wicked Doctor. Nature has endowed him with a voice like cast iron, or, rather, like highly-tempered steel. He was born to play villains. He would call any other man, so endowed, an ass for yearning towards sympathy. Yet it was for sympathy he seemed to yearn himself; and he laboured against the collar in a part for which he was not fitted, whilst he gratuitously handed over to Charles Somerset another part, in which should have played the part which he gave to young H. B. Irving.

Her Advocate, unfortunately, proved a flash in the pan. It succeeded beyond all anticipations at first, and then the bottom suddenly fell out of it. Next came *Tommy Atkins*. It failed. It was obviously and ostensibly written for a big East-end theatre. In a small West-end theatre there was neither room nor place for it. Cartwright, too, played the slushing, gushing hero, when he should have played the villain. Lastly, he selected *The Fool of the Family*; and he deliberately elected to play the Fool. The part was far better suited to Laurence D'Orsay or Charles Garthorne. Cartwright should have played the part he gave to young H. B. Irving.

And the end of these things is smash. Cartwright retires from his partnership with Henry Dana, who goes on alone at the Duke of York's, supported by a syndicate composed of Mr. M. Levenstone, Mr. Horace Sedger, and Mr. Lorillard—of the New Lyric Club—and formed for the purpose of producing George Dance's musical farce, *The Gay Parisienne*. Levenstone, you may know, is largely interested in *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, and there was some talk of his arranging with Hawtrey for it to be moved up from the Avenue, but nothing is settled definitely yet.

The first-night audience listened to *The Fool of the Family* with exemplary patience, and it was only when Fergus Hume came to take his call that they expressed themselves promptly and emphatically. I am afraid I must confess that his play was not very exhilarating. It reeked of the crude and the obvious. It was as plain as a pikestaff from the very beginning what was going to happen, and even that would not have occurred if the Fool had only done his plain and simple duty, and sent for the police, when he found a couple of professional thieves masquerading in his uncle's house. The acting was not bad, but it was flat and tame. Either everybody was over-confident, or terribly afraid. Young Irving showed definite talent. It is his misfortune to be the son of his clever father, and more, to be so like that father. If he were simply Mr. Blank, we should all look upon him as a distinctly promising young actor. Now

we only say: "Dear me! How like his father he is—at times." And we immediately start thinking about his father at his best, which is rough on the son. Lyston Lysle gave another of the little character sketches in which he so excels. Miss Ashwell was admirable, and worked like a horse to keep things alive. Miss Gertrude Kingston, I thought, was out of her element. The female adventurer was pitched too low down the social scale for her. Miss Kingston is always best in "Society" parts. Cartwright himself played well in the part he ought never to have played at all. His voice, above all things, gives him away. It is clear, metallic, and incisive; the fair wig and the eye-glass demanded the soft drawl of the booby, not the commanding note of the bombardier.

But there, I need not trouble you with any further dissertation on an unfortunate failure. Cartwright has made his experiment and probably has learnt his lesson. Forbes Robertson has still his to learn perhaps, for up to now he has not demonstrated any conspicuous ability in choosing quite the right sort of parts for himself. The piece that he is now contemplating is of the gloomy order. It succeeded in France, because the French choose to see in it some more or less direct reference to the treachery of Marshal Bazaine. In the play it is the father of the hero who tries to betray his country. At the critical moment, the hero appeals to him, but in vain, and consequently, in an excess of patriotic zeal, the hero slits the throat of his papa. He will not confess the motive for his crime, so the populace tie him up to a statue, and fling mud at him. The heroine wishes to speak the truth; but the hero is true to the memory of his father, and will not reveal his contemplated infamy. The heroine then stabs the hero, and herself. This is a nice, cheerful ending for a long wet day in the early spring, when there is an East wind about.

Nothing seems very definitely settled about the caste at the Lyceum. At one time both Miss Kate Rorke and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were going to play in it. Now I hear that we may perhaps see neither of them.

There has been a curious absence of pantomime rumours this year. Christmas is generally distinguished by half a dozen substantial statements concerning the number of pantomimes that will ultimately compete with Drury Lane in the West-end. By way of a variation, it is now said that there will be no pantomime at the Lyceum next year, consequent upon the friction caused by a dual management of the theatre. I do not fancy that much profit is to be made out of a pantomime played at matinées only, so unless Oscar Barrett can get a theatre all to himself, he may not think the enterprise worth pursuing.

The next production at Terry's should be, in the regular order of things, *Jedbury, Junior*. But *Miss Brown*, having had a long run, Fred Kerr may want to take a holiday. If he does, don't be surprised to see Miss Cissy Graham at Terry's for a few weeks, with Cecil Gray's musical farce, and a new play by W. Yardley, as the powerful items in a new triple bill.

Charles Wyndham, I am sorry to say, is not particularly well. He caught a liver chill not long since, and this most distressing of minor maladies has pulled him down a good deal. He is still sticking to his part in that delightful play, *A Squire of Dames*, but he looks as if a few days complete rest at his favourite Brighton would be invaluable to him.

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I cannot help thinking that a number of eminently respectable, and no doubt well-intentioned, theatrical managers, made a big mistake in closing their London theatres on Wednesday, because Prince Henry of Battenberg was being buried in the Isle of Wight. The Prince was one of the kindest of men. He would not willingly have permitted a single soul to suffer loss or deprivation on his account. I am certain that he would not have allowed himself to be buried on a *matinée* day if he could have helped it. I am more than certain that he would have done anything rather than let a lot of carpenters, gasmen, scene-shifters, extras, supers, small-part people, check-takers, money-takers, barmaids, and attendants be fined their wages for two shows as a melancholy tribute to his memory. Of course, the big people don't feel it. But when you only receive thirty shillings a week, and half salaries for morning shows, it's rather rough to have seven and sixpence docked at the end of the week, on account of the death of a good-hearted gentleman who would never have consented to your being mulct on his account if he could have been consulted.

No. It was wrong. And it was rot. The Public Offices did not close. The shops did not close. The pubs did not close. The Queen did not order any closing, neither did she express any wish for any. I therefore applaud the managers of theatres and music halls who kept their shows open. Ask yourselves what it would have meant if Drury Lane had followed the Haymarket's ill-judged lead? In one hand alone, the whole of the staff and company of Drury Lane, the Olympic, Olympia, the Tyne, Newcastle, and the Court, Liverpool—that is to say, five of the largest places of entertainment in England—would have all closed together, and literally thousands of poor creatures would have been deprived, against their will, of wages for a night and a half. The Queen is the last party in the world to wish that the stomachs of her subjects should be empty on her account. She prefers to think that their hearts are full of sympathy and affection to her and her daughter, in the hour of their affliction. If she could have addressed the managers of London on their recent action, I feel convinced that she would have begun: "Rend your hearts, but not your salary list."

Your affectionate Cousin,
RANDOLPH.

A SIAMESE EXECUTION.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

As in the dominions of the Emperor of China, decapitation is the method whereby criminals suffer the death penalty in Siam. But they differ, inasmuch as a "sensible" sword—a two-handed weapon—is used in China, whereas the sword employed for the same purpose in Siam resembles a cavalry sabre more than anything else, and is very little broader or heavier. I had heard a great deal about the dislike of the Siamese to taking life—even animal life—and certainly, judging from the thousands of mangy curs that frequent the streets of their capital, this may well be true—also the dislike of the King to signing death-warrants, etc. Nevertheless, the crime which occasioned the execution that the writer had the privilege of witnessing would almost, I think, have been condoned, or partially so, by a jury in Europe. The circumstances were these:—

Nai Yone ("nai" is equivalent to "Mr."), a handsome young Siamese, aged about thirty, caught his wife in adultery. The man escaped, but the outraged husband, who was really fond of the woman, killed her in a fit of ungovernable rage, inflicting seventeen knife wounds. Obviously, the mistake made by poor Nai Yone was in killing his wife instead of her paramour. When condemned to die he behaved really splendidly—as, indeed,

he did up to the moment of going to meet his Maker—but declined to interview his mother on the plea that it might break down his fortitude.

The execution ground—and I am bound to confess that the death sentence is rarely carried out in the land of the White Elephant—is at Sapatôme, in a retired spot surrounded by *klongs*, or canals, two or three miles from Bangkok. With true Siamese punctuality the procession, which should have left the gaol at five a.m., did not do so until more than an hour afterwards. During the best part of that sixty or seventy minutes the unhappy man was kept waiting outside the prison, heavily manacled, and exposed to the jeering remarks of the populace. Then a peculiarly Mauger-like old man came forward and solemnly beat a gong in front of the condemned, vastly entertaining the waiting multitude thereby. At length the procession set out, preceded by the same old ruffian sounding his gong, and followed by a crowd of soldiers, policemen, and gaolers—the latter armed with particularly ridiculous-looking staves of the length and breadth of clothes-props. As the gaol fronts upon a *klong*, the party embarked in barges, that reserved for Nai Yone and his guards being painted and draped with black. The murderer was clad in doublet and pants of a blood-red hue.

Europeans were forbidden to witness the execution, but the writer and a friend managed to circumvent the authorities by driving to the rendezvous in a gharry. We were the only two "farangs" present. As we drove along, ere yet the sun had risen, the road for a long distance was bordered by lotus flowers, having an extremely pretty effect. Nai Yone had looked his last on the lotus flowers.

All this delay was cruel enough to the prisoner; but worse was to follow. It was 7.15 ere the mournful procession arrived, the barge containing the doomed man remaining moored to the bank while his captors landed. At about 7.30 we made our presence known. Instead of being, as we feared, sent away, we were invited to occupy a position where we would be able to see well, and were each presented with a cup of tea—the most fragrant tea, by the way, I have ever tasted. A Chinese photographer was on the ground, but, although he succeeded in obtaining a snap-shot, we heard afterwards that the authorities prohibited him from selling his photographs.

The scene was animated, and gave one little idea of the tragedy that was about to be enacted. Several hundred Siamese and Chinese (of both sexes) roosted in the trees around, expectant, but patiently chewing the inevitable betel-nut while they recalled to each other the glorious scenes of a similar nature which they had witnessed before. In a *wat* near by the ceremony of installing a new priest was taking place—or so we judged from the long-drawn chanting and unearthly beating of tam-tams. But these yellow-robed Buddhists—sinister-looking fellows, for Siamese, by reason of their shaven crowns—were presently interrupted by a request that they would come and shrive Nai Yone. They did so, and received so many *atts* in exchange for their unmeaning babbling of Buddhist paternosters. The condemned man was now brought ashore, and the executioners, no fewer than seven in number, proceeded with their preparations, the while they exchanged loud-toned confidences and boisterous laughter on the subject of his approaching fate—an unseemly proceeding, which no official had the good grace to interrupt. The unfortunate wretch must have known perfectly well that the pole so ostentatiously stuck up in front of him was for the purpose of displaying his head upon, and that the smaller post was intended to bind his elbows to when about to die.

I have said "about to be enacted," but it will have been perceived from the foregoing that delay dragged on delay. Thus the seven executioners now arrayed each other in red jackets and *panungs*, and bound crimson sashes round their heads. Then they erected a roughly-constructed "altar," on which they burnt tapers, and offered up betel, paddy, boar's head, etc., and conse-

crated their swords—homage to Buddha for the life they were going to take, presumably. After which they knelt in front of their victim in "Indian file," and went through the form of asking his forgiveness; but after a little while he appeared to motion them away, somewhat impatiently. Apart from this he preserved a calm demeanour throughout, speaking occasionally, and always chewing betel or smoking. He frequently smiled.

The final arrangements were now made, and the executioners seemed to cast lots for the "privilege." The prisoner was released from his chains, and placed in a sitting position, with his arms lashed to the afore-named bamboo post. Plantain leaves had been placed for him to sit on, and lighted tapers were handed to him. Last of all his ear orifices were closed with clay that he might not hear the approach of death, and a line was marked across his neck to guide the descending sword. A white linen cloth had been placed round the body. This, my companion said, he had never seen done before. And now, at last, all was ready.

Having invoked the blessing of Buddha upon his sword, the chosen slayer moved towards his victim—and his method of approach was the most, nay the only, imposing feature of the affair. (I should perhaps have mentioned that the executioners had drunk deeply while waiting, apparently more deeply than they ought to have done.) For perhaps twenty yards he continued to execute an extraordinarily weird, fantastic movement, ever advancing and brandishing his weapon the while. Suddenly the sword flashed in the sunlight; the body fell forward without a groan. But the head was not quite severed, and he dealt a second blow. A second executioner stepped forward, seeming to say to his *confrère* (in Siamese): "Give me a chance!" and this third blow had the desired result. I looked at my watch, and was horrified to find that it was nine o'clock.

The body was immediately hurried into the shallow trench, which had been dug near by—shallow, but with a foot or two of water in it, this being a region surrounded by waterways, while the head, after a few seconds' exposure on the top of the said pole, was thrown in also. It was at any rate satisfactory to know that the corpse would not go to feed the vultures at Wat-Sekate. The spectators, satisfied, cleared off with astonishing celerity.

I have since heard, on the authority of a Siamese nobleman, that it is customary, and regarded as skilful in an executioner, not to sever quite the criminal's head. Although one of the English newspapers published in Bangkok was not altogether accurate in describing this execution as a revolting exhibition, it certainly was horrible to the unsophisticated European. When it came to the actual despatching of the business, everything was speedy enough; but one cannot speak in sufficiently condemnatory terms of the brutal and unnecessary delays. Apart from the time utterly cut to waste, there is the torture to the condemned man, waiting for death while his grave is dug before his very eyes, waiting for at least three hours while those whose task is to despatch him do everything short of performing a war dance for his edification. I have nothing to say against the method employed, but it will not break my heart if I never see another Siamese execution.

ARISTOCRAT v. PLEBEIAN.*

In Mr. Kenneth Grahame's amusing story he describes a fight between two boys. Everything has gone wrong with the little aristocrat until the joy of fighting puts him right again:—

"I made my way downstairs and out into the sunlight, where I found Harold playing *Conspirators* by himself on the gravel. He had dug a small hole in the walk

and had laid an imaginary train of powder thereto, and, as he sought refuge in the laurels from the inevitable explosion I heard him murmur: 'My God! said the Czar; my plans are frustrated!' It seemed an excellent occasion for being a black puma. Harold liked black pumas, on the whole, as well as any animal we were familiar with. So I launched myself on him with the appropriate howl, rolling him over on the gravel."

But the little aristocrat's brother will not play, and he goes sadly on until he comes to a garden:—

"A well-aimed clod of garden soil, whizzing just past my ear, starred on a tree-trunk behind, spattering me with dirt. The present came back to me in a flash, and I nimbly took cover behind the trees, realising that the enemy was up and abroad, with ambuscades, alarms, and thrilling sallies. It was the gardener's boy, I knew well enough—a red proletariat, who hated me just because I was a gentleman. Hastily picking up a nice sticky clod in one hand, with the other I delicately projected my hat beyond the shelter of the tree-trunk—I had not fought with Redskins all these years for nothing.

"As I had expected, another clod, of the first-class for size and stickiness, took my poor hat full in the centre. Then, Ajax-like, shouting terribly, I issued from shelter and discharged my ammunition. Woe then for the gardener's boy, who, unprepared, skipping in premature triumph, took the clod full in his stomach! He, the foolish one, witless on whose sides the gods were fighting that day, discharged yet other missiles, wavering and wide of the mark; for his wind had been taken with the first clod, and he shot wildly, as one desperate and in flight. I got another clod in at short range; we clinched on the brow of the hill, and rolled down to the bottom together. When he had shaken himself free and regained his legs, he trotted smartly off in the direction of his mother's cottage; but over his shoulder he discharged at me both imprecation and deprecation, menace mixed up with an under-current of tears.

But, as for me, I made off smartly for the road, my frame tingling, my head high, with never a backward look at the settlement of suggestive aspect, or at my well-planned future, which lay in fragments around it. Life had its jollities, then! Life was action, contest, victory! The present was rosy once more; surprises lurked on every side, and I was beginning to feel villainously hungry."

THE SOCIETY GIRL.

SHE is a maid of many wiles,
An artist in her use of smiles,
When time demands;
And none are wiser, if she choose
To show you, in the dainty use
Of head or hands.

She knows the beauty of her face
And weighs the service of each grace
With which to flirt;
She is the soul of coquetry,
And wounds she makes in wanton play
Perchance may hurt.

Yet you have wronged her if you deem
Her fickle, though her ideas seem
A giddy whirl;
For though love is to her an art,
You'll find she has as true a heart
As any girl.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGE as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

* "Dies Irae." By Kenneth Grahame. Yellow Book. (John Lane, 5s.)

CIRCUIT SKETCHES.

AN "INTERESTING" MURDER.

The crime was committed in broad daylight, on the high road leading from a populous mining village to a large country town two or three miles distant. It being a fine, clear summer day, and the last day of the week, more villagers than usual passed along this road, to and from L—; and yet, on this very highway, about noon, the cashier of the mines was murdered, and the money (several hundreds of pounds) which he carried in a leathern bag was stolen. The body was not discovered till late in the afternoon. There were signs of a struggle on the road, and the body, it seemed evident, had been dragged some distance, then flung ignominiously into an adjoining field.

The police clearly saw that their first duty was to ascertain, as far as was possible, the names of all the persons residing in the village that had passed along the road on this fatal day. Many of the villagers came forward, of their own accord, to say that they had been to the "town" in the course of the day, but not one of them was able to say that he or she had encountered on the way a single stranger or suspicious character. Late in the evening the police interviewed three little boys who had been seen playing on the road between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon. The only person they remembered having noticed on the road was the prisoner—a native of the village and friend of the deceased. To the prisoner's house the police forthwith hastened, anticipating, no doubt, that he would be able to furnish them with information that might prove useful to them. They were not disappointed. Being somewhat surprised that the prisoner himself had not supplied the information which had just been obtained from the boys, the police-sergeant, upon entering the prisoner's house, bluntly put to him the simple question—

"Did you pass along the road to or from L— this morning?"

"No!" was the prompt and emphatic reply.

Oh, the madness of the falsehood! Had the unfortunate man but given the matter one moment's consideration, he would have seen the priceless advantage of the plain truth—on this eventful occasion, at all events. Had he frankly and promptly said "Yes," he might easily have added that he had not met anybody on the road that could possibly have participated in so foul a deed, and there the inquiry, in so far as it related to him, would probably have ended. But he said "No!"

"No!" repeated the sergeant, with astonishment. "How very odd!"

The prisoner was confronted with the boys, who, in his presence, persisted in their statement. Thereupon the prisoner was arrested. *Interesting*, is it not?

Weeks passed ere the last link in the chain of circumstantial evidence, identifying the prisoner with the crime, had been forged by the police; but we are in no way concerned, at present, with this chain, remarkable in many respects, though it was. What concerns us is the one remaining circumstance which served to remove the crime out of the category of ordinary or commonplace murders.

News of the crime, though it travelled fast enough in some directions, took three or four days to reach an old dame who resided, with her little grandson, in a secluded spot some distance away from the mining village.

"Did I understand you to say that it happened last Saturday?" inquired she of her nearest neighbour to whom she was indebted for the dreadful news.

"Last Saturday, about noon."

The old woman seemed stupefied with horror. For a few moments her powers of speech completely failed her. Eventually, however, she was able to tell her neighbour the following story:—On the previous Saturday her little grandson had come home late for his dinner. His clothes were covered with mud, and he

was white as a sheet, and trembling like a leaf. He said that he had seen a man killed by *two* men. Attaching no importance whatever to so improbable a story, she concerned herself mainly with the state of the child's clothes, and gave him a sound beating for besmirching them.

The boy was now fetched, and was bidden to repeat his story. He said that he was alone in a field gathering wild flowers, when he saw through the hedge a little man walking up the road carrying, strapped across his shoulders, a leathern bag. *Two* men followed him, and the taller of the two felled him to the ground with a hatchet. They then dragged him into a field and ran away.

In due course the lad was taken down to L—, and brought face to face with ten men standing in a row in the courtyard of the police-station. The prisoner was among them. Though personally unknown to the boy, the prisoner was at once identified by him as the man who had struck down the cashier with the hatchet.

Was the boy's story true? The second man has never been identified. Was there a second man? In other words, was the story of the boy partly untrue? If partly untrue, may it not have been wholly untrue? The stolen money has not been traced; this fact still points to the presence of an accomplice. If there was an accomplice, how comes it that not the faintest clue to his discovery or identification has yet been found?

"Silence, silence!" shouts the usher, and in a moment or two the whole audience settles itself into an attitude of eager expectancy, and the stillness of the tomb reigns in the crowded court. The sound of footsteps now becomes audible, and presently the twelve "good men and true," in the charge of the bailiff, emerge from their retreat and file slowly into the jury box. The judge re-enters the court, and bowing to the bar, resumes his seat on the bench. His face wears the expression of deepest solemnity. The prisoner, a tall, muscular man—apparently about thirty years of age—with a clear, ruddy complexion, is now standing up in the dock, with both hands firmly gripping the dock rail. His leading counsel sits among his fellows in the well of the court, with his brief, tied up with red tape, lying on the table before him. Pen in hand he anxiously awaits the delivery of the verdict. Splendid as had been his effort to disentangle the prisoner out of the web of circumstantial evidence which the Crown had so skilfully woven round him, and successful though he had been in robbing the only piece of direct evidence which the Crown had been able to adduce against the prisoner of half its value, he dares not hope for an acquittal. The defence set up was not an *alibi*. Then why that "No"—that damning monosyllable?

One can almost hear the heart thumps of the eager, listening throng. What a time the Clerk of Assize takes to call out the names of the jurors! They have all answered to their names, then why count them? One! two! three!" mutters the judge's clerk, as the names are, a second time, called out. Thump! thump! thump! go the human hearts. Not a soul now stirs. Eyes are strained, ears are strained, necks are strained. The grip of the prisoner on the dock-rail has tightened to the utmost stretch of muscle. A woman heaves a deep sigh. A thrill passes through the crowd. The jurors are all standing. Ssh!

"Have you agreed upon your verdict, gentlemen?"

"We have."

"Look upon the prisoner at the bar and say whether he be guilty of murder or not."

"Guilty."

"And that is the verdict of you all?"

In his confession the prisoner declared that he, and he alone, had committed the crime. He declined to say what had become of the stolen money, that is to say, he declined to betray his accomplice. Was it because his accomplice was a woman dressed in man's clothing?—a question for the police. The villagers have made up their minds upon the subject.

IN THE CITY.

THE "SHUTTING DOWN" NONSENSE.

REFERRING in our last issue to the rumour that the mines on the Rand were to be shut down for an indefinite time, we said, "If there was any serious attempt at that sort of thing we should soon find it checkmated in short and summary fashion by the Transvaal Government. The companies would be told that they must either work the mines, or have them confiscated." This opinion has since been justified by President Kruger's Proclamation, in which the mine-owners are warned that they will "shut down" at their peril.

Telegrams continue to be published by the *Times* to the effect that mines are being shut down, and the mining industry paralysed, consequent upon the detention of the Uitlander conspirators. Such statements are fabrications invented by some of the Johannesburg crew who were at the bottom of most of the recent troubles. Mr. Chamberlain has done well to denounce them, and to warn the public not to be misled by them. For the rest, we advise all our readers who have shares in Transvaal mining companies not to be frightened into selling them by lying devices intended to create panic, and so to depress values.

NORTH QUEENSLAND MINES AGENCY.*

A COUPLE of weeks ago we published some correspondence between a shareholder in this company and its Secretary and Agents. Acting upon the recommendation of the agents, Messrs. Stormont and Todd, our correspondent applied for shares in King Solomon's Mines, which has since been reconstructed. Thinking that the agency was responsible for his loss our correspondent suggested that it should relieve him of his shares, and on July 20th, 1895, he received a letter from the Secretary, the last sentence of which runs as follows:—

In your interest, on receipt of your letter, we took an opportunity of seeing one of the directors of the company, who has assured us that the necessary working capital has been received, and that, if you wish it, he will obtain a transfer of your shares at par.

Our correspondent did wish it very much, but though he repeatedly pressed for the completion of the transfer, he could never get it effected, and now he has been informed that the agency cannot transfer.

It is not a pleasant correspondence, but being acquainted with it we are less surprised than we might have been at the action of the Agency with reference to its dividend announcement.

In submitting their last statement of accounts, the directors—it is a Brisbane company—said they carried forward £100,000 to the credit of reserve, which left a balance of £22,976 17s. 8d. to be carried to next year's account. The directors explained that they carried so large a sum to reserve because they intended to use the fund for the equalisation of dividends.

On October 3rd, 1895, the prosperous condition of the company, as shown by the statement of accounts of eight months earlier date, was confirmed by a circular sent to shareholders which stated that "the company's position and prospects are exceedingly good, and steady maintenance of the present rate of dividends may be confidently expected."

The figures and assurances quoted above are specially important, because after the publication of the statement of accounts the company issued 25,000 shares at £1 premium, which have been taken up by shareholders who paid £50,000 for them on the strength of these assurances, and the promise made by the directors in inviting subscriptions of a dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. in January.

On January 8th a notice was sent to the Press by the London agents, Messrs. Stormont and Todd, saying the following cable had been received from the directors:—

We recommend a dividend of thirty per cent., subject to confirmation at meeting on 15th inst.

On January 23rd the shareholders were informed that the dividend of thirty per cent. had been confirmed, *payable in fully-paid shares of the Carlyle Gold Mining Company.*

Now hitherto the dividend has always been paid in cash, and

* Since the above was written a cablegram has been received from the directors in Brisbane saying that "the funds set apart for dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. have, through an error, been applied in another direction." But the directors are leaving immediately for England, and when they get here they will "arrange interim dividend for the past year to be paid in cash." The "error" was an odd one, to say the least of it, and it will be noted that no promise is given as to the amount of the interim dividend.

not a word was said in the circular above referred to as to the January dividend being paid in scrip. If there had been such notification shareholders would not have paid £2 each for the £1 shares recently issued. The shares of the Carlyle Company—a Yilgarn mining concern—are not worth more than about 5s., so that on a cash basis the 30 per cent dividend dwindles to something like 7 per cent.

Messrs. Stormont and Todd say that they knew nothing of the contemplated payment of the dividend in scrip, but it is to be observed that the company's books show that one of the Trustees who formerly possessed 600 shares now holds only 50, and that the other Trustee has no holding at all.

We advise the directors to think better of it, and to pay the dividend in cash. They ought to be able to do it, and if good faith is to have any say in it, it will be done.

WHO IS MR. RISLEY?

Who is Mr. D. L. Risley? We have before us a letter from him, in which he describes himself as "Sole Agent for the Pleasantville Land Company," and we learn on the same authority that Mr. Risley is the "Principal Freehold Estate Dealer in the World." Where Pleasantville may be we do not pretend to know, but we gather from Mr. Risley's letter to the correspondent who has communicated with us that he owns a tract of land which he is trying to sell to immigrants at the rate of £20 for every five acres.

The land to be sold appears to be in its primeval state, as Mr. Risley tells his correspondent that it "can be very easily cleared." We have it from him that it "is the best garden soil for raising vegetables that can be found in the State"—but then Mr. Risley is the vendor.

Our correspondent received with Mr. Risley's letter a piece of printed matter, headed "The Land of the People," which resembles a newspaper cutting, but our correspondent says it is nothing of the kind, that it is put in that shape to deceive. We do not know how that may be, but anyway this piece of anonymous print is quite worthless as proof of the value of Mr. Risley's land at Estelle for colonisation purposes.

"Estelle," Mr. Risley tells his correspondent, "is a nicely located place, and is improving very rapidly, several houses being now in course of erection." Several houses! From this it would appear that Estelle is one of the smallest of hamlets, and that the emigrant is to get for his £20 (paid in instalments) five acres of uncleared land near this unbuild town.

And he is tempted to purchase by the promise of an agency. "Should you become a landowner at Estelle"—a landowner, mark you—how nice it sounds!—"we can have you appointed an agent, if you so desire, and will allow you a liberal commission on any of the farms you sell for us."

This sort of thing must appear very tempting to the country youth who would like to be a "landowner," and many older folks may be moved by it. We do not know Mr. D. L. Risley, and it is conceivable that his five-acre lots are cheap at £20. It is conceivable, but to our mind not probable. But whether or not, we strongly advise those of our readers who may have had communications from Mr. Risley to require confirmatory evidence before paying over any money, or allowing their sons to emigrate to Estelle. Mr. Risley says that his title to the land "is insured in one of the strongest Title Companies of the United States." We do not question the title. What we want to know, and what young men should insist upon knowing before buying any land from the owners of Estelle, is the value of the land covered by the title. And upon that we have no evidence whatever of an independent character.

CLERGYMEN AND BANKS.

We have received the following letter from a Cornish Rector:—

We clergy are inundated with moneylenders' circulars, etc. I enclose the last phase of the Spider to the Fly invitation just received. You will be doing a kindly act by rending this web.

The enclosure is a lengthy letter from Mr. Alexander Doig, and the concern he represents is our old friend the Carlton Bank, started by the worthy who founded and ran the Reck Freehold Building Society, and who was finally driven from the country by the *Star* some years ago. The letter boasts that the Bank has "upwards of 3,000 customers, a large proportion of them being clergymen or ministers." The letter is addressed "especially to clergymen and ministers," and is a most cunningly-worded document. If we are to believe it, a clergyman has only to say he wants a loan to get it. If he is not prepared to name sureties he can get the loan without them. All he has to do is to give a

promissory note, and pay moderate interest. When the note becomes due, and "it is not convenient to discharge the whole, the Bank will generally renew it."

The only thing we have to say about these offers is that they sound too good to be true, and we advise "clergymen and ministers" to examine the terms carefully before accepting loans from the "Bank."

CHAFFEY BROTHERS, LIMITED.

As bearing upon our recent remarks upon this company we have received the following letter from a shareholder:—

Induced by the over-rated statements of the "Red Book" referred to, and that 6s. per acre would suffice for a water rate, I was persuaded to invest in land at Mildura on the "time payment" system.

It seems doubtful, if half what is stated be true, whether adequate water rights are insured by the system of irrigation as constructed by Messrs. Chaffey and Co. If such was guaranteed by the Colonial Government, that Government should certificate it. This has never been done.

Before reaching my allotments the water has to travel, in a more or less defectively constructed channel, about 23 or 24 miles. The soakage is enormous, water might get there in the course of a week's pumping. Can this be called guaranteed and insured water rights?

Why was I told nothing of this at the time of purchase?

The water rate is now nearly 22s. per acre. No young irrigation colony can stand such a strain.

Some combination of unfortunate holders appears desirable (there must be many in like plight). Certainly Chaffey and Co. should have no claim on any individual holder until all is placed on a productive and assured footing.

A Debenture holder writes as follows:—

The Government mean to step in, I know; but this may not do the debenture holders any good, who may be saddled merely with some unsold and unsaleable lands and a barren claim on "calls" of shares of one or two people who are rotten. As I read the Trust Deed, of which I have a print, it might have been quite possible for two people and five men of straw to form their company, get free grants of land subject to spending money on certain works, borrow all the cost of such works on debentures, which would be from time to time paid off as lands were sold and when they could not get any more to buy their lands, and leave the outstanding debenture holders in the lurch with only the balance of (possibly now worthless) lands, and nothing else.

My recent experience of other concerns makes me fear that this may be possible. If there are any real shareholders at all, of course the debenture holders have a better prospect.

A DISCLAIMER.

IN referring in our last issue to the West-end Syndicate, Limited, we quoted Mr. H. C. Wild, "sec., pro tem," as he is described in the document from which we quoted. We have since received the following letter from Messrs. Kisch, Wake and Wild, of 148, Aldersgate Street, E.C.:—

Referring to your paragraph in your issue of February 1st, re "the West-end Syndicate, Limited," on behalf of our client, Mr. H. C. Wild, of 12, Fenchurch Street, E.C., chartered accountant and secretary of public companies, who is the only "H. C. Wild" of that name mentioned in the London Directory, we beg to say that he is no way connected with such Syndicate, or the Central African Ivory Trading Expedition, or any other Syndicate of this description.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

A. H. Stone.—It appears from numerous letters we have received that this rogue, who dates from Middelburg, Holland, and runs what he calls the Middelburg Competition Company, is again very active. We warn the public not to be misled by his letters and circulars into sending him money for his word competitions.

Ernest Goode.—We have received several further letters bearing upon Mr. Goode's interpretation of his advertisement, but we cannot usefully add anything to the remarks to be found in our issue of January 14th.

We have reason to believe that, under German auspices, a line of steamers is about to be started to be run between Europe and Delagoa Bay. The convenience to persons going to the Transvaal, by the shortening the land journey, will be very great, and the competition of this German line must be a serious blow to the two English Steamship Companies, and a substantial loss to Capetown.

We understand that Mr. George Gray, of Hannan's Proprietary and the Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia, will read a paper on the Westralian Gold Fields before the Royal Colonial Institute on March 6th. It is Mr. Gray's intention to deal at some length with the burning questions of permanency, water, transit, labour, yield—in fact, to give matured views upon the chief points of interest to those who have put their money, or think of putting it, into the mines. We have reason to believe that Mr. Gray takes a very sanguine view of the value of the Westralian Gold Fields, and he has the reputation of being a very cautious man.

NEW ISSUES.

The Nil Desperandum Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £90,000. The late Governor of Western Australia, Sir William Robinson, was a member of the local syndicate which acquired the properties now taken over by the Nil Desperandum Company, and he has authorised the statement in the prospectus that he still holds his interest in the properties "on the recommendation of one or two friends who believe them to be exceptionally rich." Having regard to the hesitation with which men who have held such official positions as that recently held by Sir William Robinson, give a pronounced opinion upon speculative investments, and remembering his exceptional means of information respecting things Westralian, it is reasonable to assume that the leases to be taken over by the Company, which are situated in the White Feather District, represent valuable mining properties. The purchase price is £70,000, of which only £4,000 need be paid in cash. The prospectus intimates that as the cash portion of the purchase price due to the Australian owners has already been paid, and the property transferred, and £10,000 of the working capital of the Company having also been guaranteed, the Directors will go to allotment on the closing of the lists.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Westralian Mining Companies. CAMBRIAN (Edinburgh).—(1) We cannot name shares likely to have "a huge rise," but West Australian Gold Fields, Hannan's Proprietary, Associated Gold Mines, are all certain to improve in value. (2) Yes, it is a limited company, and the shares are fully paid, but we cannot recommend you to buy even at the present rubbishy price. The men behind it are utterly unprincipled. (3) We still think Moore and Burgess shares "a good lock-up." **Various Shares.** W. R. T. (Norwood).—(1) It is impossible to speak with anything approaching certainty of the ultimate effect of recent occurrences upon the market value of Chartered, but to us it seems certain that when the complicity of some of those responsible for the Company's policy in the recent raid is proved, there must be, anyway, temporary shrinkage in market value. (2) Yes, we understand Louise, Limited, is doing well, and if so the shares are well worth their present price. (3) We know nothing of Huggins' Soap Works, Limited. Your fourth question is answered under "Insurance." (5) Our information is that Willey and Pearson, Limited, have a sound business. (6) We think it probable that there will be some further improvement in Spiers and Pond ordinary. The company is rapidly extending the scope of its operations, perhaps a little too rapidly. **Douglas, Hungerford and Williams.** J. W. (Ealing).—We have no reason to question their readiness to meet their engagements, but we have no faith in their "system," as little as in any other system that promises very large profits with little or no risk. **British Homes Investment Corporation.** J. A. G. (Birmingham).—We did not reply to your letter, because we do not deal in this page with building and kindred societies, but since you urge us to answer, we may say that the corporation has been recently established. It is respectably managed, but we have no information as to its financial strength. **Combination System.** TETATIC (Coventry).—The circular and lists you have received from "T. Boyd," and which you send us, are similar to scores of others sent over the country for the purpose of persuading fools that if they use the "system," they are certain to make money by betting on races. As if, if that were true, the authors of the system would not pile up a fortune for themselves. **Mortgage Debenture.** KNARP (Derby).—No, a broker would not care to take the trouble. You will have to do it by private negotiation. **Westralian Shares.** BRUN (Burnley).—We should hold both lots. The Westralian market is pretty certain to be strong this spring. **Johannesburg Consolidated.** A. L. (Aberdare).—(1) It is a bad time to sell just now, but we advise you to get rid of them as soon as you can do so without loss. (2) It would be invidious on our part to express an opinion as to the relative merits of the two newspapers you name. **Chaffey Bros.** CROFTHEAD (Layside).—Very little we fear, and the guarantee will not help you much. **Lyons and Co.** BETA (Highgate Rise).—We should prefer another selection. The competition is very keen. **Transvaal Estates.** E. L. B. (Berkshire). We should not sell just now. **Mining Shares.** A CAUTIOUS SCOTTIE (Edinburgh).—Good news has been received by the directors of Black Flags. Nos. 2 and 3 are fair speculative purchases. Probabilities point to early and considerable improvement in the best of the Westralian shares. **City of Melbourne Bank.** A CONSTANT READER (Dundee).—Not just at present. **Acme Pneumatic Tyre and Brake Company.** DUPE (Mullingar).—Certainly you should have been informed. Apparently you have been treated very cavalierly all through. **Joint Stock Institute.** EXPERIENCE (Aberystwith). Of course, it was very speculative, and it is equally true that at one time the shares could have been got at a heavy discount. Our point was that shares bought at par have been since quoted here at £7, and are now at £5 15s. and that if you took the advice of the Institute to hold you made a very good thing out of it. **Farm and Colonisation Company, Limited.** B. V. (Newmarket).—We do not like these colonisation companies. The relations between the company and the emigrant seldom remain satisfactory. We return the books and papers. **Outside Brokers.** G. D. (Beverley).—They are of no standing. Why not employ a member of the House? **City and South London Electric Railway.** DARTMOUTH (Forest Hill).—(1) We should hold. (2) We do not like the Tyre shares. **Three Shares.** E. A. W. (Newcastle).—The third is the least satisfactory of the lot.

INSURANCE.

IN DOUBT.—The minimum premium schemes are not "arrived at by the process of anticipating future bonuses," but by assuming that profits will be as great in the future as they have been in the past; and in order to guard against the consequences of a possible fall in the future rate of bonus, power is retained to reduce the sum assured, or to increase the rate of premium to an equitable level. Thus policy-holders who may pay the maximum, or ordinary rate of premium, are in nowise prejudiced.

THISTLEDOWN.—(1) As you propose to apply only five pounds a year to life assurance we recommend you to take an ordinary with-profit whole-life policy for the largest amount such a premium will pay for. (2) Unless you thoroughly understand house property we do not recommend you to make an investment of such a nature. The chance of paying too much for a house, the expenses of conveyance and mortgage, the outlay for repairs, etc., which the terms of the usual lease impose upon you, the possibility of having to let it to a tenant consequent upon a change of situation either by yourself or by one of your children, and the difficulty your widow might have in realising at a fair value, and the attendant expense in the event of your death, are circumstances which few people give sufficient consideration to. Having regard to your age, we think you would do well to take an ordinary endowment assurance policy payable at sixty or sixty-five. (3) The endowment policy.

E. A. P. (Derby).—The company you inquire about was formed as recently as 1891. It is therefore not "old-established," and is not in any way connected with the old office of similar name. It is, however, respectable and reliable. We are not aware that it possesses advantages over the other company mentioned.

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LETTERS TO CLORINDA,

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WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.—I. EVE A. J. GOODMAN
CONTRABAND OF WAR W. W. JACOBS

Four Illustrations by Max Cowper.

“A middle-aged woman of sedate appearance sat crocheting an antimacassar.”—“Committed his body to the deep.”—“His mind's wandering,” said he, hastily.”—“Taking him affectionately by the arm, led him aft to the skipper.”

DR. MAX NORDAU, THE AUTHOR OF “DEGENERATION”—
ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD

Three Illustrations.

Max Nordau.—Dr. Max Nordau's Study.—Dr. Max Nordau.

CAUGHT HAL HURST
THE PICTURE OF THE CURSE ALLEN UPWARD

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

“Sitting in the same attitude.”—“Trembling in every limb.”—“Fell into my arms.”—“I noticed a change in the aspect of the man.”

FOR A PICTURE CHARLES KENNETT BURROW
Illustration by R. SACRE.

“You had no thought save just to go your ways.”

THE LOOTING OF LUCKNOW SIR W. H. RUSSELL
A SLEEPING-CAR TRAGEDY W. L. ALDEN

Four Illustrations by R. JACK.

“Bringing her cakes and apples.”—“They'd take off their boots.”—“Telling anecdotes was always my strong suit.”—“Sat down in front of him with his pistol in his hand.”

ALL UP WITH HER MAX COWPER
A SUBURBAN “AT HOME” W. PETT RIDGE

Three Illustrations by HAL HURST.

“The Romance of 99 X.”—“One of his funny sketches.”—“We could go to the lovers' walk.”

THE HORRORS OF LONDON.—I. WESTMINSTER ABBEY—
ALLEN UPWARD

Illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER.

MISS NELLY FARREN AT HOME.. .. WHITWICK BROOK
Eleven Illustrations.

Miss Farren as “Jack Sheppard.”—Miss Farren's Dining-Room.—The Study.—The Drawing-Room.

A HARD CASE SYDNEY ADAMSON
THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.—I. THE DEAF CLERGYMAN—
HERBERT KEEN

Four Illustrations by W. DEWAR.

“I found her engaged in writing out the menus for the evening's repast.”—“Would you be so good, sir, as to tell me the names of some of our fellow-guests?”—“We found the landing thick with smoke and the Colonel's door open.”—“The Major sprang to his feet with a multi-colored oath.”

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL J. F. NISBET
THE DOCTOR'S REMORSE SIDNEY H. SIME

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
“The British Barbarians.”—“A Child's Garden of Verses.”—“Jude, the Obscure.”

“A Second Jungle Book.”—“Vallima Letters,” &c.

T. WALTER WILSON, R.I., AND HIS WORK .. WALLACE LAWLER
Fifteen Illustrations.

Mr. T. Walter Wilson, R.I.—Rough sketches by Mr. Walter Wilson.—The Parnell Commission.—The Athenaeum Club.—At the Parnell Commission.—A page of sketches of Mr. Gladstone taken in the House of Commons by Mr. Walter Wilson.

A TALE OF TWIN SOULS FRED WHISHAW
Three Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.

“Ruth is my name.”—“A slouch hat and a false beard can only partially eclipse.”—“Mr. Danvers.”

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.—“CINDERELLA” AT DRURY LANE.
Illustrated by Photos by ELLIS, and Drawings by PENNY STANLEY.

Miss Ida Bowman as “Cinderella.”—Dresses designed for Drury Lane Pantomime.—Herbert Campbell as “The Baron.”—Dan Leno portraying his dancer.—Miss Marguerite Corville as the French Ambassador.—Miss Lita Cumins as a Demon.—Miss Ida Bowman and Miss Ada Fitch as “Cinderella” and “The Prince.”—At rehearsal.—Mr. Dan Leno as “The Baroness.”

THE ACTING MANAGER GEORGE P. HAWTREY
THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—SKATING .. DUDLEY HARDY

THE IDLER'S CLUB.—THE MAN IN LOVE .. IS HE RIDICULOUS OR
SUBLINE IN THE EYES OF THE LOVED ONE?

Miss Evelyn Sharp, Mrs. Litchton, Miss Nora Vyse, Miss Helen Mathers, Miss Belau, A. N. Stainer, Mrs. Roy Peverell, and Mrs. Lynn Linton.

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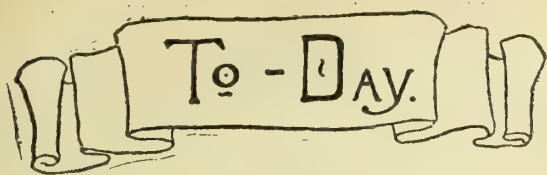
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

I do not think the country need fear any danger from war during the Salisbury régime. We may occasionally indulge in a good deal of bluster; we may occasionally warn other countries of our firm resolves, our unalterable decisions, our indignant intentions; but, when such warnings are contemptuously disregarded, we can always rely upon Lord Salisbury to smilingly climb down and explain that, after all, the whole thing is no business of ours. The contrast between Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall in November and his speech to the Nonconformists last week, has afforded Europe and America a good deal of satisfactory amusement. There is no international law compelling a nation, weak, incapable, or cowardly, to enter into a quarrel with its more powerful neighbours; there was no necessity for Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield to interfere between Russia and Turkey after the late war; there was no necessity for England to remonstrate concerning the Armenian horrors; there was no necessity for Lord Salisbury to send ironclads to the Dardanelles, and to threaten the Sultan, as he did, with the vengeance of England if the butchery of the Armenian Christians did not cease. But, having done so, it was necessary to the maintenance of our national honour to go through with the thing.

We have bullied and blustered, and we have backed down in exactly the manner that a noisy windbag invariably does collapse when met by cool defiance. We shall be grateful if England, under Lord Salisbury's rule, is not compelled to apologise to Turkey for its impertinent interference. Certain English journalists seem to be under the impression that they are displaying great personal courage in bearing the sufferings of the Armenian Christians with heroic callousness. It is a heroism that is somewhat easy to attain. I have seen a horse dying in a corner of a field and a contemplative

cow grazing undisturbed within a foot of it. If the attitude of the average cow is to be regarded as the ideal of statesmanship, then the editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Morning Post* and other journals may continue to swell themselves with conscious pride. The policeman who sneaks down a bye-street when he sees a gang of ruffians murdering a woman will always in future be able to appeal to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Standard* for sympathy. The woman had probably irritated the poor fellows, while, no doubt, various fanatical members of her family had savagely called for help. The policeman must not encourage these noisy women, and, besides, he has the protection of the jeweller's shop to consider.

England, practically, undertook to defend Armenia against the everlasting cruelty of Turkish rule. England, in the face of Europe, took off her coat, rolled up her sleeves, and shouted, so as to be heard all over the world, that she was now going to begin. She has not even waited, as did Mr. Winkle, to be knocked down. Abdul Hamid has made one step forward, and Lord Salisbury, white to the tips of his fingers, has hastened to explain that we did not mean anything; that we should not think of doing anything; and, in case of any misunderstanding, Lord Salisbury has been careful to add that we are too weak a nation for such a potentate as the Sultan to fear for one moment. This may be magnificent diplomacy, it may be judicious statesmanship. It proves Lord Salisbury is undoubtedly a peace minister. The young men on *The Pall Mall Gazette* are in ecstasies. Their beloved Turks have come out triumphant. The Armenian massacres, in which, from the beginning, they appear to have taken quite a pleasurable interest, will continue, affording them plenty of opportunity for humour and satire; and, of course, to set off against this indelible humiliation, we can always talk of Jameson, our ideal general who started to conquer an enemy's country with 480 troopers, forgetting to take with him food, ammunition, or fodder. Also we have our gallant English contingent at Johannesburg, whose trumpet-calls for help ring through South Africa about once every twenty-four hours, and who, 70,000 strong, live in mortal terror of being massacred by 4,000 Dutch farmers.

THERE is a trifle too much talk and a trifle too little action about our leaders, our journalists, and our music hall singers. The dumb nation that stands behind them is a great nation—a nation that has never hesitated to pour out its blood and its money when called upon—a nation that is ready to fight even for such an unprofitable ideal as the protection of the weak against brutality and injustice—a nation who, I am convinced, would say regarding this Indian Empire of ours, "Let us keep it if we are able and strong enough to do so, but, in God's name, let us lose it if possession is to be for ever purchased by the hell of Turkish government." But we have always been badly led, and we are being badly led now. There was one battle fought during the Peninsula War that will for ever be memorable as stamping the character of our nation. It was won by the rank and file, while the bugles were sounding the retreat. Our politicians and our journalists are busy calling to us to run away from our plain

duty in Eastern Europe. They are picturing for us the dangers and the difficulties that lie in our path; they are explaining to us, very glibly, how we can excuse ourselves. I am hoping that perhaps the nation, learning the facts, may prove too strong for them—may push them aside, and refuse to obey the summons to a dishonourable retreat.

I WOULD beg to call the attention of my teetotal friends to the case of would-be burglar Donovan. A day or two ago he gained admittance to the house of a Mr. Preston. His thoughts were vile, his intentions were larcenous, but, fortunately for him, his good angel guided him towards the sideboard, where he found a bottle of excellent whisky. He drank a glassful and felt less burglariously inclined. By the time he had finished the bottle he felt he never wanted to burgle again, and lying down on the sofa he slept the sleep of the innocent. But for that bottle of whisky Donovan might be to-day a convicted thief. "Saved from sin by a bottle of whisky!" would make an excellent title for a tract. My friends are welcome to the suggestion.

THE iron and steel trade is drifting from England towards Germany. The British Iron Trade Association has sent out delegates to visit the iron and steel industries of the Continent. I extract the following from the report:—"One of the most admirable features of the administration and operation of the iron and steel works that we visited on the Continent, almost without exception was the splendid discipline maintained. The workmen generally discharged their duties as if they were acting under military commands. There was no slovenliness, no undue haste, no noise, no idling about, and the foreman, in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, appeared to control everything without commotion. Each man worked as if he were a piece of machinery fitted into its proper place, which did exactly the right thing at the right moment, because it could not do otherwise. The operations, as a rule, were carried on with the regularity of clockwork. We are also bound to acknowledge that we were greatly struck with the splendid physique of the men employed in the works that were visited in Germany, and not less so with their sobriety, their steadiness, and their readiness to act on instructions. These qualities are manifestly of much value alike to employers and employed. The workman who is regularly and steadily engaged at work is not only earning better wages for himself, but is in a better position to do good work; while the effect of such a state of matters on the employer is that he gets the maximum production out of his plant, no heats being lost through broken time, etc. *The early military training of the workman has probably a good deal to do with this system of working; but whatever its cause, its effect on the industry of the country is very important.*"

Two years' military training would make all the difference in the world to our young men. It would improve them physically and mentally. Of this there can be no question. The great argument against conscription has always been that we are a commercial nation, and that the time taken up by military service would interfere with our trade. Statesmen and politicians, whose only idea of humanity is that of a feeding animal, have always held this argument to be unanswerable, but

here is bitter experience, refuting the old fallacy. Men trained to obedience and discipline, to self-respect, cleanliness, to quickness and alertness—men whose brains have been trained and whose bodies have been strengthened by physical exercise, must of necessity make better workmen than your slouching hobbledoys, who, since the day they escaped from the Board School, have never taken any exercise beyond scratching their backs against a brick wall. One cannot expect these lads to organise themselves. The nation should take them and train them, rich and poor alike. They would be better workmen, better husbands, better fathers.

As a commentary upon this matter of conscription comes Lord Salisbury's pitiful confession that England is quite unable to cope with even such a rotten fifth-rate Power as Turkey. If Turkey (said Lord Salisbury) would come and fight us on the sea, we might be equal to the task; but on land (so Lord Salisbury's speech practically acknowledged) she is stronger than we are. A pretty position indeed for Britain to occupy! The foremost fighting nation in the world is, through its own folly, unable to cope on equal terms with a horde of mountain savages, and dare not back up its repeated threats because it knows that if it attempted to do so it would be ignominiously defeated. Let the conscription exist in Great Britain, and we could, without feeling the loss of a man, send such a force into Turkey as would settle the Armenian horror in a month. At present we stand powerless, pleading at the gate of the Yildiz Kiosk, while our young men train themselves for life by standing under an umbrella watching a hired gang pretending to play football.

THE other week I had occasion to comment upon a case heard at Auckland, before Sir William Eden, Bart. A father had burnt his two-year-old child with a red-hot poker, he had tried to burn the child's tongue, and had struck the child with his fists. Sir William Eden fined him two pounds. Sir William has stated that he attaches no importance to my criticism. "Comment of such kind," remarked Sir William, "falls upon me like water upon a duck's back—it does me no harm. To make such comments is stupid." But not altogether unuseful, I am inclined to think. Last week another cruelty case was brought before Sir William Eden. There was no active brutality in this instance, but only neglect. Sir William promptly sent the man to prison, with hard labour, for a month, without the option of a fine. If stupid remarks of mine can be held responsible for such changes in the behaviour of magistrates I shall be happy to continue making them.

THE Maidstone magistrates want sharp looking after. Their names are Messrs. J. Barker, G. E. Wallis, J. Roberts, and W. Haynes. They are almost on a par with their Yeovil friends for innate sympathy with cruelty, and contempt for the law that they are supposed to administer. For gross cruelty to a horse a man named Heath was fined by them five shillings. In another case a man named Hickmott was brought before them for cruelly working an unfit horse, which was described by experts as worth about three half-crowns. It was covered with wounds and emaciated to the last degree. This disgraceful Bench acknowledged that the case was an exceptionally bad one, and fined the brute Hickmott ten shillings.

ON the other hand, I am glad to think the attention that has been called to this matter is having some effect. At Bristol, for disgraceful cruelty to a horse, a man named Wilkins was given a month's hard labour. At Hertford, for one of those acts of diabolical indecent cruelty that boys are so prone to indulge in, a lad named Newland, aged fifteen, was sentenced to two months' hard labour. The minds of too many boys is a sink in which all that is cruel, horrible, and loathsome seems to mingle. At Nottingham, before Messrs. Carver and Fisher, for cruelty to a dog, William Raynor was fined five pounds.

A TAUNTON doctor, Mr. Samuel Farrant, evidently shares some of my feelings regarding child insurance. A child recently died at Taunton under somewhat strange circumstances. Dr. Farrant, writing to a Taunton paper on the subject, said that he had never seen so gross a case of parental neglect, and adds, "it would be interesting to know how many of this family have similarly perished, and whether their lives were insured." At Nottingham an inquiry was recently held concerning the death, by suffocation, of a six weeks old child. The father could give no explanation of the fact that no trace of food could be found in the child's stomach. He admitted the child's life had been insured a week before its death. The jury, perhaps containing a few insurance agents, came to the conclusion that the deceased died from suffocation—a verdict, the correctness of which can hardly be disputed. The coroner hoped that the parents would take more care of any future children they might have!

The Society Journalist has lately taken to bicycling in his old age. Of course he must be fashionable, so he goes to Hyde Park. But he is not happy in Hyde Park. There was a time when dogs were occasionally admitted into Hyde Park, but the mere thought made the elderly Society Journalist wobble. So he wrote indignant paragraphs, and made a great stir, and dogs were forbidden. Now it seems that carriages and horses actually come into Hyde Park, and the elderly Society Journalist is again in trouble. He does not care anything about himself, bless you. He is a wild, daring person. He would ride over a coach and four if he had his way. But he is a tender-hearted man and he is troubled about the women and children. He says it is disgraceful that carriages and horses should be allowed into Hyde Park so as to frighten women and children on bicycles.

I HAVE watched these women and children. Taking them as a body, they appear to be excellent riders and they make use of the carriages and horses as practice. It is really time that the elderly Society Journalist gave up exercise. He is becoming a bore. At one time he used to hire a horse, and ride in Hyde Park himself, and then other horses came and breathed on his horse, and upset him, and he used to write to the *World* and the *Globe*, protesting and persisting that no one should ride at any pace faster than a walk. Now, apparently, he wants a couple of policemen, one to walk each side of his bicycle, and see that nothing comes near it. A quiet game of bezique if much more in his line. It would save a good deal of printer's ink if he were not so determined to be a sportsman.

CO-RESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

W. A. B. sends me a cutting from the *Glasgow Evening News*, from which it appears that a Mrs. Morris, wife of a dairyman, has been attacked and injured by a Highland bullock. I cannot understand the case at all. Mrs. Morris is apparently not a Cockney tourist, so that the bullock had no excuse whatever. I shall be glad if my friend on the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* will turn the light of his genius upon this matter. My correspondent argues concerning conscription, but upon that question I shall have to speak occasionally in another column.

F. S.—Read my notes again, and try and understand them. D. T.—Thanks for cutting. There was evidently no intentional cruelty. A gun should be always to hand on a steeple-chase course.

G. N. (Darlington).—Read the Stark Munroe Letters, by Conan Doyle. You will find a character very much like the spiritualistic doctor in its pages. Of course, the whole thing is nonsense.

J. S.—We shall never get rid of these money-lending thieves. The creature, Gordon, will only change his name, and start business again. These pests are always with us.

C. B. T.—I thank you for pamphlet, which I looked through with interest. The present war scare may be useful in calling the attention of the nation to its utterly inadequate means, both for defence and attack.

T.—Your Pluck Fund contribution is acknowledged in another column. We grown-up people have so many silly fads and hobbies that I hardly like to be severe upon the youngsters for their stamp-collecting mania. It has its advantages. I have known stamp-collecting children to remain perfectly quiet, busied over their stamp-books for periods ranging from thirty seconds to a minute and a-half. By no other means that I know of could such a magnificent result be obtained, and, if it leads a few boys towards ruin, the balance, on the whole, is to the credit of civilisation. I thank you for your kind remarks concerning To-Day.

JUSTITIA.—You raise what the lawyers would call "a nice point." The Chairman, having been elected, might rule the proposal to vote him out of the chair out of order. I do not see how he could be compelled to put the motion to the meeting. So long as the meeting lasts the chairman is practically autocratic. It is certainly unusual to vote the chairman out of the chair.

F. M. and W. J. are thanked for their letters.

C. K. H.—Opinions appear to differ concerning Buenos Ayres. Last week a correspondent described this locality to me in terms usually applied to Paradise. My present correspondent thinks the district must have changed. When he knew it, it was a bed of corruption and vice. He pictures Buenos Ayres as a very different place, and even questions the possibility of that £7,000 bazaar profit. My correspondent concludes: "Buenos Ayres is one huge den of gambling, drunkenness, and sharp practice, with many mysterious deaths thrown in." There certainly seems to be a conflict of evidence upon the subject.

A. H. (Yeovil).—I thank you for cutting; but *Pullman's Weekly News* appears, on the whole, to agree with my strictures on the Yeovil Bench, so I cannot see I have any quarrel with that paper.

E. H. C.—I take an interest in discovering the new men, and I flatter myself I have added some useful names to the list of writers.

J. C. M. has seen an advertisement from a philanthropic gentleman, who was once deaf. This benefactor of his kind is anxious to do good to his brother and sister sufferers. Judging from his advertisement, he requires no fee—nothing but thanks. I have made some inquiries into the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that the advertiser is a quack. My deaf readers will do well to avoid him. Of course, the free gratis suggestion is only a dodge. They will soon find themselves paying heavy fees, and will, perhaps, receive grave injuries.

G. B. WILSON, B.A., the Secretary of the Birmingham Branch of the Y.M.C.A., calls my attention "to a passage in the interview with Professor Shuttleworth, which conveys, quite unintentionally," so he says, "a wrong impression as to the Y.M.C.A. While it is true that before becoming a member you must give 'clear evidence of your conversion to God,' the reverend gentleman is quite wrong in saying that the giving of such evidence is 'a necessary qualification for joining a club.'" And my correspondent goes on to point out that the institution is open to every young man of good moral character as an associate, only the members being required to give the necessary "evidence." While it may be that the impression conveyed in the interview is not strictly accurate, I understand that the "members" are the governing body; they alone are entitled to hold any office, and the consequence is seen in the fact that both members and associates are expected to behave like ascetics, having to be teetotal, non-smoking, and all the rest of it. If the Professor spoke of this evidence as a necessary qualification to joining the Y.M.C.A., he does not, after all, seem to be very far wrong, for, personally, I should not care to join anything in the nature of a club in which I was

permitted no voice in the control, and where the members were put on a higher grade than myself, as the result of the mysterious "evidence of conversion," which they claimed to have given to the committee.

CYCLING "TO-DAY"-IST.—I am glad to find you are a less shady person than I imagined. You now send me your name and address. You must, of course, be aware that the statements you make in your letter are grossly slanderous, and if I liked to hand your letter over to the persons named, and you were unable to fully substantiate your statements, you would be involved in serious trouble. You have no right to make such assertions, unless you are actuated by public spirit, and have taken means to test your information, and are ready to abide by the consequences of your words. Because I spoke well of the Simpson chain, a certain class of journalists, to whom honesty of purpose seems inconceivable, have thought well to suggest that I must have been bribed. I was annoyed to find a correspondent of my own joining the pack. If I considered that the editor of a paper was a man of that stamp, I should take good care not to take his paper, and there would be an end of the matter. I have no interest whatever, financially, in the Simpson chain. Mr. Simpson lent me a machine, with his chain. I tried it, and liked it. There, so far as I am concerned, is the beginning and end of the question. **TO-DAY** does not pretend to be a paper acquainted with the technicalities of cycling. We are not a trade organ. Possibly, in talking about the matter, we make technical errors. Our writers speak of such matters as members of the public, not as cycling engineers.

W. A.—I am glad to find a woman with sufficient self-knowledge to admit the possibility of some women occasionally possessing faults, failings, and weaknesses. As a rule, our dear sisters—led to it, I confess, by the somewhat maudlin sentimentality of a large class of male writers—divide humanity into two classes. Women who are all good, and men who are all bad, there being hope for the latter in case it occurs to the female mind to undertake the reforming of them. This is all very pretty and, to a certain extent, it is useful; but it is necessary at times to remember that men and women both spring from the same stock of weak sinners, that each sex has its virtues, and each sex has its vices.

R. S. W.—You are the type of the usual indifferent member of the public. It is immaterial to you whether the horse that draws you is being overworked or not. You are not responsible, you consider. You say, "You surely cannot expect us to stop the vehicles and inspect the horses before we step inside." But if you do not take the trouble to look and see, and are content to be dragged along by a dying horse, I consider you every bit as brutal as the driver. You say that "Some persons prefer to watch football to playing it, because it is a risky game." That is not saying very much for football crowds.

T. H. R.—The verses were applied to the performances merely. **C. W.**—The advertisement is certainly misleading.

F. G. T.—Thanks for your letter. You will find your contribution to the Pluck Fund acknowledged in another column. I think such a club as the Shuttleworth, of which a description appeared in last week's issue, fairly meets the requirements of young people. You must remember that good ideas won't run a club. Such an institution must have an energetic and, to some extent, a self-sacrificing, personality behind it.

A. M. C.—I have looked through the copy of *Ephphatha* you send. It seems to me a paper admirably suited to the class for which it is written.

E. G.—I should say there must be a good opening for architects in places like Pretoria and Johannesburg. Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster.

J. W. T.—I was under the impression that we were all Christians in this country.

H. D.—I really take so little interest in this class of thing that I feel myself incompetent to pass judgment upon it.

Literature of this kind, if it can be called literature, pleases a certain section of the public, and I suppose they are entitled to have what they want, if they pay for it. Such publications come and go. They are hardly worth discussing.

TO-DAY CLUB.—**A. E. W.** would like to communicate with **A. E. L.**, of Cardiff. I have mislaid **A. E. L.**'s address. Will be kindly send it again?

E. N.—The English law does not prevent cruelty to wild animals. It is a blot that needs remedying.

SPEERO.—As you have gone so far, I think it would be well for you to continue. A University degree is always an introduction, and, though, from a practical point of view, it is hardly worth the time it costs, it would be a still greater waste for you to throw up the prize now. There are always openings in the world for educated, energetic men. You will not make the mistake that so many University men make, of thinking that when you have added "B.A." to your name, fortune is going to open its doors to you.

A. S. writes:—"I wish to convey my thanks through you to the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, for the prompt and liberal manner in which they have settled a claim I made under my **TO-DAY** burglary policy. On Friday week, the day before my annual subscription expired, my house was broken into, and all the silver that was lying handy in the dining-room was removed. The burglary, or to be technically correct, I suppose I ought to say housebreaking, as it occurred in the middle of the day, was of a most daring character, and its very audacity enabled the thief to get clear away with his booty. My servant was engaged in another part of the house, and the neighbours saw a man leave the premises with a bag, but as they concluded he was on his ordinary business, they took no further notice of the incident. I sent a claim the same night to the Ocean Company, and this morning I have received the amount of my claim. Some of the silver goods stolen had been in my family for fifty years, and their sentimental value cannot be replaced, but it is satisfactory to have the intrinsic loss actually covered. I may say I had some doubts about renewing the Insurance policy, but after this experience I need not say that the premium for another year was promptly forwarded. Allow me to thank you as well as the Insurance Company for the promptness and courtesy with which you have dealt with my correspondence on the subject, and if this should meet the eye of the offender, I wish to thank him for visiting me the day before instead of the day after my insurance expired."

E. H. S.—Dentistry appears to be one of the few professions that are not overcrowded, and it would be tolerably easy for a good man to establish a practice anywhere. The course of study would take about five years, and during that time you would have to support yourself and pay the fees. You would need about three years' practice with a dentist, and you would have to study during that time. You would then have to enter one of the hospitals where dentistry is practised—Guy's, the London Dental Hospital, or the National. You would have to pass an examination of the College of Preceptors, or the Oxford or Cambridge Locals, as a preliminary.

G. H.—I am sure you have written to my correspondent **ROBERT S.** in pure kindness. But you must allow me to exercise a discretion in introducing one correspondent of mine to another. People often write to me, as an impersonal object, letters which they would not send to their own mother, or to any friend. Such advice as you give to my correspondent he could obtain among own relatives. He wrote to me personally, as it were, and expected only an answer from me. I should regard it as a betrayal of confidence to him were I to open his doors to the receipt of advice, however kindly meant, from others. Pray do not consider me egotistical, but in these matters I am bound to respect confidence.

T. P. H.—I know some charming shopgirls. I don't see anything derogatory in the phrase.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

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CLUB CHATTER.

A BRIGHT and chatty review of the French "snobs" of the nineteenth century is that which appears from the pen of M. de Levandière. It is very bitter at times, though. For instance, he speaks of them as having no counterpart in nature, their nearest resemblance being found in the models on which a tailor fits new clothes. The apostle of French dandyism was the Comte d'Orsay. All that was *chic* in the Paris world imitated him in his clothes, and his vices. His name stands as a fashion leader, although De Morny, Caderousse, and Demidoff have from time to time been the envy of every vacant-minded young man with an overcrowded pocket. D'Orsay was an inveterate duellist, and once called out an Atheist who had insulted the Virgin Mary, on the pretence that he would never hear any woman spoken of slightly.

FROM time to time the French dandy has changed his habits and ideas, instead of worrying about something eccentric in the way of dress. From 1830 to 1848, it was the proper thing to be sentimental, and they quoted whole passages of De Musset and were pensive, with a copy of *Le lac*, of Lamartine, in their hands. Later on, the proper thing was to rave over Poland's wrongs, and talk loudly of going to fight for the country. Then they got tired of being ridiculous, and invented the *can can*, which shows that the dandy has not entirely lived in vain.

SINCE 1848, the dandy has entirely changed. He is no longer a lion, he has become a masher. He parts his hair in the middle, cultivates a pale face, and dark-rimmed eyes, and sucks a walking-stick with conviction. He has abandoned all hopes of ever having any brains or intelligence. From time to time a happy inspiration seizes him to part his hair differently, or to buy an eye-glass, which he does not want. Again, he decides on wearing a collar that strangles him, and prevents him seeing anything but the sky. To show that he is worldly, he speaks of the *demi-monde*, refers to Cléo de Mérode and Emelienne d'Alençon, and winks significantly. He also cultivates slang, and cuts his sentences very short. His clothes are washed in London, he gets his gloves from Christiania, and follows Vienna's lead in regard to the hat. Altogether he justifies Balzac's remark: "A dandy is an object fitted with very delicate mechanism, but a thinking being never."

IT is a pity that M. de Lavandière does not deal with the craze for everything English that is the latest stage of the malady. To-day, everything is English, except perhaps the dress-coat, which remains very Frenchy, and the roll collar is not frequently seen.

I HAVE received letters from more than one correspondent dealing with Monte Carlo, and I find that what I prophesied months ago is happening. At the time when the activity of the London police drove the sharpers out of London, they migrated to Paris, and, just as I anticipated, they have gone down to Monte Carlo. Pocket-picking is carried on in a manner that is astonishing. It is also said that the detective force employed by the Administration is reduced in order to economise. Here is a tip for any of my readers who are going down for the pigeon-shooting—Take your own cartridges!

A MEDICAL man urges me to advise my readers a collar fairly high in front during the winter. He points out that the open collar leaves the most delicate part of the throat exposed, and is directly responsible for many attacks of bronchitis.

ON the Continent the pleated shirt for evening dress is entirely worn now, and at the Opera ball on Saturday, says a Paris correspondent, I did not see a single smooth

front, except with the English and Americans. Naturally, the pleated shirt has always been common in Paris, but for a time the plain front came in.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a little story which, though somewhat old, will bear repetition. It concerns a well-known Oxford don, who occasionally makes some most fatal slips in his conversation. On one occasion he was telling a story about a little kitten that had strayed into his rooms, and had then jumped out of the window. "And it didn't hurt itself?" asked a feminine listener. "Oh, no," said the man, "nothing of the sort. It just popped on its drawers and ran away."

The frequenters of Frascati's Restaurant should be grateful to me for my paragraph of the other week, in which I called attention to the bad waiting in the ground-floor rooms of that establishment. The thing is now immensely improved. The same waiters, who, a fortnight ago, could not be too insulting and careless of one's orders, are now most civil and obliging. I have received a very courteous note from the managing director of Frascati's promising to give every attention to the matter alluded to. He assures me that the firm are only too anxious that any case of incivility should be reported to them immediately. This is just and right for everybody. The better the waiting, the better the customer, and the better the customer, the more money for the waiters in tips, and for the shareholders of the company in dividends.

WHEN the weather allows us to leave off overcoats, it will be seen that the most fashionable suiting for country wear this spring is either a grey check material or a Lovatt tweed. If anyone wants to see the difference between a good and bad tailor, let him glance at the materials the man keeps. Though the checks on the stuff be as large as the black and white divisions of a draught-board, a good tailor will always contrive to have materials that are not too loud to be in good taste, and are yet quite in the fashion. As a matter of fact, the very extremes in fashion are seldom or ever worn by the people whom one would naturally expect to be most fashionable.

THE Lovatt tweed mentioned above is a greeny-brown cloth, and is manufactured in innumerable combinations of colours. For country wear with these suitings there is nothing to beat a soft silk tie of one bright colour. The favourite shade just now is a bright vermillion.

WHATEVER people may say as to the ugliness of our modern dress, we men at least have a good reason for most of our fashions. Just now the square-cut cuff is never seen about, the simple reason being that a rounded cuff is so much more handy when one is putting on or taking off one's overcoat. By-the-way, talking of cuffs reminds me that they are not being made so extravagantly large as they were a season or two ago. In fact, there is every indication that men's fashions this season will be simple and sensible.

Apropos of my paragraph last week on the Lu-Min Cycle, a correspondent writes: "I have been riding one of these machines for the last two months over bad roads, and although the machine weighs only about 24 lbs. it has stood the test. The lightness of the frame, combined with its great strength and perfect truth, constitute advantages over a steel frame not to be despised."

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, K.G., has consented to preside at the festival dinner of the Cadavers' Benevolent Association, to be held in the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on Wednesday, the 11th March next.

MESSRS. CAMPBELL AND Co., of Glasgow, turn out a number of specialities which are well worthy of notice by literary men and others. Their sloping blotting-pad is exceedingly handy, and being surrounded by a broad mahogany rim, the edges of the blotting paper do not curl up or fray out, as is the case with most other pads. Their copying presses also answer well, especially where space is an object. For home use nothing handier can be desired. Messrs. Campbell and Co. also issue a large number of diaries, both for the desk and the pocket, which are nicely printed, and are crammed full of useful information.

THERE are probably not many theatre goers at one time or another who have not seen and enjoyed Mr. Auguste Van Biene's performance in *The Broken Melody*. I had the opportunity the other day of seeing an autograph letter from Madame Adelina Patti to Mr. Van Biene, in which she expressed the pleasure he gave her by his "exquisite playing on the 'cello, and delightful acting." The fact that the piece is approaching its 900th night is the best testimony to its success.

ONE of the most frequent and difficult subjects for adjudication in Solo Whist is that of irregular remarks in the *Misère* calls. These are necessarily so variable in their nature and effects that no hard-and-fast laws can be made to cover them. There are two penalties to meet this class of offence, in some cases the caller having the power to throw up his hand and claim a re-deal, and in others to make the offender pay the stakes. A correspondent wants to know what penalty attaches to an adversary asking in the course of play, "What were trumps?" and, as he gives no further particulars, I am unable to satisfy him. If the state of the game were such that the advantages of drawing attention to the trump suit were obvious, such as the caller having been dealer and holding the turn-up card still in his hand, or a player is hesitating as to what he shall lead—trumps not having been touched—it would be considered an unfair intimation, and the caller could demand the culprit to pay the stakes; but, failing such conditions, where

the possibility of irregular suggestion was not patent, the caller could only abandon the game.

THE *misère* must be played in absolute silence, but to this rule there are one or two exceptions, notably in the case of a partner being about to lead out of turn, when the rightful player may say, "It is my lead"; or when the players are hesitating as to who has the lead, when anyone may ask the caller to place it; but, otherwise, a remark having a bearing upon the game frees the caller from his obligation to play it out, and, should it be of such a character as could be construed likely to affect the play, the caller would have the alternative of throwing up his hand, or of going on with the game and demanding the offender to pay all the stakes to the winning side.

THE art of winning at Solo Whist is dependent in no small degree upon one's consciousness of the aptitude of the other players, and this applies more particularly to the proposal and acceptance, from which, after all, the winnings in the long run are chiefly derived. In a general sense, it is more profitable to be pitted against a weak player who is calling than to have him for a partner, unless he is known to propose or accept on powerful hands only. When your own reliance is mainly upon trumps, you are nearly always better against him. Should you, however, hold an unquestionable proposal or acceptance, it would be both unjust and unwise to "pass." In such a case, to pass is, as the French say, "worse than a crime—it's a blunder."

IN this connection I would say that, in my opinion, five trumps with a single honour, and no possibilities in the plain suits, are not an acceptance. A correspondent asked me a week or two ago if I considered that Ace, Queen, Knave, and two small trumps justified the fourth hand in proposing, and in view of the caller's position I replied in the affirmative. First hand only can accept him, and that on strength in plain suits, for with length or strength in trumps he would have proposed in the first instance. He can lead trumps down to the proposer with a reasonable chance of extracting all the adverse

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"**CELESTE IMPERIO**" Camelias.

A beautiful cigar.

35s. per 100. 18s. per 50 box. Sample 6d.

"**ROYAL PECULIARS.**"

Made from the purest tobacco.

20s. per 100. 10s. 6d. per 50 box. Sample 3d.

Samples sent, boxed, post free, if not less than 1s. 6d. ordered.

Boxes post free on receipt of remittance

OLLEY & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.

RILEY'S "CORONA" SHIRT.



As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on "Pushing the Trade" and "Making Sales," so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce.

Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These have not been effected without very great care and attention—

care and attention to minute matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.

ALEXANDER RILEY, 42, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.



ones—first perhaps showing his mastery in a plain suit by leading the King of it—and the declaration ought to be fairly secure. But the proposer, in any other position, would do well to think twice before he called, if there was a likelihood of an indifferent player accepting him.

As a proposal or acceptance, one of the most remunerative hands on the whole is that in which there is a long suit, with sufficient prospects of establishing it. Thus, four small trumps, Ace of one suit, King, Queen of another, and Queen, Knave, 10, 9, and two more of the fourth is a better acceptance than four small trumps with the three Aces of the plain suits supported by two small cards each. In the first case, although you have only one apparent set trick, you may possibly make six in the plain suits, while in the latter you cannot look for more than three. But with the three Aces and an unskilful partner, you know your own possibilities. You have reckoned upon making at least three tricks, and his bad play is not likely to thwart you, which it doubtless would do if you accepted him in the more promising all-round hand, for the success of which intelligent co-operation is necessary.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

TAILS.—Yes; the tails will be worn very long; but there are not many such coats about just now, though this may be due to the cold weather. You can have a double-breasted vest to your tail-coat if you like. Personally, I would rather have the ordinary single-breasted garment; but it is merely a matter of taste.

E. B. F. (Paris).—I have heard of cigarettes being made of tea, but I have never smoked one, and do not know where they

can be procured. I should say that they would be very injurious, and the practice of smoking them is certainly not "quite fashionable in London," as you have been told. It is said that ladies occasionally smoke tea cigarettes for the benefit of their complexion, though how this is brought about I do not profess to understand.

MIDDLE CLASS.—The usual period is twelve months. Yes, it is not considered good form to wear a black band on the sleeve.

F. McC. S.—It is the custom for the bridegroom to provide the wedding carriages, and the bride the reception; but there is no fixed rule for these matters.

A. C. G.—The idea strikes me as being a trifle "old maidish." At any rate, you would have to produce the article at a much less price than two shillings if you wish to make it a commercial success.

H. G. V. (Birmingham).—Miss Kitty Loftus played the principal part in "The Lady Slavey."

SUBSULTUS.—I don't know if that is your *nom-de-plume*, but it is as near as I can get to it from your handwriting. (a.) You should certainly remove your glove when you are shaking hands with a lady, although she is not expected to do the same. (b.) With a man it doesn't matter. F. W. R. F. S.—No; it would certainly not be correct.

J. L. H. (Kingstown).—Your best plan would be to apply direct to the Emigrants' Information office, Broadway, Westminster.

T. W. W.—I gave the information you require in To-Day of January 25th, 1896.

SCOT.—Your idea is an excellent one, but you have been forestalled by Mr. R. G. Knowles, the well-known comedian, who has patented the cuff. The fact was mentioned in To-Day some months ago.

The manager of the Bass and Flinders Gold Mining Company, Limited, gives an excellent report of the property. This consists of the Perseverance Claim, Wagermoola, Western Australia, in the vicinity of Coolgardie. It has the additional advantage of being close to Lake Lefray. The capital of the company is £125,000 in 10s. shares—7s. 6d. paid. Judging from the report, these shares should be worth investigation as an investment.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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FRAGRANT

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COOL & SWEET.

ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.

EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

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The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.

NO MORE IRRITATION
OF THE
TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists

Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4½d. extra. Sample 2ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free from

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

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This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the finest blend of the finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.



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Equal to
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HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, &c., &c., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (700 in number), of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

The Cash Portion of the Purchase Price due to the Australian Owners having already been paid, and the property transferred; and £10,000 of the Working Capital having also been guaranteed, the Directors will proceed to allotment on the closing of the lists.

The West Australian Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited, invite Subscriptions for the undermentioned Issue.

THE NIL DESPERANDUM GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

(WHITE FEATHER DISTRICT, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.)

CAPITAL - £90,000,

IN 90,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH,

OF WHICH 60,000 SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR,

Payable 2s. 6d. on Application, 2s. 6d. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, and the Balance by Calls not exceeding 5s. at intervals of not less than one month.

The Articles provide for the issue of Share Warrants to Bearer.

A Parcel of ore from this Mine was forwarded by Mr. J. S. Read, of Perth, to the Bank of New South Wales, London, and was sent by that Bank for treatment to Messrs. Johnson, Matthey & Co., with the following result:—

69½ lbs. quartz yielded 41.41 ozs. gold at 77/9½	=	£162	7	1
3.85 ozs. Fine Silver at 2/9	=	0	10	7
		£162	17	8

DIRECTORS.

JAMES JUDD, Esq., J.P. (Chairman Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited), Chairman.
 Thomas Dott, Esq. (late Branch Manager, Union Bank of Australia, Sydney).
 Lieut.-Col. W. T. Ellis (Director, Hannan's Sir John Forrest Gold Mines, Limited).
 H. H. Heath, Esq., J.P. (Director, Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited).
 H. J. Manning, Esq. (Director, West Australian Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited).

BANKERS.

Commercial Bank of Scotland, Limited, 62, Lombard Street, E.C. Head Office: Edinburgh; Glasgow; and Branches in Scotland.
 Bank of New South Wales, in Western Australia.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Vallance, Birkbeck and Barnard, Lombard House, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

Messrs. Chapman and Rowe, Blomfield House, London Wall, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. Jackson, Pixley and Co., Chartered Accountants, 55, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

E. Fewings, 5 and 6, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed for the purposes specified in its Memorandum of Association, including the acquisition of Leases No. 283 E and No. 311 E, situated in the White Feather district, Coolgardie Gold Fields, and known as the "Nil Desperandum," comprising an area of 24 acres, or thereabouts.

These properties were acquired, according to information supplied to the Directors, about a year ago by a local syndicate comprising Sir William Robinson (late Governor of Western Australia), who still retains his interest, Lady Forrest, Major-General Viscount Frankfort Frankfort, E.C. Monger, E.C. Simenton, F. D. North, H. D. Holmes, and others.

The property has been reported on by the following experts.—Mr. W. H. C. Lovely, M.A.I.M.E., Mr. Frank Bissenberger, M.E., formerly Manager of the Umberumberka Mine at Broken Hill, and Captain W. Leunig. These reports—which were obtained by or on behalf of the Australian Syndicate before referred to, and are too extensive to insert in this prospectus, may be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors, and show the existence of various reefs and numbers of leaders or veins rich in gold.

Mr. Bissenberger reports that on lease 283, two shafts have been sunk. No. 1 to a depth of 65 feet, and drives had been put in for 26 and 53 feet respectively, in which latter he states the stone is "highly mineralised," and No. 2 shaft to a depth of 136 feet, with a lode of an average thickness of 2 feet, carrying good stone.

On lease 311, several shafts and pits have been sunk. No. 3 shaft is down 19 feet on an 18-inch lode, which carries fair gold. No. 4 shaft has been sunk 62 feet on a strong lode with a 4-inch vein. No. 5 shaft is sunk to a depth of 35 feet on a similar vein. No. 6 shaft is down 38 feet, intersecting a number of small leaders. No. 7 shaft has proved a 2-foot quartz reef, which can be traced at intervals for a considerable distance. No. 8 shaft is down 10 feet, following a quartz reef 15 inches wide.

Mr. Bissenberger states that Lease 311 consists of "a complete network of leaders," that the property is very valuable, and is "a bona fide mining venture."

Captain Leunig writes that "there are three distinct reefs on the property"; that "the east reef—4 to 9 inches—contains great wealth," while "a very large amount of gold has been obtained while sinking the shaft." A second reef, 2 feet wide, consists of quartz and iron, with free gold well adapted for battery work. Captain Leunig estimates this reef to give 4 ozs. of gold to the ton, a 6-inch leader as producing 2 ozs. of gold to the ton, and the third reef, he states, is from 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet, and assayed as high as 400 ozs. of gold to the ton. He also states that: "Between the principal reefs there seems to be a complete network of smaller veins of quartz, nearly all of which carry gold; that this property is a very valuable one; and that by spending a fair amount of money and

by judicious development, it will become in a short time one of the best concerns in this district."

Mr. Evans terms the mine "exceptionally good," and says that the 2 foot reef, "with water and machinery available, should pay from the surface." He describes other veins as very rich, and states that he saw splendid gold broken out of a vein at the bottom of the workings.

Mr. LOVELY reports that "the property comprises the original blocks taken up by the prospectors of the district, and includes most of the hill round which so much alluvial gold has been obtained"; that "he saw lumps of gold in the face himself before the reef was stripped, that the alluvial gold round the hill and on its sides returned a considerable quantity of gold, which must have originated in the 'Nil Desperandum' reefs"; that the country is soft, easily worked and favourable for reefs to life in; that "there is every indication of the presence of a rich mine"; and that he "can recommend the leases as a genuine venture."

Mr. John S. Read, who represents the Australian Syndicate, states that "the reefs are undoubtedly permanent and fabulously rich." He also says that in sinking the five feet shaft a depth of 40 feet nearly £1,000 worth of gold was obtained by the miners, and expresses the opinion that the mines will "pay very handsome dividends from the start."

On the 27th September, 1895, Mr. Read wrote: "The report from the mine manager, under date 20th inst., is of a very satisfactory character. In the course of sinking the main shaft, in order to strike the proved lodes at a depth he has come across a perfectly independent lode some 4 feet thick, running east and west, and he feels certain of striking a good shoot of gold at the bottom of this with the other lodes." He adds: "I feel quite jubilant over the matter, as when I started the shaft I did so with the intention of cutting Nos. 2 and 3 lodes, and had no idea of intercepting a new lode whilst sinking the shaft. I have had the cap of this new lode dried, and it contains gold."

On the 8th November, 1895, he wrote that the Mine Manager informed him that the Contractors' vertical shaft was then down 100 feet, the formation commencing from about 38 feet from surface, carrying very fine gold. On the 21st November, 1895, he cabled as follows: "Have struck water at the bottom of the 100 feet shaft." And on the 29th November, 1895, he further wrote that the Manager had reported as follows:—

"During the week we have been busy fixing condenser, which has now been completed, so that so far as we are concerned the water difficulty is ended." The price to be paid by the Company has been fixed by the Vendor at £70,000, payable as to £4,000 in cash, £30,000 in fully-paid shares, and £26,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, at the discretion of the Directors as provided by the purchase contract. This will leave 20,000 Shares available for subscription for Working Capital.

The following Contracts have been entered into: (1) dated 21st September, 1895, between John Stroud Read, of Perth, Western Australia, and Henry Schmidt (acting on behalf of various persons interested in the formation of the Company), for the acquisition of the property; (2) dated 22nd January, 1896, between Henry Schmidt (acting as aforesaid) and Edwin Fewings, as Trustee for this Company, for the re-sale thereof at a profit, in consideration of such re-sale and of payment of all expenses up to the first allotment of shares; (3) dated 22nd January, 1896, between Henry Schmidt and the West Australian Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited, for the issue of the Capital.

Copies of the Contracts, Reports, Plans, and Memorandum and Articles of Association, are open for the inspection of intending Subscribers, who are deemed to have notice of the contents of such Contracts, at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Other agreements have been entered into as to the guarantee of the necessary capital, to none of which this company is a party. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of all such agreements and to have waived their rights (if any) to any further particulars of the same, whether under Section 38 of "The Companies Act, 1867," or otherwise.

Application for shares should be made on the form accompanying prospectus and forwarded to the company's bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. If the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the bankers, solicitors, brokers, and at the offices of the company.

London, February 1st, 1896.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

"The History of *Punch*," by Mr. M. H. Spielman (Cassell and Co.), is an elaborate and careful compilation which has taken the author four years to put together. To people who find the present-day humour of *Punch* a little thin and old-fashioned, it is a welcome relief to turn to the back numbers, and, in company with them, revisit the scenes of the past. The conclusion at which one is forced to arrive is that there was more humour in a single number of the old issues than can be found in a dozen of the present day. Reluctantly, and with considerable hesitation, one feels that *Punch* is becoming "hide-bound" through a too strict adherence to conditions which no longer apply. In some instances, however, its art is even better than in the old days; but there is "a vast intolerable deal of dulness in "Mr. Punch's" letterpress—a dulness which has passed into a proverb on the other side of the Atlantic; for, when a poor joke is made, people ask, "Found it in *Punch*?" Verbal jingling passes current for wit nowadays, and an occasional genuinely funny pun only serves to accentuate the bald dreariness of the remaining letterpress.

In his present work, Mr. Spielman has had access to ample sources of information; contributors to *Punch* have generously drawn their own portraits (Bernard Partridge's is perhaps the most artistic, although Corbould's is characteristic); and the volume is embellished with a couple of cuts of the famous dinner tables. Altogether, it would be difficult to find a handsomer or more interesting gift book for those whose chief delight is in dreaming of the days that are no more. It is a pity that photographs of present-day contributors were admitted; they might at least have been engraved, in order to keep up the artistic standard of the work. I refer particularly to the photographic presentment of Mr. Anstey. On the other hand, one becomes tired, artistic as the drawing may be, of encountering Mr. Phil May depicted by himself; he has done it so often. It is also a matter of grave doubt whether the notorious caricature of Mr. McNeill, M.P., by Harry Furniss, can be properly described as "An exuberant and unflattering, but still not an ill-humoured portrait." To me it seems absolutely brutal.

HAVE just been reading Julian Corbett's "A Business in Great Waters" (Methuens, 6s.), and the impression left on my mind is that the author bids fair to become a nautical Stanley Weyman. I do not imply by this that he is not original, but if you transfer Weyman's people to a ship and then set them going you will see what I mean. There is the same vigour of action, the same abundance of incident, minus the peculiar niceties of Mr. Weyman's style. It is a good honest style enough, and distinct of its kind.

The story? Oh, well; we go to France for the story, as usual. There is the customary French mob, with its inevitable desire to make things uncomfortable for aristocrats.

"Monsieur le Comte," said Pierre, "the Revolution is knocking at your door."

"Have the kindness," said the Count, "to admit it. I will come as soon as my toilet is made."

"Admit it, Monsieur le Comte?" returned Pierre with critical deference.

"Certainly," said the Count, protesting with an elevation of the brows against his servant's attitude of resistance.

"We have admitted the Revolution for some time past, we will admit the reality as we have admitted the idea, to the *basse cour*," he added quickly; "to the *basse cour* only, of course. I will speak to them from the window."

The usual complications ensue. The Count is murdered, the Countess hides away her son and daughter in a secret room, and marries Farachol, the leader of the mob, in order that she may be able to release her children, Lucille and Aymon. Aymon is a cowardly

cur, Lucille a gem of purest ray serene. Perhaps the finest scene in the book is where Lucille, hiding in a cask on board ship, is run through the arm by an emissary of the Republic and, to avoid discovery, wipes the blood off his sword without making a cry, as he withdraws the weapon.

* * * *

People are also asking for the Rev. Silas K. Hocking's "The Heart of Man" (F. Warne and Co., 3s. 6d.), a good, honest, straightforward piece of work—the story of a man wrongfully accused of murder, for which he is shut up in Dartmoor, but ultimately released after undergoing all the terrible anguish of prison life for two years. Mr. Hocking is a clergyman at Southport, who writes for his own amusement and for the profit and pleasure of the multitude who listen to him. Hastily totting up the sales of his twenty various books, I find that they amount to a million copies, a fairly good average as things go. In his present work, Mr. Hocking has given a faithful representation of the Lanchashire Fens as he knew them some twenty years ago. The story is, briefly, that of a man who had unwittingly killed, as he supposed, another man in a quarrel. He ran away and hid for a year in the Fens, was tracked, hunted down, tried for murder, and condemned to death. The death sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. The charm of the book is its dramatic simplicity and inexorability. There is no undue straining after effect, but a simple, straightforward story, artistically and well worked out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. C. O'NEIL CONROY sends me the following story from St. John's, Newfoundland, and vouches for its truth:—"American book agent, taking orders for pirated editions of English novelists, enters a lawyer's office, and displays his 'samples.' Lawyer: 'Have you an edition of Scott?' Pirate: 'I'm afraid not, not just now, but we have Dickens's, and Wilkie Collins's, and George Eliot's, and *Waverley's*.' Lawyer (with suspicious gravity): 'Well, I may as well take *Waverley's*, as you haven't Scott.' Order booked. Exit Pirate."

G. F.—(1) "Memories and Portraits" (Chatto). "*A College Magazine*"—contains almost everything, though "*A Chapter on Dreams*" in "*Across the Plains*" (Chatto) gives some most interesting supplementary information regarding the development of Stevenson's art in making a story. (2) All Stevenson's work is so carefully done that what are the best specimens of style is very much a matter of taste. They are to be found in the essays rather than the romances, though for vivid descriptive style, there is nothing to beat the storm at sea in "*The Wrecker*." Perhaps the most perfect essays are "*Memories of an Islet*" and "*Old Mortality*" in "*Memories and Portraits*." And illustrating a gloomier, but no less characteristic mood, "*Pulvis et Umbra*" in "*Across the Plains*."

"ERICA."—Better apply to the authoress, care of her publishers, direct.

"S. AUGUSTINE."—Mr. Barry Pain will, in all probability, republish nothing until his new novel appears. I have heard the plot of it, and it promises to be one of the most interesting books of modern times. I understand from the author that "*De Omnibus*" will not be issued in book form. The writer of the dialogues in which Mr. De Cadent figures, is a brilliant man of letters, who is also well known in the artistic world. I'm afraid I cannot reveal my place of business. My professional brethren would tax me with unfair means to secure sales. Thanks for your hearty good wishes.

D. ROBSON.—Autographs of peers of the present century are so very common as to be valueless. No autograph dealer would purchase them.

W. STEWART.—There is no book giving details of all the Volunteer and Local Fire Brigades in the country. For equipment, apparatus, etc., see "Young's Fires, Fire Engines, and Fire Brigades"—(Lockwood, 24s.)—or Captain Shaw's books.

ERNEST CLARKE.—Impossible to trace single poems. It may be in Cassell's or Ward Lock's Book of Recitations.

"W. G. C."—(1) No. (2) Selections from Collins' Poetical Works, published by Bentley, 10s. 6d. (3) Morley's "First Sketch" is as good as any. (4) "Henry on the Bible" no value whatever. The Bible on Henry might be interesting. You can always get Mr. Andrew Lang's artless prattle on books in Longman's Magazine.

THOMAS JENKINS.—Your answer to the riddle is correct:—

"John Milton died November eight,
And buried lies in Cripplegate."

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

*Specially translated for To-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.**Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.*

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

MARGARITA'S MISSION.

DON JUAN MORERA, having traversed in hot haste the deserted streets, in which the west wind was blowing wildly, reached the sculptured portico of his house—the scene of many a dark deed, according to the popular belief—in a frame of mind that boded serious ill to Rafael d'Osorio. He was, however, too completely master of himself to betray in his face the evil passions that had been aroused by the contemptuous rejection he had suffered at the hands of Doña Beatriz Nebral, and the old porter who dozed in a big chair in the vestibule saw nothing unusual in his master's countenance when he admitted him; and announced that His Serene Highness the Prince of the Peace had been waiting for some time to see the Court Physician.

Morera found his distinguished visitor in the room which served both as library and laboratory, and accosted him with—

"Why did you not let me know you were coming, Manuel? I would not have kept you waiting."

"I decided on coming impromptu," said Godoy, without rising from his chair.

"Have you any bad news?"

"Judge for yourself. The French are in Spain; they came in yesterday."

"Well, and what are you afraid of, Manuel? It is not a surprise. You must have expected it, as a result of the treaty."

"Supposing! Does a treaty make the foreigners' presence less dangerous to the country? Now that Napoleon has got a footing in Spain there is everything to fear."

"It is rather late for you to discover that. But, tell me," continued Morera, changing his tone, "how did the people receive the French soldiers?"

"Quietly, in appearance; but in reality they were greatly irritated. It is reported to me that several laggards of the Imperial army have been killed by the peasants. If Napoleon means mischief he will find a plausible pretext in this."

"You cannot be made responsible for isolated crimes; it will be enough that you punish the assassins."

"And then the Spanish people will accuse me of sacrificing those patriots to the requirements of the Emperor."

"Who cares? Will their discontent prevent your

being presently a reigning prince in Portugal? Do as I do, Manuel. Meet the attempts of those who desire your fall with contempt and with force. Never let them suspect that you have any weakness, or any fear of them."

"Yes, you are right; and you are braver than I."

Morera answered only with a shrug of his shoulders, in dismissal of the subject; and, after a slight pause, Godoy continued—

"I want to talk to you of our affairs at the Escorial. They are not progressing. Don Ferdinand's attitude? According to you, d'Osorio and Margarita were to reveal all his secrets to us, but we continue to know nothing about them."

"Have patience, Manuel. The hour is near. Margarita will soon speak."

"And Rafael d'Osorio?"

"Oh, there's nothing to be done with him. He has

disappointed all my hopes; and I am not even sure that he is not acting against us, after having promised to serve us. In any case, he is useless, and therefore dangerous. If you take my advice, you will remove him from the Court."

"How? He has powerful friends and patrons."

"Send him into the Colonial army with promotion. Make him captain, and he cannot complain."

"If you wish this, it shall be done."

"I do wish it," said Juan Morera, with emphasis. "That young man is in my way."

"A woman, I bet!" said Godoy.

"You have guessed rightly, Manuel; nothing can be hidden from you."

"And who is this woman whom the Conde d'Osorio disputes with you?"

"You shall know that hereafter. For the present, let me tell you only that I am ready to do anything to overcome the obstacles which part me from her. I may even ask you to give me the

aid of the police."

"You mean to carry off the lady, then?"

"Yes, if she persists in refusing to become my wife."

"Oh! if it's a question of marriage I can refuse you nothing. At a word or a sign my alguazils shall be at your service. And so you're in love! The grave Juan Morera in love, like a young man! Who would have believed it?"

"Everything happens, Manuel."

"So be it, provided your love does not slacken your zeal for my cause. Your support is indispensable to me in my struggle with Ferdinand. Don't forget your promises."

"I forget nothing. Is not your cause mine?"

"Time presses, doctor. Here are the French in Spain—a capital opportunity for the Prince's party to raise Madrid under pretext of chasing out the foreigner."

"The army would disperse the mob."



THE OLD PORTER . . . SAW NOTHING UNUSUAL IN HIS MASTER'S COUNTENANCE.

"The army is not sure. If the troops were to fraternise with the people we should be lost."

"Yes, there is danger of that," said Morera, thoughtfully; "but it may be overcome. If Madrid seemed likely to rise on learning that the Imperial troops are in Spain, let your agents spread it abroad that they have come to the support of the Infante. The popular ferment will subside, and we shall have time to consider on our best course."

"You are certainly fertile in resource, Juan. Your advice pleases me, and I will follow it."

At this moment the door was half-opened, and a servant's head appeared. Morera stepped quickly forward, and heard what the man had to say.

"Show her in!" was his reply. He came back, divided the heavy curtains that hung before a deeply-set window, and pointed out the place to Godoy.

"Hide yourself there," he said. "Look and listen. You will see that when I promise I keep my word."

Godoy obeyed in docile surprise.

Presently, preceded by the servant, Doña Margarita de Castrogeriz appeared, followed by her dueña. She directed the dueña to remain outside, and advanced into the library alone, while the servant shut the door and retired. She was deadly pale.

"I am happy to see you, Doña Margarita," said Morera. "I did not expect you."

"Is there any need of lying?" she replied, with a gesture of protest. "I am here because you have willed me to come. I arrived yesterday at the Escorial, whither I must return to-morrow, and was with my father when I distinctly heard your voice calling me. Yes; you called me," she added, in a tone of anger and reproach. "Do not dare to say that you have not commanded me to come!"

He smiled, and there was an avowal in his smile.

"It is true; I did express a desire to converse with you."

"What more do you want of me? Is it enough to have kept me under a spell for these four months past? To feel myself at your mercy is to die of shame. You, my master!"

"The interests of science above all," he answered harshly; "and you are such a wonderful instrument for its purposes. Resign yourself! What must be, must be."

"I will never resign myself to being in your hands—to sleep and to wake, to come and go, at your pleasure!"

"Hush, señorita; calm yourself! My experiments are nearly over."

She went on, unheeding him. "I strove to tell my father what I endure, but the words died on my lips; I had no power to pronounce them. I knelt at the feet of my confessor, resolved to tell him everything—to seek the help of God and His Holy Church, but neither could I utter a word there. A supernatural power paralysed me!"

"That power is mine," replied Juan Morera. "I forbade you to speak of those things to anyone whomsoever. You will never be able to utter a word respecting them."

His triumph over her weakness threw her into a fury.

"Are you not afraid that I may rebel and take my revenge?" she cried.

He answered only by a fixed, imperious look, which seemed to rivet her feet to the ground, then suddenly held a gold ring on his finger close to her face.

The girl's countenance changed; every trace of anger disappeared from it, and her eyes fastened themselves upon the ring with a strange expression of submission and humility. After a few moments she staggered, and sank into the armchair behind her in a deep sleep.

"Come forward, Prince," said Juan Morera; "she can neither see nor hear you."

"Are you sure she is not dead? She looks very like it!"

"She is only sleeping, and you shall see how lucid her slumber is. What do you wish to know? Question her! She will answer."

"Will she reveal the future to me?"

"The future has hitherto resisted the efforts of science, but it will soon be ours. In the meantime, we are masters of the present. Doña Margarita!"—he now spoke to the sleeping girl in a low, distinct tone—"transport yourself to the Palace of the Escorial; enter the apartment of the Prince of the Asturias! Are you there?"



SHE WALKED DOWN THE SILENT STREET.

"I am there," she answered plaintively.

"Tell me what you see!"

"His Highness is alone, seated at a table; he is writing."

"To whom is he writing?"

"I cannot tell."

"I want to know; I must know!"

Silence; then a reiterated command.

"Approach the Prince; bend over him; read what he writes."

"I cannot read; I do not understand; he is writing in a foreign language!"

"What language?"

"I think it is French."

"If it is French, can she not translate it?"

"Translate!" said Morera, with authority.

"The signs are strange," said Margarita; "I can neither read nor translate them. The Prince has finished; he closes his letter; he seals it with a seal bearing his arms. Somebody is coming; he hides it under other papers; he leaves the room."

"Follow him! Where does he go?"

"To the King's apartment."

"To whom can he have written?" repeated the Prince of the Peace.

"We shall not know that at present, but we shall know it to-morrow," answered the doctor.

"Margarita!" he continued; "do you hear me?"

"Yes, señor, I hear you."

"I want to know the person to whom the Prince has just written. To-morrow, on arriving at the Escorial, you will go to him, learn from him what is the object of that letter, to whom it is addressed, and then you will inform the Queen."

Margarita's face vividly expressed terror and repugnance.

"Do not command me to do that, señor!" she said, entreatingly.

"It is my command!"

"She seems to suffer," said Godoy, moved to pity.

"Yes; she suffers, because she revolts against the task which I impose upon her; but she yields, because my will is stronger than her resistance. But she will cease to suffer, and will remember nothing that has happened when she wakes."

"Awaken her, then!"

"Wait awhile; I have a last charge to give her. Doña Margarita, have you understood my commands?"

"I have understood them, señor."

"I have already given you similar orders, leaving you free to fix the hour of their execution. This time, I require you to carry them out to-morrow. Do you understand me?"

She bent her head assentingly. Morera made a sign to Godoy, who stepped behind his curtain.

Juan Morera breathed strongly three times on Margarita's forehead. She opened her eyes, and so soon as her senses were fully restored, broke out anew into lamentation and reproach, invoking the justice of God to punish Morera for his cruel and infamous treatment of her. He heard the poor girl's incoherent words with a hypocritical smile, and brushed aside her indignation with a few contemptuous words, although couched in terms of respect. He ended, however, by saying—

"I have now got all I wanted from you, in the interests of science. Henceforth, I will persecute you no more."

She looked at him incredulously.

"Are you speaking the truth?" she asked.

"You are free, Doña Margarita. Go in peace."

She believed his promise, so pure a tone of sincerity had he thrown into his voice, and she said with touching sweetness—

"If you do me no more harm, señor, I will pray that God may pardon you the harm you have done me."

With these words she left the room, escorted by Morera to the street door, where he stood for a few minutes, looking after her, as she walked down the silent and empty street, followed by her dueña.

On regaining his library he found Godoy standing by a window, looking grave and thoughtful.

"Well," he asked, "what does your Serene Highness think of all that? Do you now understand why I so confidently predicted that the Prince's secrets would soon be in your possession?"

"Yes, I understand that; but I also understand that you are a more formidable person than I took you to be. It is not good to be your enemy, Juan, and I shudder to think that, if I had incurred your enmity, or if I were to incur it——"

"Make your mind easy," said the doctor, smilingly interrupting him. "Against you I can do nothing. You are healthy in body and mind, well balanced in every respect, and would laugh at me if I were to attempt to magnetise you. I have power only over weak and sickly natures."

"I would not trust to that," said Godoy, doubtfully; "and I would rather be your friend."

"It is better to be my friend, as a matter of fact; but if I wanted to harm you I should not resort to the occult sciences for that purpose. You are a strong man, but vulnerable on many sides. Against you I should use yourself only."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"I should exploit your vices. I wonder none of your enemies have resorted to that expedient."

"Enough of me!" said Godoy abruptly, but not angrily, although Morera's speech was sufficiently impertinent. "More pressing subjects call for our consideration. If your pythonesque is to be believed, the end of the game between Don Ferdinand and myself is near. I must go early to-morrow to the Escorial."

"Why be in such a hurry? Your presence might possibly upset my plans! Wait until you are summoned. And then he added, as though speaking to himself—

"Either science is only a word, or to-morrow will be fruitful in events."

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

THEER are dyes when I says ter myself "Whort's the yoose o' bein' a bloomin' 'bus-conductor? Yer goes on, an' yer goes on, an' you ain't no forrader." Theer are other dyes when, if I ain't thankful fur bein' a bussy, at any rite I ham thankful as it's no wuss. Well nar, the other arternoon, bein' horf fur a 'alf-hower, and 'avin' money in my pocket, I drops inter a eatin'-ouse. It were this wye; a gent as mye 'ave bin a trifle gone in liquor come on my 'bus, an', bein' as 'e was, 'e pressed a 'alf-cran inter my 'and, syin' as it were a Chris'mus-box, an' 'e were sorry as 'e 'adn't seed me ter give it me afore. So, as I were syin', theer were the money in my pockit, and bein' 'ungry I goes fur a steak-an'-fried and a pint. In comes a chap, young and melingcholy-lookin', and sets darn at another tible. 'E 'as a sorsidge-an'-mashed an' a three o' beer, an' wipes it art lookin' thet 'eart-broken as yer wouldn't believe; then 'e 'as another sorsidge-an'-mashed and another three, an' treats it accordin'; lawstly, 'e does the 'ole thing once more and calls fur 'is bill. By that time 'e was lookin' that dejected as no 'ooming speech kin experss, 'E looks at the bill. "This ain't right," 'e says. "You've on'y chawged me three breads and I 'ad six." The witer thenked 'im and haltered it. "You'll find thet right nar," says the witer." "Yuss," says 'e, solumly; "and nar I ain't goin' ter pye none orf it, not 'avin' no cash." Hup 'e jumps ter git art. Witer tries ter collar 'im, and 'e spills the witer an' mikes a dash fur the door. But—bless yer!—it wort no yoose. Afore 'e could git art they was all onter 'im like a swarm o' bees, and 'im lookin' puffickly cawm an' meek an' melingcholy an' pluggin' 'em all in the eye promiscus when 'e could reach 'em. They gort a copper in at lawst, and as soon as the copper come in thet young man sim'd to see as it were hall up. Then was the fast time as I seed 'im smile. 'E give a look round, and says, "Well, blimey, I've had a good feed any'ow!" and horf 'e goes with the copper.

Well, thinks I ter myself, thet's 'awd on the man as owns this 'ere 'eating-ouse. Whort can 'e do with thet chap? 'E mye git 'im a foo weeks on the everlawstin' steer-kise, but thet ain't money darn for goods purvided. Yus, theer is this ter be said, thet if you 'appens ter be a bussy, yer myen't mike a lot—and, as a matter of fac', yer *don't* mike a lot—but whort yer gits yer gits. Theer's yer money witin' fur yer, 'ot and 'ot, hev'ry pye-dye. It's sife, and as sich perticlar sooted ter a joodishus man like myself.

THE SHADY SIDE OF HYPNOTISM

By DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A YEAR or two ago there appeared in the columns of various newspapers graphic accounts of wonderful manifestations of nervous functions witnessed in the persons of certain hypnotic subjects in Paris. In 1892, for example, the *Pall Mall Gazette* contained descriptions of these manifestations, conducted under the superintendence of Dr. Luys, of La Charité Hospital. The *Times* also published an account of "The New Mesmerism," and public curiosity was therefore widely excited, as is always the case when information regarding processes or procedures, bordering on the occult, is provided. Within the last few weeks details regarding these experiments have reappeared in several journals, and stories and incidents that are now ancient history, scientifically regarded, have been made to do duty once again in the light and guise of novel recitals. It seems, therefore, desirable, in the interests no less of ordinary correctness than of scientific accuracy, that the true state of matters regarding these so-called experiments should be exploited. Fortunately, this is an easy task. It can best be discharged regarding these old experiments by a review of the evidence collated and published on the occasion to which I have referred.

Ex uno disce omnes, and the fallacies and frauds which, under the name of experimentalism, were boldly published some years ago, may best be exemplified by a reference to what the most recent accounts called investigations into the "exteriorisation of sensitiveness." The medium, usually a woman (and there are several notorious hypnotic mediums of this kind, easily interviewed in Paris), having been hypnotised, dips her fingers into a glass of water. The theory or assertion is that she transfers so much of her sensitiveness to the water, and that this inanimate substance remains, for a time, so charged with her nerve-force *en rapport* with her. If the sensitiveness is transferred to "a fat or greasy substance," it will be longer retained. Touching the surface of the water with the tip of your finger produces pain in the hypnotised subject. The theory is that you have in this way affected her excessive sensitiveness, through the disturbance of that with which the water was charged.

As a bald, bare statement of facts, this account of the "sensitisation" of water appears truly in the light of a modern marvel. But when Mr. Ernest Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal*, in the presence of certain Parisian physicians, repeated the experiments under conditions calculated to discover whether or not imposture was represented in their conduct, he found ample reason to discredit utterly the pretensions of the mediums. When another glass of water, which the subject had not seen or touched at all, was substituted for that she had touched, her sensitiveness was as satisfactorily excited as in the original experiment of Dr. Luys. The real fact of this matter is that the medium was simply a clever actress. She was perfectly aware of what was going on around her, and succeeded by her cleverness in deceiving the original experimenters, whose share in the fraud, perhaps, consisted in a too great willingness to believe, and in a neglect to perform such control experiments as Mr. Hart and his colleagues undertook.

Equally interesting and convincing was the control experiment made on the transference of sensibility to a doll. The subject, being hypnotised, touches the hair of a doll, and it is asserted that her sensitiveness has permeated the dead hair. When the doll's hair is pulled she calls out that someone is tugging at her hair. This is only the water experiment in a new guise, and the subject again is no more hypnotised than is, say, the man in the street.

Mr. Hart and his colleagues provided two dolls. One was sensitised as described. It was then pitched away, and the other doll, which the woman had not seen, was employed. In the belief that this

second doll was that she had experimented upon, she exclaimed that someone was pulling her hair. Here, evidently, then, are represented simply fraud on the part of the medium, and on the part of the original experimenters who reported these wonders—a woeful lack of any attempt to substantiate and confirm the reality of the alleged hypnotic powers. The plain truth is that there is no hypnotism really involved here at all. The women who lend themselves to such tests, and whose boast it is that they can accomplish such wonders in the way of "exteriorisation of sense," are tricksters of the first water. Indeed, one French physician does not hesitate to condemn their *morale* as well, and asserts that, in place of receiving the attentions of the medical profession, they should receive those of the *police de mœurs*.

Other experiments conducted on the same class of subjects by Dr. Luys and his school had for their aim the demonstration of a marked sensibility to the action of drugs, placed in glass tubes, the tubes being applied simply to the skin-surface of the mediums. Thus a tube containing brandy is placed on the neck of a subject. She then begins to act the whole process of growing intoxication, and ultimately enacts the phenomenon of drunkenness. Then another woman clasps the hand of the first. Wondrous to relate, the "hypnotic" sympathy passes from the one to the other, and number two begins to go through the same performance of increasing inebriety and collapse! A tube containing valerian placed on a man's neck, made him mew like a cat, and spit and jump like an excited feline. Now, in the control experiments, these pieces of sheer imposture were fully exposed. A tube containing cherry water was placed against the skin of a female subject who had previously been experimented on by Dr. Luys. The tube, however, she supposed to contain alcohol. The result was a repetition of the performance of intoxication. Then a tube of alcohol was applied, Mr. Hart having in a loud voice demanded one containing valerian. Thinking it was valerian which was being used, the woman at once went through the whole cat performance illustrated by the male subject to whom I have referred.

It is needless to enter into further details of these silly impostures, which are every now and then foisted on the public—for what reason, or with what aim, I do not profess to know or to understand. Readers who may wish for a fuller account of the refutation of the preposterous claim of the "new mesmerism," may with advantage consult Mr. Ernest Hart's work, entitled, "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. Therein they will also find the record of experiments on "animal magnetism"—so-called—whereby it was shown that, so long as the subjects imagined what they held was a magnet, all the occult phenomena were reproduced, the supposed magnet being simply a demagnetised bit of iron. Mr. Brand, of Manchester, got the same results from a bit of wood shaped like a magnet as those alleged to be produced by a real magnet. Trickery again, of course, reproduced under a modern guise.

I do not wish my readers to suppose that mesmerism or hypnotism is itself a fraud and a snare. There is such a state of brain which may be easily enough induced in people of a certain type of mental calibre. It essentially consists in switching off the intellectual centres of the brain, and in allowing the lower centres, for the time being, to rule the body at the suggestion, it may be, of another person, the operator. I have compared a hypnotised man to a ship with the captain kicked off the quarter-deck and his cabin-boy put in his place. Hypnotism is not a mental state to be played with. If it is to be of service at all to humanity, it will best be relegated to the hands of a physician as a responsible agent. All unlicensed public exhibitions of mesmerism should be prohibited by law here, as they are in France, Germany, and elsewhere. The ordinary professional medium, who appears night after night on the platform of the "professor" of mesmerism, is a professional fraud. Witness, in proof of this statement, the con-

fessions of one of these gentlemen published in *Scribner's* for October, 1894. There may be a future before hypnotism as a curative agent, but I very much doubt it. Nothing is heard now of the boom in mesmerism which agitated medical circles four or five years ago. It is at best an uncertain condition, which may leave an impress on minds of a certain type, such as may correct a weak habit or reform a bad one. But this much, even, is doubtful. Hypnotism is merely a by-way of brain action, and nothing more. It is no more wonderful in its way than many another phase of brain-work, such, for example, as one's self-suggestion that one should awake at a given hour, with the result that you do awake on the stroke of the clock. It is only a kind of induced sleep-walking, when all is said and done. This is the true, unadulterated hypnotism of science. As for the French experiments in "sense exteriorisation," and cat-mewing, for these we should reserve our pity for the deluded scientists who are deceived by them, and our contempt for the men and women who, for gain, practise them.

TORTURING GEESE TO MAKE PATÉS.

IN the months of March and April business in the line of "patés de foie gras" assumes unusual proportions. The new crop of the year is being put upon the market, and gourmets in Catholic countries have always regarded this dainty as an eminently fit and wholesome article where-with to restore the adipose issue reduced by an orthodox observance of Lenten privations. Upon this alleged virtue the doctors, as usual, disagree. The goose is a tender and devoted mother. After an incubation of four weeks she never leaves her young by day or by night. She takes them to bathe in the nearest pond, and selects for them the greenest sods and most toothsome salads. At the least danger she covers them with her wings in a tragic attitude. When, at last, their education is finished, and their feathers in place, she allows them to go, and it is for them that the adults respond to the horn of the village gooseherd who drives them out upon the commons. On the return in the evening each goose knows her own home, and it has never happened that she has missed the right door.

To-day in the villages of the plain between the Ill and the Rhine, there are few houses where geese are not kept. But it is in the vicinity of Strasburg, within a radius of eight or ten miles, that geese are raised for the cultivation of their liver. Strasburg and the surrounding communities furnish the largest number of superior specimens. In the first days of October legions of farmers' wives invade the city markets. Arrayed in their ample green or red skirts, and their heads shaded by the traditional bows of broad silk ribbon they bring in cargoes of young geese in large baskets. The price ranges from 5 to 6 francs apiece. It is generally some old woman who buys and carries them away to her back yard. There she begins by treating her victim to a dose of carrots by way of a purge; then confines it to a narrow cage in the cellar, or some other dark and damp retreat. It is there in those gloomy corners that for six months are perpetrated numberless crimes; and what crimes? Murder by indigestion. The hapless goose thus closely confined is provided with a toy saucer full of water. No more streams and ponds for her this side of the Styx. Thenceforth these are misty objects of vain regrets, and still vainer hopes. Her woeful complaints are repeated by scores of her companions of misery, like herself condemned to immobility and obscurity.

By way of compensation they revel in an abundance of nourishment. Thrice a day the jailoress takes the geese from their cages, one at a time. She holds them

between her knees, and, pressing upon their necks, compels them to open their mouths. Then she introduces a quantity of Indian corn, carefully graded as to size, which she forces into the creature's stomach by downward motion of her clenched hand. This operation is called the "gavage." (Let us simply render it by the English verb gorging.) No doubt the food is good, but there is always too much of it, and always the same. Then the compulsory rest and darkness for creatures accustomed to a wide range in the open air. It is enough to make anyone bilious, and this is just what transpires. After three weeks of such diet the goose becomes afflicted with fatty degeneration of the liver. Anything else could hardly be expected.

The gorgess knows the precise time to bring this gastronomical torture to a close, under penalty of the patient's natural death. The goose is then killed and bled; the liver extracted with the minutest care and sold to the patissier at the rate of 8 to 10 francs, according to size and whiteness. The carcass is pickled, and in the poultry market brings from 80 to 90 centimes per pound—say about a dollar and a half per goose. It is, therefore, quite a nice business, and, to many in Strasburg, a source of comfortable income.

I regret to add that the gorging of geese was not invented in old Alsace. The Egyptians practised it in the remotest antiquity. At the great Exposition of 1873 was to be seen a copy of a very ancient mural painting representing a series of gorging processes practised in Egypt. Did the Pharaohs know the "patés de foie gras"? The question is doubtful. Still, it is an old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Some awful rumours have been circulated about this business. It has been said that during the gorging period the goose was nailed to the floor and her eyes put out. If true, it would certainly amount to useless torture, since the goose is already in total darkness and unable to move—two essential conditions of the fatty degeneration of the liver. It is probably for this reason that doctors send their liver patients to travel and divert themselves in the open air.

The first experiment in "paté de foie gras" was due to the inspiration of a cook in the service of Marshal de Contades, Governor of Alsace—the same general who lost the battle of Rossbach against Frederic II. of Prussia. This cook, whose name was Clauss, first conceived the high destiny of goose liver in the pastry business. His "patés" met with great success, and when, in 1790, the Marshal left Strasburg, Clauss hastened to marry the widow of a cake baker, and hung out his sign as a "fabricant de patés." But very soon he found a competitor in the pastry line by the name of Doyen, who had the happy thought of adding Perigord truffles to his liver tarts. It was a stroke of genius which has never been improved upon since. After that this particular industry assumed immense proportions and made the fortunes of several noted families in that line. Strasburg exports annually more than 100,000 "patés" in tureens alone. The canning begins late in October and ends about the 1st of April. It is claimed that the most delicate livers come from geese that have never laid an egg. Why does a combination of a virgin and a martyr produce that result? It is a mystery.

NO PRECEDENT.

SHE—The fact that I am a widow won't make any difference, will it?

HE—It never has, has it?

VERY EASY.

CALLOW YOUTH (in barber's chair)—Here, I say, baw-baw! Give me an easy shave, will you?

Barber—Lord bless your weak chin, young fellow! There ain't anything easier than that in the world!

ELIZA AND THE PAGRAMS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

Properly speaking we had quarrelled with the Pagrams.

We both live in the suburbs, and Pagram is in the same office as myself. For some time we were on terms. Then, one night, they looked in to borrow—well, I forget now precisely what it was, but they looked in to borrow something. A month afterwards as they had not returned it, we sent round to ask. Mrs. Pagram replied that it had already been returned, and Pagram—this was the damning thing—told me at the office in so many words that they had never borrowed it. How I hate anything like deception! So does Eliza. For two years or more Eliza and Mrs. Pagram have met in the street without taking the least notice of each other. I speak to Pagram in the office—being, as you might say, more or less paid to speak to him. But outside we have nothing to do with each other.

* * * * *

It was on Wednesday morning, I think, at breakfast, that Eliza said—

"I've just heard from Jane, who had it from the milkman—Mrs. Pagram had a baby born last night."

"Well that," I observed, "is of no earthly interest to us."

"Of course it isn't. I only just mentioned it."

"Is it a boy or girl?"

"A girl. I only hope she will bring it up to speak the truth."

I replied that she might hope what we did not expect. So far Eliza had taken just exactly the tone that I wanted. But as I watched her, I saw her expression change and her underlip pulled down on one side, as it were.

"Well," I said rather sharply, "what is it? These people are nothing to us."

"No. But—it reminded me—our little girl—my baby—that died. And I—"

Here she put down her knife and fork, got up, and walked to the window. There she stood, with her back to me.

I had a mind to speak to her about the foolishness of recalling what must be very upsetting to her. But I said nothing, and began to brush my silk hat briskly. It was about time that I was starting for the City.

I went out.

Then I came back, kissed Eliza, and went out again.

* * * * *

I was a little surprised to find Pagram at the office.

"I should have thought you'd have taken a day off," I said.

"Can't afford that just now," he replied, in rather a surly way.

"All well at home?"

"No."

"By my watch," I said, "that office clock's five minutes slow. What do you make it?"

"Don't know. Left my watch at home."

I had noticed that he was not wearing his watch. Later in the day, I had some more conversation with him. He is quite my subordinate at the office, and I really don't know why I should have taken so much notice of him.

* * * * *

When I came back that night I was in two minds whether to tell Eliza or not. She hates anything like extravagance, and if I told her I felt sure she would be displeased. At the same time, if I did not tell her, and she found it out afterwards, she would be still more displeased. However, I decided to say nothing about it. I was a little nervous on the point, and I own that my conscience reproached me.

As I came into the hall, Eliza came down the staircase. She was dressed for going out, and had a basket in her

hand. She said: "I want you to let me go over to the Pagrams, to see if I can do anything. She and the baby are both very ill—the nurse has had no sleep—they've no one else to help them. And—and I'm going!"

"Now, do you think this is necessary, Eliza?" I began. "When you come to consider the position we've taken up with regard to the Pagrams for two years, and the scandalous way in which they——"

Here I stopped. The hall door was shut, and Eliza had gone, and it was not worth while to continue.

"Now," I thought to myself, "it's ten to one that Eliza finds me out, and, if she does, she'll probably make herself unpleasant." However, I determined not to trouble myself about it. If it came to that, I flattered myself that I could make myself as unpleasant as most people when any occasion arose.

* * * * *

It was hours before Eliza returned. She burst into the room and said, "They're both better, and the baby's a beauty, and I'm to go back to-morrow afternoon."

"Indeed!" I said. "I don't know that you're not going a little too far with these people."

"Do you think so? I've found you out. You didn't tell me, but Pagram did. You lent him three pounds this morning. We can't afford that."

"Well, well," I said; "I've managed to get some overtime work, to begin next week. That—that'll come out all right. You ought to leave these business matters to me. Anyhow, it's no good finding fault, and——"

"Does Pagram generally return what's lent?"

I lost my temper and said that I didn't care a damn! And then—just then—I saw that she was not really displeased about it.

"Why," she said, "you silly! I'm glad you did it. The poor things were at their wits' end, and had got—they'd got nothing! You've saved them, and I never have liked anything you've done half as much as this."

Here Eliza burst into tears—which is really very unusual with her.

BABY JOAN.

When she came that day in her caps and curls,
With a flash of eyes and a flash of pearls,
She seemed like one of the fairy girls,
And I said to myself I would freely give
A tithe of the years that I have to live,
Though crowned with glory and gold unknown,
For the love of a lass like Baby Joan.

When she came that day in her mystery,
With her beautiful dutiful history
Written as clear in her eloquent eyes
As the stars are traced in the south's sweet skies;
When she came and laid like a white snowflake
Her hand in mine, if my heart would break,
It had broken then with its love and moan,
Like a rose at the feet of Baby Joan.

O! Baby Joan, when the years have flown
There are hearts that will break for your own—your
own—
But I pray, my dear, that your heart may be
Always the heart that you showed to me.
That beautiful day when you dreamed my way,
And gave December a glimpse of May.
You have left me to dream of your face alone,
And I read my dreams for you, Baby Joan.

FRANK L. STANTON.

CUT FOR HIS PAINS.

"I suppose you think you're a fine, dashing blade?" sneered the condemned one to the guillotine.

"I'm onto you, anyway!" responded the latter, as it swiftly descended.

A SURE THING.



"How do you know he's in love with her?"
 "Well, when it takes a fellow thirteen minutes to button a girl's glove,
 the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

BY

MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.

It had been done in a thousand ways a thousand times before, but then, his name being Tarrant, it began, like Titian and Tintoretto, with a T. "All great colourists' names begin with a T," said Will Tarrant, and he sneered at Rubens, as he mentally contemplated his vast project on a blank canvas. He was going to paint the Judgment of Paris over again, and his heart did not fail him till he tried to get three really suitable models. Then he cursed his lot, and the absurdly small number of beautiful women.

"There isn't such a thing, I declare!" said the painter; "it's purely a sexual delusion! Sometimes one does see a beautiful man, but a woman is bound to be imperfect."

He hunted for the three appropriate lovelinesses for many months, but in vain. Yet he wouldn't work piecemeal.

"You can't sort the bits of a dozen women properly," was his argument; "your bones never come right, and your planes get mixed, and the whole thing has the pale cast of woolliness over it. If I can't get a whole Venus, and a complete Juno, and thorough Minerva, I'll chuck the thing!"

Then he found the Juno. She was a splendidly tall and majestic woman, who wanted at least two-and-six-

pence an hour, even for a very Jupiter of the brush. It required uncommon courage to request her to keep one position, but Tarrant was brave, or he would never have started his picture. He paid Milly Juno Thomson a large retaining fee, or, rather, bound her over to come up for Judgment when called upon.

Then he renewed his search for Minerva and Venus. Minerva came eventually out of a bonnet and mantle shop. Her name was Smith, and she was as big a fool as could be discovered among forty millions. But she

looked as if she knew everything, and was rather sad about it. So Tarrant bound her over too.

His last find was the Venus.

That nearly finished him. If he hadn't been rich enough to know better than paint he would have given it up. For he had to import Aphrodite from Paris. She wept so at leaving the artistic centre of all Phenomena that she nearly ended—unlike her prototype—in going back in a shell instead of coming in one.

Then the picture and the real trouble began, for Juno soon lost her haughty superiority. Just as Tarrant had chosen a delightful expression of entire and goddess-like disdain, she began to look human and appreciative. He gave her a rest and tried the Minerva. Here again his path was not peace. Miss Smith's real character started

to peep out. She looked an unutterable idiot, and uttered many idiotic things.

Tarrant was in despair, for he could by no means understand it. He was only conceited about his paint-



HE MENTALLY CONTEMPLATED HIS VAST PROJECT ON A BLANK CANVAS.

ing. That was really bad. About his own looks he thought nothing. They were really very good, for he was as handsome as the God of Song.

These two goddesses had fallen in love with him.

He began to paint the Venus. Then came the finishing touch. He fell in love with her, and soon let her see and hear it. He got more true colour into his words than into his picture. But Sophie was obdurate, and flouted him. Instead of looking languishing and softly sweet in every curve, she scorned him as though she were a cross between the real Juno and Minerva. For she had a lover in Paris—an insignificant fellow who had succeeded in making her suffer very much. Therefore she was fond of him, and very faithful.

In spite of his passion, Tarrant was still faithful to his project. He offered to marry Sophie, in bad French—and in a church, too. She would have none of him. Though he would not allow her to break her signed and sealed contract, he gave her a rest and tried Juno again.

But Juno was more in love with him than ever, and told him so, indirectly. How could he paint the domineering Queen of Olympus when she melted visibly, and shot at him glances of the tenderest meaning? He tried all methods in vain, until at last he thought of praising Minerva to her. It answered for a sitting, but no more—for Juno had brains, and saw through his trick.

He sent for Minerva. She made stupid but obvious love to him. He fairly raved about Juno to her, and the wise goddess burst into tears. Tarrant tore his hair, and cursed himself, and woman, and love, and all the



SHE WAS A MAJESTIC WOMAN.

goddesses, especially those who twist and twine and sever human lives.

"I'll paint the Furies next," he said, "or Hecabe."

He became irritable, and told poor Juno that painting was a business, and that he wanted one expression, not twenty.

"D'ye think I could paint dawn at midday, or night? I want you to look haughty and disdainful. Just fancy you have got someone you hate and despise to look at."

"But I haven't!" said Juno; and, having gone far by this, she added, "you know I like you very much!"

"It's not business! it's not business!" said Tarrant. But he felt, "I'll have you hate me yet, Miss Thomson. I'm only a selfish brute—that's all!"

With Minerva he tried other tactics.

"It's no good falling in love with me," he urged pathetically. "Lots of women do, and I can't help it. If you will only be what you ought to be for half-an-hour, you shall stop and have tea with me, and I'll be cross to every other woman for three days." But Minerva knew the Venus was coming after that. When Sophie did turn up Tarrant had some news for her. "Your lover is not the man you thought, Sophie. I have sent over to Paris."

And he told her about an old rival of hers. Sophie flew in a rage, swore it was false, resumed all her attire, and rushed for Charing Cross. On the third day she returned. "It's best to know the truth, after all," she admitted, a week later.

And when Juno and Minerva heard that Tarrant was going to marry Venus, they did very well as models. For Juno never spoke to him, and even poor foolish Minerva had some pride in her tender heart. So the picture was finished.



"YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH."

MAITRE CORBEAU.

BY

FRED WHISHAW.

Illustrated by YORICK.

THEY were a very devoted couple just at this time, though I have reason to believe that at other seasons of the year they nagged at one another a good bit, like other husbands and wives. He was a handsome fellow, and looked really well with the sun blazing on the blue-black feathers of his neck, and as for her she was as fond and affectionate as a lovesick little rook matron can be. They had built and furnished their house in the topmost branches of the only tree in our street, a poplar, close to my study window, and I enjoyed a splendid view of their honeymooning, and of his kindnesses and courtesy to her—behaviour which made me smile as coming from him, because it was so very unlike him as he was for eleven months or so of the year. Well, they built what appeared to be a satisfactory home from their own point of view, and cawed and congratulated one another endlessly over the accomplishment; personally, I should have been very sorry to have to lie down in it, for it looked dreadfully uncomfortable and draughty to the outsider, though I quite admit it may have seemed very different to the insiders. And soon after it was finished she laid an egg therein, and presently another; then a third and a fourth, and, I think, a fifth.

Then there came a time of comparative quiet; there was less cawing and conversation. She sat and dozed on her eggs, and he did much the same upon the garden paling or on an adjacent branch of the poplar, or anywhere that came, looking deeply dejected. Occasionally when she left the house in order to get a bit of dinner or breakfast, he would go and sit on the edge of the nest, and sometimes hopped in and fussed around, though what he did there I never could quite make out. My own belief is that he used to count the eggs with his beak, turning them over and over, and gloating over

them in a way which displeased the missis seemingly, for he was always turned out with personalities on her return, and would then sail away to the fence and sit there more dejected than ever.

And then the eggs hatched and a busy time began; a time of innumerable expeditions on the part of both parents, foraging expeditions to every point of the compass; a time of such parental cawing and of funny noises from tiny unseen personalities among the sticks which formed their home; a bad time for the worms and such like game, for the youngsters were voracious and insatiable, and kept their parents on the move all day and every day.

Then, about a week after the hatching of the eggs, Thomas, the cat from No. 15, down this row, began to take an interest in the family. He had, apparently, made his calculations as to the hatching of those eggs, having watched the parent birds at their honeymooning

and, probably, taken a note of the date of the laying. When the youngsters were a week or so old, Thomas gave up all his other engagements in order to come and lie in my garden and gaze up into the poplar tree, and blink, and at intervals lick his lips. During this time nothing could seduce Thomas from this fascinating occupation. His friends would come over the wall and speak to him, and try to wean him from the contemplation of the rooks' nest, but he took no notice of them, he hadn't time; his calculations were too absorbing. It is so difficult, you see, to decide as to the exact age at which a young rook has attained his high water mark of succulency. So Thomas's friends would come and shake their heads over him, and go and talk to their other acquaintances about the deplorable falling away of dear Thomas, and the hope they entertained that he might still recover his lost ground when he should have got over this

unfortunate craze of his. Some of the community laughed consumedly over this phase of Thomas's career; they said they could not help recalling what happened to Eliza—another member of the society—a couple of years ago, when *she* took to rook hunting. She had made a bid for the season's brood of this very couple of rooks, and had fared badly at their hands or heads; it had been a killing sight, they said. Killing! It might be there would be a parallel spectacle on this occasion, if Thomas really intended to make a bid for the youngsters up aloft.

Thomas certainly did intend to do so. He was only waiting until the proper moment: there was plenty of time! Every day, every hour, added its quota of succulent rook flesh to the already rotund little bodies in the nest! Ha, ha! the time would soon arrive! It was nearly here!

Mr. and Mrs. Rook took no notice whatever of Thomas—indeed, they never once betrayed the fact that they knew he was there, though Thomas lay and blinked up at their happy domestic home and calculated, and licked his lips all days long. I thought it odd that these devoted parents should feel no anxiety as to the proceedings of Thomas. To me it seemed clear that his intentions were far from being honourable, yet these optimistic people either disregarded him altogether, or—if they observed his presence at all—desired to show their contempt for his machination by pretending to be unaware of his existence.

But presently the little black rook boys and girls had nearly grown out of the parental mansion; they would take to flying soon; their fat little bodies were as succulent and delicious as they would ever be, and Thomas knew that the time had come for his climb. Thomas knew very well what had befallen Eliza. She had been foolhardy. Eliza had rushed the thing, and had been detected and ignominiously sent home by a combined attack of the enemy. Thomas intended to act with discretion and intelligence.



THEY HAD BUILT AND FURNISHED THEIR HOUSE.



GAZED UP INTO THE POPLAR TREE.

One morning Mr. Rook had left the premises upon a foraging expedition. Mrs. R. had absented herself upon a similar enterprise. The time had come. Thomas crept, snake-like, along the grass of the lawn, looked up the poplar, blinked, opened his mouth without speaking, and jumped four or five feet up the long bare trunk of the tree. At the same instant Mr. Rook *père* arrived on the scene. He darted quickly in from the opposite side, so that the trunk was between Thomas and himself, and settled quietly upon a branch whence he could see all that passed.

The cat Thomas, ignorant of the proximity of danger, clung on to the trunk like grim death and hauled himself up a few feet. Mr. Rook, supremely ignorant of the circumstance, interested himself in a feather far away under his wing. He worked hard to find the feather, pulling it out at last, and letting it float away out of his beak.

Thomas clung on to the tree-trunk, all the claws of all his feet being requisitioned for the exertion, and stared up at the nest, gathering strength for a rush. Mr. Rook yawned, and pretended to be deeply interested in the foliage of the poplar, which, of course, formed no portion of his real diet, though he picked at it now and nibbled a little for effect. He did this in case Thomas should

THOMAS CLUNG ON TO THE TRUNK.

have caught sight of him, in order that Thomas might, in that case, suppose that his own movements had not been observed. The bare trunk of the poplar was a long one, you see, and Mr. Rook was anxious that Thomas should not be alarmed before he had reached an elevation which would suit the plans he had laid out. As a matter of fact, Thomas had not seen him at all up to now.

At length the assassin—the would-be assassin—took a long breath, blinked twice or thrice, and scrambled about twenty feet higher up the tree. Then he stopped to rest. Mr. Rook yawned again, spat out the leaf he was pretending to eat, chucked concealment to the winds and his own black body into the air, and flopped down upon the branch nearest to Thomas's head, to the unutterable disgust of that dishonest individual, who thus found himself suddenly in an extremely awkward position, between the devil and the deep sea—Mr. Rook representing the devil, whom he rather resembled just now, and the drop of nearly thirty feet the deep sea.

Thomas looked upwards, and perceived a climb of fifteen feet, at least, to the nearest bough. He looked downwards, and it made him quite giddy, so high had he climbed. Also, his paws and muscles generally were strained and weary, and the devil, in the shape of Mr. Rook, sat and yawned, and watched him as though with indifference, though with a very nasty look about the eye, up above. Thomas blinked, and his ears lay back on his head with rage and fear, and his back tried to arch, but failed by reason of his uncomfortable attitude, which did not lay itself out for arching; and Thomas opened his mouth to swear, or say his prayers, I cannot say for certain which, because no sound came.

Mr. Rook allowed Thomas thoroughly to enjoy his position for a minute or two; then he called up his wife. "Come on, missus!" he cried, "and you shall see some fun. I have Thomas the cat on toast—no hurry!"—or

words to that effect. Mrs. Rook arrived at once and sat down to watch, and I verily believe the five little ones popped their heads out of the nest and watched also.

Mr. Rook now took the field. He quietly left his bough and poised himself in air close to Thomas's distracted person. Thomas rudely spat at him, and viciously struck at him with one of his front paws, which he unfastened from the bark of the tree for the purpose. This nearly lost him his hold, and he quickly grabbed the trunk again, and spat freely. Then Mr. Rook delivered his main attack. He swooped at Thomas and dug his business-like beak into his head and his body. Once, twice, and a third time he repeated his blow, and Thomas found his voice, and rummaged his vocabulary for all the worst things it contained.

But hard swearing did not save Thomas. He could not hit Mr. Rook back, because he knew that, if he did, he must let go his hold and fall to the earth. Nevertheless, he did strike at Mr. Rook, for that hero had aimed a fourth and a fifth shot at him, and the attack was painful, as well as dangerous to the eyesight. Thomas flashed his wicked green orbs at the enemy, swore, spat, and struck out at him. The inevitable happened, of course. Thomas fell!

A baffled, beaten, and dejected cat was Thomas, as he crept across the lawn accompanied by Mr. Rook, who was now joined by his lady; and over the paling into No. 4 he went, and across No. 4 garden and into No. 3, still jeered at and insulted by his dusky escort, and there I lost sight of the party. What sanctuary the defeated one sought I do not know; but this I know, that I saw no more of Thomas for many days, and when he did return his countenance wore that chastened expression which is assumed by those who have seen the error of their wicked ways, and have made good resolutions for the future.

As for the little Rooks, they grew up in peace, and in



HE CREPT ACROSS THE LAWN.

peace they took their ultimate departure—waither D know not.

It was after the departure of these birds and their heroic parents that Thomas reappeared in society.

A NICE SITUATION.

GILDERSLEEVE—Young Hedway has a job at last.

TILLINGHAST—What business?

GILDERSLEEVE—Son-in-law.

SIGNIFICANCE OF FINGER RINGS.

THE ring has always been associated with marriages from time immemorable. The bard sings of his love for his "fair ladye" being as "endless as the ring." The engagement ring is, perhaps, the most genuinely interesting bit of jewellery a woman can wear, and then there is always the strong possibility of her having a variety, though as an emblem of marriage it was not introduced by the Christian church as many suppose. Before the introduction of coinage, the only circulation of Egyptian gold was in the form of rings, and the Egyptian, at his marriage, placed one of these rings of gold on his bride's finger as a token of entrusting her with all his property. In our marriage ceremony we but follow this custom. Some of the birthday rings are wonderfully unique, the various lucky stones being set lightly on tiny wire of gold. Friendship rings are less popular than of yore, though occasionally one sees them worn by a loyal devotee of the pretty, old custom. The lovers' knot is the most common, being either in silver or gold and very slender.

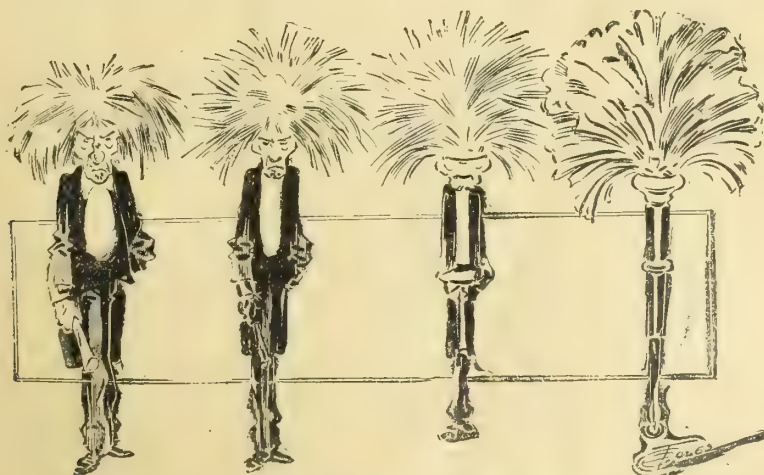
The Fede ring presents several features of interest, being composed of two flat hoops accurately fitting, each within the other, and kept in place by a corresponding projection on either extreme edge, so that the two form, to all appearance, one body. A name is engraved on each, or a line of a distich in old French. The idea is that, should the two friends separate, each could wear a single hoop (as they are easily separated), and thus be a means of recognition when again compared. "With joints so close as not to be perceived, yet are they both each other's counterpart." The quaint, old-time hair rings are no longer seen; their oddity was more noteworthy than their beauty; they are "heirlooms" in every sense. It would seem odd in this privileged age to be restricted in so small a thing as the wearing of gold rings, yet in olden days there were various laws held by the Romans as to the wearing of these jewelled baubles. Tiberius made a property qualification necessary to their wearing; the right was given to old Roman soldiers by Severus. Ornaments worn by the knights under Augustus were ancient rings of iron, which were later held as a badge of servitude, an express decree of the State being necessary rightfully to wear a solid gold ring.

Ambassadors to foreign missions were invested with golden circles as a mark of great respectability; these were issued by the treasury with much ceremony, not even the senators being allowed to wear them in private life. The earliest use of rings and the form which they most generally took was of the nature of a signet, which was used to give authenticity to documents before the art of writing was known to any but professional scribes.

But they soon became symbols of power and authority, and we remember that the duke in Twelfth Night sent his ring by Viola to his mistress Olivia, as a token that all power was delegated to the holder of the ring. The signet was used by merchants as their own private mark, equivalent to our trade mark, and, moreover, was the only form rings took for a very long period. A form of signet introduced in Egypt to the Etruscans was a gold swivel ring, mounted with a scarab. Some curious forms of rings found in Greek tombs are for the dead, a provision never made in these days; they are hollow and light, and set with round convex pastes; many of these were so thin that it was necessary to fill them with mastio varnish to preserve their shape. Poison was inserted in the hollow rings of the Romans. A story is related by Pliny that after the golden treasure had been stolen by Crasseus from under the stone of the Capitoline, Jupiter, the custodian, to escape torture, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, expiring immediately from the effects of the poison secreted in it.

A curious ring of Venetian workmanship (and one which could only have been worn on ceremonial occasions) is the Jewish wedding-ring of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, being an elaborate structure, the bezel bearing a conventional representation of the ark, a temple, with inscriptions in Hebrew characters on either side. A highly elaborate form of Jewish wedding-ring has projecting sockets, from which hang small rings—a very cumbersome finger ornament. The cost of these rings must have been great, not only from the amount of metal used, but from the exquisite workmanship, on which account one would have been loth to see them consigned to the melting-pot, as did the women of Prussia during the War of Liberation in 1813, who, in lack of other coin, contributed their wedding-rings, receiving in return those made of iron, bearing the legend, "Ich gebe gold fur eisen." The puzzle rings are ingeniously contrived, the four hoops comprising the ring being all separate, and falls to pieces when removed from the finger. These were the work of the old Indian goldsmiths. Much beauty and symbolism is shown in the peasant rings.

Innocent III., in 1194, settled the fashion of the Episcopal ring, who ordained that it should be of gold and set with one precious stone, on which nothing was to be cut. The annular finger of the right hand is the one to bear this singularly symbolic ornament, and bishops never wear more than one, though the portrait of Pope Julius II. is represented as wearing six rings. According to Durandus, the Episcopal ring was symbolical of perfect fidelity, of the duty of sealing and revealing, and, lastly, of the gift of the Holy Ghost. A massive ring of bronze gilt, the square bezel being set with a green chalcidony and emblazoned with St. Marks in relief, on each side of the shoulders shields of arms, represents a papal ring of the fifteenth century, and was given by popes to newly-made cardinals.



PADEREWSKI UP TO DATE.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES WHEN DOING.

"RECENTLY a considerable amount of public attention has been drawn to matrimonial agencies and marriage bureaux, as they are variously called," writes a frequent contributor; "and my experiences may serve to warn eligible bachelors and spinsters desiring to enter the married state of what they will probably encounter should they either advertise or answer specious matrimonial advertisements.

"The preliminary step (though I never contemplated really committing bigamy) was to advertise, and the following is a copy of my modest (?) description of myself and my matrimonial requirements:—

"A YOUNG GENTLEMAN (aged 27), moving in good society, having an income of £500 a year, considered good-looking, tall, dark, musical, would like to correspond with a young lady, who must be pretty, with good (slender) figure, age about 22, well-educated and loving, with a view to matrimony. Means not objected to. Photos exchanged in strict confidence.—Apply J. M., Box 247, —'s Advertising Offices, E.C."

"In a few days the replies began to come in literally in shoals.

"In all, during the three days ensuing the appearance of my advertisement, I received some eighty replies. They came from all parts of the kingdom. Very few, however, enclosed photos, and most were quite suspiciously reticent on the matter of age. I found, upon analysis, that twenty-two came from persons who omitted to state their status or employment, sixteen were from servants, eight from governesses, nineteen from ladies with independent means, three from schoolgirls under seventeen, four from ditto over that age—all of whom begged most earnestly that my answer should be sent *poste restante*—six from heiresses, or persons claiming to be such, (in two cases I found that their statements were mainly correct, and I was puzzled to discover why girls with from £25,000 to £40,000 of their own had to advertise for husbands). The few remaining replies I was unable to classify.

"One of the most amusing letters came (enclosing a photo) from a really very pretty housemaid, and it ran as follows:—'Sir,—In reply to your advertisement I beg to say that am twenty-three years old, and am thort very 'ansom. my figger is also good, waste 20 inchs, but could easely be made smaller, to 17 incs I think. my Complexion is very good, and I don't have to use powder much, my figger is ful and what is called wel develpt (developed?). If, Sir, you wood like to meat me, my night out is thursday, and i could be at — by seven. i enclos a photo, which is thot to be good, though not good enuf, and shall hope to have 1 of yours to see. I am five-foot-seven hight, and dark hair. Hoping you are wel, as it leaves me at present,—Yours obedently, —"

"It is needless for me to add that all I did with the photo was to return it 'with thanks!' I, however, saw the pretty housemaid, as she happened to live in the very next road. Her portrait did her less than justice!

"Another letter was from a governess, for whom I was genuinely sorry.

"Dear Sir,' she wrote. 'You may feel some surprise that a lady should answer such an advertisement as your own. The fact that I am almost friendless, and most unhappy in my present situation, must be my excuse. I was brought up as a lady. My father was the Rev. —. On his death our home was broken up, and it became necessary for me to go out into a situation. All I have is a third share of £35 a year. I am now (as governess) so miserable that I would marry any gentleman who would treat me kindly. I am five-feet-five-and-a-half in height, am considered by many to be more than passably good-looking (of this, however, you can judge for yourself from accompanying photo), have a

good clear complexion, am fond of music, can speak French and German well, like needlework, am good-tempered, and have light brown hair. I think my figure would also be thought rather good—waist nineteen inches. If you are unable to forward me your photo, or do not feel inclined to think any more about this matter, may I beg you, as a gentleman, to mention my having written to you to no one?—Believe me, yours-very truly, K—— B——'

"I did as desired, and hope that 'K—— B——' has found a husband as good as she evidently deserved.

"One of the spinsters, of uncertain age, wrote as follows:—'My dear Sir,—I scarcely know how to write to you, or what you will think of my writing to you at all—an unknown man, and one that advertises for a wife. However, I have ventured to do so. Only to think that I should have come to this through refusing so many good offers when I was a little younger! I am considered not at all bad-looking—in fact, a good many people have told me that I am a beauty. I have a very good figure (waist 21 inches, bust 36 inches), am above middle height, have an excellent complexion, dark hair, and dark brown eyes. I shall be most happy to receive your photo, and to hear from you. I may mention that I have about £3,800 invested in Consols, am musical (sing), and am well-educated.—Address, in strict confidence, —, —, N——'s Library, Kensington, W.'

"I went so far in this case as to write a letter, enclosing my photo (a borrowed one of a friend of my wife's), and received back that of the lady herself. She was nearer fifty than forty, had a figure that her kindest friend would scarcely call 'good,' and she looked 'sour' enough to frighten any possible lover. I returned the photo with the information that I was suited—which, of course, was the literal truth.

"I made an appointment with one young lady, who, in her letter, had spoken of herself in such glowing terms that I really burned to behold this 'goddess come to earth.' The arrangement was that we should meet under the clock at Charing Cross Railway Station. She was to wear a bunch of white roses (it was June) in her dress, or: the left side; but, inasmuch as she had claimed a waist of seventeen inches, I thought there would be little difficulty in picking her out. I was to have a red silk handkerchief showing out of my breast-pocket. My wife went with me. I, of course, did not display a red, or, indeed, any other handkerchief. We got there a full half-hour before the time appointed, owing to the early arrival of our suburban train at the junction allowing us to catch an earlier train than we expected. Fully a quarter of an hour before the time arranged the lady appeared. There was no mistaking her. She wore the roses, and her waist was screwed in to a wasp-like slenderness, which left no reasonable doubt that she had rather overstated than understated its size. My wife, indeed, whose waist is—well, no matter—fortunately larger than seventeen inches, said, pulling my arm—she saw the lady first—"My conscience, W——, what a waist! It can't be more than sixteen inches. Poor woman!" Of course, the lady herself was little likely to recognise in the sober-looking married man her possible fiancé. And so, with no fear of being detected, I had a good look at her. Oh, her complexion! A mass of paint and powder. Eyebrows black as your hat, hair light, age certainly not far off thirty-five! And then, as a well-known author so often says, 'a strange thing happened.' I caught sight of a rather tall, military-looking man approaching, and, lo and behold, from his breast coat pocket a red handkerchief protruded! I touched my wife's arm, and she took in the situation at a glance. 'Goodness!' she exclaimed; 'I wonder what will happen!' The military gentleman seemed to be undecided in his movements, and, seeing this, the waiting lady approached him with a smile of recognition. We just waited to see the *dénouement*, and then left the two to an explanation which was evidently somewhat complicated.

"After this adventure I was unwilling to run any more risks, and so I contented myself with inquiries by letter.

"One of the offers (for that is what they really amounted to) came from the young widow of a knight, who had been left very badly off. She was only twenty-three, very pretty, and (from her letter) evidently well-educated. There were two children, and these, she declared, were dear little things, from whom she would not be parted for the best man in the world. She evidently thought that I should wish to 'place' them somewhere.

"Another letter (which I give below) was from a schoolgirl at a well-known high school in the North of London. What the head-mistress—who was commonly supposed to have a sincere and constantly-expressed dislike for men—would have said, had she known of one of her 'ewe-lambs' commencing a correspondence of this nature, can be better imagined than described.

"Dear Sir, the letter, in a girlish, round hand, ran, 'I have read your advertisement. I am nearly eighteen, tall, rather dark, with brown eyes, and a good complexion. Most of the other girls call me *very* good looking. I am musical, well-educated (having passed the London Matric.), can speak both German and French. I have no home, being an orphan, and shall be leaving school at the end of the term, when I shall have to go out teaching or take a governess's situation—a thing I should detest. I am sorry to say my figure, unfortunately, though good, is not very slender, as Miss B—— (the lady principal) will not let any of the girls, if she can help it, pay much attention to their figures. My waist is, therefore, rather large—twenty-four inches. I could, however, reduce its size to a considerable extent in time, if you were so very particular on this point.

"I believe that when I am twenty-one I shall have about £30 a year in my own right.

"If you should wish to see me I think I could manage a brief interview; but if you write, please do so to me at ——'s Library, where I have often to go.—Awaiting your early and kind reply, believe me, yours in haste, G. M.'

"The young lady did not enclose a photo, and so I did not write to her, although my wife suggested that I should do so, giving her some good advice as to the dangers of replying to advertisements of this kind.

"A letter from a cook, 'fair, fat, and forty' (or more), was very amusing. The spelling was the most original I have ever come across. The epistle informed me that she had 'a tidy little sum in the Post Office Savings Bank, which could be withdrawn at any time.'

"Most of the other letters (one evidently in a disguised male handwriting) were of the same kind; though a real Irish countess of forty-five, as I found out—she declared that she was only thirty-three—wrote a lady-like letter offering to share my £500 a year—if I 'proved really a gentleman by birth.'

"As I have already a charming wife, I did not find a partner in this way by advertisement; and my verdict, after the foregoing experiences, is that few 'eligible' persons seek husbands or wives in such an unromantic way."

WORSE NOW.

Cumso—I suppose Whiffet isn't such an unconscionable liar since he quit fishing so constantly.

Cawker—He has less regard for the truth now than ever.

Cumso—What does he lie about now?

Cawker—The immense distances he covers on his bicycle.

ONE CONSOLATION.

SHE—Darling, do you suppose anyone can see us through the glass door of the conservatory?

He (folding her in his arms)—They won't see as much as they did, anyway.

OUT.

DORA—Your engagement is no longer a secret, is it?

Cora—Oh, no! Haven't I just told you?

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I AM give to understand as arter this year we ain't ter 'ave no more leap-year fur ite years. Sims rummy, but I berlieve as it's all right; them as 'as the resposnerbility fur the ormeracks 'ave so arringed it, an' the year nineteen 'undrid is ter be pline instead o' bein' a leap as yer might 'ave expected. I surpose as, if it comes 'awd on anybody, it comes 'awd on the lyedies. I've alwise bin told as in leap-years lyedies 'as the privildge of proposin' ter the men, and I 'as no dart as the custim still previles—barrin' that awdernt reverloosherner 'Ankin ain't haltud it. But, 'arrever, I dunno abart it, if yer awst me, I shud sye as a lyedy as 'ud propose tu a man at all, is the sort of lyedy as wouldn't be 'eld by no bloomin' leap year. She ain't goin' tu wite until the ormerack tells 'er as the course is clear.

No, as a rule, I don't 'old with it. What with the attractiveness of femiles, an' the 'ooming weakness o' men, an' their gen'ral desire to do the civil, men gits merried quite enough an' a bit too much with the onery wye o' managin' it. Let the woman put the questioning 'erself, when she likes and 'ow she likes, and, blimey, if the men 'ud 'av 'awf a chawnce! Theer'd be no dodgin' it, yer know; no gettin' awye from it. Still, I don't sye there myen't be an egsepshing just occasionally. 'Enerietter Mills, as she nar is, was one o' them egsepshings.

Young Mills, 'is other nime bein' Alixawnder, was a sort o' relishun of 'Ankin's, an' a very narse young man, too, but bashful. Blimey, the modist an' retirin' vil't weren't in it with 'im. E'd walked art with 'Enerietter fur a matter o' two years; 'e'd give 'er presinchs too—scentid soap, an' flars, an' a silver lockit, and all such things as a romantic-minded man might give to a gil when he meant business; 'e turned green in the fice if ever 'e seed 'er with another man. But 'e never said nutthink—never said nutthink at all—thet was wheer the trouble was.

Theer was Sundays when they was art tugither, when 'e'd seem on the verge. 'Is eyes 'ud look kind o' bulgey, 'e'd striten 'imself up, give a kind o' gawsp, and sye, "'Enerietter!"

"Well, nar," she'd reply, by wye of givin' 'im a lead, "whort is it?"

Then 'e'd sort o' collapse, an' sye, "Oh, it ain't nutthink? I were on'y thinkin'!"

Arter a time thet, not unnatsural, gort on 'er nerves. An' no wonder. If a man don't come to it in two years, an' the gel alwise ready ter give 'im any 'elp in 'er par, when the dickens is 'e comin' to it? Any 'ow, 'Enerietter got irritid, as I sye. One Sunday they was walkin' art as yooshal, she wouldn't 'awdly sye a wud to 'im. Just as 'e were leavin' 'e remawked—

"Sime time nex' Sunday?"

"I ain't comin' nex' Sunday," says 'Enerietter.

"Why nort?" 'e says, amized.

"'Cos if you don't mean ter marry me, I'll look out fur a man as does, and that's tellin' yer strite."

"But I do," says 'e, bein' nar furly brought to it. "I shud 'ave menshun'd it afore. My fault, entirely. Don't, don't, lose yer temper abart it, 'Enerietter."

And merried they was, in a month from thet time, and a very 'appy couple they mikes. 'E'd 'ave bin moonin' abart tu this dye, if she 'adn't put it to 'im.

Yus, its dry wuk talkin'. Threepennuth o' the yooshal gargle, I think, jist ter lye the dust.

MEMS. ON MANY MATTERS.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

THE Editor has asked me to make this page as useful as possible to young and inexperienced wives who have to keep house on a limited allowance and maintain an appearance suitable to their position in what may be called the upper middle classes. Many girls who marry doctors' clergymen, barristers, clerks in the Civil Service, officers of the army and navy, and young men at the beginning of a commercial career, must often find it difficult to make ends meet on an income of £300 a year, or thereabouts. Even when the mothers of these young wives have taken pains to teach them practical housekeeping, the scale of expenditure is often so different in the home the bride has left from that of the home she shares with her husband, that much of the utility of her previous experience is lost. It is easy enough to increase our outlay in any direction. It is a most difficult thing to curtail it; and one of the "dwellers on the threshold" of the new home is the terrible danger of falling into debt and crippling the resources of the husband, whose interests are bound up with his young wife's, and whom she would do anything in the world to help upward and onward on his way, if only she knew how. Accustomed to every luxury in her girlhood, and unable to reduce her expenditure to scale, in due proportion with a small income, without the stern discipline of experience, the novice too frequently finds herself in the midst of the most discouraging difficulties. Dozens of problems assail her in connection with the task of keeping down her book totals every week. Tradesmen and servants sometimes take advantage of her inexperience, and she has no one to ask whether she has been overcharged, or whether the general servant—the only one she can afford on £300 a year—is practising upon her ignorance or not. Any questions that such bewildered and puzzled young housewives may ask me shall be answered to the very best of my ability. It is a congenial task to invite the queries of the puzzled, and it will be a great pleasure to afford such assistance as may lie within my capacity. I delight in housekeeping, but have no reason to under-estimate its trials. With all its faults, I love it still; though I have passed many and many a doleful hour in examining tradesmen's books, checking their entries, correcting their ideas of addition, which are occasionally of an eccentric character, interviewing laundresses who have "never received certain sheets and tablecloths," and yet have been induced to return them after a little moral suasion, and making discoveries in that, as yet, by no means fully explored region, the character and conduct, the manners and customs, the rule of life and etiquette, of the average domestic. I have had a long experience of housekeeping, ranging over some fifteen years, and am glad to offer the fruit of my experience to those just beginning, or to others whose opportunities for acquiring information have been more limited than my own. Should they prove of use to any one, I shall feel that my troubles with matters domestic, and my struggles to make ends meet when I first began to realise what an excessively slippery thing money is, have not been in vain.

I propose to take one subject every week and deal with it as much as possible in detail, so as to get the true inwardness of it revealed as far as may be. This week must count for nothing, being chiefly introductory. A letter from a puzzled inquirer also demands a long reply, which, as the recipes given may prove of general use, I give in full; a rule I hope to observe with all matters relating to household matters, servants, marketing, shopping, entertaining, etiquette, the toilette, and the endless small matters that crop up daily in our lives, and go so far towards making home comfortable or the reverse.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CHOTA BUNGALOW" writes:—"Will you kindly tell me if I can obtain an American cookery book, written by an American? As we have American visitors, who complain they never can get American fare in England, I should be very pleased if you could favour me with a few recipes and information on this subject."

I do not know of any strictly American "cook-books" that are published in England. Advertise your boarding-house in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Star*, and the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

Here are a few American dishes. If you find them useful let me know, and I will give you some more.

PORK AND BEANS.—Soak a pound and a-half of haricot beans for twenty-four hours in cold water. Strain that water away, and throw them into boiling water sufficient to cover them, and fill up, in addition, as much space as the beans themselves occupy. Let them boil three hours. Meanwhile, stew three pounds of pickled pork slowly for two hours. Take it out of the saucepan, cut it up in small pieces. Strain away the water—if there is any left—from the beans, cover a pie-dish with a layer of them, and strew over the beans some of the pieces of pork. Add salt and pepper, and proceed in this way until you have used up all the pork and beans. Brown the dish in a moderate oven. Send it to table very hot.

GREEN CORN PIE.—One quart of grated or scraped green corn, the yolks of three eggs, and a quarter of an ounce of butter, a little salt, and red pepper, all mixed well together; to this add a cup of tomato-juice, strained through a sieve. Line a deep baking-dish with the mixture, have ready two nicely-stewed chickens; fill the dish with the chickens and thin gravy, then cover them with what remains of the corn batter. Bake the pie in a moderate oven till well done. [N.B.—I have bought green corn in Robertson Street, Hastings.]

BAKED TENDERLOIN.—Take a tenderloin, whole, out of a large joint, flour it well, set it in an oven, with a gill of water, to keep it from burning. When it begins to bake, baste it frequently with flour and butter rolled together, and occasionally with the water from the dripping-pan. When it is done of a light brown, with a crust all over the surface, dish it up, make the gravy, and pour it over the tenderloin. [Tenderloin is the undercut of the sirloin.]

FRIED CHICKENS.—Cut up a pair of chickens, wash them clean, salt and pepper them. Have ready boiling lard. Flour the chickens, and fry them a light brown. Serve them without gravy. Some fry little flat cakes of Indian meal, and cover the bottom of the dish with them before laying on the chicken; these are called corn-dodgers. Some persons pour a little boiling water into the browned lard in which the chickens have been fried, stirring it well, till a rich gravy is formed. This is sent to table in a gravy-boat, as an accompaniment for the fried chicken. Parsley should be chopped and fried with this gravy, and a little butter added.

CHICKENS FRIED WITH CREAM.—After cutting up a pair of chickens, lay them for an hour in cold water; then, after wiping them dry, salting, peppering, and flouring them, fry them in lard till they are of a light-brown colour. Now take them from the frying-pan, and, after taking out all the burnt bits of flour, pour into the pan a cup of rich, sweet cream, with a handful of chopped parsley, and half-a-teaspoonful of curry-powder. Let the gravy stew till the parsley is quite done, dish the chickens, and pour the gravy over them. This is a delicious dish.

SWEET POTATOES.—Sweet potatoes should be first washed very clean, and baked with the skins on. Let the oven be quite hot at first, then gradually lessen the heat. If this rule is observed, the skins of the potatoes will be soft, and easily withdrawn. If burned by too much heat, you cannot easily peel them, and the potatoes shrink to nothing when it is off. Do not allow the cook to put the potatoes in the oven too early. An hour and a-half will bake them well. Or, peel, slice thin, and salt them, then fry them in boiling lard. Or, broil them on a gridiron, and butter them well. Or, peel, split them in half, and bake them in a dish, with plenty of butter rubbed over them from time to time. Pour the butter over them from the baking-dish before serving them.

BAKED SHRIMPS.—Boil and pick a quart of shrimps; then cover the bottom of a baking-dish with pounded biscuit and butter. Add a layer of shrimps and another of butter and biscuits till the dish is full, the biscuits forming the last layer. Then pour over the whole a cup of sweet cream, with a little salt, pepper, and mace. Bake the shrimps for three-quarters of an hour.

CONFEDERATE PUDDING.—One cupful of cold Indian meal mush, one cupful of sugar, and one of cream, four eggs (well beaten), three ounces of butter, one glass of wine with cinnamon. All to be well beaten together and poured upon crusts which have been covered with apple-jelly. Bake it in a moderate oven. [Mush is porridge, made of Indian meal, in the same way as we make it of oatmeal.]

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.—Take one cupful of mush, and, while it is hot, stir into it a good spoonful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Beat four eggs, very lightly, and add them, with half a nutmeg and the rind and juice of a lemon. Beat all well together, and bake it in puff paste, with a layer of jelly at the bottom of the pudding.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—One pound of boiled and mashed potatoes, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, nine eggs; nutmeg, cinnamon, or lemon, for flavouring. Stir the butter into the potatoes while warm; then add the sugar and yolks of the eggs; beat the whites to a stiff froth; add them with the wine and spice. Bake in puff paste as above.

COLD SLAW.—Shave up a crisp, blanched cabbage, very fine, and dress it as lettuce, with oil, pepper, salt, mustard, eggs, and vinegar, mixed for dressing.

SALSIFY, OR VEGETABLE OYSTERS.—Scrape and wash a dozen roots of salsify, then boil it till it is very tender. Mash it fine; then add eggs, salt, pepper, a little milk, flour, and butter. Beat it well; drop small spoonfuls in boiling lard, and fry them brown. Or, after boiling the salsify, cut it in pieces about the size of an oyster, and stew them in cream, seasoned with salt, pepper, a little mace, and onion.

CORN-STARCH (CORNFLOUR) PUDDING.—Boil a quart of milk, and thicken it with three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch*, then remove the mixture to a bowl, and beat into it four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, and one of butter. Beat all well together, and bake the puddings in plates, covered with puff paste. Flavour them with lemon-peel or nutmeg.

* Cornflour.

WOODRUFFE.—Pick the shrimps, and pound them in a mortar, with a quarter of a pound of butter to every half-pound of shrimps, and a little pepper. Put the paste in pots, and pour dissolved butter or lard over the top, to the depth of an eighth of an inch, to exclude the air.

For home-made lemonade, slice two lemons, peel and all, excluding the pips. Throw them into a quart jug with a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar. Pour in enough boiling water to fill the jug. When it is cold it is ready for drinking.

GRUMPS.—The address of the Association for the Suppression of Street Noises, is Mr. Charles Fox, Hon. Sec., 104, Ritherdon Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.

ANNETTE.—Your husband must stand near you as you receive your guests. Your mother-in-law could be of use in engaging in conversation those who are inclined to linger with you, preventing you from greeting others as they arrive.

BUNNV.—Silver ornaments are not much worn just now. Have them well rubbed up, wrapped in silver paper, and put away until fashion brings them up again.

ADELAIDE asks for a recipe for coconut ice. Does she mean the bon-bon known by that name? Or is it a cream or water ice?

DIPSY.—White haricots must be thrown into cold water. They should be soaked at least twenty-four hours before being cooked. Fresh haricots are cooked in boiling water, dried ones in cold.

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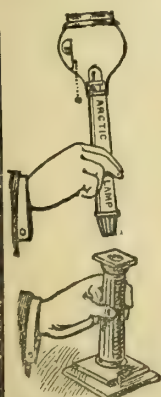
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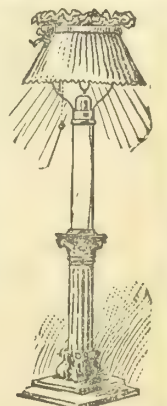
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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—The week that ended on Saturday last was one of the saddest within my memory. Through theatreland the news of death followed death with appalling rapidity. First came that of Mr. Rowley Cathcart, a gentleman widely known, and long and honourably associated as stage manager with Mr. John Hare. Then we heard that poor Jack Brockbank had broken a blood vessel, and had quietly passed away. He was one of the unlucky actors. He had great promise, and in heavy parts should have made a big reputation, but somehow he always just missed his chance. I remember, about fourteen years ago, he was engaged by a semi-bogus manager, whose treasurer happened to be innocent and honest. On a certain Saturday he started paying the people, knowing funds were short, but implicitly believing that his chief would arrive with more cash almost immediately. Had he doubted, he would have "cut-up" what money there was, amongst the company, *pro rata*. But, fearing nothing, he started paying in full. Presently the cash-box was empty, and precisely at that moment Jack Brockbank came into the room. The treasurer gave him a cigarette, offered him a drink, talked about politics, affected to add up phantom accounts, did, in fact, everything he could to gain time. But the Manager never came to relieve his anxiety. The fatal truth finally dawned on a hungry crowd, and poor Brockbank got nothing. Curiously enough, Brockbank doggedly persisted in sticking to the profession in which he found it most difficult to earn a living, in diametric opposition to the wishes of his people, who enjoyed comparative wealth and good social position. For many years he and his father never spoke. Brockbank early in his career brought an action against a prominent theatrical manager, the late Alexander Henderson, and he won it, sustaining a claim for £400 and costs. Somehow this was regarded in theatreland as an evil omen.

Very different was the luck of poor Marius. In his public life he was overwhelmed with popularity and success. Only once, when he essayed management at the Avenue, did his good fortune desert him, and that was not for long. In private, however, he got his life into a tangle. He was in every way a charming fellow, and the soul of honour, and it is a bitterly ironical Fate that decreed that he should not be able to get on with his equally charming wife, Miss Florence St. John. I don't believe that they were either to blame for parting. It was to be—unhappily. But I do believe that Marius was, and ever remained, devotedly in love with his wife. I have seen him turn grey to the lips when they passed unexpectedly in the streets. Their estrangement was a constant source of fret and grief to him. Possibly, nay, probably, it developed the latent seed of disease that was in him. As his strength ebbed, he pined the more. He said little about it, except to his most intimate friends. He ate out his heart silently. It was hoped that the wonderfully invigorating air of South Africa would repair his shattered health, but the hope was vain. On the voyage home he succumbed to an acute phase of consumption, and he was buried at sea off Cape Teneriffe.

Not far away, in the Canary Islands, the end of another sad chapter was being written. And that, too, had been looming for some time. After making a brilliant success in the *Derby Winner*, Alma Stanley left the cast to go north and play principal boy in *Robinson Crusoe*, the 1894-5 pantomime at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. There she caught a violent cold, which settled on her chest, and when she came back to rehearse in *Fanny* just this time last year, she looked ill and worn. *Fanny* was first played for an experimental week at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, but after the second night Alma had to go out of the bill.

She hurried back to town, and placed herself in the hands of Doctor Simon, the great throat specialist, who patched her up sufficiently to justify her appearance in *Fanny* when that play came to the Strand. But after two weeks and a half her voice went again. She tried a short sea voyage to Naples, and was greatly benefited thereby. She was, after three weeks' holiday, able to finish the run of *Fanny*, and play in it on tour. Then came *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, from the cast of which she was more than once compelled to retire from loss of voice. I last saw her on the first night of *Tommy Atkins*, at the Duke of York's, and I was greatly shocked at the change. Her voice was reduced to a whisper, but she spoke hopefully of a trip to the South, though she told me that her doctor had forbidden any attempt at acting for five months. The voyage to the Canaries seemed to do her good, for she wrote, on arrival, in excellent spirits.

But the day after we heard that Marius was gone, a brief telegram announced that Alma Stanley was dead also.

Alma was one of the kindest, most generous, and warmest-hearted of women, and unfortunately her almost foolish good nature was more than once most cruelly presumed upon. She had many real friends, and many friends who were anything but real. Unhappily she yielded to impulse rather than discrimination, and she literally obeyed the scriptural injunction to give away all that she had to those who protested that they were poor, even though she knew that they were utterly undeserving. As an actress, she was blessed with a splendid physique, and striking beauty, but she was cursed with a fatal facility. She was a first-class burlesque boy, and, at least so I believe, a first-class tragedy queen. This stood in her way, for she was so good in one line that until the autumn of '95 people would not believe she was equally good in another. But—

What's this? You will hardly believe it, yet, thank God! it's true. At the very moment that I wrote my "but," a knock came at my door, a telegram was put into my hand, and, opening it hastily, I read: "Alma perfectly well. Report of death utterly false."

You may well marvel at the coincidence and rejoice over the fact. I have looked back over what I have just written, and I see no reason to alter a word of it. Indeed, it may cheer and gratify the convalescent out in the Canaries to know that her worth and her abilities were known, appreciated, and applauded in stronger terms than might be ventured upon on an ordinary occasion.

From my heart I wish that yet another kindly wire would come to assure me that the news of young Harry Eversfield's death was false as well. But I fear that is beyond all hope. He was a bright, cheery young fellow, and, though not particularly versatile, a very capable actor. His principal successes were made at the Court Theatre in the old days, and he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of one of the managers, John Clayton. Ultimately he married Clayton's widow, who was a daughter of the late Dion Boucicault. She has been left with two children, one four years old and the other ten months old, in very straitened circumstances, for Eversfield was just a trifle inconsequent and irresponsible, and though he got a good salary—he was playing in one of George Edwardes' American companies—it was light come, light go, with him; and since the first week in December he sent home no more than four pounds to his wife. Her mother, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, who is now playing in *The Colleen Bawn* at the Princess's, broke the news of his death to her, and the task was doubly difficult, since the first telegrams announced that it was a case of suicide by morphia on the part of "Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eversfield." Amongst the company at the Olympic, where Mrs. Eversfield was playing a very small part in *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, the deepest sympathy is felt for her, and steps have been taken to organise a benefit on her behalf. Sir Augustus Harris has generously offered every facility, and anyone wishing to help with

subscriptions, or in any other way, should communicate immediately with Mr. Henry Neville at the Olympic Theatre.

Sir Augustus and Lady Harris have just gone to enjoy a few weeks' rest and sunshine at Monte Carlo. Lady Harris has had a nasty touch of bronchitis, and Sir Augustus is suffering from over-work. Next year he will provide the pantomimes at Manchester and Birmingham, as well as at Newcastle, provincial managers having been greatly impressed by the success of his pantomime at the Court, Liverpool. This theatre has just been leased by the Carl Rosa Company to Mr. Arthur, of the Royal, Newcastle, for £2,500 a year, Mr. Wyndham, of Edinburgh, refusing to bid more than £2,000 a year for it. Another Liverpool theatre that will change hands in the spring is the Prince of Wales'. For a long time it has been owned and managed by Captain Henry Wombwell. He is the brother of Sir George Wombwell. He started the smart and popular Orleans Club in conjunction with the late Sir John Astley. He was assisted in the management of the Prince of Wales' by his wife, the famous Miss Fanny Josephus, up to the date of her death, some few years ago.

Last week I rejoiced prematurely over the absence of pantomime rumours. The ghost of an Adelphi pantomime has this week been raised again, with the very substantial figure of George Edwardes hovering behind it. George, I am told, will shortly take over the Vaudeville, and will run it, with light, bright musical shows of the sort wherewith his name is usually associated. He may, however, make a start with a very naughty French play called the *Hôtel de Libre Echange*. A dramatised version has managed to get on to the stage in America, so possibly something may be done with it over here. The humours of the play are mainly practical. For instance, one character wants to see what is going on in a bedroom, so he proceeds to bore a hole in the door with a centre-bit. Another character inside the room is leaning his back against the door at the time, and in due course the centre-bit goes through the seat of his trousers! There is a good deal more of this light-hearted "fun without vulgarity."

Several of the managers who closed their theatres last week gave an extra *matinée* on Monday—to make up, I suppose, for the lost *matinée* on Wednesday. But they can't very well replace Wednesday night. And have they paid their artistes and employees for that night? I don't know. A solemn silence is preserved on the subject.

Here is news for cyclists! Bancroft and Pinero have been stopped and cautioned by the police against riding furiously round the inner circle of Regent's Park! I shall expect to hear that the police have ordered us to muzzle our bicycles next!—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

THE INEFFICIENT STATIONER.

By BARRY PAIN.

I ENTERED. The first thought which occurred to me was that we must all die. I do not know what suggested it, except it was the general air of melancholy about the place. There was a cracked glass case, inefficiently mended with gelatine lozenges. The dirty windows let in an ineffective light upon the dust on the counter. Behind the counter was a chest of drawers. All the drawers were labelled, and I felt instinctively that the goods in those drawers did not correspond with the names on those labels. There was nobody behind the counter—I am a sanguine man, but I had never expected there would be. A cracked bell had rung, automatically and noisily, when I entered, and I supposed that somebody would answer to it sometime. In the meantime, I gazed through the cracked glass case at

penny ink-bottles, rusty steel pens, and diaries for the year before.

There was a door leading into the private part of the house, the upper half of it of glass, over which a faded red curtain was drawn. I could hear on the other side of it the chink of a knife and fork on a plate. It was that kind of shop. At whatever hour you had entered it I think you would have heard those sounds of feeding—irregular and untidy feeding—on the other side of that door. I tapped on the floor with my stick. Still the chink-chink of knife and fork went on. I tapped again, and tapped louder. Then I heard a chair pushed back, the door opened, and a little man with his mouth full entered.

There was a fringe of white hair round his feeble and receding chin; his eyes were angry; his head was indecently bald. He did not show his anger in words—as I have said, his mouth was full.

I asked him for note-paper.

He interrupted the slow processes of mastication to say that I seemed to be in a hurry, and if I had waited another minute he would have finished.

This was interesting, but did not appear to me to bear directly on the business I had in hand, which was the purchase of note-paper. I said again that I wanted note-paper.

"Ah!" he said, looking vaguely round his shop. "Ah, yes!" Suddenly he opened one of the labelled drawers, sighed into it, and shut it up again quickly. Then he disappeared from sight. He had dived under the counter. He came up with a pair of spectacles. "I knew I'd put 'em somewhere," he murmured pensively, as he wiped them with the tail of his green-black frock-coat.

"I asked," I began, "for some——"

"One minute!" he interrupted, aggrieved and hurt; "one minute, please! Can't you see I'm getting it?"

His eye once more ranged round the shop, and seemed attracted by a box labelled "Best Oxford" on a high shelf.

"Ah! I couldn't reach that," he said, with truth. "One minute!"

Again he disappeared, this time through the glass door. There was a short pause, during which I heard once more the clink of knife and fork, and then he reappeared with his mouth fuller than ever, dragging a dining-room chair covered in horse hair. He fixed it in position, climbed up on it with difficulty, and secured the box labelled "Best Oxford."

He placed it on the counter, and opened it. He was slightly flushed with exertion and the pride of achievement. Inside the box were a few sheets of soiled white foolscap. "The blue," he said, "we are at present out of. But the white is more used, and, to my mind, looks better."

"It was note paper I asked for," I said, patiently, "note paper, you know—paper that's used for writing notes on."

"Dear me!" he said. "And all this trouble. I didn't understand that—didn't understand that at all. I can't get you what you want if you don't ask for it."

He went straight to the drawer where he had put that sigh, and pulled out some note paper. It was, I believe, what is known as fancy paper. It was pink, and the edges were cut in a pattern, and there were green ivy leaves stamped on it.

"There's some style about that," he said.

"Yes," I said, "plain white note paper was what I wanted."

"I've had that," he said; "I might have some now. I wouldn't say that I had it, and I wouldn't say that I was out of it. I shall be clearing things up a bit to-morrow, if you'd look in then."

I was afraid that I couldn't wait.

"You must be doing a splendid business," I said.

"No," he replied, "half the people about here get their things from London, if you'd believe it."

I said I would believe it and went out, while he once more retired to his perpetual and mysterious meal.

BATTLE CRIES.

"To every erle and knyghte is gyven,
And *cries à guerre* and slughones shake the vaulted
heaven."

Battle of Hastings.

BATTLE-CRIES—the *cri de guerre* of the French, the ensenzies or sloggans of Scotland—are of great antiquity. Perhaps the earliest recorded battle-cry is that of the Israelites, when warring against the Midianites in the Valley of Jezreel—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Battle-cries, in the strictest sense of the word, are perhaps used less nowadays than formerly amongst civilised peoples; but they still have representation in the war-whoops of the savage.

In olden times each nation generally invoked the aid of its patron saint, but in warfare each tribe or party possessed its own particular cry. The possession of a battle-cry was considered one of the attributes of nobility. Of a knight, for example, it was said he was a gentleman *de nom, d'armes, et de cry*. At Stamford, Drayton tells us—

"Wells for 'Warwick' cry, and for the rightful crown,
The other call, 'A York,' to beat the rebels down."

"A Warwick! A Warwick!" won the day on Banbury field, and "Percy! Percy!" rallied the English at Otterburne.

So universal became the custom of battle-cries in England during the 15th century that in 1495 an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding their use, as being productive of disturbance and discord; all noblemen thereby being strictly enjoined that they and their retainers should thenceforth call only upon St. George and the King.

"Aboo" was from a very early period the cry of the Irish, being used in conjunction with the name of the chieftain, as "Butler-a-boo," and the "Crom-a-boo" of the House of Leinster. Both of these are especially inhibited, the calling name of Macgregor being one of those legally abolished in Scotland.

Battle-cries were sometimes granted by special favour of the Sovereign, for we read that at the battle of Fornova, on the 6th of July, 1495, Charles VIII., seeing his army in danger, addressed himself to Seigneur de Montois, who was in command of the rear-guard, crying: "*A la recousse*, Montois!" This so animated the brave commander and his men that a furious charge was made, resulting in the winning of the day. In commemoration of this the King granted to Montois this *cri de guerre* in perpetuity.

The principal and best-known cries of the kings of England have been "Notre Dame," "Montjoie" (the name given by the Crusaders to the hill from which they caught the first glimpse of the Holy City), and "St. George." At the battle of Poitiers the Black Prince took his watchword from the province—"St. George, Guyenne," and that of Richard Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Jaffa, was "Guyenne au Roi d'Angleterre."

"*Dieu et mon droit*," was most probably a war-cry long ere it was taken as a Royal motto, Richard I. being reputed to have said: "Not me, but God and our right, have vanquished France at Gisors."

The victory at Crecy was attributed to the invocation of St. George, and in remembrance of this Edward III. founded a chapel to the saint within the Castle of Windsor.

King Edward was, when in any great difficulty or danger, wont to invoke St. Edward. Walsingham quotes an instance, at a skirmish before Calais, in 1349, when the King, being much put about, drew his sword and wrathfully called out: "Ha, St. Edward! Ha, St. George!" with the result that his men rallied, and put the enemy to the sword.

Shakespeare gives "St. George" as the cry at Bosworth Field—

"Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
God and St. George! Richmond and victory!"

Prince Edward, before Tewkesbury's fatal fight, exclaimed, "God and St. George for us!"

The old ballad of "St. George for England"—

"St. George, he was for England; St. Denis was for France."

and, in "The Battle of Poitiers," a poem dating from the 14th century, the following stanza occurs:—

"The Frenchmen shout forth 'Notre Dame!'

Thus calling on our Lady's name;

To which the highest host reply:

'St. George! St. George!' their battle-cry."

The National Anthem itself is, in all probability, founded upon the watchword and countersign ordered throughout the navy in 1545 by the Lord Admiral, who decreed: "The watchwords in the night shall be thus—'God save King Henrye'; th' other shal answer, 'And long to reign over us.'"

A few years later one Thomas Norton concluded an address to the rebels in the North by, "God save our Queene Elizabeth, and confound her enemies."

It was the Puritans, during the Civil War, who, as it were, reintroduced the use of Scripture words and phrases as battle-cries. And the war-cry of the revolted tribes, "To your tents, O Israel!" was one of those adopted by the Republicans of the 17th century.

Cromwell's battle-cry at Dunbar was, "The Lord of Hosts"; and this, moreover, is the motto on the first English military medal, struck in A.D. 1651-1652.

At the battle of Hylton-on-the-Wear, in 1644, the cry of the Scots was, "The Lord of Hosts is with us"; whilst the forces under the command of the Marquis of Northampton replied with, "Now or Never!"

The cry of Scotland was, however, "St. Andrew"; for we read, in the "Ballad of Otterburne"—

"Uppon Sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
And thrysse they showte on hyght."

And in "Marmion"—

"And cry, 'St. Andrew and our right!'"

The great and powerful vassals of France had each their own particular *cri*—"Anjou" several; "St. Maurice," "Anjou," "Rallie, Rallie," and "Montjoie" amongst the number. Bourbon had "Bourbon, Bourbon," and "Nostre-Dame," "Nostre-Dame." Bretagne possessed "Saint Yves, Saint Malo," and "Au feu, au feu"; Burgundy, "Bourgogne, Bourgogne"; the Counts of Flanders, "Frاندres au Lion," alluding to their standard; Normandy, "Dieu nous aide, le Seigneur Dieu nous aide"; Rouen, "Rouen."

In the Roman de Rou we find—

"François crie 'Montjoie,' et Normans 'Dexaie,'

Flamans crie 'Aras,' and Argevin 'Rallie,'

Et li quens Thiebaut, 'Chatres et Passavant' crie."

Amongst other European national war-cries may be mentioned the "Notre Dame, Haynaut," of Hainault; "Cristos, Cristos," of Bohemia; "St. Pierre," of Italy (Church); "Marco," of Venice; "Au vaillant Duc," of Milan; and the "Marzocco," of Florence—the latter having reference to the Florentine lion, which is still to be seen upon some of the ancient gates of the city.

Some of the most famous of the battle-cries of Great Britain and Ireland were, "Berwick, a Berwick," of Berwick; "The Bruce, The Bruce," of Bruce; "Shanet-a-boo," of the Earls of Desmond; "Gang Warily," of the Drummonds; "A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke, a Fenwyke," of the Fenwicks; "Spare Nought," of the Hays; the "Soho" of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, which was his password at the battle of Sedgemoor; "Ready, aye ready," of the Napiers; the word of the Northern Counties was "Snaffle, Spur, and Spear"; the "Forward," of the Queensberrys; and the "Esperance" of the Percys at Shrewsbury.

Of the war-cry of the Stanleys at Flodden, Scott has written—

"Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And 'Stanley!' was the cry."

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED,
OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTION THE SHARES OF THE UNDER-MENTIONED ISSUE.

THE ARMADALE GOLD MINING CO.,
LIMITED (COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA).

(Incorporated under the Company's Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL - - - - - £100,000
(In 100,000 SHARES of £1 each).

The Vendors' purchase consideration of £75,000 will be satisfied by 50,000 Shares issued as fully paid £10,000 in Cash, and £15,000 in Cash or Shares at the option of the Company. 25,000 Shares will thus remain available for providing the Working Capital. 4,000 Shares have already been applied for by the Directors and their friends, on the Memorandum and Articles of Association.

Now offered for Subscription 46,000 Shares. Payable 5s. per Share on Application, 5s. per Share on Allotment, and the Balance, 10s., One Month after Allotment. The Lists will open on Wednesday, February 12th, 1896, for Town and Country.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES LIDDERDALE (Chairman of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited), Henley-on-Thames.
Colonel F. C. Keyser, C.B., Moorgate Court, E.C. (Director of the World's Treasure Gold Mine (Limited)).
Arthur C. Bicknell, M.I.M.E. (late Manager of the Sandycroft Foundry), 42, Pelham Street, S.W.
W. S. J. Crossbie-Hill, The Red House, Sevenoaks (Director of the African and Australasian and Development Company, Limited).

MANAGEMENT IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, Bayley Street, Coolgardie.
Consulting Engineer: Frank Nicolas, M.I.M.E.
Mine Manager: D. W. Welch, M.E.

BANKERS.

Commercial Bank of Scotland, Limited, London—Head Office and Branches.
Bank of Australasia, 4, Threadneedle Street, London, and Coolgardie.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Francis and Johnson, 26, Austin Friars, E.C.

SOLICITOR IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Arthur Jenkins, Esq., Coolgardie.

BROKER.

William G. Weager, Esq., 82, Old Broad Street, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. Hopps and Bankart, Chartered Accountants, 17, Coleman Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem).

William Knowles, 49-53, Moorgate Court, E.C.

Mr. Frank Nicolas states that this Company will acquire a developed and proved Gold Mine. In addition a 25-stamp Battery will be delivered free at Coolgardie.

£10,000 for the Working Capital is absolutely guaranteed by the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire the following Gold Mining Leases, viz.:—The Armadale, No. 601, about 11 acres, Armadale East, No. 2390, about 12 acres, and Armadale Extended, No. 2187, about 15 acres, comprising 38 acres, or thereabouts, situated about 4 miles north of Coolgardie on the well-known belt of auriferous ground on which the following properties stand, viz.:—New Victoria, President, Day Dream, Square and Compasses, and Westralia, all of which are opening up large bodies of free milling ore. The Armadale Leases are joined on their South-Eastern boundary by the famous Ballarat Mine, and in addition to the Armadale Lode proper, Mr. Frank Nicolas states that the Ballarat Lode runs through the property, as shown on the Sketch Plan.

The property has been very favourably reported on for the Vendors by Mr. Charles Chewings, F.G.S., Captain Charles Truscott, M.E., Mr. A. Octavius Watkins, A.R.S.M., F.G.S., and Dr. H. A. Ellis, all of Coolgardie.

The Directors have had several interviews with Mr. Frank Nicolas, M.I.M.E., of Coolgardie, and have obtained from that well-known expert an exhaustive and highly satisfactory report. Extracts from the above reports are given below.

From these reports it will be seen that the great feature in connection with the Armadale is the almost phenomenal width of the reef, extending up to 20 feet, and that an average yield of about 30 dwts. of gold to the ton will be realised, and that there are several thousands of tons of ore in sight. Even if the returns were as low as 8 dwts. to the ton, it is evident that the profits to be realised from working the property should be very great.

The chief factors for consideration in connection with the working of the property, and the facilities for raising and crushing the ore in the most economical manner possible are as follows:—

A. The extraordinary width of the reef should obviate the necessity for an immense amount of dead work, thereby greatly reducing the cost of working the mine.

B. The ore is soft and easily worked, and Mr. Frank Nicolas, on whose opinion the greatest reliance is placed, says that with a yield of only 4 dwts. to the ton, dividends can be paid.

C. The completion of the railway from Southern Cross will considerably lessen the charges for transport, while the close proximity of the property to Coolgardie is an advantage not to be overlooked in regard to the cost of labour.

The Vendor's 25-stamp Battery, which, with the other necessary plant, is included in the purchase consideration, will be erected on the property as quickly as possible. It will be observed that Mr. Frank Nicolas distinctly states that "a dividend could be declared within a month of starting the full strength of the battery."

Mr. Frank Nicolas states:—

"In the Armadale and the Armadale Extended a very large amount of payable ore has been exposed. The milling width of the lode is 15 feet, and this has been proved to a length of over 1,500 feet, there being at the present depth to which the lode has been proved, over 40,000 tons of battery ore in sight."

Dr. Henry A. Ellis cables:—

"This Lense is one of the most favourably situated in the District round Coolgardie, from the fact that there will be no difficulty as regards the water supply, which has proved so troublesome elsewhere. . . . An unusual and satisfactory feature in this

property is that it can be very cheaply developed and worked, and, owing to plenty of water in addition, will pay well with an unusually small average of gold in the stone. The size of the formation will allow of ores being worked on a large scale. It has, in addition, an excellent mill and dam site, and is only 4½ miles from the Coolgardie Railway Terminus."

ASSAYS.

A. Octavius Watkins, Assay Office, Bayley Street,

A.R.S.M., F.G.S. Coolgardie, 10th September, 1895.

I have assayed the samples submitted to me on the 7th inst., with the following results:—

Sample Labelled	Gold per ton.
oz. dwt. grn.	
Armadale No. 1 Quartz from Tunnel	0 6 0
Armadale No. 2 Kaolin from N. of claim	2 10 8
Armadale No. 3 Average of formation not containing Quartz or Kaolin	1 2 22
Armadale No. 4 Rock of formation	1 8 5

(Signed) A. OCTAVIUS WATKINS.

Cables dated respectively 7th and 9th November, 1895, from Mr. A. Octavius Watkins:—

"Much pleased with Armadale. It is a very good purchase. A well-defined lode nineteen feet. A well-defined hanging wall. Very similar to Hannan's. 8 dwts. per ton will pay a dividend. Detailed report upon after seeing the average of samples."

"Assays satisfactory, varying from 13 dwts. to 29 dwts. Will pay a dividend. In my opinion the mine is getting richer as depth is attained. Do not hesitate to declare, have formed a very high opinion of Armadale."

In considering the future working and further development of the property, the Directors attach great importance to the fact that they have the call of the services of such eminent men as Mr. Frank Nicolas and Mr. D. W. Welch, both of Coolgardie, as Consulting Engineer and manager of the Mine respectively. Mr. Welch has recently earned a great reputation in Western Australia for the excellent and able manner in which he opened up the famous Burbank Birthday Gift Mine; a testimonial was publicly presented to him at Coolgardie on the termination of his engagement.

The only Contract entered into to which the Company is a party is one dated the 8th day of February, 1896, between the Coolgardie Goldfields Development Corporation, Limited (who own the property) and the Armadale Gold Mining Company, Limited; whereby the Company acquires the property, and the 25-stamp battery, for the sum of £10,000 in cash, the balance being payable as to £50,000 in fully-paid Shares, and £15,000 in cash or Shares at the option of the Directors. This Contract, together with the original reports and plans, can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

There is also an Agreement dated 3rd February, 1896, between the Coolgardie Goldfields Development Corporation, Limited, and the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, whereby the latter undertakes to pay all the expenses incidental to the formation and registration of the Company, and to guarantee the £10,000 for working capital. This Contract, together with the originals of the cables, can be seen at the offices of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, Moorgate Court, E.C.

James Lidderdale, being the Chairman of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, which is interested in the sale, will join the Board on completion of the purchase.

Application for Shares should be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, or to the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, together with the amount payable on application. Where no Allotment is made, the sum so deposited will be returned in full, and if the number of Shares allotted be less than applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on Allotment, and any Balance will be returned.

Application will be made in due course for a Settlement on the London Stock Exchange.

8th February, 1896.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

THE ARMADALE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

To the Directors of the Armadale Gold Mining Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—

I hereby request you to allot me.....Shares in the above Company, upon the terms of the Prospectus, dated 8th February, 1896, and Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the same, or any less number you may allot to me, and I agree to pay the further instalments thereon when due. I further agree with the Company (as Trustees for the Directors or other persons responsible) to waive any claim I may have against them for non-compliance in the said Prospectus with section 38 of the Companies Acts.

I enclose a remittance for £....., being 5s. per Share, payable on application.

Full Name

Signature

Description

Address

Date

IN THE CITY.

THE OUTLOOK.

There has been a sharp recovery in South African shares, and though the political outlook is much less clear than many think it, probabilities point to a considerable further recovery in the best of these shares. The following tables show the price of leading shares immediately before the Jameson raid, the price on the day of the news of his capture, and quotations as we write:—

	Dec. 25.	Jan. 2.	Feb. 8.
Chartered	5 $\frac{3}{8}$...	3 $\frac{1}{8}$...	4 $\frac{3}{8}$...
Barnato Bank	1 $\frac{1}{4}$...	1 $\frac{7}{16}$...	1 $\frac{1}{8}$...
Barnato Consolidated ...	2 $\frac{1}{16}$...	2 ...	3 $\frac{1}{8}$...
Robinson Bank	6 ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$...	7 ...
Consolidated Gold Fields	12 $\frac{1}{4}$...	9 $\frac{3}{8}$...	11 $\frac{1}{8}$...
East Rand	5 $\frac{5}{8}$...	4 $\frac{3}{8}$...	6 $\frac{7}{8}$...
Ferreira	17 $\frac{1}{2}$...	15 ...	17 $\frac{3}{4}$...
Jubilee	8 $\frac{1}{4}$...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$...	9 ...
Modderfontein	7 $\frac{1}{2}$...	6 $\frac{1}{2}$...	10 $\frac{1}{4}$...
Rand Mines	25 ...	21 $\frac{1}{4}$...	28 ...
Simmer and Jack	21 $\frac{1}{2}$...	18 ...	21 ...

It will be seen that with one exception the present quotation is higher than that immediately preceding the outbreak, and the upward movement is likely to continue. We have never thought that the Chartered Company would be any great loser by recent events, and that opinion is now shared by the market. There must be modification of the Charter, and administrative control of territories will pass to the Colonial Office, but that of itself might be of advantage to the finances of the company. The Opposition in Parliament will probably urge that the company ought to be required to surrender all claims upon territory where it is not in effective occupation, but the company is backed by very powerful influence, and Mr. Chamberlain will "let it down" as lightly as possible. On the other hand, we have reason to believe that the Transvaal Government will not make any claim upon it for indemnity, preferring to levy upon the men under lock and key. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Chartereds should be strong.

Upon the Rand things seems to be settling down. We have repeatedly warned our readers not to attach any importance to the anonymous fiction sent over the wires about a general shutting down of mines. Whatever else they may be, the Phillips' and the Farrars' are not fools, and President Kruger has done what we said he would do in warning them that the Volksraad would answer any general shutting down by confiscating the property of those concerned in it. For the rest the chief difficulty is labour. Some of the Kaffirs have left the fields, and probably it will be a little time before they are all back again. But so far as can be seen this is only a temporary, and not very serious difficulty. This being the situation, so far as it can be judged on this side, it is not surprising that there has been recovery on the South African Market.

The Westralian Market has been fairly steady, but business has been restricted. Here too, however, the signs point to considerable improvement in quotations before the spring is over. Much depends upon the crushings from properties not yet giving returns. These will begin to come over very shortly, and if they are good, as from what we hear they are likely to be, we shall probably see something like a "boom" in Westralians. As it is, New Issues are beginning to come out very rapidly. Take for example last week's list:—

Name of Company.	Nominal Capital.
Nil Desperandum Gold Mines, Limited	£90,000
The Princess Royal (Cue), Limited	80,000
The Sunbeam and Vigilant Gold Mines, Limited	80,000
Thames Hauraki Gold Fields, Limited	300,000
The Armadale Gold Mining Company	100,000
The Mining Transport and General Finance Company	151,500

Here we see the issue in a single week of companies with a nominal capital of over £800,000, and we shall probably see much larger issues in the coming weeks. In no case is the working capital more than a fourth of the nominal capital, and the proportion of actual cash working capital may be taken to be much less. The proportion ought to be much higher than a fourth. If, say, the public gives £100,000 for a couple of leases upon which little or no development work has been done—and it is seldom that much has been done—at least half the amount ought to be available for machinery and working. As it is, we

shall see the liquidation of numerous companies not because the property they hold has been proved to be of no mining value, but because the working capital at the command of the managers has been exhausted before the development work, necessary to insure large returns, has been completed. Apart from this matter of working capital, there are many serious obstacles in the way of the immediate success of the gold fields, but there can be little doubt that these difficulties will be overcome. Only, those of our readers who may be disposed to put money into Westralian mining companies will do well to remember that progress is likely to be slow and chequered, and that as one swallow does not make a summer so one Great Boulder does not make a gold field.

LORD ROBERTS.

WE took occasion, some little time ago, to direct attention to the fact that Field Marshal Lord Roberts had joined the Board of a mining company, and to express the opinion that he was ill advised in allowing his name to be used by company promoters, however respectable, and to indulge in the hope that he would stop short at the single indiscretion. We regret, however, to find Lord Roberts' name amongst the list of signatories to another company, registered last week, and as the Board is to be chosen by the same signatories it may be assumed that Lord Roberts will be upon it. We refer to the Corsair Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited, which has been formed with a capital of £250,000, for the purpose, apparently, of promoting companies, as well as of working mining claims.

We were under the impression that officers of the army on active service were precluded from sitting upon the boards of joint-stock companies. We appear to have been in error, but we cannot help thinking that if we are the sooner the rules and regulations are amended in this respect the better for the service. We should have thought that, whatever the regulations may be, Lord Roberts would have scouted the idea of being a director of a mining company, however honest the formation, and respectable the persons, with whom he was asked to associate himself. Lord Roberts is Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. A man in that position ought to discourage officers concerning themselves with mining companies by all means in his power, instead of encouraging them to join such ventures by his own example. We observe that the qualification for a seat upon the Board of the Corsair Consolidated Gold Mining Company, Lim., is only £250, and that the chairman is to receive £450, and each of the other directors get £250, with five per cent. of the net profits remaining, after the payment of a twelve per cent. dividend. It will be seen from this that the directors are to be paid upon an unusually liberal scale, and Lord Roberts, who is not a rich man, may have been tempted by the terms. But we cannot think that a sufficient excuse. Lord Roberts is a Field Marshal, and as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland he draws £2,920—a pittance for a Peer, but more than enough for a soldier. And, passing from Lord Roberts to the shareholders of the Corsair Consolidated Gold Mining Company, Lim., what advantage are they to reap from the presence on their board of a soldier who will be stationed in Ireland for the rest of the century if he lives long enough? We can understand the service Lord Roberts will do the promoters by lending them his name, but what is he to give the shareholders in return for his £250 per annum, and five per cent?

We trust that upon consideration Lord Roberts will decline to go upon the Board. If he has joined two mining companies within a month or two it is conceivable that, if no remonstrance is addressed to him, he may join others before the year is out, and the combination in one person of the Commandership-in-Chief in Ireland and a guinea-pig director would be a spectacle we hope never to see. Lord Roberts has made a mistake, but if his moral courage is a tithe of the physical courage he has shown on a score of battlefields he will resign his directorship, and give all his time to the army of which he is so distinguished a member.

SAFE DEPOSITS.

A correspondent asks if it has ever occurred to us that "Safe Deposits" "are anything but what their name implies." Truth to say, we have never given much attention to the matter, but as it is of some importance, we will put the points submitted by our correspondent, and which lead him to conclude that safe deposits afford no adequate security against loss.

In the first place the keys of all unlet safes are in the custody

of some official, and it would be a very easy matter for this official to provide himself with duplicates of the keys in his charge, so that one of the safes being afterwards let he would have free access to them by means of the duplicate key.

Again, any director may furnish himself with a duplicate of the key of the safe he rents. He could then give up his safe and take another, still retaining access to his old safe by means of his duplicate key.

It follows that a renter is at the mercy of the custodian of the keys, and of his fellow renters.

Let us suppose that a renter had deposited in his safe a quantity of valuables before going, say, on a foreign tour. The party having a duplicate key could extract those valuables with the certainty that the theft would not be discovered, nor even suspected until the renter's return, perhaps a year afterwards. The only difficulty the thief would have to reckon with would be that of opening the safe without being seen, but this would be no great obstacle in small safe deposits, and in large ones it could be overcome.

A real Safe Deposit, safe in fact as in name, would be a great boon, especially to trustees, and some means ought to be devised to insure security. If it be thought that there is such security at present, let those who think so ask any of the directors of the Safe Deposit Companies if they will undertake to indemnify a renter against loss by theft.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

WE understand that the public will shortly be invited to subscribe the capital of a company formed for the purpose of taking over and working the "Daimler" motor, used for "horseless carriages" with such remarkable success upon the Continent.

The syndicate is now full of orders. Indeed, numbers have to be refused, and money has been sent back. Motor carriages are being supplied as fast as possible, and several are already in use in this country.

Not only has the Daimler Company a large number of orders on hand from the general public; it has, as we are informed, even received Government orders, which are now in course of execution.

Hitherto the difficulty in the way of these horseless carriages in this country has been the antiquated legislation which prohibits the use of such vehicles, but the London County Council has now approved a Bill licensing their use, and we have no doubt it will become law during the present session of Parliament.

Under these circumstances the Daimler Motor Company will start under very favourable circumstances, and its shares should be well worth buying.

THE BITER BIT.

WE are glad to find that that impudent land shark Leopold Gordon has got the worst of it in a case tried in the Dundee Sheriff Court a day or two ago. A market gardener borrowed from Gordon—if that be his name—£12, for which he agreed to pay £24 in monthly instalments of £1. That was at the rate of something like 400 per cent. per annum. The borrower paid back the £12, and was sued upon the balance. But the Sheriff found that the borrower's signature to the bill was obtained "by misrepresentation, and by taking advantage of his ignorance and poverty." The bill was obtained by fraud, by the fraudulent statement that "400 per cent. interest was 'the lowest, easiest, and best' terms obtainable. 'A more false statement,' said the Sheriff, 'could scarcely be made, or a more thoroughly fraudulent one.'" It enabled the Sheriff to dismiss the application, and to mulct the man Gordon in £4 4s. expenses. For once this harpy went out to shear, and came back shorn.

PARTNERSHIP.

WE take the following advertisement from the advertising columns of the *Standard*:—

PARTNERSHIP.—Partner Required, with £300, not all at once, but gradually; soundly established business, already yielding large steady profits, and capable of great development; income could at once draw profits on account at the rate of 500l. p.a., but income would be very much larger; no agents.—Address, Brevistan, Willings, 162, Piccadilly.

How nice! A little sum of £300 to be put into a rapidly growing business, and to yield an immediate return of at least £500 per annum.

A correspondent who answered the advertisement received a reply of which the following is a copy:—

18, Westbourne Grove, W., Jan. 28, 1896,
Dear Sir,—I enclose you particulars of my advertisement, which was

necessarily brief, but will enable you to gather a general idea of the business I am engaged in, and its extremely lucrative character. Any further information you may require I shall be pleased to give you.

Yours truly,
T. BOYD, P.P.A.C.

If the particulars of the advertisement were "necessarily brief" the enclosures in the letter were voluminous enough. The "partnership" in a "soundly established business" turns out to be an invitation to put money into "The First and Second Favourite Cambridge System," "T. Boyd" being apparently a racing tout.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

The West-end Syndicate.—Why is it that the police are not moving in this matter? And why is it that a respectable newspaper like the *Daily Telegraph* prints the advertisement of the man Wild? We continue to receive numerous letters from correspondents who send us the type-written communication to which we have previously referred, and which is signed "H. Wild, Sec. pro tem. for the West-end Syndicate, Limited." On the top of this production we find, "Cheques to be crossed 'Cutts and Co.'" The *Daily Telegraph* must know, or if it does not know it ought to know, that Messrs. Cutts and Co. have written to the Press stating that the use of their name was unauthorised. It has also been publicly stated, and not denied, that Wild has no right to use the telephone number on the circular, and as little right to the registered telegraphic address which figures on another part of the letter.

And who is Wild? Is there a Wild? If any of our correspondents have actually parted with money to the Syndicate we advise them to communicate with Scotland Yard, and it is to be hoped and expected that the *Daily Telegraph* will no longer allow its columns to be used for the purposes of this swindle.

NEW ISSUES.

The Armadale Gold Mining Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £100,000 for the purpose of acquiring and working the Armadale, East Armadale, and extended Armadale leases, covering about thirty-six acres, and situated some four miles north of Coolgardie. The great feature in connection with the Armadale is said to be "the almost phenomenal width of Reef, extending up to twenty feet." There are said to be many thousand tons of ore in sight, averaging 30 dwts. of gold. Even if the returns were as low as 8 dwts., it is claimed that "the profits to be received from working the property would be very great"—let us say, would pay a dividend. At the meeting of the West Australian Development Corporation—the vendor of the Armadale—Mr. F. Nicholas spoke in very cheering terms of the property. The main Armadale lode, "which runs almost from end to end of the property," is, he says, "a big lode formation, entirely similar to the Hannan's formation." Machinery is being sent out sufficient to work forty stamps. Unlike most Westralian properties, the Armadale has too much water. If half Mr. Nicholas says about the mine proves true, the Company has a very valuable property. The purchase price is £75,000, of which £10,000 is to be paid in cash, £15,000 in cash or shares as the Directors may decide, and £50,000 in shares. The sale covers a 25-stamp battery already, as we understand, upon the property.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Imperial Western Australian Corporation. SHAREHOLDER (Glasgow).—Yes, we have read it, and we gather from it that the company has made and is making considerable profits. Whether it has made much in the way of cash profit is less clear. **Joseph Hepworth and Sons, Limited.** J. C. (Durham).—We regret that we have not the information, you want respecting this company. **Two Mining Shares.** Z. T. (Perth).

—Both very speculative, but it would be as well to hold them for a time. **Small Investments.** W. M. (Newport).—Buy a few shares in some good Home Industrial concern. You must get them through a broker, and you should deal with a member of the house. **Safe Investment.** NAVY BLUE.—You have omitted to send us your name and address. Spiers and Pond Shares—at their present price—would give you about the interest you want—and they are quite safe. So would Bryant and May's, Eased Breads and Gordon Hotels. All these are sound. No doubt your bankers would get any for you that you may want. They must be bought through a broker. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** J. P. (Birmingham).—The price remains at about 9/16. You will have seen from a cablegram published last week that development work is going on, and that machinery is being put up, and an encouraging report of the results of a trial crushing comes from the Aster property belonging to the company, but the prospects of substantial success are too doubtful to allow us to recommend present investment in these shares. **Humber and Co., Limited.** T. W. S. (Huddersfield).—Yes, we think the six per cent. preference a good investment. As to the Rickmansworth and Uxbridge Valley Water Company, we will make the necessary inquiries, and let you know next week. **Ottoman Bonds.** S. (Northampton).—No doubt the political situation has its effect upon the quotation. Which bonds do you mean? **Dishonest Money Lenders.** W. T. (Edinburgh).—We are obliged to you for the cutting, and for your kindly appreciation. **Black Flags.** H. D. (Bristol).—Better hold. The reports from the property continue to be favourable. **Southern Geldenhuis.** EISEN (Wokington).—We have no belief in the company, and therefore no faith in the reconstruction scheme. It is surprising that the shareholders should have agreed to it, and practically upon the terms of the board. We can only explain the assent upon the assumption that the shareholders had a very hazy idea of the facts of the case. **Moore's Rhodesian Concession Company, Limited.** J. R. (Edinburgh).—It is not a company in whose shares we can recommend you to invest. **New Chimes.** C. H. M. (Manchester).—A good property, and its shares are well worth buying at their present price. **Elen Roca Shares.** J. D. (Glasgow).—Sell for what you can get. **Various Shares.** F. J. (Southport).—1. Hauraki's Gold Shares would not be suitable for your purpose. (2) Do you mean West Australian Gold Fields? If so they are an excellent purchase. (3) So, too, are Chartered; but if you have only £50 to play with take our advice and keep it in the bank. **Adler Consolidated.** A. N. (Oldham).—We will answer your question next week. **Castner-Kilner, Alkali Company.** T. A. T. (Salford).—It was only formal. Shareholders' Rights. (F. A. Sutton).—Yes, unless they are specially excluded by the Articles.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS' 17th Grand Pantomime, CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.30. For full particulars see daily papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

PALACE. Shaftesbury - avenue. — **THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN EUROPE.** The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAU VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.40.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Never in Entertainment History have so many attractions been provided in one building.—The World's Greatest Show 2.15 and 7.15.—Over 100 Artists.—Early Varieties, 11.0 a.m.—13 hours' Entertainment, One Shilling, Children Sixpence.—Swimming and Rod v. Man, 5.0 and 10.0.—Gold Mine.—See the Man in a 30 Days' and Nights' Trance.—Yachting Exhibition now open.—Cliquet, the Human Wonder of the Age, 4.0 and 9.0.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, W. To-day, at Three and Eight.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—Enormous success of the 31st Annual Carnival Programme, produced upon a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The Magnificent Company increased to Sixty Performers, including a fine choir of juvenile and adult voices, phalanx of Comedians, and a superb Orchestra.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—TO-DAY, at Three and Eight. The Holiday Programme has achieved an Enormous Success. Is entirely new from beginning to end. Is one of the strongest and most brilliant ever presented by this company, and will be presented EVERY EVENING, at eight. Matinees Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at Three.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The Series of "Plantation" Performances will be given every Friday Evening and Monday Matinée. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Bookings at Basil Tree's and all Libraries.—General Manager, Mr. Lawrence Brough.

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"A good, rapid, bustling novel . . . modern and up to date."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE TRACK OF A STORM. By OWEN HALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

JAMES PAYN says:—"The Track of a Storm' is not a book to put down till the storm is over."

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THE GREY MONK. By T. W. SPEIGHT, Author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke."

"An amusing story, the interest of which is well sustained throughout."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE MYSTERY OF JAMAICA TERRACE. By DIK DONOVAN. Second Edition.

"A very spirited sensational story."—*Glasgow Herald*.

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"A very dramatic story."—*Literary World*.

THE GOLDEN ROCK. By ERNEST GLANVILLE. With Frontispiece by Stanley Wood.

"No story could well be cleverer or more exciting."—*Academy*.

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"The book is charming all through. I could guess the original of Dorothy Cartwright, and she ought to be highly flattered."—*Queen*.

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"THE IDLER"

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WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.—I. EVE A. J. GOODMAN
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Four Illustrations by MAX COWPER.

"A middle-aged woman of sedate appearance sat crocheting an antimacassar."—"Committed his body to the deep."—"His mood's under way," said he, hastily."—"Taking him affectionately by the arm, led him out to the skipper."

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"Sitting in the same attitude."—"Trembling in every limb."—"Fell into my arms."—"I noticed a change in the aspect of the man."

FOR A PICTURE CHARLES KENNETH BURROW

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"You had no thought save just to go your ways."

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A SLEEPING-CAR TRAGEDY W. L. ALDEN

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"Bringing her cakes and apples."—"They'd take off their boots."—"Telling anecdotes was always my strong suit."—"Sat down in front of him with his pistol in his hand."

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"I found her engaged in writing out the menu for the evening's repast."—"Would you be so good, sir, as to tell me the names of some of our fellow-queers?"—"We found the landing thick with smoke and the Colonel's door open."—"The Major sprang to his feet with a muttered oath."

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Fifteen Illustrations.

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A TALE OF TWIN SOULS FRED WHISHAW

Three Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.

"Zuth is my name."—"A slouch hat and a false beard can only partially eclipse."—"Mr. Daniels."

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.—"CINDERELLA" AT DRURY LANE.

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THE IDLER'S CLUB:—THE MAN IN LOVE. IS HE RIDICULOUS OR

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The Annual Subscription to "The Idler" is, post free, 16s.

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS.

SUN LIFE INCORPORATED 1865.

ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

CHIEF OFFICE FOR UNITED KINGDOM.

42, POULTRY, E.C.

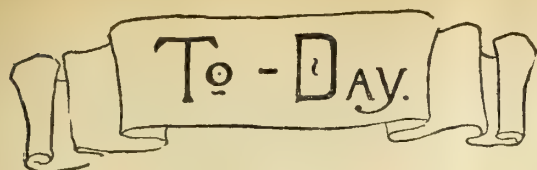
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

THE Sultan of Turkey is "satisfied" with Lord Salisbury's latest speech. Its free circulation is to be allowed through Armenia. We deserve some compensation for our humiliation; we have obtained it. The Sultan of Turkey is "satisfied" with our Prime Minister! And well he may be, for a more pliant, subservient tool he could hardly find among his own eunuchs. To please him Lord Salisbury has publicly recanted every word that England has spoken on the Armenian question. To win his new master's favour, Lord Salisbury has held up his own country to the contempt and ridicule of the world, has exulted in her supposed weakness, and laughed at her shame. Gladstone when he ran, tail between legs, from Majuba Hill, apologised to Austria, and deserted Gordon to save a penny in the income-tax, never brought such disgrace upon the country. The Radicals themselves never dared hope for a day of such degradation to the Motherland. The Sultan of Turkey approves us. The Organiser of the Armenian massacres is "satisfied" with us. Let us hasten to inscribe the new honour on our banner, "Our glorious *semper eadem*" has been blessed by Abdul Hamid.

THE *Christian News*, commentating on my conscription argument, acknowledges that a short period of forced military service would greatly improve the physique of our race, but fears for the moral influence. Says my contemporary: "To take a young man, hardly out of his teens, away from his trade, and place him in the midst of the harsh, rough life of a soldiers' camp may develop physique, but what of the moral development?" To which remark one or two obvious answers at once occur. Firstly, a healthy body is likely to produce a healthy mind. A young man, hard-worked all day in the open air, his body tired with health, strengthening exercise,

is less likely to let his mind wander towards sin. On the whole, soldiers are fairly clean livers; they will certainly bear comparison with any other class. Their lives are ordered, and in barrack and camp there is little opportunity for misbehaviour, while the spirit of self-respect and decency is inculcated by officers and comrades.

Will my contemporary explain to me what better moral surroundings a young man obtains in the workshop and the factory, the ship, the office, and the street? What sort of lessons do the lads who lounge about our towns after their day's work is done, pick up? If our young fellows would go direct from their work to the Sunday school or the Bible class, it might be argued that their two years' sojourn in a camp might be of less use towards their training as missionaries, but is this a likely picture of our national existence? The camp and the barrack would be a healthy moral ground for our youngsters, compared with the soil upon which many of them now grow. They would learn cleanliness, decency, self-respect, and obedience—without which latter no man is able to govern himself.

I MAINTAIN that two years' military service would improve the morale of the nation as much as it would improve its physique. Some correspondents are shocked at the idea of your free-born Briton being compelled to obey orders—as if, in every state of life, we had not to obey orders of some sort. When has the English soldier or sailor shirked obedience? Not a barge could be run from Wapping Old Stairs to Gravesend if men were not willing to obey. A man who has not learnt obedience has left unlearned the finest lesson life can teach him. The man who never will learn to obey is the loafer and the tramp. The English army—what there is of it—is the most highly disciplined and most obedient in the world, and it is to that that it owes its successes.

I TRUST Mr. Chamberlain's back-bone is made of somewhat different stuff to Lord Salisbury's, or we shall soon be eating humble pie again; and explaining to the German Emperor and President Kruger that we never meant it—that we should not think of doing so—that even had we ever thought of doing so we are too weak and cowardly to do it; and, that, therefore it is foolish of them to be annoyed. Mr. Chamberlain, in Article 31 of his despatch, uses these straightforward words: "There is no reason to anticipate that any foreign state will dispute our rights (of suzerainty over the Transvaal Republic), but it is necessary to state clearly that Her Majesty's Government intend to maintain them in their integrity." Now, as it happens, the whole of the Continental Press, unrebuked, and more than one leading German statesman, have disputed our rights in this matter. Somebody, therefore, has got to climb down. Lord Salisbury's "magnificent diplomacy" throughout the Armenian question has proved to the world that it is only necessary to show us the whip to send us down on our knees stuttering out explanations and apologies. I should have more faith in the intentions of Her Majesty's Government to maintain our rights in their integrity, etc., if Lord Salisbury were not at the head of it.

At Bingley, before Alfred Sharp, W. Ferrand, Rush-

forth, Lund and others, a cab owner named Midgley was charged with gross cruelty to a horse. The animal was found drawing a coal cart. It was quivering with pain and very lame. Midgley had twice been warned not to work this horse. Fined one pound! At Glossop, before Mr. Rhodes and C. W. Shepley, a farmer named Hearsam was charged with cruelty to a pony. The chief constable said it was one of the worst cases he had ever known. Mr. Rhodes thought five shillings an ample fine. At Penzance—a town notorious for cruelty-loving magistrates—a man named Friggens was charged with cruelty, in working a horse full of sores. The saddle was covered with blood and matter. The horse was quite violent with pain. Friggens continued to work the horse, knowing its condition. Two previous convictions had been obtained against him. This bench of shameless brutes let Friggens off with a fine of a pound.

MR. T. E. SAMPSON, of the Liverpool Dale Street Court, has strange notions of justice. For gross cruelty he considers fines of three and six, five shillings, and half a guinea quite sufficient. At St. Helen's, before Mr. Gamble and Alderman Sinclair, a couple named Fenny were charged with continuous cruelty to their children. They starved them and beat them on the fingers till the blood oozed out. They burned them with red hot pokers and blackened their eyes. Messrs. Gamble and Sinclair fined the creatures twenty shillings! At Doncaster, before a Mr. Morris and two other typical English magistrates, a labourer was summoned for gross cruelty to two horses. The case was proved, but the man was promptly discharged. The idiot sub-editor of the *Sheffield Independent* heads the paragraph "Merciful Magistrates." Messrs. Greenwood, Lee, Maynard, and Clemestra, of Preston, fined a man five shillings for starving and beating a donkey; and twenty shillings for kicking and beating his wife and daughters. What a farce magisterial justice is in England.

On the other hand, I learn with some satisfaction that a Yeovil man, charged at the Sherborne Petty Sessions (Colonel Goodden in the chair) with cruelty to a horse, was sent to hard labour for one month. The prisoner Thorne, evidently astonished, asked indignantly "What! Without the option of a fine?" Colonel Goodden: "Yes." I do not know whether the Sherborne Bench is the Bench I had occasion to criticise a few weeks ago. If not, the two Benches must be very near neighbours. Whether I can attribute the satisfactory incident to myself or not, I am equally glad to think that cruelty is likely in the future to be at a discount in Somersetshire. (I think I have it right this time.) At Manchester a drover, for cruelty to a sheep, was sent to prison for fourteen days. At Bristol, before Messrs. Sparke, Evans, and Capper-Pass, a young man was sentenced to a month's hard labour for beating a horse with a piece of wood, carefully prepared with a nail. At Hastings a brute named Albert Payne was sharply fined for cruelty to a horse, and time to pay was refused.

THE overworked postman is becoming articulate. The House of Lords' Committee has invited evidence, and is obtaining it. A Liverpool postman complained that the work was "murderous." From forty to ninety pounds of letters seems to be the average burden. On "16 B" walk the bag sometimes reached one hundred and twenty

pounds. On the level the men were just able to bear the strain; but with the advent of the flat system, both for offices and residences, the labour was growing beyond human endurance. I would that some of those public-spirited persons, who are always clamouring for a reduction of postal rates could be made, for a day or two, to carry a postman's bag over a "walk" containing some dozen or so ten story "mansions." Four-fifths of the flats in London are unprovided with lifts. The man has to enter each door and climb to the top of every staircase. At Chelsea, a flat I once occupied was reached by ninety-eight stairs, the man's legs would be trembling under him by the time he reached my door, and nineteen such staircases he had to stagger up before that one block was done. The generous-hearted public will, of course, cry "Shame" when the tale is brought before them. Will they submit to such an increase in postal rates as will allow the employment of more men, and the consequent lightening of the burden all round? It must be remembered that it is we—the public—who are the slave-drivers in this matter.

THE male teetotal fanatic can generally manage to exhibit himself in a sufficiently foolish light, but when his sister lets her tongue go, she can give him five minutes' start to the mile, and beat him hollow. At a meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association, held last week at Hastings, a certain Dr. Sarah Anderson Brown seems to have received loud applause for stigmatising England as a "nation of women drunkards." With regard to this, I have received a naturally indignant letter from a lady. "Now, as a woman," writes my correspondent, "and an Englishwoman, in my own defence, and in the defence of my dear country and countrywomen, on behalf of the hundreds of thousands of good, true, sober, pure, temperate, honourable wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts, who are at once the pride and the glory of every Englishman worthy of the name, I protest against the infamous accusation of Dr. Sarah Brown, and hasten to stigmatise it as a base, unfounded and untruthful libel. . . . Owing to my work as a journalist, and through much travel in every part of the kingdom, I have been brought into contact with a large number of my countrywomen, of all classes, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, in spite of the disproportion between the sexes, a drunken woman is far more uncommon than a drunken man, and, in point of fact, I don't think I have come across half-a-dozen female inebriates."

THE absurdity of this precious Dr. Brown's statement takes away its sting. The accusation, to my thinking, is one to be met rather by contempt than indignation, but it shows the class of woman from whom these fanatics are drawn. What good do they think such silly speeches accomplish? Lady Henry Somerset tells us that 25 per cent. of the population of Great Britain die a drunkard's death. Dr. Sarah Brown tells us that England is known throughout the world as a "nation of woman drunkards." Then, after such wild talk, they clamour that Parliament shall set to work to listen to them, and to follow their instructions. Cannot they see that they are only making their cause ridiculous, and themselves contemptible?

I SEE that an undergraduate of Peterhouse, Cambridge, has brought an action against the master and

fellows of the college for breach of contract. The undergraduate gave up attending college chapel on religious grounds, and claimed exemption under the Universities Test Acts. His claim was not granted, and his name was taken off the college list. He brought his action, seeking to be reinstated, and enabled to take his degree, and I cannot pretend to be sorry that judgment was given for the defendants with costs. I do not like religious intolerance, and I detest hypocrisy, but, all the same, I do not consider that this action should have been brought, and I am glad that it has failed. At first sight, it seems wrong that the governing body of a college should, in any case, force a man to attend a particular religious service at a particular hour; such a course, it would seem, must promote hypocrisy and tend to bring religion into contempt. Still more wrong does it seem that a man who declares that he has conscientious scruples against attending such a service, should be punished for absence by a withdrawal of such rights and privileges as are connected with a university education. But, I say it in sorrow, what seems to us at first sight to be correct, is not always correct, and the young man in a hurry does not furnish us with a last word on problems that the older man hardly dares tentatively to approach. In this instance, particularly, the superficial aspect of the case is of no importance; we have to consider the facts at the bottom of the case.

NEWSPAPER reports are notoriously insufficient and inaccurate. As far as I can gather from the newspaper reports in this instance, the undergraduate refused to state to the governing body of the college that he was not, or had ceased to be, a member of the Church of England. He had the delicate conscientiousness of his opinions, but not the pluck of his opinions. I will only remark that this is not an unusual phase in the newly-enlightened young man, and that it does him no particular credit. I will pass to another point. When a young man joins an ancient and religious foundation at either university, he knows what he is doing. If he does not, it can only be said that he ought to know what he is doing, and that his ignorance is no excuse. If he does, he knows that the college which he proposes to join insists upon attendance at chapel for a certain number of times in every week. If, in spite of this—and there is no secret about it—he still insists on joining, he has no right whatever to complain if the ancient and religious foundation does not immediately conform to his modern and irreligious notions. After all, it is not compulsory upon any man to have a university education; if he has it, he knows very well upon what conditions he has it, and he has no business to quarrel with those conditions subsequently. But that is not all—the longer I live, the more I am amazed by the almost grotesque tenderness of conscience displayed by those people who would deny that there was, or could be, any such thing as conscience. In a word, the orthodoxy of the unorthodox is twenty times more severe than the orthodoxy of the orthodox. I do not say that it is as sincere, because, as a matter of fact, I do not think that it is.

I AM not going into the question of compulsory chapels. But I think it is a good thing for young men to get up early in the morning—when they are rowing, they

think so themselves. I would not praise the subterfuge of the young man who wrote to the Dean that he was sorry that he had kept no chapels, but that he had been indisposed; for though he meant merely that he had been indisposed to such chapels, it is probable that the Dean regretted his illness, while he pardoned his absence. I would point out, however, the necessity for tolerance and the absence of haste. There is no such ardent believer as the convert; similarly, there is no such bigotry as that which is shown by the enemy of the bigot. If a young man finds himself wounded and hurt by the services of his college chapel—and, from all I hear, these services are more soporific than disturbing—he should, at any rate, ask himself whether the opinions at which he has arrived, at the mature age of twenty or thereabouts, are likely to be final, and if it would not be better for him in the meantime to take the opinions of those who are older and wiser than he is, on trust, as it were. I get very tired of the bumptious agnostic. He is offensive. He does not think, but he repeats these formulæ that happen to have impressed him. The genuine agnostic is more often one who is driven into agnosticism *malgré lui*, and, for fear of wounding the feelings of others, keeps his opinions to himself, than the man who, on the strength of the younger and cruder work of the poet Shelley, proselytises and makes himself a general nuisance.

I HAVE to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the Pluck Fund:—F. G. T., 2s. 6d.; T., 5s.; A. McCall, 21s.; A. V., jun., 2s. 6d.; H. D., 2s. 6d.; A. W. K., 10s.; Sir F. G. Milner, 21s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

TRAINED NURSE writes me an interesting letter respecting my answer last week to PERPLEXED. Says my correspondent:—"You make hospital life appear needlessly revolting. The sights are sad, but they are not loathsome or revolting to the woman who approaches them with a healthy mind in a sound body. There is a wonderful satisfaction to a nurse in seeing the sick man or woman gradually restored to health, and so improved in condition that the poor soul's appearance on admission is forgotten. You are right to dissuade anyone from taking up nursing without weighing well what it means. The long training and the surroundings should not be lightly encountered. Long, personal experience of the life of a hospital nurse has proved to me that days spent in sick wards may be full of cheerful contentment to the woman with her heart in her work. If there is sadness there is also humour, happiness and success. In ministering to the needs of the sufferers it is quite possible to forget everything beyond the momentary triumph of securing to them some little ease, helping to lighten their burdens.

A. M.—I thank you sincerely for your very kind and encouraging words. I have made a rule never to criticise, otherwise I would give you an opinion of your verses with pleasure. I return them to you as the subject matter is not suitable for To-Day.

C. E. S.—I fear your communication might be misjudged, and, therefore, in your own interest, I would rather not send it on.

VOLT.—"The Fruits of Philosophy," published by Forder, Stonecutter Street, London. T. C. (Enniskillen).—I believe the Loissetian School of Physiological Memory to be a thoroughly *bona-fide* institution. Whether a course of study would improve the memory to the extent stated, I am not prepared to say.

R. L. S.—I very much doubt if the little optical knowledge you could obtain would be of any practical use. To study the thing properly would mean making yourself an oculist. I am not sure that a little knowledge in these matters would not be more dangerous than none at all. People who buy eyeglasses at a fancy goods' shop, must, to a certain extent, take the risk upon themselves. A man careful about his eyesight would consult an oculist, and would then go with a proper prescription to a practical optician. Many people injure their eyesight for life by buying cheap eyeglasses. But they do this of their own free will, and I do not see how you can help them beyond impressing upon each customer not to purchase a glass that strains his eyes in the least.

D. A. T. (Neath).—For me to comment upon the matter while

the trial is still pending would be contempt of court. You might let me know the result.

F. N.—You would get much help from a book entitled "Play-writing," published at *The Stage* office.

SISTER GERTRUDE, of 34, Granville Square, Clerkenwell, asks me to appeal on behalf of her scheme for giving happy evenings to poor children. Sister Gertrude writes:—"When men and women have reached a certain age, and wallowed long in a particular groove, I am afraid their chances of reformation are very few. But I believe it is possible to do grand work with the children—work which may have a beneficial influence upon succeeding generations. With this idea I have lately taken a room where the children meet for two hours three evenings weekly. We have classes for needlework, domestic duties, etc., after which, the children give recitations and songs, and even take part in little pieces. I hope to awaken them to self-respect. By making them use their mental faculties they may eventually learn to know and to value the capabilities they possess. By setting before them the example of industry, independence, self-reliance, they will presently perceive that their condition of life has its duties, its ambitions, its ideals." I like the spirit of Sister Gertrude's letter. Our sentimentalists talk about poverty as though there were no possibility of happiness for the poor. It is an argument of despair; it implies that the Creator has condemned five-sixths of the human race to an existence of wretchedness. The mere contemplation of such a catastrophe would drive a thinking man to suicide. Thank God, happiness is not dependent on luxury. The poor can laugh, and play, and hope, and think, and love. We waste our energies preaching discontent, and planning impossible Utopias. If half the money wasted in this country in our efforts to make life dull, were spent on practical endeavour to cheapen joy, England might yet again be merry, as it was in the days before the chill wind of Puritanism arose to wither gladness from the land. Why should there not be dancing greens and cricket fields in every town and village? Let us teach the poor that there is poetry in life for them as well as for others. Let us teach them to dream, and read, and plan. Let us teach them that pleasure is good for them, and show them how to attain it. Let us teach them to help themselves; that is the best help we can give them.

CONSTANT READER (a foolish pseudonym).—There is nothing to be troubled about. You would have cause for alarm, at your age, if the thing you speak of did not happen. Keep your mind away from that subject, and your body clean. You will grow out of it.

CULLENDER.—Why should you wish you did not think? What was your brain given you for? Do you not remember Tennyson's lines? I am not sure that I have them exact; I am writing this in a small Suffolk village where books are unknown, but I think they run: "There is more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." You cannot think too much about religion. It is one of the very few subjects worthy a sane man's thoughts. To stifle thought on this great question has ever been the world's task. Nineteen hundred years ago the Cross was raised for those who dared to think for themselves. Later, Christianity, in its turn, lit the fagots for the thinkers. To-day Mrs. Grundy feebly shakes her social whip in his face. Continue to think; it will bring you good, not harm. The truth for you is what you believe, not what I believe, or another. No religion is founded on external proof in the sense you imply.

H. E., LIEUT.-COL., SECRETARY, WHITE CROSS LEAGUE.—I thank you for your kind letter and appreciation of *To-Day* as an influence for good. I have read the pamphlets you enclose with much interest.

C. J. G.—I sent your letter relative to the article on "The Golden Horn," to the author, who replies as follows: "It is very evident that your correspondent has not read my article on the 'Golden Horn' very carefully. I did not say that the 'Golden Horn' was the fabled land of the 'Golden Fleece.'

That would be absurd. It was after vainly searching for that Eldorado, that the ancient Darians settled on the shores of the Golden Horn. That was about the year 658 B.C., and that was practically the beginning of the Byzantine Empire. As for the story of Cunimund's skull, it does not, as your correspondent maintains, really belong to Italy, though it may be quoted in Italian History. It is true Cunimund hailed from Italy, and so of course did the tyrant Alboin's wife. Nor was it near the Golden Horn that Cunimund was slain, but it was in Byzantium or "the city of the Golden Horn" where the banquet was held at which Alboin's wife was forced to carry round the ghastly trophy to the guests. You might as well say that the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, or of Trafalgar, had nothing to do with the history of England. As regards the criticism of my remark, "following Justinian came Heraclius," all I have got to say is that the particular Justinian to whom I referred (there was of course more than one Justinian), died in 565 B.C., and Heraclius was crowned on October 5, 610 B.C. The only inaccuracy in the article was as regards the date 1851. That was evidently a printer's error, for it should have been 1451. The remainder of your correspondent's letter needs no comment."

H. R.—I am sincerely glad if I have been of any help to you. It would not be journalistic etiquette for me to answer your question as to the letter and "Club Chatter." The name is a two-syllable one. I thank you for your suggestion, but *To-Day* goes up steadily, and advertising, therefore, is unnecessary.

J. E., writing from Sydney as a "native-born," assures me there is very little anti-English feeling in Australia, and that the *Sydney Bulletin* is regarded as only "a jingo organ, whose discordant yells and chronic growling no one heeds." "We love our Empire!" writes my correspondent. "How can it be otherwise? Every lad who knows his school history cannot but treasure the grandeur of his heritage. Enough that England has its history! The glory of its past but dimly indicates the greatness of its future. Its progress we thankfully enjoy and, I trust, advance. 'Little Englanders,' will sneer and call this 'gush,' but, sir, happily they are a harmless lot. Our race has a destiny to fulfil." It is easy to believe what we hope. I am sure this correspondent speaks with more knowledge than do those who write me to the opposite effect.

A. J. L. J. sends me a cutting from the *Hereford Times*, advertising the wonderful power of a Mr. Tompkins, who finds wells by means of a hazel stick. My correspondent concludes, "If B. T.'s stick is right, why did Moses get into such trouble about finding water in a rock with his?"

H. G.—I admit there are two sides to every question; I go further, I often find a dozen, but not being a mental acrobat, I am unable to tackle them all at once. I choose the side that appeals most to myself, and go for that. Honesty and dishonesty are controversial subjects. I am not personally sure whether we actually exist, or are merely imbued with a capacity for believing that we exist.

F. D.—I thank you for your letter. Work is the result of temperament. A man cannot sit down and say, "I will write a funny book, or a serious book." He writes what comes.

A. K. A.—Some months ago I exposed the methods of Messrs. T. Smith and Co. Their advertisement is purposely designed to mislead.

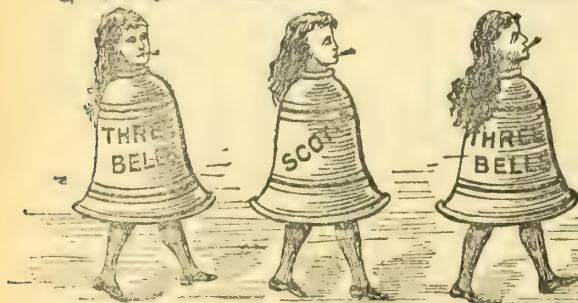
L. C.—I am sorry I can be of no assistance to you in the matter.

W. S. R.—I thank you for your kind appreciation of *Clorinda* a letter.

KATE S.—Read books that interest you; you will never learn anything from books that don't. Have you read Scott, Dumas, Hugo, Conan Doyle, Weyman, and the other historical novelists? You might like George Eliot; she is philosophical enough for a beginner. Good fiction will widen your mind quicker than would study and "courses of reading."

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH" The Three Bells



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CLUB CHATTER.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me a copy of the *Shields Daily Gazette*, containing some very sensible letters on the subject of dog muzzling. The writers of these letters are evidently keen lovers of dogs, and therefore object to the muzzling order being enforced in South Shields. They are quite right. The practice of muzzling dogs in one town and allowing them their liberty in the adjacent villages is utterly and entirely absurd, and can do no possible good in the way of extirpating rabies. We have a happy instance of this near at hand. The muzzling order is in force in the county of Middlesex, but not yet in the county of London. Consequently, I can walk down Maida Vale with my dog unmuzzled, but when I get to Kilburn I must put a muzzle on my dog if he walks one side of the road, although he is perfectly safe on the other side. Dogs being dogs, it is somewhat difficult to enforce the muzzling order under these circumstances. Already there are many stories current of dogs having carefully learnt all the geography necessary to ensure them their perfect liberty, and it is only to be expected that they have turned this knowledge to practical use.

If dogs are to be muzzled at all, let the order be enforced all over England, Scotland, and Wales. We should then have good opportunities of seeing exactly how much good is to be derived from this dog-torturing practice, although the results could, I think, be prophesied with safety. Statistics show that in the years when the muzzling order was enforced in London there were more deaths caused by bites from mad dogs than in those years when the order was not in force. I have known many instances of dogs' tempers being completely spoiled by being compelled to wear a muzzle, but, somehow or other, the really mad dogs always escape the penalty.

THERE was never a truer proverb than "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Unfortunately, too many people wish to carry out this principle with the whole canine race, and then turn round with surprise when they find their wishes thwarted. This dislike of dogs is usually caused by an ignorant and erroneous idea that all dogs are liable to go mad at the shortest notice. For many years I have tried to find either a mad dog or a man who possessed one, but up to now I have not succeeded. A professional dog-fancier told me the other day that, though he never had less than a hundred animals in his kennels at one time, he had never seen a mad dog, and knew no one who had. Much harm can easily be done by a mad dog scare. I was at a small show one day last summer, and in the middle of the morning there was a sudden cry of "Mad dog loose!" People flew in all directions, and a serious panic might have ensued if the dog had not succeeded in finding his owner—which was all the dog was trying to do. This was his first show, and he could not understand it. That was all.

My friend "Dagonet" had something to say on this subject in last Sunday's *Referee*. "Dagonet" appears to have got hold of an official proclamation of the County Council, in which that body seeks to explain the symptoms of rabies in dogs. Now I don't want to get "Dagonet" into trouble, but if he has paid his dog's taxes for the last two or three years, he will find those symptoms (?) printed almost word for word on the back of the licences. The whole business is absurd. There is hardly a dog which hasn't at least one of these so-called symptoms of rabies; but somehow no dog that I have ever met has got further than the symptoms. I remember a well-known doctor telling me once that he intended going in for the study of hydrophobia as a specialist. I told him he would probably find it difficult to begin owing to the scarcity of mad dogs. He thought otherwise, but though he went all over England

to find suitable subjects, he never succeeded in discovering a really mad dog.

I came across a novelty in the way of boots the other day, which is likely to catch on and become very popular during the forthcoming racing season. It took the form of a brown lace-up boot in a very fine quality of patent leather. The colour was quite different from the usual tan-shade which, for some unexplained reason, is called "brown," when speaking of boots, and the general effect was very pleasing. It would be impossible to get a smarter boot for wearing at race-meetings, or at any function in the country where very much walking is not required of one. I have seen these boots worn with a black frock coat and silk hat, but this idea will never become fashionable, as any brown boot must appear quite out of place when worn with such clothes.

Last Sunday being about the first warm day we have had this year, there was a notable difference in the appearance of fashionable folk at Church Parade. But it was a very go-as-you-please kind of affair. With regard to frock and morning coats, for instance, there were all sorts of styles, varying from the very long shapeless frock-coat, fashionable about a couple of seasons ago, to the morning coat with extremely short tails and large hip-pockets, which somehow or other always manages to give the wearer a horsey appearance.

Amongst other curiosities I noticed a long blue frock-coat suit. Now, there may be some difference of opinion just now as to what particular shade will be worn this season, but there is no doubt that blue frock-coats will not be seen on fashionable men. Another out-of-the-way get-up consisted of a dark pair of trousers and a light grey short morning coat! Is it necessary to warn my readers not to copy either of these two models?

THE good people of Dorking, Leatherhead and Stoke d'Abernon are much pleased and excited at the intelligence that Woodlands Park was purchased last week by their neighbour, Mr. Martin D. Rucker, of "Humbers," whose loyal devotion to the "wheel" has not prevented his making the Surrey Farmers' Stag-hounds, of which he is the master, one of the most popular packs in the home counties. The house at Woodlands Park alone cost the late Mr. Frederick Bryant over £120,000, and the estate comprises a superb model farm, many cottages, extensive stabling, and six hundred acres of rich park and pasture land enclosed in a ring fence.

I HAVE always thought Mr. Hermann Vezin made a better elocutionist than an actor, and I am glad to hear that Mr. Vezin is back again at his chambers in Lancaster Place, Strand, ready to devote most of his time to giving lessons in elocution and preparing pupils for the stage. He is one of the few actors who has the gift of teaching, and it would be difficult to find a more able master.

I was talking a week ago of the "snobs" that have walked aimlessly across the history of the 19th century in France, and I may be pardoned if I deal for a moment with those women who suddenly find their names in every journal, and whose every action is recorded with the faithfulness of *The Court Journal*. I know that the *Journal* is painfully inaccurate, and that the Prince of Wales is described as having attended divine service at Sandringham Church when he has been smoking a cigar in Paris with complacency, and rigorously avoiding the Hotel Bristol, where everyone knew him. But still, there is an air of candour and simplicity in its pages that excites no comment. The reason that I mention it is because to-day that world-famous beauty, "La Belle Otero," is selling up her house, and has left her gorgeous apartment in Paris for ever.

"LA BELLE OTERO" arrived in Paris with a certain amount of reputation, and danced at a music-hall. She secured a tremendous success, and the papers raved over her. She was mentioned as a Spanish woman of distinction, although I believe that there is little doubt that she was the daughter of a pedlar in the umbrella trade, who frequented the village fairs in the Auvergne. She had her name quickly associated with an Englishman, who called himself "Bullpitt," and whose real identity has never been known, although he was connected with her in a law action brought by her landlord, who sought to expel her because she did not lead a *bourgeois* life.

This was in itself an advertisement, and I remember well, when I was in Paris in the summer, that it was impossible to walk a yard without seeing her photograph, in all sorts of positions, and displaying garments that it would require a lady writer to mention in inoffensive language. Half Paris was mad over her, and of a sudden she was associated with a tragedy, and her triumph was complete. By hook and by crook some young fool managed to raise some hundreds of francs, and these he offered her. She crumpled them up and, figuratively, threw them in his face. The lad went outside and took a cab, and blew his brains out. After that she was wise enough to leave Paris, for the authorities there will only let a foreigner remain within their gates so long as his actions do not call attention to his existence.

LONG ago a similar tragedy was enacted by young Duval, the son of the millionaire restaurateur, on the doorsteps of Cora Pearl, whose last moments of absolute poverty were so graphically described by Mrs. Crawford in the *Daily News* five or six years ago. What has become of La Belle Otero is uncertain, although she is reputed to be in Russia, and to be on friendly terms with an enormously wealthy noble.

OF other "actresses" of this description, Emelienne D'Alençon is a noteworthy example. No one had ever heard of her till the famous and notorious Bal des Quart Arts took place. She was one of those whose costume, or lack of costume, brought down the wrath of the police on the promoters, and which led to the terrible riots two years ago in the Latin Quarter. From that moment she found herself famous, and without having the slightest histrionic ability, is the highest-priced artiste in the ballets and *revues* at the Folies Bergère and the Scala. When the mining boom was at its height in the summer she was about as well informed on every market movement as Barnato himself, and made a fortune. Another woman is Cléo de Merode, a figurant at the Opera, who set a fashion in the dressing of the hair, got her name associated with that commercial traveller king, Leopold of the Belgians, and has become world-famous.

THE way that most of these celebrated beauties are

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One Dozen Cases sent Carriage Paid for Cash 45s.

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As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on "Pushing the Trade" and "Making Sales," so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce. Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These have not been effected without very great care and attention—care and attention to minute matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.



ALEXANDER RILEY, 42, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.

launched on their career is interesting. There are in Paris any number of men well known in society and belonging to the most aristocratic families, but who are more or less adventurers. They, for a consideration, drive in the Bois with these ladies by their side, and so secure for them a certain advertisement. Then the writers for the boulevard journals step in, and, for a further consideration, insert among the fashionable intelligence this fact, and also every detail connected with her movements. When this is done, and her name is familiar, it only waits for the managers of the *Revue*s to give her a small speaking part, to complete her ambition.

The French are setting a new premium on that system of tipping. The attendants who show you to your seats in the Paris theatres are now being in many instances charged 20 francs a week by the administration for the privilege. This means that, with a tip when one buys the programme, and a further one when the attendants come round between the acts and openly beg, there will be an additional tax on the pocket of a franc. This is one of the things that they do not manage better in France.

It is interesting to note the English songs that are most popular in France to-day, and the melodies of which are played in most of the Paris cafés. Naturally "Her Golden Hair, etc.," has got there, so has Harriet Vernon's "Ting-a-Ling." Godfrey's "Half-past Nine" is a general favourite, and Knowles's version of "The Bowery" is inevitable in all *pot-pourris*. One hears most of Chevalier's earlier efforts, and "The Tale of Woe" from the Gaiety is sung in French, as is also "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

HERE is a fact for all lovers of coffee, which I do not think has ever been in print. The Queen buys all her coffee from a grocer at Cannes. It came about like this. When Her Majesty was at Grasse some years ago, she was struck by the excellence of the coffee, and finding that it had been bought at a local English tradesman's shop promptly made him her purveyor. Since then her coffee has been sent weekly. The price she pays is certainly not exorbitant, as it only runs into some half-a-crown a pound, and the dealer is content to make his usual profit out of his Royal client. As a rule, the bill

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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COOL & SWEET. **FLAKE**
ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.
EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

NO MORE IRRITATION
OF THE
TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists
Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4½d extra. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free from

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all over
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MADE BY
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touches £150 or so before the cheque is sent on by the Comptroller.

It is astonishing how luck at cards will sometimes stick to a player, even in his mistakes. An interesting instance of this occurred at the last meeting of the London Solo Whist Club. A man who had been giving the table considerable practice in playing against unbeatable independent calls declared *Misère*. First hand led 8 of hearts; second hand played Ace; the caller, holding Jack, 6, and 3, inadvertently played the 6; last hand gave the King. Second hand continued the suit with the 10; caller followed with the 3; fourth hand the Queen; last player the 5. Five hearts remained out, and the player with whom the trick remained held four of them. The Jack alone had to be accounted for, and as the caller had not given it to the Ace on the first round it was impossible to locate it with him. The leader accordingly changed the suit, with the result that the caller eventually discarded the Jack and won the *misère*. But the interesting feature here is that, had the *misère* hand been played correctly, he must inevitably have lost it. He would have given Jack on the first round, 6 on the second, and on the third round the leader, calculating that the caller's Jack, 6 of hearts were supported by the remaining trey, would have led the deuce, and so defeated him.

ANOTHER wail from the betrayed proposer! "Blanketty" writes me that he plays Solo Whist at a friend's house, where one of the party has an evil reputation for accepting on worthless cards—"not," as my correspondent puts it, "for want of knowing better, for he is an old hand at the game, but because he assumes that if he passes someone else will accept, and he will for a certainty have to pay the stake and over-tricks; but if he accepts, and the proposition is a strong one, there is just the possibility of getting home, while if he fails he is no worse off than if he passed. He is constantly serving me this trick, for my usual seat is to his right, and I am in consequence continually paying out when I ought to be receiving money. What would you advise under the circumstances?"—"I know that man; he comes from Sheffield," and I always, if possible, give his table a wide berth, and under no circumstances will I join unless I sit to his left. In this way you get two chances of having your proposals accepted before they reach him, and, should he start any of his pranks, you can then give him a taste of his own medicine by accepting every proposal he makes, no matter how indifferent your own cards may be—unless, of course, you hold an independent declaration. The salutary effect of a persistent course of this treatment upon a too enthusiastic acceptor is distinctly gratifying.

In the South African mining districts, where Solo Whist was general, this abuse in accepting became so acute that after a time proposals and acceptances were excluded altogether, and this variation became known as the "Kimberley Game," from the place of its origin. Solo was the lowest call, and every time a general "pass" occurred an agreed-upon sum was put into a "kitty" and cleared or doubled according to the result of the first subsequent call, although at most tables it was pre-arranged that the caller could not take out or pay in above a stated sum, in order to limit the risk. In many cases, so as to lessen the frequency of the futile deals, it became customary to adopt "flying colours," which, when all the players passed, was a second option of calling solo in the same order as before, the solo in this case to consist of six tricks, and the caller to specify a fresh trump suit in advance. It is a much slower, much more expensive, and much less satisfactory game than ordinary Solo Whist.

THE MAJOR.

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and the other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

L. DEFRIES calls an abundance, and lays his cards face downwards on the table, while he lights his cigar. Being asked to specify the trump suit, he replies, "Diamonds," but, on gathering up his hand, he immediately corrects himself, and says, "I beg pardon, I mean hearts!" The others wish to hold him to the diamond suit, but permit him to play his call on hearts under protest, and I am requested to decide the point. The adversaries are quite within their rights, and can insist upon him making diamonds trumps, but to do so would be rather unusual, and certainly rather harsh.

F. W. F.—If a player who is guilty of the intolerable habit of gathering up his cards one by one, examining each as he does so, detects that the thirteenth is damaged, even before he sees its face, he cannot demand a re-deal with a fresh pack until the current deal has been played out.

HOSPER (Edgbaston).—With the six of clubs turned up, and first hand calling solo, on Queen, Jack, 9, 7, 5, 4 clubs; Ace, King, 9, spades, and four small diamonds, I should say that the caller's most judicious lead would be a small trump, and, if all follow suit, the Queen when he takes the lead again.

MISÈRE OUVERTE.—You will find your question answered above.

QUERENS (Lisbon).—The proper material for evening clothes just now is a rough cloth. Don't have gold studs for waistcoat buttons; those made of plain cloth are much preferable.

HORSE'S BROKEN KNEES.—I cannot make out your signature, but hope the title will catch your eye. Any experienced groom could put you up to several "dodges" to hide the defect, but nothing can be done to effect a permanent cure. You can only keep on patching up every time you use the horse.

R. L. STEVENSON'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination, and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us we should not dwell upon the thought of it, or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure. . . . A mark of such unwholesomely divided minds is the passion for interference with others. The Fox without the tail was of this breed, but had (if his biographer is to be trusted) a certain antique civility now out of date. A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered, but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer; let him become so, then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion; in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others. . . . Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the Pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say give them up, for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

A strange temptation attends upon man; to keep his eye on pleasures, even when he will not share in them; to aim all his morals against them. This very year a lady (singular iconoclast!) proclaimed a crusade against dolls; and the racy sermon against lust is a feature of the age. I venture to call such moralists insincere. At any excess or perversion of a natural appetite, their lyre sounds of itself with relishing denunciations; but for all displays of the truly diabolical—envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the backbiter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life—their standard is quite different.

From "Across the Plains," by R. L. Stevenson

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Mr. and Mrs. Conan Doyle have sent me the following amusing Christmas card from their far-away home at the Pyramids. The Egyptian sunshine suits Mrs. Doyle admirably, and the genial doctor himself is more robust than ever :—

Mena House,
The Pyramids.

When on us your card you drops
You pass the house of Mr. Cheops ;
Then on your left you bring to view
The Bungalow of friend Chefru,
Next door to whom Miss Sphinx has got
An eligible building lot.
These are our pals, and if you call
We'll introduce you to them all,
And let you use our golf links, too,
Straight from our door to Timbuctoo,
And so adieu !

May Fortune's tricks
Leave you unharmed in '96.

A. & L. CONAN DOYLE.

New Year, 1896.

* * * *

Am greatly annoyed with "Lady Bonnie's Experiment," by Tighe Hopkins (Cassell and Co., 1s. 6d.). I picked up the dainty little volume last Sunday afternoon and made it an excuse for a nap. But I couldn't go to sleep over it. Briefly, it is unlike anything else I have read for some time. The story begins with a "sell" (there is no other word for it) on the part of Mr. Evesdon. He meets beautiful Lady Bonnie in the train, and tries the effect on her, by narrating in the first person as if he were the hero of it, the plot of his friend's new "Delphi dramer." Lady Bonnie possesses the highly convenient, if somewhat extraordinary, power of putting to sleep any one who bores her (I wish she would come round to the shop sometimes), and in the midst of Mr. Evesdon's recital of his imaginary adventures she sends him to sleep in the train. Mr. Evesdon has written a book about gardens (not "The Garden that I Love," by the way), and an old lady who is fond of Jacobean gardens leaves him her estate. A certain Mr. Kirgwen Ward seems bent upon contesting Miss Schiffner's will in the interests of his niece, who is a friend and companion of Lady Bonnie's. Then Lady Bonnie (here the story gets a bit wild) wants to have a Jacobean garden, and open-air theatricals, and a Court of Love, and so on. She reads a letter of Evesdon's in the *Times*, and gets him to come and see her. There you have the puppets going, and can easily guess the sequel.

* * * *

There is a delicious scene at the end of this delightfully written book (I use the word "delightfully" advisedly, for the dialogue all through is brilliant) in which Lady Bonnie's husband unexpectedly turns up at the Court of Love, and addresses the assembled guests on the subject :—

Lord Bonville, in honied accents, was skimming the amours of Eleanor of Guienne. Lady Bonnie was rigid as a tower of silence. . . . At this point I wondered somewhat anxiously whether there was a doctor amongst us. Apoplexy seemed imminent. It was old Sir Dighton Drogo. Lord Bonville was analysing, with an irony the most delicate in the world, a celebrated decision of the Vicountess of Narbonne, before the Court of Ermengarde. Three rows of chairs at the end of the blue dining-room were now vacant. Lady Bonnie was seemingly inanimate. . . . "I think, ladies and gentlemen," said Lord Bonville, in conclusion, "that I have said as much as my slender knowledge of the subject allows me to do. I consider it would not have occurred to me as possible that this most curious institution of a far-past age—an age, moreover, with which we have scarcely one thought, motive, or social deed in common—should find a new birth in the present century. When you—ahem !—when you meet my friend Sir Francis Jeune, all of you, I beg that you will remember me to him."

POETICAL AND EVERY-DAY ENGLISH.

POETICAL : Mr. A-f-r-d A-st-n to Mr. W-l-l-i-m W-t-s-n.
"Comrade, to whom I stretched a comrade's hand,
Ere Fame found his to greet you, and whom still,
Right bravely singing up the Sacred Hill,
I watch from where its cloudless peaks expand," etc.
EVERY-DAY : My dear W-t-s-n, of course you didn't get the Laureateship. It was like your presumption to expect it. You and your "Purple East!" Yah! See my "Jameson's Ride." That's poetry. Who cares for "your blackening frowns"? Ta, ta.

* * * *

Now that the Laureate has been appointed, I can mention books of verse without fearing to raise vain hopes by friendly criticism. Miss Mathilde Blind's new volume ("Birds of Passage," Chatto and Windus), whilst lacking the patriotic properties of "Jameson's Ride," for instance, betrays much finer workmanship. "You see," said an ingenuous young friend of mine the other day, "when a fellow had to make Tennyson sit up, of course it took a lot of doing; but now we can go easy a bit, and needn't be so careful." I must confess that this was a novel view of the situation to me. I sternly rebuked my young friend, and made him read Miss Blind's book, in order to show him that if he wanted to pass her on the way to Parnassus he would have to redouble his exertions. Miss Blind has many moods, and they are all attuned to fervid, graceful verse; but perhaps the one which best strikes the keynote of the present century is that pathetic little poem called "Rest."

"We are so tired, my heart and I
Of all things here beneath the sky;
One only thing would please us best—
Endless, unfathomable rest.
We are so tired; we ask no more
Than just to slip out by Life's door;
And leave behind the noisy rout
And everlasting turn about."

"Courage, comrade; the devil is dead," as the old soldier says in "The Cloister and the Hearth." England's poets cannot rest yet. There is work for them to do, and that right soon!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ONLY A BOY, BUT A NEEDY ONE," sends me a long poem, from which I extract a stanza. My dear boy, you've got rather jumbled up. Peg away and practise, and you ought to be able to tell a story some day. I've heard of a "friendly lead," but what is a "friendly kraal" doing in America?

"Three months later we were in America, following the main southern trail,
Oft we slept in a civilized village, oft in a friendly kraal,
Now under an emigrant's waggon, now on the hard, dry ground,
Rough weather had made us hardy, we slept as safe as if in town."

J. C. BROWNE in "The Poet's Disillusion" shows a profounder acquaintance with metre and rhythm.

"Round yon deep shadowed oak
Came a form, and I woke
From my dreams that were drawn from the dawn of the earth:
For a cycling maid,
In knickers arrayed,
Set the shimmering aspens a-shaking with mirth."

RAM BUX sends me from over seas a copy of his "Boojum Ballads" (Bombay, Rs.2 Ans.12). The best poem in the book is "Tommy's Farewell to India," from which I quote the following :—

"I'm agoin'—I'm agoin' to my 'appy, 'appy home;
And you bet, I'll stray never more away,
For in furrin lands to roam.
I'm agoin'—I'm agoin' and the trooper's there for me,
For to carry me afar from the barracks and bazaar,
'Ome to England o'er the sea.
I'm agoin'—I'm agoin' where a man can lush 'is beer;
But a cove 'ud sooner bust than 'e'd raise the gorjus thu'st,
As 'e allers raises 'ere!"

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

*Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.**Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.*

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE ESCURIAL.

THE Escorial is no longer used as a residence by the Kings of Spain. With all its memories, grand and grotesque, solemn and superstitious, magnificent and mad, it remains, somewhat like the once all-powerful realm of Spain itself, a grim exponent of the immutable law of mutability. The gloomy palace of King Philip's penance and pride had not yet been abandoned at the period of this history, and Charles resided in it during a few months of each year, not only because he desired to observe a custom of his predecessors, but also because he liked the place, and as he cared for hunting more than for any other pursuit—a second point of resemblance between the feeble Spanish Bourbon and his hapless kinsman, Louis XVI.—found the surrounding country as attractive as other people considered it to be the reverse. The King led the same sort of life at the Escorial as at Aranjuez. He left the affairs of his kingdom to the Queen and Godoy, merely affixing his signature to everything that was submitted for his approval early each morning, and setting out immediately afterwards with a battalion of beaters. He usually returned at noon or even later, and devoted the remainder of the day to his hounds, his horses, his arms, and his workshop, where he wrought at armoury or cabinet-making. He seemed completely to forget that he was the ruler of wide realms except when he had to preside at State ceremonies.

The Sovereign's ways, and moods, which were so unworthy of his functions and his name, lent an impress of moroseness to the aspect of the Court, and this was becoming more marked as the Queen advanced in years. The Prince of the Asturias lent his aid to deepen the surly gloom, by his sullen discontent and unyouthful, ungracious reserve. He lived in his own rooms, and rarely joined the Queen's "circle," or, if he did make his appearance there, it was only to protest by his attitude against the state of things to which he was victimised. He seldom spoke, but withdrew into a corner, where he would remain sullenly thoughtful, and always on his guard against those whom he knew to be honoured with the confidence of his parents. An "irreconcilable," indeed, and a problem which sorely perplexed Godoy, and was a terror as well as a puzzle to his guilty mother and foe.

On the day after Juan Morera had given the Prince of the Peace ocular proof of his ability to fulfil his wicked promise, the Prince of the Asturias and Rafael d'Osorio, who had returned to the Escorial from Madrid that morning, were playing cards in the external gallery of the Prince's apartment, and were apparently absorbed in the occupation. The players dexterously contrived to utilise the freedom which they had secured under pretext of the game. For the moment they were alone, but they might be approached the next by some spy of the Queen's, and therefore they talked rapidly as the cards fell on the table.

"Then you have seen my old master, Canon Escóiquez?" inquired the Prince.

"I saw him twice, sir," answered Rafael. "On his arrival from Toledo, whither I had sent him your Highness's orders. He came direct to me at nightfall. Your friends, the Duke de San Carlos and the Duke del Infantado met him at my house by appointment, and in their presence I explained what you expected of him, and he undertook the mission you were pleased to entrust to him."

"I expected no less from his zeal on my behalf."

"He then went, carrying your instructions, to Comte de Beauharnais, and, after he had satisfied himself that I was not mistaken in affirming that the Ambassador was on your side, he handed over to him your Highness's letter to Napoleon. The letter, as you had directed, was under flying seal, and Beauharnais read it at once. He found nothing to object to in it and undertook to forward it to the Emperor."

"This happened several weeks ago. What since?"

"We remained without any reply until yesterday, when Beauharnais sent for Escóiquez, and, under a pledge of secrecy, communicated the answer he had just received from the French Court. That answer is favourable to your Highness's views. Escóiquez is satisfied with it. The Emperor approves of your projects, and encourages you to put them in execution. He lets it be understood that if your father abdicates in your favour, or promises to abdicate within a short time, he, the Emperor, will consent to arrange your marriage with his niece, Lucien Bonaparte's daughter. Escóiquez brought me this important news, requesting me to transmit it to you, since he could not come to your Highness, being obliged to remain in hiding at Madrid."

"Are you sure he does not exaggerate the good news?"

"It is all confirmed by the Comte de Beauharnais, whom I met yesterday at Borostidi's," answered Rafael. "The Ambassador even added that if your Highness's life or liberty should be threatened, he possesses the powers necessary to summon a portion of the French troops now marching on Portugal to Madrid for your protection."

"But then I am sure of success!" exclaimed the Prince of the Asturias, flinging his handful of cards on the table in his joy.

"I believe you are, sir. Will you decide to act now?"

"There is a reproach in your question, Rafael," replied the Infante, gently. "Yet, it is undeserved. I was bound to ascertain the Emperor's real mind before taking any action. Now that I know it, and that it is what I desired, nothing shall stop me."

"Bravo, sir!" cried Rafael.

The Prince rose, made sure that the external doors of his apartment were securely closed, and that no lurking listener was about. He then returned to Rafael, pointed to his writing-table, visible in the adjoining room through a lofty sculptured arch, and laden with books and papers, and said—

"I have written to my father. The letter is there."

"You have ventured to denounce Godoy?"

"Both my mother and him. My mother has released me from every obligation of respect and affection towards her. And, as for her accomplice, he is the enemy of Spain. I had no hesitation, I have obeyed my conscience, and the rest is in the hands of God."

"On what day will the King receive your letter?"

"This very day, if the person whom I mean to employ to place it in his hands returns to the Escorial as I expect."

"Why not hand it to him yourself, sir? It would be by far the safer plan."

"No, no," said the Prince, with a gesture of refusal.

"I could not do that. To write is one thing, but to speak! To be there when the King shall learn the guilt that has stained his name and his palace for twenty years, to witness his anger and his grief! No, no, I shall wait until he sends for me."

"But has not your Highness thought of the risk which your messenger will have to run? The King's anger will be terrible. Woe betide whomsoever has to bear the brunt of it."

"The King will not know how the letter has been conveyed. My messenger will place it within his reach unobserved. For this reason I have chosen one among the persons who have free access to his Majesty."

"Who is this person?"

"Why should I tell you? Just because the mission

is dangerous, I am bound to secrecy. I know well you would not betray me," added the Infante quickly, as though he feared his words had hurt Rafael, "but in such serious matters it is important that no one should know more than is absolutely necessary to his own share in them."

"No. Return to your quarters, and wait my orders there. You may go, Conde, I detain you no longer."

When Rafael had left him the Prince approached his writing-table, unlocked a drawer, took out a letter which he had written the day before, placed it in his breast between his waistcoat and his shirt, buttoned his



"I AM SURE OF SUCCESS!" EXCLAIMED THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS.

Rafael said no more. He knew the suspicious and distrustful character of the Prince, and merely bowing in token that while he accepted the decision of his Royal master, he still regarded it as offensive to himself, he inquired—

"Your Highness has no farther commands for me?"

coat, and went out in his turn, by a low narrow door in the wall hidden under the hangings. This door gave access to an ill-lighted passage leading to the gallery in which the Royal family heard Mass every morning. Ferdinand cautiously trod this corridor, reached the gallery, slipped noiselessly in, and immediately

perceived Margarita de Castrogeriz, on her knees. Soft as was his footfall she had detected it, and presently she turned her head, made him a sign, rose, and came out of the gallery. After a minute or two the Prince joined her in the dim corridor.

"I came here almost by chance, señorita," he said, "I was not sure of finding you."

"Had I not promised to be here to-day? Did I not know that you expected me?"

"I did expect you. I have great need of you."

She raised her head and her face beamed with joy.

"What will you have me to do, my dear lord?" she said.

"The hour has come, Margarita, for you to serve my cause effectively. Decisive events are close upon us. You have undertaken——"

"Don't remind me of what I have undertaken. Why should you? I am ready for anything."

"Even for peril?"

"What do I care for peril? Is not my life yours?"

He was deeply moved by the passionate devotion in her voice.

"Margarita! dear Margarita!" he exclaimed, and caught her hands in his.

But she steadily withdrew them, and said firmly—

"Let us be quite calm, sir. What are your orders?"

He took the sealed letter from his breast.

"This letter is for the King. I have told you of it. It must reach him in private."

"Yes, yes; that is understood."

She placed the paper inside her bodice and continued—

"I know what I have to do. Your orders shall be executed, dear Prince. Now leave me. Someone may come. When shall I see you again?"

"Here to-morrow, at the same hour."

"One word more, sir. When did you write this letter which I am to carry to the King?"

"I wrote it yesterday," he answered, in some surprise.

"In Spanish or in French?"

"In Spanish, señorita. I could not write to the King, my father, in any language but our own. I wrote in French to the Emperor and Beauharnais. But why these questions?"

She looked at him—she had suddenly become grave and thoughtful—and answered—

"Oh, for nothing—just to know."

* * * * *

The Prince of the Asturias had left her, and Margarita de Castrogeriz, having returned to the gallery of the chapel, was on her knees in prayer. Notwithstanding her apparent firmness, her short interview with the Infante, and especially the mission she had accepted, shook and troubled her to the depths of her soul.

This was not because her courage was unequal to the enterprise, or because it was likely to expose her to danger. To contrive to place a letter under the eyes of the King, without the knowledge of the courtiers and without revealing herself, was a small thing to her, who had been Maid-of-Honour to the Queen for two years, and was free of every part of the palace. But she trembled at the thought of what her action might lead to. Margarita had no concealment with herself respecting her feelings towards Don Ferdinand. She loved the son of her Sovereign, but hers was an absolutely pure and disinterested love: it had originated in her interest in his undeserved misfortunes, and the patriotic grandeur of a cause for which she was more than willing to make any sacrifice, and at need to die. Until this moment, her conflict with herself had been fought in her own pure and loyal soul only; she had never revealed its existence. She hid her pain as others hide their love, being sure that, placed between love and duty, she would always obey the latter.

But now that strife assumed a new form. She had to decide whether she would betray the Queen, her earliest benefactress, who had taken the place of

her dead mother, had her educated at a convent where the daughters of the Spanish nobles were brought up, summoned her to Court at the fitting age as a Maid of Honour, and was now intending to find a husband for her among the most highly-born and wealthy men in the kingdom, in order to serve the cause of the Infante, whom she loved. This was an alternative as cruel as it was unexpected, and it wrung her heart with pain. She strove to pray, but her lips refused to form the words of supplication, and a strange physical sensation of weariness and stupor stole over her. She was roused presently by a new idea; at first it came dimly to her, but soon assumed consistency. This was that she ought to go to the Queen and confess the entire truth. Her whole being protested against the diabolic suggestion. Could anything be more horrible than her delivering up to the Queen the letter intended for the King? This was her first cry; but, do what she would, despite her indignation and resistance, she could not get rid of the suggestion; every moment it grew more pressing and imperious, obtruding itself, so to speak, with a sort of supernatural power, depriving Margarita of her free will, and substituting a strange will to which she became irresistibly enslaved.

She rose from her kneeling attitude, and, unconscious of what she did, left the chapel and crossed the long corridors of the palace to the Queen's apartments.

At that hour Marie Louise did not receive, and the Camarera mayor (chief waiting woman) on duty refused to admit Doña Margarita de Castrogeriz, who declared that she must speak to Her Majesty on the instant.

"It is against etiquette, señorita," replied the offended dignitary.

But Margarita persevered. What had etiquette to do with a matter that involved the safety of the kingdom? She had a communication to make to the Queen which admitted of no delay. She spoke with such excitement and decision that the Camarera mayor gave way, and decided on announcing Doña Margarita, who was immediately admitted to the Queen's room.

Marie Louise was alone; she was still lying on a couch, although she had finished her siesta, and had a book in her hand.

"What does this mean, child?" asked the Queen, good-humouredly, and looking at her. "Is what you have to say to me so very pressing?"

Margarita did not answer at once, but at length she said in a hard, dry, almost rude, voice, and looking straight before her—

"Your Majesty will judge of that for yourself. His Highness the Prince of the Asturias has given me a letter to take to the King. Here it is."

She withdrew the letter from her bodice, and presented it to the Queen.

"But I am not the King! And as it is to the King that the letter is addressed——"

"I thought it necessary that the Queen should read it first."

"Why did you think so?"

"Your Majesty will understand presently, if you be pleased to read the letter."

The Queen, in growing surprise, made no haste to break the seal or to tear the cover. She dangled the letter from her finger-tips while she looked curiously at her Maid of Honour.

"Do you know," she said slowly, "that you are acting very strangely? If my son has chosen you as an intermediary between himself and the King in this matter, it is probable that you have inspired him with confidence, and your present proceeding looks very like a betrayal."

"It is not for your Majesty to reproach me with that."

"I do not not reproach you; I am trying to guess at your motive."

"I have no other than my devotion to the Queen."

"Is that devotion stronger than your love for my son? for I know you love him."

"I have not confided the secrets of my heart to anyone," answered the poor girl, blushing deeply.

"But you have allowed them to be discerned."

Margarita tried to smile as she replied sadly—

"A young girl's dreams, not to be realised, dispelled as soon as they were conceived! I should have feared to seem wanting in respect to the Prince by speaking of them to him."

The Queen abruptly opened the letter. Doña Margarita watched her closely, saw that she turned pale under the rouge and powder that masked her face, as her

"The sentiments of His Highness are well known to me."

"Ah! that is true. I had forgotten your frequent meetings. What nice things he must have said of me to you! Ah! the bad son!" the Queen repeated, with streaming tears of rage. "As for you, Margarita, you have done your duty, and proved your devotion to me. I shall not forget it," she continued. "No one must know—*no one*, you understand—that this criminal mis-sive was written, or that you gave it up to me. Go, now; I need to be alone."

Margarita seemed as though she had not heard the Queen's words. In the same quiet tone, which evinced



SHE DANGLED THE LETTER FROM HER FINGER-TIPS.

eyes devoured the contents, and then heard her utter a furious exclamation.

"Ah, the wretch!" she cried. "He accuses me—he, my son! He stirs up his father against me! This is not a man, this child of mine, but a demon! He deserves the scaffold!"

She sat up on the edge of the couch, convulsed with rage, and read the letter over again, interrupting the perusal with fresh invectives against her son. Then she said, suddenly—

"But if you have not read these horrors, how did the idea of withholding them from their destination come to you?"

incredible coolness and self-possession, she again spoke—

"I have something else to say to your Majesty."

"What is it? Speak! speak quickly!"

"The Prince is conspiring against the King."

"Conspiring! What are you talking about? With what object should he conspire?"

"To oblige His Majesty to abdicate in his favour, and to drive the Prince of the Peace from Court."

"So! He wants to lay his commands upon us now!" cried the Queen. "He issues orders! Does he dare?"

"Alas! yes, señora."

"And he conspires? Are you sure? Are you not exaggerating?"

"I have told the Queen nothing but the truth."

The distinctness of this statement resolved the Queen's doubts.

She uttered a groan, and, sinking upon the cushions which supported her, hid her face among them. But she speedily recovered herself, sat up again, and by a strong effort resumed her interrogation of Margarita with calmness.

"I know Ferdinand," she said, contemptuously; "he has neither energy nor courage; he is incapable of originating such wickedness as this. He has been inspired and impelled by others. He must have accomplices. Do you know them? Come, now! be sincere to the end. With whom does he conspire?"

"I do not know, your Majesty."

"You do not know! Could you swear to that?"

"I Could! It is not within my knowledge that the Prince has had accomplices. I know only one thing—it is that he has written to the Emperor."

"Written to the Emperor?"

"Yes; of that I am even more certain than of the rest. A draft of his letter may be found among his papers; he showed it to me."

"And what did he say in that letter?"

"He related the details of his discord with your Majesties, and solicited the aid of Napoleon, offering, as a pledge of his sentiments, to marry the daughter of Lucien Bonaparte."

"It is incredible!" said the Queen. "And to think that such a monster is my own child! Never shall he reign, if God is just, and my will be accomplished! No, never!"

Then she multiplied her questions.

"How long is it since these intrigues began?"

"About three months."

"And it is only to-day that you unmask them?"

"It is only to-day I have made sure that in unmasking them I should not calumniate the Prince."

The Queen made no comment upon this reply. She had fallen into a reverie. After a while she rose, and said—

"You will now come with me to the King, Margarita. He must not be left in ignorance of what I have just heard."

Dña Margarita de Castrogeriz bowed her head, and in the same impassive tone replied—

"I am at your Majesty's service."

(To be continued.)

A CHAT WITH MISS ETHEL HAYDON

ABOUT BICYCLES, BURLESQUE, AND "SMUDGY."

At the stage door, in an enlarged sentry-box, sat the "Gaiety" janitor.

"Please takemy card to Miss Haydon," I said.

But the janitor regarded me with a cold, stern stare.

After a little while, finding I did not faint or wither away, he produced a legal-looking document.

"Fill up and sign," said he.

Tremblingly I acquiesced, wondering what would be my fate.

He disappeared with the legal manuscript, and left me in charge of a fireman.

And by-and-bye I found myself safely in Miss Ethel Haydon's dressing-room.

"This is very good of you," I murmured.

"Not at all. Sit down. You feel a draught from that window?"

"Oh, no. I have got beyond draughts."

"Well, you want me to talk. What about? I've really nothing to say."

"Tell me about yourself. What

you think of love, marriage, modern books, and bicycles!"

"How terrible! I don't ride a bicycle——"

"Don't you? Why?"

"I think it unwomanly, and I hate anything unwomanly."

This was refreshing.

"But everybody rides a cycle now. You know our grandparents thought a hansom cab a disgusting thing for a woman to drive in?"

"I love hansoms—but a bicycle——" The fashionable head shook, and the funny little mouth made a grimace. "Now a horse——"

"Ah!"

"You are fond of horses and dogs?"

"I can't live without them."

"Oh, how nice! I'm a perfect idiot about dogs. I've a sweet mongrel called Smudgy—people say he's a well-bred fox-terrier. But I'm afraid he isn't. He has got such funny little whiskers—like that, all around his mouth. Then I had Dabs. He's in Australia; but I have sent for him. I'm an Australian, you know. Yes, I've only been in England about a year. I love



MISS ETHEL HAYDON.

Photo by Alfred Ellis.

London but the dirt—ugh! Melbourne is so clean, and the Princess's Theatre has such lovely dressing-rooms!"

"I'm afraid I always think of Australia as great and wild, and uncultivated."

"Yes, that's the bush. We didn't live on a station, but just out of Melbourne. When we came to England, we were going to let our property, but the great smash came—you know all about it."

"Don't you miss your horses?"

"Yes, but I have Smudgy. He sings beautifully. When I begin to play he sits upon his hind legs and crosses his paws, and his voice keeps with the music—up, up, up—and down, down, down. And then such a grand *tremble!* We have great sport, he and I. I expect people think we're mad. We steeplechase round the room every morning, over chairs and tables. Dabs is quite a cur, but such a darling. We called him Dabs because he's covered with ugly little black spots."

"I should like to make Smudgy's acquaintance. Tell me, how did you find your way to the Gaiety?"

"I was having singing lessons, and Mr. (I've forgotten his name) happened to come in, and he brought me to Mr. Greet, and—now I'm 'Bessie Brent, the Shop Girl.' Yes, I like burlesque, but I like comedy better. That was the branch I intended to study. I always longed to go on the stage. But my father wouldn't hear of it. As a little child I used to "act" to myself in the summer-house, and imagine such glorious tragedies. One day I was discovered on my knees making a pathetic appeal to an imaginary papa. After that I took to writing letters to mother, and leaving them in her room, begging her permission 'to go on the stage.' I was always 'imagining' when I was alone, but I hated to be found out by strangers."

"What do you think of the modern play? Ibsen, for instance. Of course, you hate his works?"

"No; I think he is very great. Every sensible person must think so. Why, see what he has done for the stage and the drama. He has revolutionised stage technique and the style of dramatic literature. I'm not very fond of all his plays, but——"

"He is more to be desired than the bicycle?"

"I shall *never* ride a bicycle. I'm sure you feel that draught!"

"Oh, no, it's delightful. Will you jump from 'The Master Builder' to Thomas Hardy? What do you think of his ideas of love? 'Jude the Obscure' says——"

"Beginners for the first act!" wailed a voice from the depths.

"You haven't got to go?"

"In a minute. I'm afraid I haven't said much, but the 'shop is waiting to be served.' You'll get an awful cold from that draught. Do let me shut the window."

We shut the window.

"Beginners for the first act——"

"Oh, hang that boy!—one minute, Miss Haydon."

"Too late. I must go. Good-bye."

She flitted through the door and away down the passage. I followed somewhat more heavily.

"But tell me," I cried.

"The first turning to the right takes you into Wellington Street," said the fireman I had run into.

"Give my love to Smudgy," I shouted, "left-centre."

When I passed the janitor in his enlarged sentry-box he almost forgot himself sufficiently to smile (*sic*) "Good-night."

I forgave him—for Smudgy's sake—though what Smudgy had to do with it I don't quite know.

FLIPKINS: "It's a great temptation to make jokes at other people's expense, isn't it?"

Hardpate: "Yes—for the other people, if they have a club handy."

TOMKINS (who never seems wise): "After all stupidity is the background of much apparent wisdom."

Brownby (who always seems stupid): "And wisdom the background of much apparent stupidity."

ORIGIN OF THE LOVING CUP.

THE best account of the origin of the loving cup comes from the late Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris. According to his narrative, King Henry of Navarre (who was also Henry IV. of France), while hunting became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving-maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled over, and His Majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home he bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so His Majesty had a two-handled cup made at the Royal potteries, and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup) presented it to him, holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as His Majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely, out of three handles I shall be able to get one!" Hence the loving cup.

THE MUSHROOM AND ITS UNDER-STUDY.

THERE are few more delicious members of the vegetable kingdom than the mushroom. But it is often pronounced dangerous to use on account of the large number of deaths caused by ignorance and carelessness in gathering it. Yet it is in reality, when intelligently selected, one of the most harmless of earth's products. As a rule, when the mushroom season opens, several fatalities are always announced from the eating of poisonous fungi in mistake for the genuine article. Hence we will give a few visible signs.

The true mushroom invariably grows in rich, open, breezy pastures, in places where the grass is kept short by the grazing of horses, herds, and flocks. A few large species, called "horse mushrooms," grow in meadows. They are coarse of texture, and, though edible, are indigestible. But the true mushroom, as a rule, never grows in a meadow. It neither grows in wet, boggy places, nor on or about the stumps of trees. An exceptional specimen, or an uncommon variety, sometimes may be seen in the above-mentioned abnormal places.

The parts of a mushroom consist chiefly of a stem and cap, the stem having a clothy ring around its middle, while on the underneath of the cap are numerous radiating, coloured gills. The clothy ring originates by the rupture of the thin general wrapper which envelopes the youthful plant, and which wrapper bursts during the process of the mushroom's development. The stem is firm and slightly pithy, but never hollow, as is the case with many poisonous fungi. When the mushroom is thoroughly ripe, these gills throw down a thick, dusty deposit of fine brown-black or purple-black colour, which, when mixed with dry manure, is the mushroom spawn of gardeners. A mushroom will invariably peel very readily—most poisonous fungi will not—and on being cut or broken open its flesh remains white, or nearly so. The flesh of the coarser horse-mushroom changes to buff, or sometimes to dark brown.

All that can be truthfully alleged against the reputation of the edible mushroom is that there is but little nourishment in it; that many other vegetables are more digestible, and if partaken of ravenously its consumption may be attended by serious results. But this holds good also of other vegetable products. The Roman Emperors, Tiberius and Claudius, died from over-eating mushrooms, as did Pope Clement VII. and Charles VI. But as these gentlemen were noted for their ravenous appetites their decease was a matter for little wonder.

AN AWFUL DEATH.



HE: "I understand Miss Goodgirl, the Sunday-school teacher, is dead. What was the trouble?"
 SHE: "Suicide. She ate some of the sweets that were hung on the Christmas tree."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

A CASE OF CRUEL NECESSITY.

BY
H. BROUGHTON.
Illustrated by A. S. FORREST.

To some undergraduates the gradual extinction of the fresh freshman is a cause of regret. When a man in his first term fails to appear in the High carrying a stick and gloves as well as wearing his gown, and does not either leave his boots outside his "oak," or offer to shake hands when introduced to a fresh acquaintance, those who have attained to the dignity of their second year feel that they are deprived of a spectacle which is their due, and of an anecdote worthy of narration.

Such at least had, for some time, been the experience of the senior men at our college. To take my own case. My friend Williams had gone to college a year before myself, and from his talk in the vacations I had gathered enough insight into 'Varsity manners and customs to escape the danger of appearing as a particularly "weird" freshman. And, as far as I could see, most of the men of my year had themselves received oral instruction of much the same sort. Anyhow, no particular "weirdness" manifested itself in our doings, and our seniors had to fall back upon tradition when holding forth upon the freshman and his curious ways. And, when our second year opened, we in our turn found no weak places in the armour of our freshmen's *savoir faire*, and we, too, sighed for the good old times when new-comers were innocent, and were natural objects for a "rag."

When, however, term began again after my second Christmas vacation, the breakfast-tables were fluttered by the arrival of a new man, in whom at last we recognised a freshman of the old school. His name was Thomas Payles; he was the holder of an Exhibition given by our college to the sons of missionaries born in Rutlandshire. The porter told us he had only lately come from his father's station in Africa, and, in the papers' announcement of his capture of this distinction, we ourselves had seen the suggestive words, "Private tuition," after his name. Moreover, senior men who called upon him brought back reports of undoubted freshness—a freshness that seemed to have died with a past generation. For instance, he shook hands with his callers, both when they came and when they went, inquired how they were, asked them to come again soon, and there was strong evidence that he called a man not "a man," but "a col-

legian." Also, in returning a call, if he failed to find the man he wished to see, he would leave his own card



THE PORTER TOLD US HE HAD ONLY LATELY COME FROM AFRICA.

on the mantelpiece. Now this was, of course, a violation of college etiquette, which requires a freshman to return a senior man's call in person, and not to leave a

card if his host is out of his room, but to come again until he finds him in. Our freshman's vagaries, however, were commonly regarded with amusement rather than anger, for he did not lack modesty, and absence of "side" covers many sins, even against etiquette. In fact, he was almost looked upon as an acquisition, for no college dislikes the presence of an oddity who affords fuel for the fire of its humour.

And so, for the first week or two, Payles's life at college was not an unhappy one, though his sayings and doings were treasured up as peculiar, and as being good telling. But he was evidently a good subject for a great and signal "rag," and it was felt that, when our stranger had settled down and become at home within our gates, he would be fair game.

One morning, about the third week of term, I was in my friend Williams's room, listening while he discoursed upon the subject of the coming "Torpids." He was captain of the boats, and had had some difficulty in getting together a satisfactory crew, for ours was a small college, and most of its strength went to the support of the football teams. He was reviewing the weights and names of the men whom he had chosen, and was inveighing against the "slacksters," who, though they were in neither of the teams, would not come down to the river to be knocked into shape as oarsmen. What he said was true and forcible, but this tale had been poured into my ears before, and my attention wandered. Suddenly I noticed Payles's card on my friend's mantelpiece.



PAYLES MADE HIS APPEARANCE IN THE QUAD.

"Why, Payles seems to have taken you up, too," said I.

"Yes," said Williams. "I called on him last week, and he left his card on me yesterday afternoon, while I was with the crew doing a long course. Very considerate of him!"

"Oh, there's no pride about him!" I said. "He doesn't mind whom he knows. Why don't you get him down to the river?"

"Well, I did ask him, but his father has forbidden him to row—says he inherits a weak heart, or consumption, or something, from his mother."

"What does he do, then?"

"Wears Jaeger's underclothing, I suppose, and loaf."

We were looking out of his window as he spoke, when suddenly Payles made his appearance in the quad dressed in the garb of the University Volunteer Cyclist corps.

"Good Heavens!" said Williams; "it's degrading enough for one of our men to join the volunteers at all, when he ought to be rowing; but when he becomes a cyclist as well——"

"Something ought to be done," I supplied.

"We might loosen his nuts, or puncture his tyre——"

"Or take the buttons off that tunic of his——"

"Only those methods are rather crude," said Williams; "I should prefer to do something more refined."

We thought for a moment. A sudden inspiration seized me.

"Fight a duel!" said I.

"What do you mean?"

"He has insulted you. Demand satisfaction."

"I don't quite see!"

"He left his card on you. You're a third-year man, he's a fresher, so he's committed a breach of etiquette, and it's a slight on your honour. It's your painful duty to challenge him. He can't refuse—a volunteer mustn't show the white feather!"

"I see!" said Williams. "Blank cartridge. Good—distinctly good! We'll do it! You must be my second."

This, of course, was what I wanted, and we sat down to draw up the challenge. This is how it ran—

"Mr. Williams has found Mr. Payles's card upon his mantelpiece. Mr. Payles must be aware that Mr. Williams considers that he has been slighted in not having received a visit from Mr. Payles in person, and has sent his friend Mr. Toombey to arrange a time and place for Mr. Payles to give Mr. Williams satisfaction."

"It might be a little more terse," I said, "but all those 'Misters' give a warlike air which I like."

"It'll do," said Williams. "You take it this afternoon and explain that it's the custom of the place to use pistols. I'll lay in a supply of blank cartridges, and borrow another pistol somewhere. I've got my own revolver here." And he produced a large revolver of a rather antiquated pattern from a drawer in his writing-table.

"You'll have to pile it on a bit about the slight to my honour, Toombey," he went on. "Make out this duel to be a case of cruel necessity. Sorry to have his blood, but I can't afford to lose caste, and all that sort of thing." Then he called to Jim to come up.

Jim lived in the room underneath Williams, and also possessed a surname, but it was never used in speaking of him or to him, so I refrain from giving it here. We told him of our scheme, and he offered us his pistol, and said that, if called upon, he would stand as Payles's second. We decided upon making the golf links our battle-ground, as they lay a good way out of the town, and were sure to be deserted early in the morning.

That afternoon, I took care to get back to college from the river fairly early, for I wanted to catch Payles directly he came back from his cycling. I told the porter to let me know as soon as Payles came back, and went to my own room, where I waited for the news of our victim's return, and whiled away the time by thinking out a few impressive phrases for use when my interview with him should take place.

At about five o'clock the college messenger came up to my room with the news I expected, and I prepared for action. To add majesty to my appearance I put on my frock coat and silk hat, both of which were recent acquisitions of mine, and which I felt to be proper to my character as second in an approaching duel. As it was dark, I was able to get across the quad without exciting inconvenient attention, and I found Payles in his room, preparing to change his uniform. This was a satisfactory sign that he was not expecting any immediate visitor, so, feeling that I could count on having the coast clear for a while, I bowed and handed him my bloodthirsty missive without saying a word. He seemed surprised to see me come into his room so formally dressed; but, as he read the letter, the surprise on his face changed to horror and perplexity. He stared at the paper in silence; then he said—

"Whatever is this for?"

"It explains itself, Mr. Payles," I replied.

"But I don't understand! I never meant to insult Mr. Williams," said he, falling into the same formal style of speech which I had adopted. "How have I been rude to him in any way?"

"As the letter tells you, Mr. Payles. You left your card, when you ought to have called personally. Mr.



"IT EXPLAINS ITSELF, MR. PAYLES," I REPLIED.

Williams is your senior, and you have failed in showing him the respect which is his due."

"But I never knew I was doing any harm," said Payles; "and I don't want to fight Mr. Williams. I will apologise for my rudeness, and surely he will excuse me, as it was not meant!"

"You must remember, Mr. Payles, that we are the members of an old university, and the demands of our etiquette are stricter than those of the ordinary outside world. You have offended against a *lex non scripta* that cannot be disregarded. My friend's honour is at stake."

"But I will apologise."

I shrugged my shoulders, as I felt a second should do.

"You have made a mistake, no doubt, Mr. Payles; but your proper course now is to comply with the customs of the society in which you find yourself. You have taken the uniform of your university and country upon you, and it hardly befits you to draw back from a challenge which you have drawn upon yourself."

Payles seemed impressed by this flight of eloquence on my part. I was glad I had worked up these little phrases.

"But I do not think duelling is right," said he. "And I thought it was never done in England now."

"Oxford," said I, warming to my work, "is a school of honour, and prides herself on the correctness of her manners. A slight offered by one man to another must be washed out in blood."

"But if I go to him and say that I didn't know I was committing any offence, and that I am very sorry, and ask him to withdraw his challenge?"

"Well," said I, "if he were to withdraw his challenge and that became known, it might be a most serious thing for him. His friends have probably seen your card on his mantelpiece, and have inferred that you have slighted him in this manner; they expect him to vindicate his honour, and if he draws back they will suspect him to be afraid of you. A man who shows the white feather is cut by the whole circle of his friends, now, and in after life. He cannot withdraw. A cruel necessity compels him to persist."

"But surely everybody will see that it was only a mistake? I did not know the customs of this country; I have only come over from Africa this winter, and it is all new to me. If people know that, they cannot blame me."

"I am afraid, Mr. Payles," said I, assuming greater solemnity, "that you yourself will suffer more than you will gain by such a course. You will have failed to give the satisfaction demanded; your honour will be lost; it will be impossible for you to remain a member of this university and of the Cyclist Corps."

"I do not know what to do," said Payles, beginning to despair of escape. "If it is really so bad as all that I suppose I shall have to go through with it. But I don't want to fight a duel. I will go and explain things to Mr. Williams."

"That would be highly irregular," said I. "All your future communications with him should be made through me, his second. I have stated his position to you, and you must see how powerless your apologies are to alter his determination. It only remains for you to name your second. The usual weapons in these cases are pistols, and, subject to the approval of your second, I should recommend the Golf Links at Hinksey as the meeting-place, and the encounter should take place early to-morrow morning."

Payles, however, did not name his second. He made a proposal which I saw might bring some inconvenience upon Williams and myself unless I nipped it in the bud.

"I will go and talk to my tutor about this," said he. "He was at college with my father, and my father told me that if I ever got into any difficulty at college, I should look to him for advice. He will tell me what I ought to do, and if he says I ought to fight, I will."

This would never do.

"But, Payles," said I, forgetting the "Mr.," "you mustn't drag in the dons into this unfortunate business."

"Why not?" said he. "My tutor is the best friend I have up here; surely he is just the man to consult. And if he says I had better fight, I can ask him to be my second."

This was a difficulty I had not foreseen when I prepared my part. "I bluffed" on the spur of the moment.

"Custom," I said, "is against it. Your challenger has appointed me, a second-year man, to be his second; you ought to ask some second-year man to be your second, too."

Payles swallowed even this.

"But I don't know any of them well enough yet," was all the objection he made.

"Jim would act for you," said I. "I will even ask him to do so for you, if you like, and I'll send him into you."

"Oh, thanks, do," said our ingenuous victim.

And I went out, feeling satisfied with my part of the business.

Jim was ready enough to join in. To maintain the majesty of the preliminaries of our duel, he borrowed my frock-coat, as he did not happen to possess one of his own, and in this attire proceeded to Payles' room.

After an absence of some ten minutes, Jim came back, much amused but slightly perturbed.

"I've agreed about the weapons," he reported. "They are to be pistols, all right, and we're to meet on the Golf Links to-morrow at half-past eight. Williams won't even be awake at such an hour as that, by the

way; but the fool swears he must write a farewell letter to his people, and insists on leaving it with his tutor, who'll send it on if anything happens to him to-morrow. Confound it! The Prosher" (This was the unofficial title of Payles' tutor, based on the impressive manner in which he underlined mistakes in the Latin prose we wrote for him) "will smell a rat, and find out what's up."

What are we to do?"

"Confound it all!"

said I. We shall have to stop the duel. Why ever didn't you make him give his farewell letter to you?"

"He wouldn't," said Jim. "He was as obstinate as a mule on the subject; said I might be arrested, or shot myself by a stray bullet, before I could send it off; he means business now, I tell you."

"Well, it's Williams' turn by now, I think. He'll have to accept Payles' apology, after all, or we shall get into a mess. You go and tell Williams what's up—I'll go and tell Payles that Williams has been reconsidering the matter, and I'll bring Payles up to apologise. Tell Williams to be ready for us," and I reassured my frock-coat, and went down to Payles' room once more.

He had just finished his letter, evidently, as I entered, for he put an envelope in his breast pocket before he turned towards me.

Then I saw that he was no prey to fear at the prospect

of his duel. His face was white and set, and he had the air of a man who means to face the danger in front of him. I admired his pluck, but the desire to play out our prank to the end mastered an incipient inclination to tell him that the challenge was only a practical joke, and so I said—

"Payles, I have seen Williams again, and when I told him your case, he said he would change his mind, and receive a personal explanation from you, if you care to make it."

Payles' face changed, as he flew down the stairs and up to Williams' room. I followed him, and there an impressive scene met my eyes. Williams was sitting at his table in his shirt-sleeves, holding in his hand his pistol, which he had just been cleaning with a bit of rag, while an open box of cartridges lay on the table. Jim stood in the background, leaning against the mantelpiece, and cultivating an emotionless expression. Payles was standing in front of Williams, making his apology.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Williams, that you should have thought me rude towards you. I didn't know all the customs of college. So I thought it would be all right if I left my card, as you were out. I am extremely sorry to have made the mistake."



PAYLES WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF WILLIAMS MAKING HIS APOLOGY.

Williams, I fancy, felt uncomfortable. But he kept up his part, and said—

"I suppose Mr. Toombey, my second, has since explained to you the customs of our college, and that you appreciate the necessity, I might even say the cruel necessity, which compelled me to send the challenge."

"Yes," said Payles. "It is very dreadful. How I wish I had known before!"

"Since you made this mistake in ignorance, Mr. Payles," Williams continued, "I think that if you keep this matter the closest secret, from everybody, it may be possible for me to accept your apology. I run some risk in taking such a course, but I can rely on the secrecy of these two gentlemen here; and if I have your promise not to breathe a word of this affair to a living soul, I may be induced to accept your apology, and pass the matter over."

"I swear it," said Payles. "Mr. Williams, this is a

great relief to me. I shall be much more careful in future."

"Good-night, Mr. Payles, then," said Williams.

"Good-night, Mr. Williams. Good-night to you, too, gentlemen," said he to Jim and myself, "I am much obliged to all of you."

He went out, and somehow we did not move, but remained as we were for a minute or two. Somehow, too, we did not laugh quite as we had anticipated, at the end of this little adventure of ours. In fact, I don't know that we felt particularly proud of ourselves.

Then Williams put down his pistol, and put on a blazer.

"Didn't come so badly out of that, did he?" he said. "Let's spoil that boulder Toombey's frock-coat, now. Come on, Jim."

They both sat on me, till their feelings were relieved, I suppose, because I am the smallest of the three; but, after all, it was no more my fault than theirs.

MISS MAUD HOBSON.

TALKS ABOUT HERSELF—AND OTHERS!

This interview commenced on a Monday, and finished on the following Thursday. It might be divided into two acts.

Act I., Miss Maud Hobson's dressing-room. Miss Hobson "discovered" putting the finishing touches to a charming toilet. Unto her enter, R.C., two yards of humanity and a note-book. Miss Hobson consigns the notebook to the fire and the "two yards," *alias* the interviewer, to a comfortable chair.

The interviewer gasps, and Miss Hobson pours him out something to drink.

He drinks and tries to collect himself. Whilst he picks up the fragments of his personality, which are scattered about the room, Miss Hobson talks:—"I know, it's cold outside, isn't it? Never mind, you'll be warmer directly. This isn't much of a room to ask anyone into, but I dare say it might be worse. You want to interview me, make me talk—I don't mind—I suppose I ought to mind—it's easy and pleasant to talk of oneself and one's ideas and ambitions, but not before a note-book. I can't stand a note-book—it's like the prompt book, knocks all the words out of your head. Yes, I'm ambitious, very ambitious. I want to do great things, and behold me playing this silly little part. I *don't* like playing "old women" yet, but Mr. Edwardes will have me on, so the part's made younger." (Sighs and looks in mirror.) "The lines are altered just a little. I speak of my 'step-children,' instead of 'my children.'" Interviewer laughs. "Silly, isn't it?"

"But don't you like burlesque?"

"Yes—no—I'm not sure. It hasn't enough opportunities. Of course, a little woman who can dance and who possesses a good voice is all right. But it's rather machine work. Why, if I stopped here for twelve months I should get 'dotty.' I love comedy—good, sound, comedy. Something you can work at; something you can put your heart into. Something you can create. Something wide and great."

"But you have created things."

"Oh, so they say, but not the sort of things I want to create. There is so little comedy to be found now. It is so hard to——"

A pause.

"Be contented," suggests the interviewer.

"Well, I'm ambitious."

"And an artiste."

"Really?"

"Of course. No real artiste is ever contented—with himself or his work. He just goes on improving, but never reaches perfection—not *his* standard of perfection."

"How horrible! I hate being discontented and I have so many moods. I'm never the same girl twice you know!"

Miss Hobson fastens a diamond star on her dress, whilst the interviewer surreptitiously rakes his notebook from the fire.

"That's very interesting. If you are always as delightful as you are now, you must——"

"So it's no good trying to interview me. Whatever you say will be wrong, because I shall be quite changed to-morrow."

"Perhaps I might see you to-morrow?"

"It would be no good. I should be another person the next day."

"But you'd have to come round to the starting point in time, you know, like an inner circle train."

"Perhaps I might. I'm an uncomfortable sort of person, I expect. What are my hobbies? Good gracious, I don't know. Is America a hobby? Because I don't much care about the place, and Australia is dull. Oh, the journey is amusing, but I like getting back to England, and when I've been in England a year I want to go away again. Yes, I like dogs and horses very much—hate cats—balls of woolly humanity with sharp human claws hidden away. Don't care about monkeys unless they're shut up in cages and you can watch them at a distance. A monkey carries many 'responsibilities' about with it. On board ship they all bought monkeys, and let them run about everywhere. Ugh! How far have we got around the circle? I don't think we've moved. Well, come on Thursday afternoon to my flat. I shall be home that day, and you can see another mood, if you like. Thursday, four o'clock. Like my dress? Yes, it's a pretty little thing enough for the little part. Au revoir. Thursday."

The interviewer left. The first act had been chaotic but charming. Miss Maud Hobson is—to a mere man—a little dazzling at first. Her artistic dresses and beautiful, quaintly-set diamonds, her magnetic personality, and her beau—but I've only got a pen and ink, so I'll ring up Act II.

And Mood II.

"Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?"

Do I live in a house, you would like to see?

Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?

'Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key'?"

Was it imagination, or did I really hear a voice in the distance humming those words, whilst I waited in Miss Hobson's drawing-room? I am not sure, for in Miss Hobson's flat, imagination is apt to take the bit between her teeth and bolt.

I was awfully and jealously admiring all the beautiful things of this beautiful lady, and preparing to make copious notes and illustrations, when those words seemed to float down from "an upper chamber."

I listened, and felt a little ashamed of myself. The home of even an artiste is sacred. So I put my notebook away and admired Burne-Jones's pictures. Miss Hobson loves Burne-Jones—and flowers. It was, in fact, "Roses, roses all the way, With Burne-Jones mixed like

mad; The very tables seemed to sway. Such flowers they had——" Well, I will say at once that, though I have been in many houses, of many people, I have never been in such a lovely house before. It was just like its owner. It was unlike anything one has ever seen. It was soothing; it was invigorating. It was beautiful, it was weird, and above all, and beyond all, it was comfortable. And Miss Hobson is comfortable.

When she arrived, two chairs on either side of the hearth invited us to their arms, coal was piled on the fire, and, as a sort of vent to my feelings, I took up the poker.

"Stop! Don't touch the fire! You must know me seven years before you poke my fire! It's awfully unlucky!"

I put the poker down and handed Miss Hobson a cup of tea.

"Thanks. Oh, how weak I've made it! Never mind, I'm too lazy to get up."

I ventured to remedy matters by adding some more tea to the cup.

"Stop! Don't touch the tea-pot! You must know a person fourteen years before you can pour out their tea!"

"I am afraid you are superstitious!"

"Yes, dreadfully—to-day. A new mood, you see! That's right. Sit down, and then you won't do anything unlucky. There's a box of cigarettes by your side. Open them, smoke them, and make yourself happy."

I cheerfully obeyed orders. "Ah!"

"Thank you. When I hear anyone say 'Ah!' with the *h* drawn out, I know they feel quite comfortable and jolly."

"You have evidently studied the comforts of your fellow-creatures."

"And my own comforts—yes. Oh! the world's not half a bad place, if we only take the gifts the gods give us and don't complain."

"The gods have been good to you."

"Oh, I don't know! You like this little room? I'm glad; so few people do——"

"What Goths!"

"They think I'm quite mad. I haven't got much space. Well, there are only three chairs and the sofa. When I have a dozen people here we can make the sofa responsible for three, or four, and these chairs are really big enough to hold a couple."

"I should like to call when you have a lot of people."

"Oh, we make ourselves very merry. I hate people who are not merry. I hate work that's not amusing. Ugly things send me quite—— No, don't move; the exception proves the rule—that's right, isn't it? I always mix quotations. Is your tea nice? Take a muffin. Not for me; I want some jam all over that bread and butter. Thanks! Yes, *some* sad things are beautiful, I suppose. My pictures? Yes, they are all Burne-Jones's, and I love them. They are rather sad. Dreams are nice and sad too—that's why it's so unpleasant to wake up. I like living high up. Look out of the window—is not the little world far away beneath us?"

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

THERE are problems that beset us,
There are questions that perplex,
For the Venezuelans fret us
And the filibusters vex.
But the trouble that is graver
Than the road that Jameson trekked,
Is the novel with the savour
Of the Scottish dialect.

The materials comprising
This most lucrative affair,
Are a laird uncompromising
With a hectic son and heir,
Plus a Gemmell or a Soutar
Salt of earth and heaven elect,
To most mercilessly footer
In the Scottish dialect.

Every girl must be a "lassie,"
Every boy a "wee bit lad,"
And when earth is green and grassy
And the meadow clover-clad,
After half the summer's over
You can only just detect
He is posing as a lover
In the Scottish dialect.

For the manner of their wooing
Is a fearsome thing to tell,
Still, it only wants the doing
To be all the rage—and sell,
And with one or two physicians
Who prefer to die erect,
You can run to ten editions
In the Scottish dialect.

Scenic art must be a feature
In the peasant's simple home,
And the humble, white-haired preacher
Must toil slowly o'er the loam;
While the dying sunbeam glances
On the graveyard ivy-decked,
And illuminates the Manses
Of the Scottish dialect.

Well, we honour humble walkers
And respect the sons of work,
And can stand the village talkers
And are seen at times at Kirk,
But, oh! Presbyters and Prelates!
We are weary of a sect
And especially of zealots
In the Scottish dialect.

Learn of Scott, and dear old Louis
Lying where the Southern Cross
Shines its image on the dewy
Carpet of the covering moss;
Send your heroes out to cricket,
Make them walk abroad erect;
And be hanged to people "stickit"
And the Scottish dialect.

H. BELL.

AFTER THE BALL.



AFTER the ball is over,
After the field is clear,
What'd you do with my eye brow?
Where's the rest of my ear!

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S CHICAGO PUPIL.

DR. SARAH HACKETT STEVENSON, of Chicago, who was a pupil of the late Professor Huxley, has some interesting recollections of the great scientist.

"Twenty years ago, in London," says Dr. Stevenson, "I failed to fully realise the good fortune of a student of science at that time and place. Now I know that it was a period unequalled before or since in scientific men and research. Professor Huxley was then Lecturer upon Biology and Physiology in the South Kensington Science School. I attended two courses of his lectures in 1873, and shall never forget the professor's kindly welcome to his class-room. The lecture had already begun when I sent in my letter of introduction from Professor Burdon-Sanderson (now of Oxford, then of the University of London), whilst I waited in an ante-room. Professor Huxley came at once and escorted me to a front seat in a class of fifty or more men and one woman.

"Professor Huxley, at this time, was a middle-aged man, with a few grey hairs. I remember he said once, in reference to animals which change their colour, that when he was tired or nervous he fancied that he was greyer than usual. He was of medium height, with very simple and direct manners. He always treated his subjects with reverence and dignity, yet would make humorous allusions. He said once that the only instance of special creation he knew was the special creation of grouse for the adjournment of Parliament—a happy thrust at the English custom of adjourning Parliament at the beginning of the sporting season, and his own disbelief in special creation.

"Professor Huxley rarely referred to the notes for his lecture which lay upon his desk, but used a blackboard freely in illustrating his subject. He drew rapidly with coloured chalks in either hand. After the lecture, which began at eight o'clock and lasted an hour, the class went into the laboratory and worked out the subject practically. This work lasted until noon, and Professor Huxley gave each pupil personal attention. The first lecture I attended was upon the torula, or yeast plant, and a specimen was given each student for examination under the microscope. Professor Martin and Thistleton Dyer, the eminent botanists, were then Professor Huxley's assistants.

"The Jex-Blake controversy was at this time the topic of the hour, and I was delighted to hear Professor Huxley say it was eminently fit that women should practice medicine, and only the trades-unionism of the doctors stood in the way. One morning I was early in the lecture-room, where Professor Huxley was arranging his notes and blackboard. Presently he came down from the platform and said to me: "Have you heard that Agassiz is dead?" Then, after a pause, he added, in a tone of profound sadness, 'I wonder where he is!'

"Professor Huxley's family, consisting of his wife, five daughters, and two sons, lived in a house surrounded by trees in St. John's Wood. He was domestic in his tastes, and devoted to his family. There was a flower garden at the back of the house which was a great delight to him. The professor walked from the house to his lecture-room, or rode on the top of an omnibus. As I walked across Hyde Park to the class-room I would see Professor Huxley enjoying this point of vantage for observation.

"As the professor was a very busy man, he and Mrs. Huxley established the custom of receiving their friends at high tea on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Huxley once took me to the nursery to see the younger children at tea, which was served at five o'clock. When I remarked to the professor that his youngest boy of five resembled the portrait of John Milton at twelve, he said it was frequently noticed, and he regarded it as an evidence of his orthodoxy. He was especially proud, and with good

reason of Mrs. Huxley's magnificent hair. In fact, Professor Huxley's home life was ideal in its simplicity and affection. At my first visit at St John's Wood I met young Clifford, the phenomenal mathematician, and Mr. Appleton, the head of the firm of New York publishers, with whom I arranged to publish a *resumé* of Professor Huxley's lectures, called 'Biology for Beginners.'

"The last time I saw Professor Huxley was at the memorable meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Belfast. His lecture, 'Are Animals Automata?' held his audience spellbound. His language was always perfect in its clearness. He never used a superfluous word. On this occasion the effect of his easy conversational manner, without gestures, was marvellous.

"Professor Huxley responded to my request to be introduced to Herbert Spencer with a mock jealous air, saying: 'I thought I was your first love,' but gratified my natural wish to meet the philosopher.

"Professor Huxley came to America intending to visit Chicago, but was prevented by the intense heat of an unusually hot season. At Niagara Falls he found it impossible to continue his journey westward. He wrote me that he had never imagined even the possibility of such extreme heat. To his own regret and my own unmeasured disappointment, the visit was never again attempted.

"The last time that I was in England I called at the house in St. John's Wood, but the Huxleys were in Switzerland. The person in charge said Professor Huxley was a very sick man, and showed me a photograph in confirmation. It was the picture which has been reproduced recently, and showed the master of twenty years ago as the famous but broken man who gave his life to the pursuit of scientific truth."

COWBOYS.*

COLONEL BOYDE the morning after his arrival, set out to make acquaintances on the ranch. At the open doors, sat Sam Brant, in shirt and overalls, sewing up a torn saddle.

"Ah!" drawled the visitor. "Fine morning."

"Yes, my good fellow," continued the Colonel; "as a great Roman poet once expressed it"—he delivered himself of a classical quotation about the sunrise.

"Don't you think," said Sam genially, as he stitched away at the saddle, "that the late Mr. Virgil would have scanned that passage with two dactyls?"

"What!" gasped the tenderfoot; "you know Latin?"

"I ought to," replied Sam, waxing his twine, "although I don't, as a rule, address strangers in a dead language."

The colonel winced.

"May I ask," continued Sam, with a curious gleam in his off eye, "if you're one of the Shropshire Boydes? I knew one of that lot at Corpus; in fact, we were crammed by the same tutor for 'smalls,' and both got ploughed. Any relation, Colonel?"

"Aw—well, yes—distant relation, you know. But—may I ask—er—your name?"

"Oh, yes," responded the cowboy; "my name's Sam."

The colonel heard a chuckle from within the stable, but, before he could retreat, a rough-looking customer came out, curry-comb in hand, who addressed him in Latin.

"Aw—what did you say?" stammered the Englishman.

The remark was repeated, this time in Mexican-Spanish; and as the unfortunate man retreated across the yard he found himself the butt of a crowd of cowboys, who explained the situation in French, German, broad Scotch, Gaelic, Navajo, Ute, and Apache.

He never again attempted to patronise the cattlemen in anything but the plainest English.

* From "The Rules of the Game," by Roger Pocock.

THE ART OF ECONOMY.

By MRS. HUMPHRY.

DIVISION OF INCOME.

THE first problem set before the young couple who have just married is to arrange a suitable division of their income. They must stretch their £300 a year over the following items, and so cleverly that it will not be pulled too thin in any one particular direction :—

- House rent and taxes.
- Food and other home expenses.
- Husband's dress allowance.
- Wife's dress allowance.
- Yearly holiday.
- Life assurance.
- Savings.

Under "Food and Home Expenses" I include repairs, washing, fuel, gas, water, the wages of the one servant, stationery, stamps, and even the daily paper, without which existence ought—according to our century-end ideas—to be an impossibility. In another paper I will deal with the difficulty of making £3 a week cover all these items. "Difficulty," do I say? The singular is grossly inadequate to express the endless problems that lie hidden away under the daily life of many and many thousands of inexperienced young wives, who have to manage as best they may to pull those stiff, unyielding ends together and make them not only meet, but even lap over. The dress allowances must not be more than £20 each, and it is probable that of this sum only a small portion will be needed in the first year, as both husband and wife may be supposed to have fully provided themselves with an outfit previous to the marriage.

If we set down £3 a week for food and home expenses, all the other items—the rent and taxes, dress allowances, annual trip, and life assurance premiums—would have to come out of the remaining £144, leaving about £15 for life assurance, and a small nest-egg for a possible doctor's bill or other unavoidable outlay. We will suppose that rent and taxes amount to £70, that the annual trip costs £10. Both husband and wife should be insured, and if this is done at a comparatively early age, the annual premium is but small, and is taken into consideration in the income-tax. There is at least one insurance company which gives a bonus to its clients every four or five years, and if this bonus is regularly applied to the reduction of the annual premium, the latter is reduced very considerably, and in some cases becomes extinct. A lady who is insured in this company for £1,000 received a bonus of £23 four years after having assured her life. Of course, the premium is higher than would be the case if the assurer were not to participate in the profits of the company; but it is a true economy to pay the higher rate and benefit by the bonuses. The amount of the latter may be added to the sum insured, or a third alternative permits the person who owns the policy to draw out the bonus.

It may be said that £70 is too much for rent and taxes out of an income of £300. This is perfectly true. The amount set apart for these two items should not exceed an eighth of the entire income. But it is easy to lay down the law in this, and often extremely difficult to follow it out. Take life in London, and the case of a young professional man and his wife. Where can they live at a lower rent than, say, £50? There is no possibility of doing so in London itself. A top flat in one of the huge buildings centrally situated costs £50; but these are highly inconvenient in many ways. I never heard of anyone who had tried life in an eyrie of this kind remaining a moment longer than the period set down in the first agreement with the landlord. Flats lower down, nearer the earth, are from £70 upwards, and I have heard that Bloomsbury and Chelsea have the cheapest. Houses in certain localities are cheap enough, because they are chiefly occupied by artisans and the better class of working men. I know a pretty street not

far from Kensington Gardens which is filled with such houses. The rent is £45 a year, and the taxes amount to exactly a quarter of the rent, bringing the total to £58 15s. A lady of my acquaintance tried the experiment of occupying one of these houses. She furnished it daintily, and made the pretty little bow window charming with fresh hangings and flowering plants. The rooms were very tiny, but she and her daughter soon became accustomed to that, and for a while all went well. The neighbours were very civil, and much interested in the handsome widow and her graceful girl. But the inevitable disillusionment soon arrived. Saturday nights were periods of misery. Wages were spent in drink, and the marital manners of the district flowered fulsomely somewhere about midnight. Wife-beating and husband-scolding set in with severity. The pretty little house was given up at the end of the term of agreement. Another disagreeable thing was the overcrowded condition of the surrounding houses. The proprietors lived in the basement rooms and let off the rest to an inconceivably large number of tenants.

No! Our young couple must live among their kind; and they will be lucky if they can manage to keep their rent and taxes within the £70 I have set down, and yet live sufficiently close to the husband's work to avoid a daily railway fare.

Setting the rent and taxes down at £70, and premising that if a suburban residence be chosen, the breadwinner's railway fare to and from his work must be reckoned in under the heading of rent, etc., our table would stand as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
House rent and taxes	70	0	0
Food and other home expenses	156	0	0
Husband's dress allowance	20	0	0
Wife's dress allowance	20	0	0
Yearly holiday	10	0	0
Life assurances	15	0	0
Savings	9	0	0
	£300	0	0

There is a curious little word which does not appear in this list, but is certain to put in an appearance in any detailed account of expenditure, whether of the home or in the business world. It is the word "sundries," and the amount of money it contrives to swallow up, under the guise of being a superficial and unimportant item, is enormous. It is sure to absorb a considerable portion of that £9 set down as savings! It cannot be ignored, and may just as well be recognised and fairly reckoned with. Shall we say then, that in dividing the income into its several departments, the first year's savings will scarce amount to more than £5—unless, indeed, a portion of the two dress allowances has been put away for a rainy day. Some part of these two sums would go to defray the necessary initial expenses of assuring the two lives. The importance of this safeguard, on both sides, can scarcely be over-estimated. Many a man has been financially crippled for years owing to the expenses attendant upon the fatal illness and funeral charges of his young wife. This seems a hard-hearted and almost sordidly practical way to look at such a loss: but, for the moment, we are not considering sentiment, but only regarding the matter from a "Chancellor of Exchequer" point of view.

As to the husband's life assurance, no doubt exists as to the propriety of his executing one without delay. It is almost criminal on his part to neglect it.

In future articles I will deal with the various sections of the expenditure, and hope to place before the readers of To-Day numerous economical expedients for bringing it comfortably within the prescribed limits.

THERE once was a girl from Madrid,
Who went on the ice where she slid.
When they picked her up broken,
She shouldn't have spoken;
I am sorry to say that she did.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—*The New Barmaid* has been a very great success in the provinces. So has the *Lady Slavey*. But neither the excellent acting of that admirable artiste Robert Pateman, nor the charm of Miss May Yohé, could save the latter play in London, and I very much fear that even Miss Lottie Collins will not be strong enough to turn *The New Barmaid* into a success. The audience at the Avenue displayed a most friendly predisposition at first, and they only became restive when at a very late hour the management injudiciously permitted an over redundancy of encores. This is always dangerous and sometimes fatal on a first night. Besides it is false economy. If a song is a big success, make your public pay again if they want to hear it again. Send them away hungry, not surfeited. It was a failure to recognise this fact that precipitated trouble. If the piece had been played quickly and smartly to a finish it might have passed without adverse comment. Everybody knows that entertainments of this description are cut, compressed here, expanded there, altered, twisted, and metamorphosed altogether after a few nights, and consequently they are never judged very harshly. Look at the *Artist's Model*, for example. It was adversely received. It was pronounced a failure. But it has run over a year. Personally I don't think that the *New Barmaid* will do the same, but that after all is only my individual opinion. I don't feel excited about it. I don't believe that if the first nighters had been left to themselves they would have got excited either. But weird stories were going about concerning the presence of detectives, and so forth. Imitation ensued. The perpetual encores fired the mine—and there you are. I am told that the management apprehended some kind of opposition from the start. They must know better than I do whether the foundations for their fears were good or bad. But I cannot help thinking that they were over nervous. As a general rule nothing will induce me to believe in prearranged oppositions, still, I have it on the authority of one of the most successful producers of light musical entertainments, that at the commencement of his career, he invariably found a certain number of people ready, on his first nights, to take advantage of every trifling slip or mistake as a cue for adverse protestations. He believed that this opposition was organised. I suggested that if people were sufficiently unscrupulous to hoot for a certain sum of money, they would probably talk for a little more money. Whether my friend acted on my hint, I do not know, but he has preserved a solemn silence on the point for many years. He may have traced the matter to its source, or the other people may have got tired. Anyhow, he no longer has anything to complain of.

The failure of the *New Barmaid*, if it turns out to be a real failure, I shall regard as a sign and a portent. I shall begin to believe that we are getting to the end of musical variety shows, and that either something else that nobody forsee will succeed them, or else that we are about to revert to genuine comic opera. I will not risk being entangled in a controversy over old burlesque, but I will frankly confess that I have very grateful recollections of *Olivette* and *Madame Favart*. The late H. B. Farnie overstocked the market with inferior successors, about which there was such a sameness that the public sickened of them. Yet, if anyone could come along with another *Cloches des Corneville* to-day, I am firmly convinced that he would make a fortune. Possibly Hamilton and Caryl's *Madame St. Gène* will supply the long-felt want.

On Valentine's Day I made a night of it. First I went to Terry's, and enjoyed *Jedbury Junior* very much,

It is a simple, unpretentious play, and as it is written by a lady, Madame Lucette Riley, chivalry forbids that it should be criticised too harshly. To the practised play-goer, of course, it reeks of the odious. Directly young Jedbury says that according to the laws of Terra del Fuego he is married to a lady he has never seen, you feel perfectly certain that it is the same unknown lady that his martinet father insists he shall marry. Of course he meets her, they fall in love, she has changed her name, and the consciousness that they are neither free is an insuperable impediment to their marriage. This is not half a bad complication, and when it is also revealed that young Jedbury has gone through the first marriage in the name of his dearest friend, who wants to marry his sister, the possibilities are considerable. More might be made of them, especially on farcical lines, and the play could have been relieved of a useless and serious side plot. How much money the play will draw in London I cannot say, but it ought to do big things in the provinces. Under the title of *Christopher Junior* it has been a big success in America, with John Drew in the title rôle, which here falls to Fred Kerr. He is very good in places, but at present he does not shine most brilliantly in the pathetic passages. Miss Maude Millet is admirable, sweet little Miss Eva Moore is delightful, and John Beauchamp is excellent.

From Terry's I went to the Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden, and I was lucky in happening on an evening when real fancy dresses were in the majority. I am told that it was the most picturesque night of the season. The first prize, a grand piano, went to a "Gooseberry Fool," a really beautiful and clever dress designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, representing a Venetian jester attired in his shades of green, and hung over with countless little balls made as silver gooseberries. The Orient was in luck after this, for a splendid Cleopatra took the Ralli car, and a Queen of Sheba—being

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thoroughly up-to-date—got a thirty-seven-guinea bicycle. A number of less valuable prizes were won, but I don't know exactly by whom. The dresses that pleased me most were "Trinity House"—a very original and pretty dress—"Bicycling," a "Lily Domino"—all green chiffon and lilies of the valley—a weird, blue-green frosted silver "Demon," a downright lovely "Pink Hawthorn," an extraordinary dress made out of preserved meat tins, and an Egyptian mummy. This latter, standing with the regulation expressionless mask, I heard accosted by a beautiful young gentleman who had supped rather freely.

"I say, old fellow," he said, "you haven't been doing much this evening. Come, buck up, Mummy! Buck up!"

I didn't think "bucking up" was in the character, so I fled.

Not only fancy dresses, but impenetrable dominoes abounded. These were mostly black. Some took supper in, and I thought they were idiots. They amused themselves afterwards by talking to anybody and everybody. I interviewed two. Both by their conversation suggested that they were ladies of title, bent on adventure in the absence of their lawful lords. I affected to believe them, and responded with respectful courtesy; but in the privacy of my chamber I said to myself, "The aristocracy of this country may have few aspirations, but it rarely lacks aspirates." Still, these conversations with the unknown are distinctly amusing. I had a very excellent supper, and the only thing that worried me was the difficulty of finding anywhere to smoke. You can't smoke in the supper room, you can't smoke in your private box, you can't smoke behind the handstand. If Sir Augustus Harris bought Covent Garden he would soon alter all this.

I live in the hope—and I hear that he may—buy it out and out. Then we shall all be happy.

On Sunday night Mr. Henry Murray read his paper on the "Value of Criticism" at the Playgoers' Club. So far as his own criticisms went it demonstrated that they had no value. In his opinion Mr. William Archer is a "literary hobble-de-hoy emerging into middle age," and Mr. Clement Scott is entirely unfit to occupy the position of critic to the *Daily Telegraph*, because once in a short poem he wrote a plural instead of a singular. Also, in the eyes of Mr. Murray, he committed an awful offence in saying—

"... You can hear the lifeboat bell,
All the village wakes to action,
And the storm is on the yell.

Mr. Murray repeated the last line with solemn emphasis, and shook his head. Evidently he thought it meant something very reprehensible. His attitude was that of one who supposed that in saying "the storm is on the yell," Mr. Scott meant to convey "the storm is on the spree," or possibly "on the loose," or perhaps to preserve the rhyme, "the storm is going to hell!"

This was the sum and substance of all he had to hurl against dramatic critics, who he candidly admitted were absolutely honest, and could not be accused of log rolling.

On other critics—the essayists on literature and art—he was much more severe, and he held that there was no hope for contemporary literature so long as any respectable paper could give currency to the statement that "Mr. Blank, the well-known author, has arrived at Morley's Hotel."

Some admirable speeches followed Mr. Murray's lecture, Mr. Scott in particular being warmly defended by Mr. Spence and others, who did not hesitate to tell Mr. Murray, in as courteous language as they could command, that he had been talking a good deal of nonsense.

Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

WILSON BARRETT ON THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

THE other day (writes a contributor) I paid Mr. Wilson Barrett a visit at his rooms in Piccadilly for the purpose of gaining his views as an actor-dramatist on the progress or retrogression of our latter-day drama.

"The point with me is this," he exclaimed—and Mr. Barrett in private conversation treats his subject with the same whole-hearted earnestness which characterises all his work on the stage—"Is the drama to be deprived of any usefulness, of its undeniable power of driving home the finer truths of life? If the requirements of the drama necessitate this, then," he added, getting up and pacing the room, "I must follow some other vocation, some calling which shall leave me at least a vestige of self-respect. But is it so? I maintain it is not so. Far be it from me to suggest that the stage should usurp the work of the lecture room, or the pulpit; but it may be, nay, it must be animated with a high aim and noble purpose. It should fulfil some of the purposes which Shakespeare expected it to fulfil. I take it that the holding of the mirror up to Nature is the creed, and the entire creed, of both dramatist and actor. Well, is there nothing in in nature but women with a past? Is what Thomas Hardy calls 'the major indiscretion' the one thing seen beneath the sun—the committal of it the one sin, the avoidance of it the one hope? I have been absent from this wonderful London of ours for some years, it is true; and perhaps I have grown blind. But until I am convinced by the flat rejection of all work aiming at the better conduct of human life, I shall stoutly decline to believe that behind the happy or careworn, the sad or smiling faces of the thousands who hourly traverse these London streets, the one and all absorbing question is the observance or defiance of the seventh commandment.

"Is there but one tune for the dramatist to play—but one instrument to play it on—the eternal triangle of husband, wife, and friend? Is virtue dead and innocence out of date? Are vice and scorn to monopolise the mirror? May not virtue occasionally have a peep at her own sweet features?

"How often have I been told when some play or novel has been under discussion whose sole aim seemed to be the dragging into light the worst faults and weaknesses of mankind, 'all this is life as it is; this writer is a great writer, he dares to depict the truth.' What rubbish, what folly, what blindness! Men are neither wholly vile nor wholly good. As surely as there is day and night there is as much ineradicable beauty in human nature now as when Shakespeare painted it so exquisitely, and the loveliness of life can be taught as much by example now as then. In regard to your wide-reaching question as to the drama, I may allude to one matter, simply because, in my humble opinion, it points to the inherent weakness of some of the unsuccessful plays of to-day. One or two critics have told me that my play is un-literary! Now what does this mean? Before I go into what they may mean by the criticism, I will tell you what it means as far as I am concerned. It means this. I have gone over my play again and again, and, wherever I have found anything that sounded like a fine speech, or something which seemed to have some pretension to literary merit—I have cut it out. I have deleted, deleted and deleted.

"Everything which causes you when watching the play to listen to mere words, and to notice what the characters are saying, and how they are saying it, retards the action of the play. 'The Sign of the Cross'

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has no pretension to be a fine piece of literature, but I am content if it is thought that it acts well. Every man and woman of observation knows perfectly well that no words will interpret what can be conveyed in a look, in a shrug of the shoulders, in a wave of the hand. This is, in too many cases of failure, the mistake the dramatist makes. The mind is tickled with phrases, with clever remarks, with fine speeches; the setting may be gorgeous, the acting may be the best of its kind, but, notwithstanding all this, there is an element lacking which prevents the sort of play I have in my mind from really being, in the truest sense, a play.

"Now there are one or two critics who have the notion that this real actability, so to speak, is the one thing which can be safely left out, as long as what they term the literary element is not lacking. Some of these critics seem to be under the impression that if the public like a play it must be bad, while, on the other hand, if they won't go to see it, if it is produced by subscription for one night only, or runs, at a great loss, for two or three consecutive weeks or nights, that it must be a good play. Now in the case of Ibsen's works, what I have to say is, that call these productions what you like, they are not plays, and nothing earthly will make them plays. Treatises, suggestive and clever treatises, if you like, but not plays. I am not speaking of the commercial side of the question, though why this should be sneered at, or why it should be supposed that a play which does not and cannot attract, may nevertheless be a good play, I don't pretend to understand. If a play holds an audience from first to last, if they can think of nothing else, if they lose themselves and are absorbed in the play, what better test of a play than that can be obtained? What is the value of any one man's opinions beside that?"

"Now, tell me," said Mr. Barrett, as, rising to leave, I strolled with him to the window and looked out upon the crowded thoroughfare below, "what is the value of such a play as *Ghosts* for example? I have asked a critical friend this question, and he replied that it conveyed a good moral lesson. It teaches something. Now, what does it teach, and to whom does it teach it? Cause is mixed up with effect. If a tree is rotten it is no use lopping a branch off here and there; the very sap and vitality of the tree have departed, and there is an end of it.

"You must strike at the root of evil if you mean to do anything with it. Because a certain man has inherited a loathsome disease from his father, are we to, say, portray it on the stage, and you will have men saying, I have this disease, this teaches me to sin no more? I will be careful. Does it? Well to whom is this precious lesson to be conveyed? Are you to teach this beautiful and purifying gospel to the young man and young woman? Are our young folk to grow up into good men and women by learning of loathsome diseases, what they bring forth, and to what they are due? Why, surely every young man, no matter how virtuous and innocent, knows enough of these things. Are you going to teach these lessons to men who have knocked about in town for years? To whom are you going to teach it then? The moral teaching of such a play lies, I think, mainly in the imagination of the critic. Teach a man the beauty of virtue, and never mind the loathsome disease, it won't come his way. These particular critics, to my mind, represent the retrograde movement of the drama.

"If you are writing a play, I venture to give it as my opinion that you need not mind if it looks naked in cold print. The covering of life is given, and must be given, by those who act it. Fine speeches are not the best of a workable play. If it teaches virtue, if it grips the audience, if it brings the laugh, and the sob, in what

way is it a bad play? Because, forsooth, there is no fine writing in it, no epigram, no paradox! Not much, in fact, that would look well in a book! I merely give my opinions to you," added Mr. Barrett with a bright smile, "not as an actor or an author, or from any standpoint than merely that of a man who wants an actable play, and who also claims to have the welfare of our beloved drama at heart."

HOW SOME DANCERS ARE TRAINED.

A CHAT WITH A PARISIAN DANSEUSE.

THERE is an unknown Paris, into which few tourists ever penetrate, and of which even the enterprising English journalist knows little or nothing—a Paris where professional thieves are made, beggars with indescribable deformities are manufactured, and where "stars" destined to shine on the asphalt dancing-floor of the Jardin de Paris and at the Moulin Rouge are, to use their trainer's own expressive word, "broken."

"You should get a talk with Madame Bouton d'Or, and try and see one of her classes," remarked a French friend, as we watched the *bizarre* feats of a quartette of dancers at one of the cafés."

"But how?"

"Drop her a polite note; say you are interested in the science of *la danse*, and in her brilliant career, and then await an answer."

"Dear Monsieur, with pleasure. Come any day this week after one o'clock," was the substance of the note I received from Madame herself a few mornings later.

On the following day a Batignolles 'bus dropped me within a few hundred yards of Madame's "Ecole de Danse Chorégraphique."

Madame herself opened the door to me. She is still comparatively young, though her greatest triumphs were won in the old Mabilles days; but she no longer dances in public, except for amusement, although her *petit pied* can flash upwards above her golden-crowned head with as much *aplomb* as of yore on occasion.

"You are just in time," remarked Madame, after the usual salutations, speaking French. "One of my classes is about to commence. Come!"

The room I entered under Madame's escort was long, large, and bare, save for a settle or two, a few low chairs, and a long mirror at one side of it, reaching from the floor fully ten feet up; there was little furniture. About a score of pupils were assembled, some in ballet skirts, some in loose practice knickerbockers—such as lady cyclists wear—and others in simply their ordinary *dessous* with a short *jupon*. They were either lazing, or engaged in desultory practice.

Madame said, "Excusez, un moment." To reappear almost immediately in ballet skirts.

"Attention!" And the girls ranged themselves,

From the roof of the *salle* hung several ropes, one or two on running pulleys, and having loops at the ends. Along one side of the wall ran a pole, placed out on brackets about six inches from it, and in height about a metre from the floor. Whilst Madame was giving a half a dozen of the more advanced pupils a lesson, the neophytes were told off to practice balancing exercises, holding on to the pole, whilst three others stood "spread-eagle" fashion with their feet placed in a long, grooved wooden trough. Firstly, with Madame's assistance, two of the advanced pupils slipped their right feet through the looped end of the ropes depending from the ceiling. Then, whilst supported by their companions, their captive limbs were hoisted ceilingwards by another, until the girls themselves were ultimately left standing on tiptoe on the other leg. In this position they remained for a space of about ten minutes, with faces betraying the painful nature of the exercise which Madame assured me was a necessary preliminary to both the feat "Shoulder Arms" and the Grand Ecart. When released they limped to a seat, one with her face so pale beneath her rouge that I thought she was going to faint.

The other four girls went through the same exercise with more or less distortion of features, assisted by their companions. It was surely a case, as Madame herself put it, of "*Elle faut souffrir être une artiste chorégraphique.*"

"Does it hurt?" I asked the elder of the two first victims.

"Horribly, at first," was the reply, "but then we may get an engagement at 40 frs., or even 50 frs. a week."

That was the secret of the matter. They had till recently been work-girls, or *grisettes*, earning, so Madame informed me, fourteen francs a week, with long hours thrown in.

Two or three other more advanced pupils then took the floor, and by going with *aplomb* through the exercises leading to the "*Salute*," "*Shoulder Arms*," and Grand Ecart bore out Madame's assertion that the thing was easy enough when the girls were thoroughly "broken." These girls, who were in other respects also finished exponents of the *Quadrille naturaliste*, were in hope of an almost immediate engagement at the Moulin Rouge.

After a quarter of an hour spent in going through various contortions by these devotees of Terpsichore, and by Madame in ceaseless exertions and corrections of the pupils' poses, the Grand Ecart was called for those pupils who were far enough advanced in the "breaking" process.

Various almost indescribable exercises were gone carefully through, all of which seemed to have but one object—that of enabling the dancers to descend to the floor with their limbs opened and extended like a pair of compasses. Then, after a short rest, five of the girls did the jumping Grand Ecart exercises, leaping into the air, and assuming the pose last described, as it were, at one *coup*.

Then followed a series of Moulin Rouge valse, and a quadrille in costume, some new figures being rehearsed, and the display of *lingerie* and powers of high-kicking being simply astonishing. After the *coup d'œil* at the end—in which one of the dancers did the springing Grand Ecart, whilst two of the others interlaced their limbs over her and above their own heads—Madame, evidently satisfied both with her pupils and her own exertions, expressed herself willing for a brief chat.

"Who are the girls who learn such dances?" I inquired, when comfortably seated in Madame's own room.

"Poor girls, chiefly, of course; and principally those who have a natural liking for *la danse*, or who have an ambition to earn more than the often miserable pittance they receive as dressmakers' assistants, or as waitresses in cafés. I know," continued Madame, following up a remark, "that you English people cannot understand how it is that girls will, I had better say, show themselves in such a manner. But then you are so different. Nini Patte en l'Air told me that she was not allowed to do half her steps when in England, and yet you see just the same sort of thing done by acrobats, and no fuss is made. Put the artistes in skirts, and it is at once—'Oh, choquant! N'est pas?'"

"Why don't they learn more conventional dances, you ask? Chiefly because to gain a living or distinction as a *danseuse* in ballet would need far more time and training than they can afford. Agilité, élan, and *aplomb* are the chief things required to ensure success at the Moulin Rouge, Casino de Paris, or Jardine de Paris; and all these things can be generally acquired by apt pupils in a few months. When once they have obtained an engagement their expenses are not heavy, as the management usually provides the elaborate *dessous* the artistes are obliged to wear. Why? Well, principally on account of the expense. You will understand better, perhaps, when I tell you that a set of *lingerie*, consisting of two lace *jupes*, a pair of dancing *pantalon*, and a lace chemise and special dancing stays, frequently costs from 500 francs to 800 francs. Obviously, such things cannot be purchased out of a salary of from 30 to 50 francs a week. If the salary were raised it is just possible that the *danseuse* would not spend the addi-

tional amount on *lingerie*, and so the management sees to it."

"Isn't the training terribly painful?" I asked, as I rose to go.

"Yes; I am afraid that I cannot deny it. But, all the same, I have had very few pupils injure themselves even temporarily, and no doubt the fame a dancer obtains, with a salary four or five times the amount she has been earning as a work-girl, accounts for the fact that I never have a lack of pupils who wish to learn."

HOW TO COOK.

"WHEN people wish to write anything about me, why do they not say that I can cook?" asked Mrs. Frederick Gebhard, opening the door of a great dining-room in her old-fashioned summer cottage and leading the way through it to the roomiest, cheeriest, most blackened old kitchen left among the old country mansions. "I am tired reading of my eccentricities, my pets, and my looks. Why not tell that I can cook to the taste of the best husband in the world?"

"Now, do not think," said she, "that I cannot cook upon a stove, for I can. But nowadays it is a much more superior accomplishment to be able to brew one's dishes in a chafing dish, and therefore I have practised until I have overcome my awkwardness at such a small fire, and can make anything called for upon the most elaborate bill of fare.

"What is my favourite chafing dish recipe? I think it is one for a kidney stew. That sounds prosaic and wintry, but in my hands it becomes both poetic and summery, just the dish for a late breakfast or for luncheon; and, do not tell, but it is good for a midnight lunch—good as a Welsh rarebit.

"You must have lamb kidneys, split and left with a little skin of fat upon them. Put a cup of water in the chafing dish and let it boil. While it is coming to a boil, mince an onion in the water. Lay in a fine strip of bacon to every half kidney, and let the bacon cook tender and fry brown, which it will do as soon as the water has boiled off. Put in the kidneys now and brown in the bacon juice. Meanwhile rub the finest little china platter in the pantry with a split raw onion to give a flavour. Cover the platter with dice of toast no bigger than a finger tip. Pour over the kidney stew and serve very hot. This is so very good that a man with a fine appetite can easily eat half a dozen kidneys and the bacon that goes with each kidney.

"Of course you know about the custards and summer creams and iced puddings that can be cooked in the chafing dish and placed on the ice for lunch. Those are favourite dishes for me, as they are delicate; and I think the cooking of them to be the work of the mistress of such a large, beautiful old kitchen."

While Mrs. Gebhard talked she worked busily at the chafing dish, assisted by a trim maid who came and went, bringing packages and putting away others with surprising rapidity, so that when the cooking talk was ended there steamed out from the dish the most appetising odour that was ever wafted through kitchen windows into the Jersey air.

Another most accomplished cook is Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. At Newport, where Mrs. Oelrichs spends most of her late summer, there is a great broad kitchen, with open windows letting in the air and sunshine, and here Mrs. Oelrichs, disregarding the fashionable world, prepares many a luncheon. She requires many assistants, but she is the principal cook. In her Western life she acquired the knowledge of broiling to perfection—an art which seems only to have been known by

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—Sheltered climate. First-rate sport, and only 12 hours from London. CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS with Roulette, Trent-et-quarante, &c., always open. Hotel tariff at 10 francs inclusive. For details, address JULES CREHAY, Sec.

the camp miners and open-air dwellers, who taught it to their children and their cooks, so that in time it became a true Western accomplishment, superior in all respects to Eastern broiling.

Mrs. Oelrichs' recipe for broiling lobster is: "Split a live lobster and place it, split side uppermost, upon a large broiler. Place over a moderately hot fire of wood or coal for ten minutes, or a shorter time if the shell turns red. Do not turn the lobster over, or you lose the fat—the best part of the lobster. A female makes more delicious eating than a male on account of the roe."

[There is no cruelty in this if the cook knows, as she ought to do, the exact point to pierce the brain and cause instantaneous death.]

In Mrs. Crugers' "luncheon kitchen" there stands a tall Greek brazier, and over this she stands and stirs many a smoking dish of summer delight. One of her favourites is a lettuce salad, wilted in the old-world style, and served with a smoking wine sauce.

Miss Helen Gould, no one will be surprised to know, is a cook of more than the average ability. Her cookery takes the line of invalids' and children's dishes. This idea became a pet one of Miss Gould's some three years ago, when her mother was ill. By an invalid's freak, she could eat nothing except that prepared by her daughter, and Miss Helen spent much of her time in the kitchen, where, through the windows of their summer cottage at Saratoga, she could be seen, covered with a calico apron, working busily and industriously over the hottest of old-fashioned stoves.

Later, when her father, too, lay ill, Miss Gould cooked for him all sorts of fanciful invalids' dishes. And after he had left her for ever, she turned her attention to the little cripples of Woody Crest, making a study of the best things for them to eat. Personally she instructed the cooks. Much of her knowledge was gained in the cooking class of which she was a member nearly every winter for the past five years, and more she learned in a training school for nurses, where she was allowed to come and go.

The very old-fashioned ladies were taught cooking in their youth as a womanly accomplishment as useful as the needle. But then there came a generation that painted instead of cooking. Now there are cooks again among women of the highest degree, and if the trick of making good things for the table becomes a fad no one will begrudge the new woman her knickerbockers and little independent ways.

THERE was once an old maid, who prided herself upon the fact that she had never been kissed by a man. She was sitting in her little room one day, when the door was suddenly burst open by two very excited ladies, who told the old maid that the town in which they lived was going to be pillaged by soldiers. The two ladies advised the old maid to move away hurriedly. "I shall stay where I am," said the old maid. "But think of the risks you are running," the two ladies said. "You know what bold, impudent men soldiers are, and as for kissing,—well——" But still the old maid refused to leave her house, and the two ladies left her. Presently the soldiers marched into the town. The old maid sat at her open window watching them. Two or three of the men in the first regiment looked up at the old maid and walked quietly on. Six men in the second regiment did the same thing. When the third regiment came along, the old maid coughed slightly, but without the desired effect. Then her patience was exhausted. As the fourth regiment marched past her house, she threw the window wide open, and asked quietly: "Er—Mr. Sergeant, could you tell me—er—when the kissing is likely to begin?"

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

LOANS granted on Short Term Insurance Policies. Reversions bought. Correspondence invited. Distance no object.—Walker & Son, Midland Chambers, Nottingham.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (250 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

HORSELESS CARRIAGE MOTORS.

The Engineer says (in Paris): "It seems that a great sale is found for the vehicles to country doctors, who are able to do from 40 to 50 miles a day, and in some cases the Motor has taken the place of four horses, which had to be kept previously, in order to obtain a satisfactory service."

THE DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY (LIMITED).

Capital £100,000, divided into 10,000 shares of £10 each. Of the said amount now offered for subscription, £50,000 is for working capital. Payable, 30s. on application, £3 10s., on allotment, and the balance in two equal monthly instalments.

Care will be taken to ensure a perfectly fair allotment, and that no preference will be given.

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "We are now on the eve apparently of a great engineering departure similar to that which produced the vast cycle industry thirty years ago—only here the possibilities are far greater. The Parisian makers are full of orders. The thing is becoming almost a craze."

This new industry is, in the opinion of the directors, likely to cause a revolution equal to that achieved by the most sensational invention ever brought before the public, even including the steam engine.

So great is the present demand for "Daimlers" that orders are now being declined by the vendors, and the directors anticipate that, for a considerable time to come, they will be unable to cope with the business which will be offered them.

These Daimler Motor Carriages have been and are now running in this country (see below).

DIRECTORS.

Gottlieb Daimler (Inventor of the Daimler Motor), Cannstatt, Wurtemberg. Hon. Evelyn H. Ellis, Datchet, near Windsor.

William Wright, J.P. (Moor and Robinson's Nottinghamshire Banking Company, Ltd.) (Director of).

J. H. Mace (London Road Car Company, Ltd.) (Director of).

J. J. Henry Sturmer (Liffie and Sturmer), Coventry.

H. E. Sherwin Holt, M.A. M.I.E.E. (Swinburne and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers) (Chairman of).

Bankers—London and Westminster Bank, Leithbury, E.C.

Solicitors—J. B. Purchase, 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Arthur T. Ashwell, Nottingham.

Consulting Engineer—Frederick R. Simms, Billiter Buildings, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Auditors—Monkhouse, Goddard, Stoneham, and Co., 28 and 29, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

Secretary and Offices (pro tem.)—Chas. Osborne, 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The "Daimler" is the motor used for "Horseless Carriages" with such remarkable success in France, Germany, and America, and recently at Tunbridge-wells, and elsewhere.

Perhaps never has such an immense and immediate future been presented to any new industry as that now opening for motor traffic of all kinds. More especially does this relate to the Daimler Motor, which, owing to its extraordinary simplicity and reliability, now leads the way, and is bringing about a complete change in modern ideas of locomotion.

Upwards of 2,000 unsolicited inquiries as to these motors have been received by the Daimler Motor Syndicate (Limited), from all classes of persons and firms.

This is the first company formed for the manufacture of these motors in England, and it will continue the business of the Daimler Syndicate. Larger concerns will, no doubt, take up other branches of this great future industry, but these will in all probability obtain their motors from this the original company. The shares are thus likely to become a very valuable property.

The Daimler Motor was invented by the eminent engineer, Mr. Gottlieb Daimler, of Cannstatt, Wurtemberg, who was for a great many years with Dr. Otto, of Deutz, when these two celebrated men constructed their first successful and now famous "Otto" gas engine.

In public competition the Daimler has beaten every other form of motor competing with it, gaining the first prize in the "Carriage Competition," Paris, 1894 and 1895. In the Motor Carriage Race, run on the 11th of June last from Paris to Bordeaux and back, about 760 miles, the Daimler Motor gained the first four prizes, also sixth and seventh—60,000fr. in all.

At the Exhibition of Motor Carriages, recently held by Sir David Salomons, at Tunbridge-wells, the Daimler Motor played the prominent part.

Orders have been executed for, amongst others, the London County Council, the Royal Engineers at Chatham, Messrs. Whitehead and Co., Torpedo Works, at Weymouth, Sir David Salomons, Bart., Hon. Evelyn Ellis, as well as for leading yachtsmen, such as Sir John Scott, Colonel Platt, James Gordon Bennett, and others.

The "Daily Telegraph" of December 14th, 1895, says:—

"Motor Carriages for Royal Mails.—The Director of Public Works at Colombo, Ceylon, has been authorised by the Government of the colony to purchase a few Daimler Motor Carriages for the purpose of carrying the mails from the General Post Office to the railway stations at Colombo. The daily distance to be covered by the new mail carriage is about twenty miles. As compared with horses, this innovation will, it is stated, effect a saving of about 60 per cent."

It is claimed for the Daimler Oil Motor that it combines the advantages which other engines of a similar class have hitherto failed to produce, viz.: It is so simple that it can be handled by anyone; it is thoroughly reliable and extremely economical in working; there is no danger from explosion; it can be started at full speed within two minutes; it can be produced at a reasonable price, and so brought within the reach of everyone.

Horseless carriages, worked by the Daimler Motor, have been and are running on the public roads in certain parts of England, but, as in some localities the authorities have expressed opinions restricting their use, it should be stated that special legislation for licensing them in every part of the United Kingdom is now pending, and a small tax will probably be imposed by Parliament, similar to that now paid for private carriages.

As compared with horses and carriages the Daimler Motor Carriage is both cheaper in first cost and keep. It will be a boon to the country doctor, clergyman, and local carrier, and a desideratum for the farmer, who will by means of the Daimler Motor Cart have his own independent light railway, thus opening fresh markets for his produce. There will, doubtless, also be a great demand (as there is on the Continent, especially in France) for delivery vans, cabs, and omnibuses, fitted with Daimler Motors.

It should be said that with the newest design of the Daimler Motor Carriages travelling is exceedingly pleasant, whilst long hills with steep gradients can be climbed without any difficulty.

The memorandum and articles of association and copies of the contract can be inspected at the offices of the solicitors, and forms of application for shares can be obtained from the solicitors, bankers, and auditors, and of the Secretary, Chas. Osborne, 40, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

IN THE CITY.

THE LIMERICK BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

IN July last the public were asked to subscribe for 60,000 shares of this company, which was brought out with a capital of £75,000, for the purpose of gratifying "the almost universal desire of the inhabitants" of Limerick. It seems that the good folk of that ancient town pined for a brewery. They drink over 200,000 barrels of ale and porter every year, and they had no brewery. It was to provide them with one that this company was brought out.

The figures put before the public proved conclusively—upon paper—that the company must pay. It was to have a turning-out power of 600 barrels per week, and "an extremely moderate estimate," put the sales at 500 barrels per week, which, at 6s. 6d. per barrel, would give an annual profit of over £8,000, sufficient to pay a 10 per cent. dividend on the capital, and leave a substantial surplus for "additional dividend, reserve, and contingencies."

Local support, the public were assured, could be relied upon. The Town Council had passed a resolution in favour of the brewery—an odd thing to do, but then Irish Town Councils do many odd things, and the Limerick Town Council is the oddest of Irish Town Councils. The Limerick Board of Guardians—that puissant body that gave Mr. John Morley such trouble—had followed suit; and there have been "several mass meetings of the Trade Guilds." More, "The Amalgamated Unions of Lismore, Rathkeale, Newcastle (West), Croom, and Killmallock" agreed in this, if in nothing else, that Limerick must have a brewery.

As for the board—well, it was worthy of Limerick, and few are the boards of which that can be said. Its chairman was that doughty knight who long ago proved that since the Union England has robbed Ireland of hundreds of millions sterling, Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, Kt., D.L., J.P., to wit, who was supported among others by—

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Limerick.

Alderman McKinnon, High Sheriff of Limerick.

John McHenry, Esq., Chairman of the Limerick Board of Guardians.

And what has come of it all? That is what some of the shareholders want to know, and are not told. A Liverpool correspondent informs us that he applied for fifty shares, and got them. He paid 2s. 6d. on application, and 7s. 6d. on allotment, and hearing nothing further, he made inquiries, which led him to believe that the company was in a very unsatisfactory position. Applying to the secretary, he received a printed reply, signed by a Mr. James Coffey, who intimated that he was "instructed by the Limerick Directors" to call a general meeting for December 31st, 1895. This meeting was to consider

What action shall be taken for the protection of the interests of the shareholders, in view of the fact that, although in the opinion of the Council there has been no valid allotment, moneys belonging to the shareholders have been garnished at the Company's Bankers. The Limerick Directors have been informed by one of the London Directors that the London Directors have ceased to meet."

Truly a pretty state of things, and worthy of Limerick. Our correspondent wrote again to the secretary to inquire what was done at the meeting of December 31st, but he can get no answer. Next week we shall go further into this matter, and meantime we invite English shareholders to communicate with us.

COLEMAN AND CO.

WE have on more than one occasion referred to circular letters sent out by Mr. William Coleman, managing-director of Coleman & Co., chemists and wine merchants, of Norwich, inviting subscriptions for debentures. Our attention has now been called to a further issue, this time of second debentures to the tune of £10,000. This further issue is said to be for the purpose "of further development of the sale of the above properties," these being "Coleman's Wincarnis, and Coleman's 'Crown Imperial' Invalid Champagne." We confess our ignorance of both these properties, and though Mr. Coleman says he has 2,000 testimonials in favour of the champagne, and 4,000 in favour of the Wincarnis, we point out that there is nothing to show that the security for this issue is adequate, or in any way solid. These debentures are to be "a second charge on all the assets of the company, which include the goodwill of the above preparations, and the stock, plant, fixtures, and book debts relating thereto." But there is no certificate as to the value of these things, no scrap of

evidence to show that they have sufficient value to secure the first issue of debentures. We advise those correspondents who have written to us on the subject, and others, to have nothing whatever to do with this issue.

Respecting this matter, we have received the following letter from a large firm of apothecaries in Glasgow:—

We happen to deal with a large number of medical men, and have had to reply to a great many inquiries like the enclosed. I may say I caused one of them to write for the last balance sheet and the nature of the securities, etc., but this was refused, and they said the security was fully covered by goodwill, etc. It seems to me very bad that medical men, not well up to business, should be tempted to invest here.

We invite Mr. Coleman to tell us why he refused the balance sheet, and declined to give information as to the securities upon which the debenture-holders are to rely for the return of their money.

MR. BEGELHOLE AND THE CRUSHINGS.

IN our issue of November 9th we made some comments upon the evidence in a conspiracy case at Coolgardie, in which Mr. Begelhole figured as plaintiff, and directed attention to the grave allegations of Mr. H. P. Wilson, an Adelaide accountant. It may be remembered that Mr. Wilson charged Mr. Begelhole with falsifying crushing returns, and that Mr. Warden Finnerty abruptly put an end to disclosures by discharging the defendants, and so closing the case. We have now received the following letter from Mr. Wilson:—

1 and 2, Broken Hill Chambers (Basement),
King William Street, Adelaide,

December 31st, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I have read an article under the heading, "Mr. Begelhole" in TO-DAY of November 9th, 1895. Your quotations from the *Messenger* are very much to the point. During the hearing of the case Begelhole threatened to assault me. For this he was promptly "hauled before the Beak," fined, and bound over to keep the peace for three months. Up to the present time Mr. B. has not made any attempt to rebut my evidence. I await his attack with confidence, and plenty of ammunition.

I recollect Mr. Begelhole fourteen years ago or so as the manager of a small mine near Adelaide and also as a local preacher, with the orthodox "religious stoop." Since then it appears as if he had "back-slidden" somewhat. That was my impression on hearing his language when threatening the assault. It is very much to be regretted that such iniquitous proceedings as those I was instrumental in bringing to light were not further inquired into. The results would be golden information, and a warning to the innocent British investor.

The W. A. Goldfields have doubtless disclosed some of the richest gold mines in the world. But for every good properly in W. A. there are twenty rank duffers. Happily most of the best properties are now held by the plucky and enterprising Britisher, and I trust he will have his reward for so long and so patiently taking the awful doses prescribed for him in past years by the Australian mining and financial agent.

Yours truly,

H. P. WILSON.

Since TO-DAY took Mr. Begelhole in hand his name has been only conspicuous by its absence from Westralian prospectuses, and he will have to clear up this business before his recommendation of mining values will carry much weight again in this country.

SAFE DEPOSITS.

Our remarks of last week respecting the security of safe deposits has brought us a good deal of correspondence. To the objection that a renter having a duplicate key of the safe he rents, can give up the safe, take another, and retain access to his old safe by means of his duplicate key, it is replied that a renter cannot open a safe without the help of an official, as there are two keys to each safe, of which the renter has only one, and both must be used to open the safe.

The correspondence makes it pretty clear that though theft is possible, it is only possible if one of the custodians connives at it, and no safe system can be devised that would get over that difficulty. As for directors undertaking to indemnify a renter against loss, that, it is urged, would be unreasonable, but, no doubt, the risk could be covered at Lloyd's provided means were found to protect the underwriters against fraud, or conspiracy on the part of the assured.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The due payment of life assurance premiums in case of illness from physical or mental disorder may now be insured. Payment of five per cent. of the life premium to the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation secures a policy insuring this great benefit. The scheme is limited to persons between twenty-five and sixty-five years of age, and entrance may be made up to age of sixty, the Corporation ceasing to carry the risk after sixty-five years of age, payment of premiums of course ceasing then. Temporary indispositions are very properly excluded, and the minimum of sickness or incapacity is two months. The amount of life premium paid is in proportion to the duration of sickness or incapacity.

If you take the Ocean policy when you take the Life policy, the Ocean premium is one-twentieth of what you pay the Life

office; but if you have been assured for some years the Ocean premium is one-twentieth of what you would pay the Life office were you to assure your life now. And the Ocean cannot decline to renew its policy with you if you turn out a chronic invalid, unless you decline to pay your annual premium to the Ocean, which you would never think of doing. The premiums seem to us to be moderate, the conditions are fair and reasonable, and the Ocean policy may be considered as the linch-pin which keeps the Life policy in its place.

THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL WOOLEN COMPANY, LIMITED.

We understand that a company of this name has been formed, with a capital of £30,000, for the purpose of taking over the businesses of the vendors. The company has not been publicly advertised, the shares being offered to the trade. Our information is that the goodwill to be sold is of very small value, and readers of TO-DAY who may be disposed to accept the invitation to subscribe for shares, will do well to make inquiry into the position of the vendors, and the value of the assets for which the company is to give the thousands asked for, before sending in their applications. We may make further reference to this matter next week. Meantime, we should like to have it from the auditors, Messrs. Clough and Co., of Gresham Street, that they have satisfied themselves, before lending their name to the promotion, that it offers the trade a fair investment.

MURCHISON'S NEW CHUM, LIMITED.

For a day or two past there have been rumours prejudicial to this company, one of the few dividend-paying Westralian concerns. It is known that there has been considerable selling by Colonial holders, and it is said that this is due to the knowledge that the mine is about to be shut down for a time, and that there have been errors in the reports of crushings. We do not know if there is any truth in these statements, but we are surprised that the directors do not come forward with a plain statement of facts.

THE INSURANCE DIRECTORY.

We have to acknowledge a copy of *The Insurance Directory, Reference and Year Book for 1896*, published by Mr. Buckley, at 11, Wine Office Court, E.C. It remains a most excellent and accurate insurance summary. The past year was noticeable for the growth of the demand for new schemes of life assurance from an investment point of view, and the increase in endowment assurances. This is matter for congratulation, seeing that there is no better investment for savings than an endowment assurance policy in an ordinary high-class life office. And yet not only has there been no increase in British life offices, their number is actually diminishing owing to amalgamations.

GERALD RADCLIFFE ALIAS HUGH ARMSTRONG.

We understand that this scamp, to whose doings previous reference has been made in these columns, is now trading under the name of Hugh Armstrong, of 3, York Street, St. James's, and is residing at Shinfield Grove, Reading, a fact which will be of interest to tradesmen in the neighbourhood of Sonning-on-Thames and Farnham, as well as to many of his other dupes.

"To-Day's" Black List.

Monochrome Portrait Company.—Correspondents are beginning again to send us the circulars of this concern. It is the same old story. The "Artistic Monochrome Portrait Free of Charge" is promised to anyone who chooses to send a photograph, and as if that is not enough "a richly engraved aluminium gold watch" is offered "free, gratis, and for nothing" to anyone who having got his "Artistic Monochrome Portrait," "will promise to distribute a few of our circulars amongst his friends." According to the circular, the portrait and the watch are to be given upon the mere promise to recommend. We shall be glad to hear from any correspondent who has received the photograph and watch without being asked to pay anything for them, and without any conditions other than those named in the circular. And we shall be glad to hear from other correspondents, who having applied have got neither photograph nor watch.

We understand that since the publication of our article on the Globe Industrial and General Trust Corporation, the voluntary liquidator has made a call of the whole £5 upon shares remaining unpaid. It may, however, on the option of shareholders, be paid by five instalments of £1 each.

Referring to our remarks of last week, we are informed that Lord Roberts will not go upon the Board of the Corsair Gold Mining Company. We are glad to hear it, and we hope that in future Lord Roberts will avoid being even one of the signatories of the Articles of Association of a mining company, especially when—as with the Corsair—the signatories elect the Board.

Mr. B. I. Barnato leaves for South Africa by the steamer sailing from Southampton to-day (Saturday). As Mrs. Barnato is going with him, it does not look as if Mr. Barnato expects any revival of the disturbances of last month. Is it water rather than politics that is hurrying him to Johannesburg?

NEW ISSUE.

The Daimler Motor Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £100,000 in £10 shares, for the purpose of manufacturing the Daimler Motor used for horseless carriages. This motor gained the first prize at the carriage competition in Paris last year, and the first four prizes in the motor carriage race between Paris and Bordeaux. We understand that numerous Government and other orders have been received for the motors, and the company should have a prosperous career before it. There can be no doubt that there is a great future for the horseless carriage industry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Murchison New Chums. HIGH STREET (Belfast).—A good deal of gold has been got out, and a 5 per cent. dividend has been paid. Under these circumstances the shares, which are fully paid, should be cheap at their present price of 13s., but the fact that they are so low suggests mistrust, and there have been unpleasant rumours during the last few days. We refer to them in another column. We should make another selection. **Standing of Insurance Company.** G. A. (Cardiff).—The company is said to be doing a considerable business, but its reserves are not, in our opinion, adequate to the risks it is accepting. **Chartered's Lock and Key** (Edinburgh).—(1) They are pretty certain to go higher, but get out of them when they show a good profit. All is not gold that glitters. (2) Great Fingall Beefs are fully paid. (3) You are quite mistaken in saying that we ever advised you to buy Mexican Ordinary. **Home and Foreign Investment and Agency Company, Limited.** M. G. T. (Manchester).—As to "throwing good money after bad" you have no option if the demand is made, but we have no reason to suppose that Mr. Thorold has deceived you as to the reason why dividends have shrunk almost to vanishing point. We should hold in the expectation of better times. If you sell now you must reckon with a heavy loss. **Two Shares.** J. E. (Pontypridd).—We have no information respecting Ross, Sons and Co. The City of London Gold Mines Shares are a fair speculative investment. **Maxim Nordenfeldt's.** COLORADO (Taunton).—(1) The company thrives on war and rumours of war. The shares are more likely to continue to improve in price than to go lower just now. We do not quite follow your second question. (2) Have nothing to do with the rubbish recommended by the Outside Brokers whose circular you send us. Throw all such prospectuses, as that of the Larcombe Slate Quarries into the fire. (3) We will give you a list of sound Industrial securities in our next issue. **South Australian Petroleum Fields.** H. A. (Leeds).—We will get it for you. **Birkbeck Bank.** J. B. M. (Felling).—Your money would be perfectly safe. The financial position of the Bank is very strong. **Salt Union Shares.** W. T. W. (Harpurhey).—You might do worse. **Shebas.** J. L. M. (Glasgow).—Better hold. The chances are that if you do so you will be able to get out without loss. **National Benefit Trust, Limited.** ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER (Newport).—Yes, the conditions are binding. Really we have no patience with people like you who bind yourselves to make payments for thirty years, and a few months after entering into the agreement want to know how you can get out of it. **Estate George Barker and Co.** WEARY WATCHER (Manchester).—Mr. Wreford tells us that he is using every effort—as we are sure he is—to complete the winding-up of the estate, and that there will, no doubt, be a small further dividend. **The Best of Three.** D. P. J. (Bradford).—No. 1 is the strongest of the three. Never mind the "cheap ad." as you call it. If a business is sound and well managed TO-DAY is never deterred from praising it because perchance it may give it an advertisement it has not paid for. **Two Shares.** SHIELDS (Bellingham).—No. 1, is making money, but we do not like the management. It was one of the backers of the Nelson Tea fraud. We should be inclined to sell the other shares if you can do so at the discount you name. **Outside Brokers.** IGNORAMUS (Preston).—They are touting outside brokers. If you want to buy shares for investment, you should do so through a member of the Stock Exchange. (2) George Newnes and Co. pays handsome dividends. **Mason and Barry, Limited.** CONSTANT READER (Inverness).—These shares are hardly suitable for your purpose. It would be better to select some sound home industrial security.

INSURANCE.

S. J. S.—You would make a serious mistake by giving up your present policy in No. 1 office. Its premium rates are higher than those of either of the two other offices, but policy-holders receive more than an equivalent for the extra. No. 2 is, nevertheless, a good office. The future of No. 3 we do not think to be so satisfactory as that of Nos. 1 and 2.

P. D.—If yours is a non-profit life policy or an accident policy you have ample security in the assurance funds and the shareholders capital. The latter, however, will not, in our opinion, ever have to be fallen back upon. If yours, however, is a with-profit life policy you will have to wait some years for bonuses.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—The premiums are lower, it is true, but you get in return only a burlesque on life assurance. The concern is the greatest humbug of its kind. It is impossible for it to last. You are in an excellent life office, and we advise you not only to continue your policy, but to advise the local agent that there is a good harvest of business for him, if he will only take right measures for securing it.

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LETTERS TO CLORINDA JEROME K. JEROME
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"A middle-aged woman of sedate appearance sat crocheting an antimacassar."—"Committed his body to the deep."—"His mind's wandering," said he, hastily,—"Taking him affectionately by the arm, led him off to the skipper."

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"Sitting in the same attitude."—"Trembling in every limb."—"Fell into my arms."—"I noticed a change in the aspect of the man."

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"You had no thought save just to go your ways."

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A SLEEPING-CAR TRAGEDY W. L. ALDEN

Four Illustrations by R. JACK.

"Bringing her cakes and apples."—"They'd take off their boots."—"Telling anecdote was always my strong suit."—"Sat down in front of him with his pistol in his hand."

ALL UP WITH HER MAX COWPER
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HERBERT KEEN

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THE DOCTOR'S REMORSE SIDNEY M. SIME

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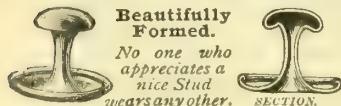
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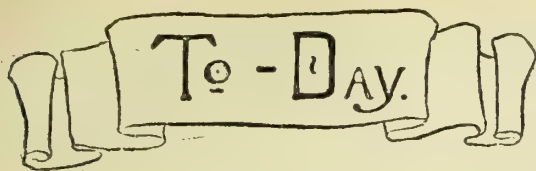
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

I QUOTE these remarkable words from the *Daily Telegraph* of February 17th :—" We will go so far as to say that no satisfactory position can be attained, in view of the perilous combinations which may be gathering against the safety and dignity of the Empire, short of a full recognition of the truth, that every able-bodied Englishman owes once in his life the debt to the defence of his native country of serving, or being ready to learn to serve, for a brief time in the army, the navy, the militia, or the volunteers. Once in his life every right-hearted Englishman ought to accept the opportunity of learning how to prepare himself to be, if necessary, for England's sake, her possible soldier. It would not be more than a part of the athletic education in which all our healthy and self-respecting young men take delight; but it would set up all our youth, and make them usefully familiar with discipline and that habit of obedience which is the highest secret of perfect manhood."

I USE the adjective "remarkable" because, so far as my knowledge carries me, this is the first time in the history of the present generation that any one of the great organs of English opinion has dared to publicly advocate the adoption of the conscription in Britain. The words I have quoted from the *Daily Telegraph* are a *précis* of the paragraphs I have been publishing from time to time during the last six or seven months. But I confess that I never hoped to find myself supported so soon by a leading London morning newspaper. The *Daily Telegraph*, in particular, is far from being a pioneer. Its great authority rests upon its wonderful insight into public opinion. The *Daily Telegraph* is never, by any chance, ahead of public opinion. When it expresses a view, it is a proof that such a view has already taken firm root in the public mind.

THE only thing that has stood in the way of conscription—which will come to us as certain as the twentieth cen-

tury—has been the canting nonsense talked by the sentimentalists. Up to within ten years, England has practically been ruled from Exeter Hall. Our young men were trained to be milksops. The attitude of the daily papers towards all public policy was the approved attitude of the *Evangelical Rambler*, and Literature was chiefly concerned with the religious development of schoolgirls. Then the younger generation came knocking at the door, bringing with them a healthy breath of pagan air from the far distant plains of time when men laughed and lived, and struggled, according to the rules that the Creator had laid down.

YOUNG KIPLING burst in upon us and sang of the joy of battle, with a voice that rang through the land. Conan Doyle stirred our blood with tales of how our White Companies and our South English peasants fought in the old days, and, frightened at his own temerity, slipped in here and there excellent morals, pointing out the wickedness of war. Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman followed on. A score of years ago the public would have lifted its hands in horror at the sentiments of these young men. Was not war a relic of the bad old times? Were we not now all good boys, our only ambition a Sunday school prize? Were not dear old Dr. Smiles' excellent works upon "How to get on in the World" the only proper reading for our young men?

BUT for good or evil we discovered that the old blood still flowed in our veins—the blood that ran in the veins of the old Sea Kings of rockbound Norrway, and of our fair-headed Saxon forefathers. The shopboy at the counter, the clerk at the desk, the journalist grinding out copy at so much a line, felt that he was a man proud of his land, that he had duties and responsibilities beyond the shadow of the parish pump. For years we have been drilled to forget our natural healthy instincts, to suppress all that is really great within us, to guide our thoughts into artificial channels.

WE are beginning to awaken, to see that life is a thing not to be ashamed of, but to be lived; that the laws that govern our existence are not to be set aside at the bidding of every faddist and doctrinaire with a new scheme of human nature in his pocket. War is a thing not to be entered upon needlessly, but there are times when it is a good thing, and it is a good thing for a nation to be ready to face its dangers rather than sacrifice its ideals and forego its just rights. Our young men are thinking for themselves, and they are feeling that conscription would be a help to them. It was the young men who came forward in France, and demanded that they should be enlisted. I am convinced that there will come a day before long when our British lads will say: "This Empire is ours; it is our heritage. Teach us to guard it."

It would have been a wonder indeed had President Kruger not shown himself somewhat restive under the suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain that the Rand should be given practical autonomy. Whether it was a good thing for England ever to let the Transvaal out of her own hands in another argument. From the Boer point of view, Mr. Chamberlain's proposal looks like a covert attempt to recapture the country. Once give the Rand, with its seventy thousand Uitlanders, home

rule, hand over to it the police, and the law, and give to it the power of taxing itself, and you have practically created a fresh English colony in South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, sees this for himself, but one need not insult the intelligence of our friend the enemy by imagining for a moment that the Boer burghers are not sufficiently 'cute to see the drift of it also. If they adopt Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion it will be an excellent thing—for England.

We were foolish and sentimental ever to give away the Transvaal when we once had our grip upon it; but this method of recovering it is a little too obvious to succeed. As an Englishman, one smiles approvingly at Mr. Chamberlain's cool impudence; but I am rather afraid that President Kruger smiles also. A self-ruling Rand, side by side with Pretoria, would illustrate very prettily the well-known history of the lady and the tiger:—

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride with the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

The Boer Government might start very comfortably mounted on the Rand, but before much distance had been covered, Boerdorn would certainly be inside, and a smile would hover over the city of Johannesburg. The moral of the situation is: Never give away a thing you are likely to want yourself. It is much easier to keep a thing than get it back.

I CANNOT understand this enthusiasm for Jameson. Surely brave men are not such a rarity in this land that we need lose our heads with delight because we have one such among us. And what Dr. Jameson has done for British reputation beyond proving to the world that an exceedingly foolish gentleman can, when cornered and captured, meet imprisonment and possible death with fortitude, for the life of me I fail to understand. Nor even considered as a mere exhibition of courage, does the Jameson Raid reflect much lustre on English annals. Because of Rorke's Drift we may be proud. The Balaclava charge was a piece of folly, that has been of more service to the country than all the wisdom of her statesmen. But at Rorke's Drift our men died fighting and in grim silence; at Balaclava the sons of our shopkeepers rode straight at the shadow of Death seeing only the beckoning hand of Duty beyond, and those who escaped the chill embrace were few.

Dr. Jameson led a desperate enterprise. Its only possibility of success lay in his daring and his judgment. He defied the orders of his superiors; he risked embroiling his country in a fearful war. The history of the world, and especially the history of England, proves that mad enterprises are occasionally justified by achievement. But such enterprises do not admit of failure. Nobody asks a man to enter upon them. If he does so with his eyes open, it is because he has said to himself, or ought to have said to himself, "I am going to bring this thing through to a triumphant issue or—well, what follows in case of failure will not interest me."

Dr. Jameson entered upon this mad, wild exploit; he was checked, and with wisdom and humanity that it is impossible to over-praise, he surrendered the whole troop after a loss of twenty-five to thirty men. There is no getting over these simple facts. We can explain

them away as we explained away Majuba Hill, as at present we are explaining away Armenia and Venezuela: but the fact remains that a leader who had made up his mind for a desperate enterprise, surrendered at the first repulse, after a loss of some seven per cent. of his force. It may be war, but it is not magnificent.

Had Dr. Jameson been universally condemned I should probably find myself defending him. There is much to be said in his favour, and the man himself is no doubt brave and generous, but the present adulation of him is making the country ridiculous. He has been cheered at Malta, and that he will be the favourite of the mob when he arrives in England, there is only too much reason to fear. The nation that has got to make a hero of Jameson is hard up for heroes.

The most hopeful thing to assume is that Jameson is taken by the people merely as an embodiment of the forward movement in English policy. It will not bear thinking out, but the idea that is probably present in the minds of those who are willing to cheer Jameson is that in some way or other he embodies the imperial idea as opposed to the spite and folly of the Little Englanders. They are tired of hearing England continually scolded because she is great. They are tired of seeing her enemies seeking to lure her into the noose of arbitration, while her enemies stand waiting at the other end of the rope. They are tired of being told that we always do wrong, and of hearing our enemies everlastingly praised. There is a strong imperial and war-like spirit among the people. Jameson at present is the only peg upon which they can hang their sentiments.

At all events, he attempted to answer insult by force, and did something, if not very much, to prove that we are not the nation of easily whipped curs that our Radical friends would seek to train us into. Jameson stands for the growing impatience that is repeatedly showing itself among our people, at the universal baiting to which we are being subjected. The American press abuses us in language that no other nation would sit down under, and we are told by the *Daily Chronicle* that we ought to be grateful for hearing the truth about ourselves. The English in the Transvaal are treated like convicts, and our Laboucheres crow with delight. Turkey defies us while Europe looks on grinning, and Lord Salisbury and the *Pall Mall Gazette* hasten to apologise. If the blessings of peace are to be purchased by everlasting insult and disgrace, war may be cheap, and the British people are beginning to grow a little tired of playing the part of Uriah Heep. But I wish they could find someone more worthy of embodying their indignation than Dr. Jameson.

THE PLUCK FUND.—W. G. Bailey, Macklin Street, performed a gallant act in Leicester Square, by stopping a runaway horse belonging to Mr Dean, of Chels. a Bailey caught hold of the reins and turned the animal away from where there was a great deal of traffic. He was knocked down and dragged along the roadway. Sidney George Fitness, a City clerk, living at Lansdowne Road, at great personal risk succeeded

in stopping three runaway horses attached to a brewer's dray, in the neighbourhood of the Horns, Kennington. The three horses were dashing along the street when Fitness sprang off a 'bus, caught hold of the leader, which he pulled down, and prevented them from doing any damage. I have forwarded £1 to each of these young men.

I have to acknowledge a subscription of £1 from Dr. Conan Doyle, and 5s. from J. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

G. L.—You must have misread my paragraph. I pointed out the danger of entering into a war with Germany in a spirit of light-hearted irresponsibility. I only urged that if the necessity arose we should set to work in all seriousness and in silence. All of us borrow ideas from one another. If I see a paragraph in another paper it sets me thinking. You read *To-Day*, and that starts you off. This is natural and reasonable. If you saw all my correspondence, you would know there is no necessity for my "funny man" to write me in order to give me an opportunity of replying. Some of the letters I receive are wonderfully quaint. The wildest go into the waste-paper basket. It is difficult sometimes to imagine sane people writing them. Last week I received a letter from an evidently earnest young man, strongly recommending me to commit suicide. He gave such good reasons for the advice, that I really felt it would be dangerous to peruse his letter a second time.

J. R. K.—Thanks for your kind letter. The sonnet you enclose might have suited many other papers. It would be somewhat out of place in *To-Day*.

F. A. U.—We cannot give advice with reference to patents to any, excepting subscribers of *To-Day*. A man might take *To-Day* for only one week and put us to trouble and expense in the matter. There are many patent agents. Some are most respectable. With regard to others, it is dangerous to get into their hands. What you say about myself and *To-Day* gives me great pleasure. It is never too late for a man to pull himself together. While he has the will and the wish it means that he has not lost the power.

SHUTTLEWORTH CLUB.—The secretary of this club informs me that, as the result of our article, he has received between fifty and sixty applications for membership from readers of *To-Day*. I am glad to hear this, for the club seems to me to be an excellent one for its purpose.

G. E. C.—"That Telephone" appeared in the first volume of *To-Day*, No. 7.

G. A. has wasted some time and money in satisfying himself that the "Middelburg Missing-word Competition Co." of Holland, managed by a man named Stone, is a swindle. His experience should be of warning to others, but I doubt it.

G. S. C.—See answer to "K."

M. H. (Cock).—Your letter has been mislaid. I thank you for information which is interesting, but space forbids my taking the matter up.

W. R. E.—Intermarrying weakens a race in the course of two or three generations; but occasional marriages between first cousins are harmless.

W. J. S.—Are you not dropping into the stock talk of the street-corner politician? I can hear all your arguments in Hyde Park every Sunday afternoon; and they are childish. Where would the working classes be, to-day had it not been for the wicked aristocrats, the bloated capitalists, the gaspers and the adventurers, the Drakes and Raleighs, and John companies? Why, they would not be here at all. You talk with virtuous indignation about land grabbers. Why, you and I, my good fellow, are descended from the most shameful land grabbers. Our fathers grabbed England, they grabbed India, and Australia, and America. Don't talk cant.

G. A. S.—S. French of 89, Strand, is your man.

J. R. W.—I thank you for your letter. I have already quoted from the book you refer to. If you will send me a copy of your pamphlet, "Suggestions for the Prevention of the Burial of Persons Alive," I shall be pleased to peruse it.

AUBREY.—To all appearances Britain is drifting towards the crisis of her history. Conscription will spring from that womb as it sprang from the travail of France and Germany. Your suggestion as to the drilling of school-lads is practical. As you say, it would prepare the way, and make after instruction easier.

J. C.—Thank you for your letter.

R. M.—My fault. I should have said Snodgrass.

H. W.—The spirit of narrowness has ever been present in Methodist councils. To be a wine merchant and at the same time a religious man, you must have convinced yourself—as so many of us have convinced ourselves—that wine and such-like are good things intended for the use of man; and, as a broad-minded man, you must find the narrowness of your fellow church-members saddening. In this age of reasoning, must a thinking man tie himself down to one particular dogma?

F.M.—Why not turn your attention to a few of my contemporaries for a change? No paper can exist without advertisements.

W.P.P.—I am afraid your case is a common one. I have known what it is to be in the same position myself, so I can sympathise with you. But I am convinced that no man of education and energy, can for long be out of what is colloquially called a "berth," even in this over-crowded country. All that you can do to help yourself, I take it you are already doing. If you are free from responsibility, there will be no harm in your trying emigration. A man who cannot get on in England cannot get on anywhere; but there is undoubtedly more elbow-room in the Colonies, and energy and strength have freer scope there.

C. T. R. (Halifax).—You are, of course, quite right from your point of view in doing all you can on your client's behalf, but you are naturally somewhat prejudiced in the case and unable to view it dispassionately.

A. C. S.—There are the well-known teachers of elocution, but their fees are high. I know of no cheap masters, and I should say they would be useless.

J. J. M.—I know of no specialist in Lancashire. Your own local doctor would be able to give you the name of one if there were any. I cannot see why the application of the Amsterdam firm should not be a genuine one. No harm would be done by replying to it.

J. A. S.—This matter was thrashed out weeks ago. I do not know the name of the firm.

M. W.—What sort of a belief can it be that you dare not think about? If the Creator had not meant us to think he would not have given us brains. Some of us are safe from all temptation in the direction, but you might as well tell a child not to breathe as tell an intelligent man not to think.

W. D. writes me upon the subject of women drinkers as follows:—"I have been interested in tracing a possible cause, and find it so constant as almost to make it a certainty. If you question these people you find that they never eat solid food in the early morning. The day's work commences with nothing but a cup of tea, strong and astringent. About half-past ten they drink from half a pint to a pint of porter, can cat but little solid food in the middle of the day, drink more tea neat in the afternoon, and wind up with a supper of beer and cheese almost just before bed. The natural results are: nightmare and disturbed rest, foul tongue and headache in the morning, and after a few months a condition of chronic gastric catarrh, most difficult to cure—impossible, unless they mend their ways—sets in. The pain and the discomfort of the catarrh are treated by ever-increasing doses of gin and brandy; and when once the ball is set rolling, it is not difficult to foretell the result This method of living often begins at the age of fourteen or fifteen These deductions have been drawn after treating thousands of cases in a dispensary. The results are only satisfactory when I catch them young, and they still have a modicum of common sense."

J. W. B.—To paraphrase your own language, allow me to say to you, "Chuck giving good advice. It never pays, is of no good to anybody, and no one ever takes any notice of it."

K. L.—The sentence on the whole seems to have been adequate.

J. M. H.—If it had been known that England was in earnest in this matter, and that Lord Salisbury had the backbone in him, the European Concert might have been an accomplished fact. Do you think if Prince Bismarck had been in Lord Salisbury's place that Turkey would have dared to defy Europe as she has done? One can always find plenty of excuses for not doing one's duty.

ALAN OSCAR writes me:—"It is strange that the writer of the interesting article on Battle Cries has omitted any reference to the very celebrated ones used at Hastings, the Saxon, "Harold and Holy Cross; out, out"; the Norman, "Ha, Rou."

S. R. writes me on the subject of conscription. He tells me he has put the question to many of his young men friends, "Do you think conscription desirable?" In most cases the answer has been in the affirmative. It is the young men who would be concerned in the matter. I should be very content to leave the question to ballot of all classes of men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. My correspondent also argues that military training would help our young men to become colonists, that it would give them the power and the knowledge to win their livelihood and protect themselves in the outlying solitudes of our empire. My correspondent, who, if I remember rightly, is a young doctor, wishes to make the acquaintance of E. L. F., who wrote to me some weeks ago. I have not kept E. L. F.'s letter, but if he will forward me his address again, I shall be happy to bring about an interview.

H. L.—I thank you for your enclosure, but the verses are not quite suitable for *To-Day*.

G. W. C.—If you have been correctly informed as to the facts, the husband must certainly be an unmitigated black-guard. I do not very well see how she can continue to live with him, and a separation at the very least seems the only way out of the difficulty.

J. B. R.—The paragraph means that if a person, while in the possession of more than one signed coupon, happens to meet with an accident, the money can only be paid under the one claim.

K. (Glasgow).—"The Fruits of Philosophy," published by Forster, Stonecutter Street, London.

HORACE AS A PROPHET.—S. McD. writes us from Glasgow as follows:—"When hunting for a couplet to write in an album, I came across the following, which I think would suit TO-DAY:—

'Happy the man, and happy he alone;
He who can call *To-Day* his own.'

Dryden's Horace, Ode 29."

W. J. R.—You write as follows concerning your own sex:—"So few realise what a number of women there are who have to fight as fierce a battle against themselves as men do, and the help they get is generally less than nothing. I find few things so aggravating as to hear the everlasting parrot-cry, 'Oh, women ought to be better than men, they have not half as much temptation.' I am afraid I cannot see that at all; some of the worst sins, as you know, are quite independent of temptation as it is generally understood; girls are no more exempt than boys; but the very fact that they are supposed to be so, causes them to hide up sins it would be their salvation to confess, and, in many cases, to lay up for themselves lifelong misery, both physical and mental." Your remarks, coming from a woman, are of extreme general interest, and I have taken the liberty of quoting them. As regards your question, the truth is often harmful, and the conventional hypocrisy of society is not altogether an evil. A lover of the truth would hesitate from telling his real opinions to a mixed company, containing those who would understand him, and those who would misconstrue his words according to their ignorance or folly. It would not be a good thing to force every man and woman to face the actual facts of life; those strong enough to do so will think them out for themselves. The rest are best left in the leading strings of amiable fiction. You have only to think out the scheme of our existence to see for yourself in a moment that the passions of the male are of necessity much stronger than those of the corresponding female.

MRS. HICKSON, hon. sec. of the Women's Armenian Relief Fund, asks me to apply on behalf of her fund for subscriptions. Upon my soul, I am not sure that there is much kindness in doing so. Starvation from cold and hunger is a merciful release from the hell of torture through which the Turkish Government is driving these Armenians to their death. Europe and America have decided that the massacre must be allowed to continue. The expense of stopping it would be very heavy, and we Christian nations, of course, have to think of our Income Tax. It would also entail a certain amount of danger, and as our able editors point out to us, England must not be asked to do any duty that is not perfectly safe. Things being as they are, I would that these Armenians starved quietly and were decently buried. It is the kindest thing left for us to do for them; to prolong their lives through this winter for the mere purpose of seeing them butchered next year, is small help.

F. R. reminds me that on 1st February, *To-Day*, in its Black List, included a person named H. C. Wild. My correspondent says he knows a Mr. Wild who is a great friend of his own. He wishes to know if there is any connection between the two. Perhaps my correspondent will point out to me how I can answer his question. My correspondent is also of the opinion that business is like a game of chess. "Does not one," writes F. R., "try to do his opponent as best he may?" Something very much like this was the religion of young Chuzzlewit, "Do everybody unless you would be done by them."

G. W. P. writes me that for ten years he was an associate of the Birmingham Y.M.C.A. I put forward my correspondent's remarks because the other week I had a letter from the secretary of the Birmingham Y.M.C.A. implying that no religious interference was attempted with the members. I think it right that both accuser and defendant should be heard, and am quite prepared to publish anything from either side. My correspondent writes:—"I left solely because I could not stand fellows coming and

asking me, never mind what I might be engaged in, whether 'My soul was right with the Lord,' or 'Have you found Jesus?' Now these may be proper questions to ask, but when engaged in ordinary conversation, it makes me feel mad. . . . Just before Christmas there came before the committee the old question of providing a smoking-room, and I had it on the authority of the chairman of the committee that the secretary (whose name is Whitwell), threatened to hand in his resignation if such a proposition were carried."

B. O.—I am glad you like the new *Idler*. Many thanks for all your kind remarks.

BERT.—I am afraid nobody can help you but yourself. Most of the people who come forward in this matter are quacks. It is not a question of medicine. You call yourself an unwilling victim, but by seeking to excuse yourself in this way, you are shutting the only door of escape.

J. MCP.—This matter was thrashed out in *To-Day* weeks ago.

IN-PATIENT complains of street noises, especially of a drum and life band that went by a hospital in Gray's Inn Road at nine p.m. on Sunday, just as the patients were getting to sleep, and returned again at eleven p.m. The street noises of London require regulating with a strong hand. Between the organ-grinder, the German band, and the Salvation Army, the life of the busy and the sick is made a misery to them. The County Council might have taken up this matter years ago, and have done good work.

HUGH MORTIMER.—You can get the information concerning scholarships from the "Oxford University Calendar," or by writing to the individual colleges. Stedman's "Oxford: Its Life and Schools" (Methuen), you would find a very practical guide to the life there, and the cheapest way of going about it.

G. A.—I should doubt very much the eventual *bona fide* payment of that £2,000.

F. W. H.—Thanks for enclosure. I have often explained in this column, that the business arrangements of journalism render it impossible to extend subscribers' advantages to any of our friends, except those who take the paper through the post. We should have done so long ago had we been able.

LUPUS.—I am delighted to hear that *To-Day* has given so much satisfaction in New Caledonia, and to learn that the Captain intends to become a regular subscriber.

S. P. (Hull) thinks *To-Day* worth two-and-six, and expresses great approval of the "Bookseller." This is delightful. I so often receive letters, of which the following, though imaginary, is a very fair sample:—"I like *To-Day* very much, but why don't you use better paper? *Harper's Magazine* uses excellent paper; give us that. Also your illustrations, there are not enough of them. *The Pall Mall Magazine* gives us many more. Also I should be glad if you could see your way to make *To-Day* bigger; if you made it sixty-four pages instead of thirty-two, you could get a lot more matter into it. Give us more of Kipling, Conan Doyle, and Bret Harte, and do leave out those wretched advertisements—they take up a lot of room and they spoil the appearance of the paper. I also think you would sell more if you charged a penny instead of twopence. Wishing you a prosperous New Year, I remain, etc."

2814.—Wishes to know what young men would do on Saturday afternoons if there were no professional football matches to go and watch. I would suggest that these young men played the game for themselves and enjoyed it, and watched each other play, taking an interest in it as a game, not as a mere exhibition.

R. F.—Your questions are all legal ones, and it is only to annual subscribers that we can give legal advice.

A. E. W.—Any letter you send to this office addressed to A. E. L., Cardiff, will be forwarded.

J. D. B.—No licence is needed to read the lessons in a Church of England place of worship. A layman holding a Bishop's licence would not be able to preach therein.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



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SCOTIA
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CLUB CHATTER.

It is Sunday afternoon, and I am sitting outside the Café de la Paix in Paris, in the gorgeous sunshine. Under ordinary circumstances this would be inspiring; but to-day there is no chance given you of regarding the sterner realities of life in a calm, matter-of-fact way. Each time that I lift my head, a fall of confetti snows down from the brim of my hat, and five minutes since I had the appearance of an excited maypole, tied up with coloured ribbons of paper.

It is carnival time, and I forgive a youngster who an instant ago threw enough confetti into my coffee to give it the appearance of a boiled-down rainbow. I forgive everything, however, the instant that my thoughts wander back to the awful silence of London's streets at this moment. Still, it is a little trying to be confronted with punchinellos, clowns, and boys and girls in gay costume, and their older brothers and sisters, fighting their confetti battles with laughter and shouting, when you want to write.

For a moment it may be that I shall have a slight opportunity, for the procession of the Bœuf-Gras is coming along the boulevard.

THE idea of this procession dates back to the time of Louis XIV., but it was suppressed at the time of the Revolution, and re-established by the first Napoleon. Since then it has not been held regularly, and this is the first time since 1871 that it has been held. In the main, it is a replica of the Lord Mayor's Show on a gorgeous basis, and all that you eat and drink has its *apotheosis* in a car. It is not nearly such a gay and roystering affair as the Mi Careme, as the students don't come down into the city to defy the authorities at all attempts to interfere with gaiety, even if the gaiety does want a little toning down.

STILL, it is a rare chance for three days of laughter and life, and—but the procession has passed, and one more piece of confetti will cause the ink-pot to overflow, so I will drop the subject, as I came over to rest, not to moralise.

By the way, I managed to get to Paris in time to go down for the first day's racing at Auteuil—and it is well that my sporting readers should bear in mind that the horses are running in marvellous form, and some of them will cause an upset when they cross the Channe!

A POINT that will interest my colleague, "Randolph," is the action of the French Censor in regard to the production of *Mdlle. Fif*, adapted from poor Guy de Maupassant's work. He went down to the theatre, and found that Prussian soldiers were to be shown, and that there were many expressions put into the mouths of the soldiers attacking France, and the courage of its soldiers.

"THIS must not be!" he said, and ran his pencil through expressions that he thought likely to lead to a row. "Right!" said the manager. "You have done your duty, and you can wash your hands of the whole affair." That night the play was produced, and the Censor's objections ignored. Nothing happened, nothing was said. The Government had done their duty, and the manager took all responsibilities.

THE Paris Censor, in Paris, never worries about any question of morality; but he does from time to time wake up over political questions, and references to the Powers of the Triple Alliance. So far as England is concerned, I do not believe he would care a button what liberties were taken with us, and however much we were caricatured. I cannot see why this should be, and why we are content to be always represented as the buffoons of civilisation. No doubt the chaff at our

expense is broad and vulgar, but what would Baron de Courcel have to say if, on London music-hall stages and in the theatres, the French were held up to opprobrium in the way that the English are in Paris? It is curious to note that at the same time the Germans have none of these scruples in regard to the French, and they are held up to ridicule in a ponderous German style of buffoonery in Berlin beer gardens.

THE other week I voiced the female fear of the new photography, against which clothes were supposed to be powerless as a disguise. I see my friend *Photography* has taken me quite seriously in the matter, and has carefully assured the ladies that they can go about in perfect safety. *Electricity*, commenting on the same paragraph, thinks no electrician would be likely to take a hand in evolving an invention that would certainly earn science the enmity of the whole of the fair sex. But are we quite sure that the ladies would mind?

IN Battersea Park safeties are hired out at the rate of 2s. 6d. per hour. Eight hours per day at this rate would bring the earnings of the machine up to £1, or £313 in the year, Sundays not being considered in the calculation. The hired machine in the Park has, therefore, only to stand a year's actual work to earn the owner £300. I have learned that many Park riders never take their machines home. They are stored away at a cost to the owner of 1s. 6d. per week, or £3 18s. per year. There must be added to this the cost of cleaning, which gives us a total of £5. Now, this £5, given along with the old machine, would every year enable the rider to have a new mount. Let us continue the calculation a little further. If the First Commissioner of Works erected a shed in the Park, and charged 1s. per week for each of 200 machines stored, he would realise the handsome sum of rather over £500.

IN the parks there are always some Bantams ridden by old gentlemen who move slowly, and search for every gentle indentation in which to carefully twist and wrench their badly-treated front wheels. These comfortable midgets were never invented for record-breaking; but, as there are speculative people who will wager in connection with anything under the sun, it has occurred to me that the Bantam may be made to do good service in a slack season if someone will say that three wheelmen, each riding ten miles, will undertake to cover thirty miles in faster time than the Major or someone else mounted on an ordinary safety. If Bantam-riders will let me have their opinions, I will give the matter fuller consideration, and print certain friendly challenge proposals.

THIS will be the manufacturers' year. They will gain much by the patronage of the aristocracy. The new Woman is a careless purchaser, and pays the amount first demanded without demur. The lucky manufacturers have also been assisted by the Americans, who, after discovering that they were making the wrong class of frames, purchased large quantities intended for the English market. We are, for this year, at any rate, at the mercy of the makers, some of whom, if they do not receive another order, can employ their workmen until after Whitsuntide. The high-grade machines have in some cases been advanced a pound in price. They are catalogued at figures which are disgracefully high, and this will be proved to be so directly the present inflated demand diminishes. Competition and poverty of orders will bring about poverty of prices, and in the day of the manufacturers' tribulation the tyreless safety will cost £7 and the fully equipped article 30 shillings more.

Few cleverer lady riders appear in the Park than the wearer of the heliotrope blouse, black striped, and fairly full in the sleeves. Tricky she certainly is, especially when riding hand-in-hand with a gentleman, no single hand touching either machine. There is nothing so fast and smart as the tall lady in dark grey; nothing so uncomfortable-looking as the riders wearing heavy New-market leggings; and nothing so idiotic as the young man whose fashionably long coat-tails keep his back Dunlop nice and clean. Light-coloured machines of the French grey class are an abomination, when they get a little aged. Bright, fantastic lines on the black enamel are childish, and do not speak of first-class workmanship. The Park riders have not blundered greatly in the matter of colours, and the majority of ladies have sensibly selected sombre mounts of the high-grade class.

The dangers of what is called, for the encouragement of the innocent buyer, the non-puncturing tyre cannot be recited. They are bewildering in their multiplicity, and the mischief is that they are increasing daily. The latest tyre-destroyer is the wheel of the rival cab. In

Piccadilly, the other day, I witnessed quite a hansom cab sensation. The two occupants were returning from the park. Their safety was carelessly thrown across the front of the hansom with one of the pneumatic tyres touching the running wheel of the vehicle. The outer cover once worn through, the gently grinding wheel of the hansom must have immediately penetrated the unresisting inner tube. At any rate, it burst with a startling report, blew a big hole in the tyre, scared the cabby and his horse, and gave the innocent and careless owners a great deal to wonder at.

IRISHMEN are just now excited over railway undertakings and steamboat navigation—two things to which not long ago they offered a not easily understood hostility. The disciples of George Stephenson—generally gownned priests and frock-coated parsons—have become alarmingly numerous. There are plenty of them to run and ruin every railway concern in the British Isles. Everywhere there are mapped out light railways—many of them rival schemes—over and through mountains and across bogs, with an occasional suspension-bridge

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As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on "Pushing the Trade" and "Making Sales," so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce.

Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These

have not been effected without very great care and attention—care and attention to minute matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.

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between one mountain range and another; while these clever gentlemen of the cloth think it great policy to advocate the laying down of Government metals along rocky, uninhabited coasts, always managing, if possible, to fix the termini in the Atlantic Ocean. There are to-day in Ireland some 'cute Londoners who, however, have been unable to keep it a secret that they are commissioned to work the trick for London financiers, who seriously fancy they see gold beyond all this rage for State-started railways in Ireland.

THE Lord Lieutenant, who has arrived in Dublin for the season, has been moving about the country with uncommon freedom. He has been partial to Provincial tours—interesting little knight-making journeys. Though not an orator, he is a dignified and extremely careful speaker, with an occasional fondness for a manuscript; and, as his social side is large, perhaps nothing adverse can be said, except that he has amazed and mortified Irish gamekeepers by his indifferent shooting.

THERE are many wretchedly poor creatures in Ireland, penniless and, rabbitlike, secreted in holes. The poorest man in the country is hidden away at a solitary place in Donegal. There is a wild spot called Tremone—too small for geographical mention—and it is in a dark hole on the fringe of a wilderness of bog that Ireland's poorest inhabitant lives like a wild beast. In the mud there is an evil-smelling choked drain, whose vapours war with the smoke from the fire, and at night when the turf has become warm dust, the emaciated tenant thrusts his feet into it and sleeps with his head embedded in a clammy mound of sods. This is the poorest man in Ireland to-day. Can anyone give information about a poorer?

THE Lord-Lieutenant has the dignity. The Donegal mendicant has the poverty. The shirtless agricultural labourer in Connaught has, proverbially, the greatest amount of happiness. Who, then, is the most famous wit in the country? There never has been at the Irish bar a wittier man than Mr. William McLaughlin, Q.C.

A little less than half a century ago he was a Press man, like several of his contemporaries at the Irish bar. Until a year ago, when he sought freedom from circuit anxieties, he was renowned for the brilliancy of his wit—"All his own, by me sowl," as a happy, laughing Irish judge once said—which he employed between those magnificent bursts of deep feeling that won for him a high position amongst the forensically eloquent and his furious and withering attacks on the many oppressors and the purse-proud crowd whom he handled during his long career. No counsel has left Ireland such a legacy of court stories as William McLaughlin, whose ready wit could even animate an Irish bog trespass case.

THE Irish Church is not a grave institution when anticipating the election of a Primate. To-day the primacy question is before the omnipotent bench of bishops for settlement. Dr. Gregg, physically a giant in this church of big bishops and bigger deans, has been laid to rest in noisy Cork. There is quite a lively, but not indecent, scramble of bishops, with perhaps a solitary dean, for the highest honour that the church can bestow, and not the least favoured of the aspirants is the old and once unrivalled Irish pulpit orator who rules at the Cathedral of the City of the Siege. Of course, there is nothing Jamesonian about this ecclesiastical rush.

THERE has been no winter dress trade this year, and the early springlike weather has found the first-class houses with imperfect spring stocks. Manufacturers are being pressed to attend to orders before the end of February. It is not so long since frock-coats descended to considerably below the knee; but last year they were not made so long, and this summer they will be still more abridged. There is likely to be a run on the brown shades for frock-coats and suitings. In blacks there will be no departure from the rough materials which have been so popular and useful for several years. There is, however, an inclination on the part of manufacturers to push some useful grays, in which the colours are finely blended, and the check is one of the best it would be possible to see. There are not many

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light materials in the shops at present; but in a fortnight spring materials will be on view.

MANUFACTURERS largely control the colours—indeed, they create the public taste, and make the fashion in both colour and weight of material. This year they have certainly resolved that brown, and neither grey nor black, shall be most fashionable. After all, the manufacturers make the material, and when the West-end tailors are compelled to purchase what is produced, we must accept the inevitable, and make the manufacturers' choice the fashion for the year.

This is to be a summer of loud and large ties. In the most fashionable, the quantity of material is immense, and the ends are very wide. The deepest of dark blues are favoured in the matter of colour, and some of the patterns are fine indeed. There are wonderful combinations of even brighter colours. Medium sized bows are being bought. They have been given another lease, more by the nicer arrangement of the colours than by any real alteration of the shape.

It has been said that one of the secrets of happiness consists in having as much as you want of what you want when you want it. Granted that this is true, Mr. Charles Cruft must have been a very happy man last week, when over three thousand dogs turned up at his twelfth great show. Mr. Cruft has earned for himself a very well-deserved reputation as a first-rate organiser. Last week's show was no exception to the rule. All the arrangements worked well, and the comfort of dogs and exhibitors was carefully studied. A class was provided for every known breed of dog, two novelties being provided by the appearance of the new dogues de Bordeaux, and the Griffous Bruxellois. I can't say I fell in love with the latter breed, but ladies tell me they make ideal pets.

Mr. G. R. SIMS afforded us a little innocent amusement by the entry of his bull dog puppy, Barney Barnato, which, owing to a printer's error, was represented as being nearly seven years old! Barney won somewhat easily, and Mr. Sims is to be congratulated. I heard rumours that a bogus objection was to be lodged on the score of "wrong entry," and Barney's card certainly disappeared in the course of the evening, but nothing came of this. Everyone knows the history of this famous puppy, and if they don't, is it not written in the back numbers of the *Referee*? And may it be a very long time before the last chapter is written!

By the time these lines appear, the muzzling order will be in full swing, as far as London is concerned. What can't be cured, must be endured, and the only thing we can do now to alleviate the tortured agonies of our dogs is to see that the muzzles fit properly. I have seen many a dog driven into a frenzy of rage solely on account of the muzzle being too tight to be comfortable. Moral: having the muzzles made to fit your dogs, and earn their silent but sincere gratitude.

Dogs are democrats. I was introduced to one at Cruft's show. He had had the honour of snapping at and nearly biting H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

THE other day, when in one of the luncheon bars, I paid some attention to the quarter bottles of port and other wines which promise to become so popular. They conveniently bear the stamp of the brand, and the prices are most moderate. No doubt their sale will soon become general in restaurants.

THE losing or breaking of one's collar stud has always been regarded as one of the evils that we poor men are heir to. But the breaking of one's stud is now a thing of the past. The "One Piece Stud" is struck from a single disc of flat metal. There are no separate parts to be joined, and the stud is as unbreakable as the

metal itself. Another great advantage of this stud is that it can be slipped into the buttonhole with perfect ease. I can confidently recommend the "One Piece Stud."

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]
Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

NORTHERN STAR is playing solo whist in a game of three. The dealer declares abundance in trumps, and having made nine tricks, relinquishes the remaining cards, when it is discovered that he has inadvertently gathered up the turn-up card (which in this game is an odd one, and not used), and made one of his tricks with it. What is to be done? The game is void, and there must be a re-deal, the caller neither paying nor receiving.

P. DELAVANTI (Inverness).—The principal authorities agree that with King and one small card second hand should not play King on the first round unless he has special reasons for taking the lead, or to cover a high card. In the case you quote F was justified in giving the seven.

MISDEAL.—A and C are partners against B and D at Whist. A and C have made ten tricks, B and D two, and A, leading his last card, finds that his partner C has none left. D claims a misdeal, which A disputes and contends that a revoke penalty alone can be exacted. A is right, and, presuming that the other players have their right number of cards, the deal stands good. It must be ascertained which card is missing, and for every revoke C has made, he is accountable as though he had held the lost card in his hand.

ANXIOUS.—You have evidently misapprehended my remarks. The six persons would make up two separate games, four at one table and two at the other. The idea is to occupy the two odd players so as to prevent them spoiling the party of four.

HUNTER McALLEN.—(1) There is no such thing in Draw Poker as five of a kind in one hand. The straight flush wins against four aces and the poker. (2) The collar you mention is quite correct for evening or morning dress.

POKER PLAYER.—See reply to Hunter McAllen. Four aces win.

F. HOOK.—Lu-minum is an alloy. Aluminium alone is only one third of the strength of the best steel. Without conducting exhaustive experiments, no one could pretend to say that the Lu-minum frames are stronger than those made of steel. If the Lu-minum frames do not corrode, they have an advantage over steel frames, which in winter time are weakened by what is known as internal rust. The chances are that a frame in which there are many joints will be less true than one cast altogether.

UNIMPORTANT, MILAN.—Thanks for your interesting budget of Milan news, operative and social. By all means send in the "few lines," but not before you come to London. If you stay at a first class hotel, you will soon get the necessary hints as to the best means of becoming a member of a decent club in town.

G. T. (Bolton).—Yes, it should have been "Circular" and not "Journal," and was written in error.

A. B.—If you favour coloured shirts and collars, confine yourself to the blue. A bright blue with a small white mottle is not so foolish as a dazzling red, but your original choice of dark blue shirts and collars was certainly proper, and will never be likely to remind anyone of negro minstrels on the seashore.

MUNROE.—Read what Sir William Harcourt said in the House last Tuesday, when he gave his version of the Monroe Doctrine. It is a seventy-year-old doctrine in America. It declares that any nation seeking to acquire additional land on the American Continent, shall be committing an act of aggression against the United States. Have you tried to work your Society on the lines of a miniature parliament? Such a parliament will awaken greater interest in your work, and be an encouragement to the young members who have not yet made their maiden speeches.

S. B. H.—I am asked to agree with my correspondent that the common sense way to dress for a man of moderate means, is an arrangement with his tailor for the supply of a certain quantity of clothes for a fixed annual payment. It is doubtful whether this would be mutually advantageous. The present system appears to surpass it. First of all, when should a man of moderate means pay his tailor's bill? Not yearly, the tailor will say. After all, your own choice made at your own time, and always sensibly in keeping with the state of your finances, will ensure you independence, a better footing with your tailor, and a freedom from annual accounts which have a cruel habit of clustering about the New Year. I am with you when you say there will be a difficulty in finding a really good and dependable tailor willing to make such an arrangement. However, approach a friendly and enterprising tailor—make it somewhat of a personal and not a commercial matter—and if your plan works well, you can let me have particulars for the benefit of those of my readers of moderate means.

CONSUMPTION.—Success of Dr. Alabone's treatment. Read "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," 25th Edition. Price 2s. 6d., post free, by EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D., Phil., U.S.A., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S., Eng., by Exam. 1870. Lynton House, Highbury, London, N.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A story about my irrepressible friend, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, reaches me from the other side—with variations, of course. Roughly speaking, it comes to this: Kipling wrote a story for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. One chapter ended, "He tossed off a glass of old Madeira, and left the room." Bok, the editor of "the *Journal*," wired Kipling: "Forbidden to mention wine in paper. Please change to something else." Kipling wired back, "Try Mellins' food."

Have just been reading "And the World Saith," by Leda Law (Digby, Long, and Co., 6s.), and have put down the book with feelings of mingled amusement and regret—amusement, to find it a feminine hash of Ouida and "Guy-Livingstone"; regret, that there should be even a temporary recrudescence of what is somewhat falsely known as "New Woman" literature. There be many women who are new, in the sense that they write of new things; the so-called "New Women," in the generally-accepted meaning of the term, write the books which the heroine of "And the World Saith," in a momentary fit of calling things by their right names, describes in this fashion:—

"Think of those books of the year, in which women defile themselves by minutely describing the process of gestation, and the detailed account of morbid anticipations of the heroine on the eve of her wedding, which is styled 'fine reading.' One wonders how it were possible for such things to be thought of, much less mouthed and written. An innocent girl is practically a thing of the past. She knows everything at an abnormally early age, and before that age, her life is filled with the delicious excitement of hankering after the knowledge that is kept from her."

There really isn't any plot in "And the World Saith." A young girl, who is illegitimate, marries a man with plenty of money, runs away with another man, and has a child. She commits suicide when her paramour gets tired of her. It takes three hundred and sixty vapid pages to tell this story. And the people all talk. Heavens, how they talk! They go to the Stores and talk; they talk in their sleep; they talk when they commit suicide; and I have no doubt that they talk at the inquests which are held on their remains. There is one little sarcasm neatly put; I can't find any more:—

"Only once had Mr. Bryce been known to speak in praise of a woman; he had described her as 'handsome and distinguished.' 'She was my mother,' he had added, in parenthesis, as an afterthought."

The grammar is choice:—

"Loose folds of rose-coloured chiffon wound *itself* down the centre." . . . "And you—you, the woman who has wronged her so," etc.

A sample of the writer's (feminine, I believe) delicacy in the art of putting things:—

"Indeed, she would have been delighted, poor thing, to have accepted the generous offer of the one good man she had ever known, but for the fact of her being the property of every man in the place; and the additional fact that every man in the place would have considered it his pleasurable duty to have at least one shot at the friend who dared to assume a right over what was joint property."

Another sample of society conversation:—

"She wants to induce Lady Baker to adopt a new fad—a free college for men and women combined. She thinks the sexual separation is a great want of trust, and distinctly degrading to the girls." . . . The Parasite looked unutterably wise. A brilliant thought flashed, comet-like, through his brain: "A second college would have to be provided, surely?" he whispered, archly. "Indeed! Why?" "For the babies," said the Parasite."

My poor writer! you are evidently young, a woman, and ought to know better. I can imagine your parents reading this book, and wondering why they and the general public should be so afflicted. Take heed to your ways, banish the nonsense from your silly little head, and chasten your imagination. And, dear lady, larks don't usually "shriek" (p. 121); like poets-laureate, they are supposed to sing.

A young lady tripped into the shop the other day and asked me for the new book about the Princess of Wales. "There isn't one," I rejoined. "Oh, yes, there is—'England's Darling.'" I had to explain that the work in question (6s., Macmillan and Co.), referred to Alfred the Great, and was by one Alfred Austin, irreverently known among profane scoffers as "Alfred the Little." It goes on in this kind of way for pages and pages and pages:—

"But let none think
That I am less a King, or you more base,
That of such trappings we awhile are scant
As Peace can hang about a Ruler's hearth.
For he still reigns whose mind is not dethroned,
And, though marauders ravage half his realm,
Upholds unsundered the Sceptre of his soul.
Kings there have been, aye, and of Cerdic's blood,
With Woden's thunder moaning in their veins,
Who, even as Iné, doffed a doleful Crown,
Donning the cowl. I shall not do like these."

Why not, Mr. Austin? A third "exhibition" of poetical incompetency ought to leave you no option but to resign the laureateship.

The only good thing I could find in the poem was the Serf's song:—

"Fetch me a hunk of salted flitch,
And a jug of sweetened ale,
And off I trudge to bank the ditch,
Or bang about the flail.
Who reck's of summer sweat and swink,
Or winter's icy pang?
Tilt up the mug, my mates, and drink,
And let the world go hang,
Go hang,
And let the world go hang."

Curiously enough, I have just received "A Word for the Navy" (price one penny), by an obscure poet named Algernon Charles Swinburne.

"But thou, though the world should misdoubt thee,
Be strong as the seas at thy side,
Bind on but thine armour about thee,
That girds thee with power and with pride.
Where Drake stood, where Blake stood,
Where fame sees Nelson stand;
Stand thou too, and now too,
Take thou thy fate in hand."

If poetical justice were meted out, the prices of these two poems should be reversed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S. writes:—"The other day an editor showed me a letter, which he had received from a New Zealand contributor. The editor in question had stated that he would only read type-written MSS. Hence the following letter:—"I send you here-with a humorous (?) story, and hunted all over this God-forsaken country to find a type-writer (live machine) in order to comply with your deterrent conditions. I paid 15s. and behold the result. The typewriter is a— Well, I am going to waylay him, when I get the chance, and make him write from dictation 'The Metempsychosis of a Pterodactyl,' until he gets the words right." That unfortunate typist will have a lively time of it. The troublesome thing about a type-writing machine is that it will not do its own spelling.

JAMES D. GRAY, JUNIOR, wishes to find out where he can procure the music and words of

"Softly the wild winds whisper,
Sorrow shall pass away."

"Love that has borne the darkness," etc.

H. H.—I think so.—It is very well done.

P. T. ROSS.—Yes; I ought to have thought of that. Zola is indebted to Vizetelly for a judicious translation.

W. F.—T. Fisher Unwin.—Can anyone tell Miss E. B. where to find

"It is with feelings, as with waters,
The Shallow murmur, the Deep are dumb"?

"S. AFRICA."—Stanford publishes several; write for list. W. R. Bates.—If you forward the volume of autographs to Messrs. J. and M. L. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, W.C., they will offer you a fair market value. "Iron-shot."—No work published on disputed authorship. You say, "How on earth did Austin get the Laureateship?" My dear sir, it is one of those dark and hidden mysteries which nobody can understand except Mr. Austin; and he won't explain. E. L. J.—I spare your blushes, and only give initials. (1) Out of print; advertise for them, (2) "Raffles Haw," published by Cassell (5s.). (3) Been revised, of course. Plot does not differ.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for To-Day by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

THE King of Spain was busy in his workshop on the ground floor of the Escorial, where a dozen picked workmen, armourers, cabinet-makers, and turners were at work.

Every day, after his hunting party, Charles IV. passed some hours, with his coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow, in helping them to make pieces of furniture, to carve wood, and to repair his arms, which were inspected two or three times in each month by Antonio Borostidi, who came expressly from Madrid for that purpose. On these occasions the King was always in a good humour. He had a real liking for the old armourer, whose professional ability he prized, and whose character he held in high esteem. Nevertheless, Don Antonio did not flatter him. He was a very proud man, and of an independent spirit, and he spoke his mind plainly to the King. They had lived thus together in a sense for thirty years, and were on terms of familiarity which authorised the subject to say and the sovereign

to listen to any and everything. Borostidi was entirely disinterested; it was not for money that he worked with his Majesty, but for the honour of doing so, as he had amply proved. Of course, money had to come into question sometimes, for Charles was so avaricious that he could not bring himself to part with it, and Borostidi was obliged to press even for comparatively small sums on account, especially since Godoy had been in a position to pillage the treasury, and make it really difficult for Charles to discharge his lawful obligations. On such occasions the disputes between the armourer and the King were decidedly lively, but nothing of the sort was in discussion on this particular day. Borostidi had been explaining the mechanism of a new gun which he had just invented, and the King had objected to it as defective. Borostidi defended the system, with all the tenacity of an inventor who knows what he is about, and the King snatched the weapon out of his hands—

"Hold your tongue, you obstinate old fellow," said the King, "nothing can be plainer than what I say. If you go on denying it, you will make me angry at last."

"If your Majesty gets angry you will be in the wrong," said Borostidi, coolly, "for I am in the right; and I should be particularly sorry, because your Ma-

jesty's favour is more than usually necessary to me to-day."

"You have taken a good way to make sure of it, haven't you?" grumbled the King, in an ironical tone. "What do you want me to do?"

"If your Majesty is going to refuse, it is useless——"

"Have I said that I am going to refuse? Come, explain yourself."

"Sire, if I venture to make a request of your Majesty to-day, it is because it refers to my daughter."

"What, your pretty Beatrix, whom you brought to me at Aranjuez just before her marriage?"

"Yes, it is she."

"Did you not tell me she was a widow?"

"She lost her husband some months ago. His collateral relations are disputing her succession, and the case is to be tried before the Court of Havana. But my daughter's adversaries, being natives of the country, stand a much better chance than she could as a foreigner."

She is in danger of losing her case, which is iniquitous, for she is in the right."

"If she is as much in the right as you were just now! However, never mind that. You want me to recommend your daughter's interests to the judges?"

"I want them to be instructed to study the case impartially. I addressed a petition to this effect to the Minister of Justice, but he has taken no notice of it."

"Why did not you apply to me first?"

"I feared to be importunate."

"Well, then it's all right. I will speak to the Prince of the Peace about the matter."

Borostidi gave his shoulders an expressive shrug.

"Can your Ma-

jesty not honour me with your kindness without referring to the Prince of the Peace?"

The King, offended by the question, looked very stern as he said—

"What does this mean, Don Antonio?"

"It means, sire," replied Borostidi firmly, "that my daughter is young and beautiful. Such as she cannot ask the patronage of his Highness without loss of reputation."

The King shrugged his shoulders in his turn.

"Always the same old story," he said. "My friend Manuel is calumniated."

"Then it is by all Madrid."

"My subjects are ungrateful. They forget the services he has rendered to the Crown and the country."

Borostidi smiled contemptuously.

"Is the foreign invasion, the entry of the French into Spain, to be regarded as a service to the Crown and to the country?"

"Godoy has nothing to do with the event," said the King. "It is I who ought to be accused and not he. The French have come into Spain only to go out again. They have come in virtue of an agreement between me and my ally, Napoleon."



THE KING SNATCHED THE WEAPON OUT OF HIS HANDS.

"I do not allow myself to discuss the acts of your Majesty," said Borostidi, with great dignity, and a profound bow. "But," he continued, "if you came more frequently to Madrid I should not have to inform you that the people there are exasperated by the events of which your Majesty speaks. God grant the French may keep the straight road to Portugal! If they appear in Madrid——" He left the sentence unfinished, but the King guessed his meaning.

"Do you mean to say, then, that the people of Madrid would rise?"

"If I said so, sire, it would only be the truth. But I should fear to offend your Majesty."

There was a short silence, and the King looked very thoughtful. At length he drew himself up, and said haughtily—

"I'll betide those who should venture on rebellion! So surely as I am King of Spain, by the grace of God, they should be shot! No one should be spared—not even you!"

"I, sire, am not afraid of anything," was Borostidi's proud reply.

"Be off with you!" said the King. "This interview has lasted too long; and if it were not that your devotion is well known to me, you would have already had to regret your boldness of speech."

"Your Majesty, then, will not intervene on behalf of my daughter?"

"That depends on yourself. Try to be worthy of my kindness, if you want me to extend it to you."

"If your Majesty means by those words that I must choose between my interest as a father and my duty as a patriot, I am bound to tell you that my choice is made. I have never paltered with honour."

"What! I do believe you threaten me!"

"I speak to my King in the language of an honest man."

At these words, the wrath of Charles IV. might perhaps have exploded; but at that moment the Queen entered, unannounced, her face in a flame, her eyes flashing and her hair in disorder. Margarita de Castrogeriz accompanied her.

"Charles," said the Queen, "send everybody away; I have to speak to you."

"Can't it wait a while? I'm busy!"

"Your guns can wait, but what I have to tell you

cannot. First, put on your coat; that workman's dress does not become a King!"

Partly in surprise, partly in anger, Charles obeyed. At a sign from him a workman brought his coat. He put it on; the man beckoned his fellows, and they all went out.

Then the Queen turned to Margarita.

"Repeat to the King what you have just told me," she said.

The girl's countenance changed in an instant, and she seemed to be transformed. An expression of terror took the place of her previous cold calmness, and she passed her trembling hands over her face.

"What did I tell?" she stammered.

"You are in the presence of the King, Margarita," said the Queen, not understanding her.

"I have told nothing—nothing—nothing!" replied the girl, more and more wildly.

Then, all of a sudden, she seemed to remember. She struck her hands together with a gesture of horror, and, uttering a despairing cry, she fell prone on the floor.

"What is the matter? What is all this?" inquired the bewildered King.

The Queen had promptly knelt down by the side of Doña Margarita and raised her head.

"She has been over-excited," said the Queen.

"How? Have I frightened the poor child?"

"No; she was frightened by what she had to tell. Help me to lift her into this chair. No, stay!

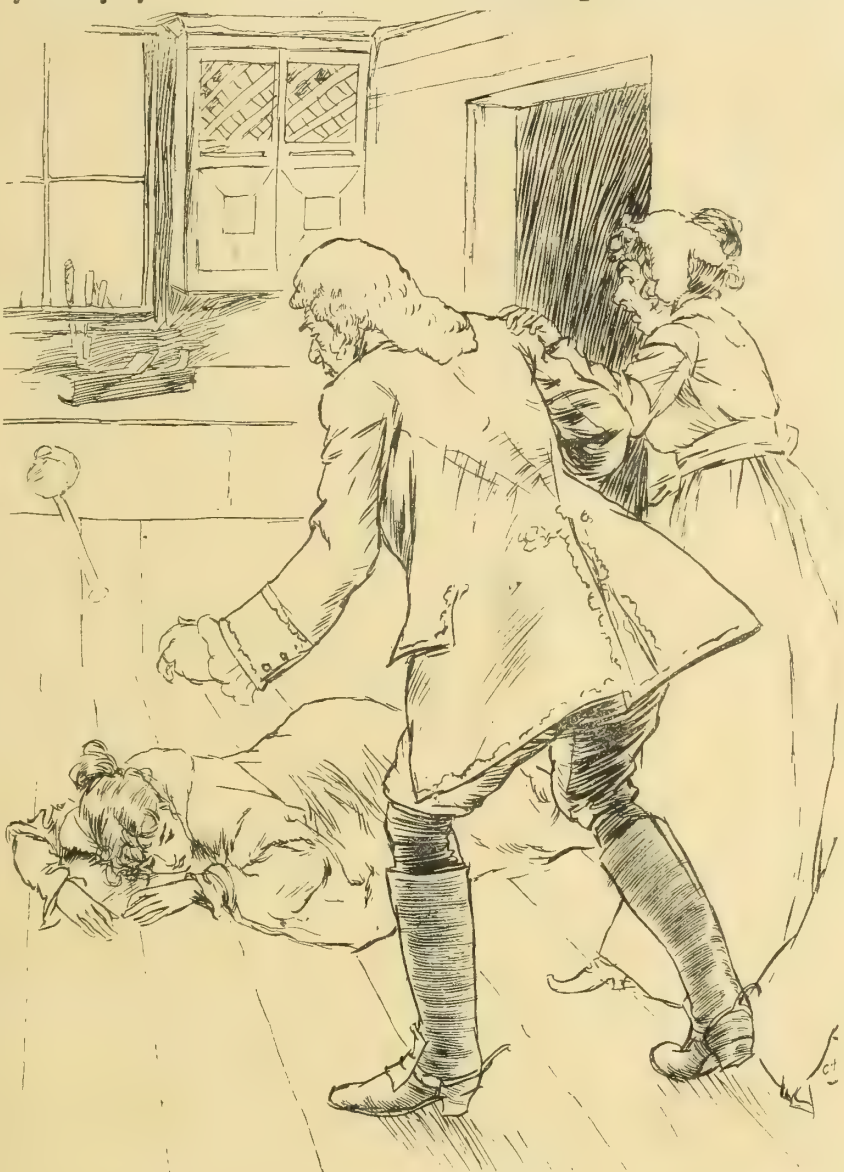
call somebody instead. Call, I say, call!"

The King went to the door, and the dueñas in waiting hurried into the room.

"Attend to the Señorita de Castrogeriz," said the Queen. "Then take her to her room. Don't be frightened, you silly creatures! It is only a faint! Salts, and cold water with vinegar in it, will bring her round. If it is necessary, send for the doctor on duty. Come with me to your cabinet, Charles."

She preceded her husband, walking so swiftly that he could hardly follow her. When they had reached the King's cabinet she shut the door.

"Now, at last!" said the King, as he sank breathless into a chair and wiped his brow. "What does all this mean? What is the matter?"



SHE FELL PRONE ON THE FLOOR.

"The matter is that strange things are happening here. While you were wasting your time in planing planks, and cleaning your guns, your son was conspiring!"

"What? He—conspiring?"

"He was conspiring against you, Charles. He wants to force you to abdicate that he may the sooner succeed you. Miserable little wretch! He cannot wait until you are dead!"

"Speak of him in no such terms, Marie Louise!" said the King, sternly; "he is our child."

"Our child! Such a monster as that! No; rather let us believe that by some artful trick he was substituted for our child. I could not have given birth to a paricide; and such he is in intention, if not in fact."

"Proofs, proofs!" cried the King, still incredulous, notwithstanding the assertions of his wife.

"You want proofs," she answered. "Here is one."

So saying, she held out the letter of the Prince of the Asturias, but without allowing him to take hold of it.

"What is that letter?" he demanded.

"A formal denunciation of me and of Manuel—yes, a denunciation drawn up by Ferdinand himself! It is in his own handwriting. It was intended for you. He accuses me of infamy, the wretch! He also accuses Godoy, and demands his arrest."

The King tried to seize the letter, but the Queen kept it out of his reach.

"No!" she said resolutely; "you shall not read it. It would wound you too deeply. Besides, that is not all. Not satisfied with doing this injury to me, his mother, your son has written to Napoleon, calling on him to intervene and constrain you to dismiss Manuel."

"To Napoleon?" repeated the King, in amazement.

"He has said much more than that, it seems. Among

other things, he solicits the hand of Napoleon's niece! Now, do you see the extent of his villainy? He! The nephew of the Emperor! As though we could consent to an alliance which would make him stronger than ourselves! Yes, this is what he has done. If you doubt it, order his papers to be seized!"

While he was listening to his wife the King wept.

"And it is my son who has committed such crimes!" he groaned. "Ah! no, no!" I will not believe it until I have seen it!"

"Oh, you shall see it! you shall see it!" replied the Queen. "You have only to desire to do so."

"You seem glad to find him guilty of a fault! While this thing fills me with despair, you seem to triumph in it!"

"Yes, and I do triumph, because for a long time past I have known that my son was my most cruel enemy. I knew it, but I could not prove it. Now, however, this day——"

"What is to be done?" sighed the King, who was absorbed in his grief, and not listening to his exultant wife.

"It is for you to decide; you are master!"

"Let us send for him and question him."

"A bad plan. If you question him he will deny everything, and, as you have given him time to destroy his papers, you will be unable to punish him. You will be disarmed. If I were in your place, I should summon Manuel; he is a sound adviser."

Charles IV. reflected for some time. At length he said—

"So be it. Let Manuel come."

"Until he has arrived, we must appear to know nothing."

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY THE CONDUCTOR.

THEY invents some queer things nar-a-dyes. I'm told as they kin photygrawf your bones through yer skin, send telygrams withart no wires, and do all manner o' wunners. Very narse I've no dart. But why canwt some o' them clever chaps as goes abart inventin' set ter work an' invent a decent road-pivin'? Goin' hup and darn on a 'bus one sees suthink, I can tell yer. As fur the asfalt, if the man whort invented thet is anywise prard of it, let 'im go and talk ter the 'orses — thet's all I says. See 'em goin' over it on a greasy dye, steppin' as nervous as cats; them 'orses knows the dynger of it as well as I do. As fur the wood, it gits greasy, but it ain't so bad for a 'orse ter fall on. The wust on it is thet it acts like a sart o' sponge, and on a warm dye the smell of it ain't—well, it ain't whart I call 'olesome. Cobbles is noisy, slippy, 'an nawsty. The old macadam prop'ly kept (which it 'awdly ever was, nor couldn't be wheer traffic was 'eavy an' frequent) mide as good a road as any. Theer's a chawnce witing nar fur someone. Once let the puffick road-pivin' git invented, an' the rest of 'em 'ull all 'ave tu go. Why it 'ud mean a forchoon—a 'ole 'eap o' forchoons—fur the man as brought it art. 'Ankin says as 'e 'as a hidier fur it, but 'e won't tell yer whort it is, and 'e darts whether 'e 'll do anythink with it 'isself. The wye 'e puts it is this: Whort's the yoose of inventin', a road as is sootable fur 'orses when in twenty years' time there won't be a 'orse tu be seen in Lunnun, barrin', per'aps, fur them as rides in the pawk. 'E 'olds ter thet, yer know—as 'orses is goin' art and ortermatic cars is a-comin' in. Well, it mye be. One 's 'eard a lot o' gas abart them ortermatic cars, but they don't seem ter be getting much furrader with

'em, I dart if they'll come in my time. All I knows is thet if I'd the hideer fur the puffick road-pivin' (which I 'aven't, nor don't believe as 'Ankin as neither), I'd wuk it art, and never need ter do another dye's wuk arterwuds. Jest sit an' see the money come rollin' in—thet's all as I'd 'ave ter do. Dreams, hidle dreams—as the poick remawks.

* * * *

And p'raps it just as well it is. Au yus, I remembers the kise o' my young cousing whort 'ad money left 'em. 'E were a awd-wukkin' mechanic, 'e were; 'as fur joodishusness, well, nobody knowed whort it was to see 'im a bit the wuss fur whort 'e'd drunk. No, yur wouldn't 'ave farnd a steadier young man nor whort 'e simd ter be. Well, a relytion—or speakin' more accrit, a connection by merridge—left 'im a little lump bringin' in abart two 'undred a-year. That feerly knocked 'im. Ter my mind, 'e went clean off 'is crumpet. 'E chucked 'is wuk, 'e took ter drink, 'e went to ev'ry rice-meetin', and amooosed 'isself by backin' wrong 'uns. 'Is langwidge gort ter be subthink offul—and I ain't perticular myself. If 'e'd bin let alone ter go on as 'e was goin' on, 'e'd 'ave gone on all right. But the money spiled 'im. As luck 'ud 'ave it, 'e blued the 'ole show in a couple o' months, and nar 'e's comin' rard ter wuk agin. I'm 'opin' as in a week or two 'e'll 'ave pulled 'isself tergither agin. Yuss, it ain't so 'awd ter ac joodishus when things is goin' on or'nery like. It's when yer 'as the extry good luck or the extry bad luck that yer gits nipped an' mikes yerself ridic'ulous. I dunno as you can do better nor have a good av'ridge level an' stick to it.

AUNT DOROTHY.—How many commandments are there, Johnnie?

Johnnie (glibly).—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy.—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnnie.—Then there'd be nine.

LIFE IN A DRAPER'S SHOP.

THE following is a list of the rules in force at a large provincial drapery establishment:—

TIME REGULATIONS.

1.—Not being in business or entering name at appointed time, Dusters, 7.30. Young men, 8.30. Young lady apprentices, 8.45. Young lady assistants, 9 o'clock. Fine 3d.

2.—Anyone leaving the premises during business hours without permission of the firm. Fine 3d.

3.—No one to leave the premises till all departments are straight, without the sanction of the shopwalker. Fine 3d.

4.—Time allowed for dinner, half-an-hour; tea, 20 minutes. Time taken from leaving to returning to departments. Exceeding that time, going before partner has returned, or going in wrong party. Fine 3d.

5.—Assistants using refreshment room not to exceed 5 minutes. Time from leaving department. Fine 3d.

6.—For entering the shop after the same has been locked up, unless in case of fire or other similar necessity, employees are liable to instant dismissal.

7.—Assistants not sending immediately all moneys received from customers to the desk are liable to instant dismissal.

GENERAL RULES.

8.—Assistants and employees are not allowed to take from the shop their own or any parcel, whether of any value or not, or if bought in the shop or not, but it must pass through the parcel office in the usual manner, and bear the signature of the shopwalker. Fine 1s.

9.—All goods purchased by any employee must be entered at full selling price, and pass through the day-book. Fine 1s.

10.—All goods entered to assistants will be subject to a discount of 10 per cent. from full selling prices, and must be for their own personal use. The duplicate of same to be enclosed in parcel. Fine 1s.

11.—The greatest attention to be paid to all customers, and every effort made to serve them. Allowing a customer to go unserved, without consulting the shopwalker. Fine 6d.

12.—Failing to sell an article asked for which is in stock. Fine 6d.

13.—Assistants are requested never to call sign when requiring the assistance of the shopwalker with a customer, but to fetch him, and explain the case, before it is too late. Fine 6d.

14.—Never have much stock before a customer. When practicable, replace one article before bringing another.

15.—Omitting to return premium to shopwalker of goods returned or exchanged. Fine 6d.

16.—Premiums must bear the number of salesman and duplicate, and date at the back, and be signed by the shopwalker at the time of sale, or will be void. Fine 6d.

17.—Altering bill or duplicate without sanction after the signature of the shopwalker. Fine 6d.

18.—Assistants damaging or soiling goods will be held responsible for loss.

19.—Not measuring goods before allowing an assistant or customer to take them off the premises. Fine 6d.

20.—Wrong or insufficient address or instructions, or promising a parcel at a special time, without sanction of the shopwalker. Fine 3d.

21.—Always ask to be allowed to send a parcel, but do not urge it, especially if it be light and small.

22.—All parcels sent out must bear the usual label, with full address and instructions in ink. Fine 2d.

23.—Duplicate of goods sold, whether entered or paid, to be enclosed in parcel, without the customer desires otherwise. Fine 3d.

24.—Always present bill for payment, and endeavour to get the money, except when you know the customer desires it entering, and whose account you know to be good. Fine 2d.

25.—Before despatching goods not paid for, inquire at desk if account is good. (Assistants held responsible for the value of the same.) Fine 3d.

26.—Bills of all goods to be paid upon delivery must be enclosed in an envelope, fully directed in ink. Envelopes to be obtained from cash desk. Fine 3d.

27.—For not introducing suitable goods and endeavouring to sell them to customers when they have purchased what they require. Fine 3d.

28.—Assistants are to remember they are not required to introduce goods for the sake of doing so, but in order to sell them, and in such a manner as not to annoy their customers. Fine 3d.

29.—In dressing tables, lines, etc., consider what is the most suitable and likely to sell, not merely dress them as a matter of form.

30.—If any customer is not being attended to, and the shopwalker not at hand, assistants are requested to go forward at once and convey them to the department they require. Fine 3d.

31.—Assistants are requested to see that their customers have chairs.

32.—When transferring customers to another part of the premises if the shopwalker is otherwise engaged, the assistant to accompany them, and see that they are attended to. Fine 2d.

33.—Assistants, when disengaged, must not allow customers to wait. Fine 3d.

34.—Omitting to execute an order by the time promised and have the same forwarded. Fine 6d.

35.—Standing in groups, or talking to one another, during time of serving a customer, unless on business, is strictly forbidden. Fine 6d.

36.—Omitting to charge on duplicate all goods sold before getting the signature of the shopwalker for each article. Fine 1d.

37.—Omitting to enclose in parcel goods sold, giving wrong measure (over measure charged to assistant), or selling at different price to that marked. Fine 3d.

38.—Omitting to get duplicate signed by the shopwalker. Fine 3d.

39.—Not returning goods to proper places after showing them, whether taken from windows, tables, fixtures, etc. Fine 2d.

40.—Not cutting folded goods from outside fold, or not replacing ticket. Fine 2d.

41.—Refusing to cut patterns before consulting the shopwalker, or cutting the same extravagantly. Fine 3d.

42.—The greatest care and economy to be observed in the use of paper, string, tickets, tape, pins, etc.

43.—No one is allowed to bring newspapers or books into the shop, or to write letters not relating to business, during business hours. Fine 2d.

44.—No defect, damage, or soil in goods to be concealed. Fine 2d.

45.—For not counting the change to the customers. Any loss arising therefrom to be made good by the offending one. Fine 2d.

46.—Good sold out, must at once be put in the order-book. Assistants in each department held responsible. Fine 3d.

47.—All goods in stock must have the correct cost and selling prices marked in ink on suitable tickets. Fine 3d.

48.—When serving haberdashery or fancy goods, the box or drawer to be placed before the customers, not single articles. Always show the stock. Fine 2d.

49.—Ribbon must be pulled out one yard before cutting, and other goods if necessary. Fine 1d.

50.—Not dusting lines, counters, tables, etc., before placing goods thereon. Fine 1d.

51.—Assistants in each department are held responsible that all goods are carefully covered up at night, and all articles removed from the floor. Fine 2d.

52.—Not re-marking length of goods when cut, after the same has been measured for stocktaking. Fine 2d.

53.—Not returning the keys to the office after using them. Fine 3d.

54.—For getting goods from other drapers, and not having the same returned or paid for as soon as possible. Fine 2d.

55.—All entries to other tradesmen or dressmakers to bear the name of the person who orders them. Fine 2d.

56.—Selling customers the size of gloves not asked for. Fine 2d.

57.—Any money or property found in the shop to be immediately taken to the cash desk. Fine 2d.

58.—For leaving the department when all other assistants in same department are engaged or absent. Fine 2d.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANAGING GIRL.

BY BARRY PAIN.

SHE was eleven years old, but looked more. She was dressed more in accordance with what she had than what she wanted. She carried a brown basket.

As she passed along the line of costermongers' barrows, her quick eye took in all their defects. Of invitations to purchase she took no notice whatever. Merit was the only passport to her favour. She paused, at last, at the most promising barrow; the proprietor was engaged in conversation—not to say altercation—with the proprietor of the barrow adjacent.

"Nar then," she shouted out, "'ow much longer?"

He came to her call obediently.

She told him that he was not fit to take a barrow out; further, that she could buy in a shop anything he'd got just as cheap and twice as good.

Humble, but wounded, he suggested that in that case she had better try the shop.

"So I would if yer barrer wasn't handier fur me. Give me any o' yer lip, and *I will*. 'Ow's yer ter-matters?"

It sounded like a peremptory inquiry as to a physical complaint, but he took it in the spirit in which it was offered, and replied by quoting a price per pound for tomatoes so low as to be absolutely vulgar.

She offered him, with apparent reluctance, one half-penny less.

He thanked her very warmly, and said that it would pay him better to take and throw those sanguine-complexioned tomatoes into the street.

Her reduction of one halfpenny was apparently a mere matter of form, for she told him that he could weigh out a pound and pick the best. He was further permitted to give the wrong 'uns to them that knew no better, and warned against the practice of weighing the bag with the tomatoes.

As she moved off, the man murmured that a few more of that sort would about break his heart; but he looked at her with respect. She continued her course down the street. She managed that street.

Two women were anxious to get into an omnibus on the other side of the road, but had failed to attract the conductor's attention. The girl took the matter in hand. "Here, blind-eyes," she shouted, "two lyedies on the off-side." As the women stepped into the 'bus, she advised them: "'Oller another time, and wive yer umbreller; it ain't no good standin' an' smilin' at a 'bus when you want it stopped." She had more shopping to do. She darted in and out of shops, sometimes purchasing, sometimes merely leaving a forcible expression of her reason for not purchasing. As a rule, she got waited upon before anybody else. She would make her way to the counter, rap twice with a copper, and say in a loud voice what she wanted, adding that she was not prepared to stop there all day for it. Her purchases were not extensive, but she got value for her money. She did not mix sentiment with business, and she did not spare the feel-

ings of the man who served her. She was very quick, but she always found time to count her change. She entirely declined to believe the assertion of the grocer's assistant that it was by accident that he had given her a penny short. At the same time she did not take the high moral standpoint; she only urged that assistant to recognise the futility of "tryin' of it on" with her. She knew everything about everything, she knew the private and disgraceful history of every block-ornament in the butcher's shop, and showed a willingness to communicate that knowledge gratis to any customer in the shop. The butcher took off a penny, to get rid of her, and sighed and wiped his forehead when she left.

After this there was business in the street which required her attention. A horse was down, and a crowd round it. She pushed her way through the crowd and gave her assistance and advice. When she had got the horse up, she found two small boys fighting, and separated them by a threat that she'd "lick the pair of them," if they didn't give over. Then she met her youngest brother coming out of school, took upon herself at once the dignity of a mother, said that he was a disgrace to her and she couldn't trust him to carry the basket, and finally steered him home through the perils of the traffic and past the temptations of the sweet-shops.

If she marries, her husband will, I think, become Prime Minister. She will manage that, and she will do the work for him. I should say that she would do it very well.

NAPOLÉON'S ROOM AT MALMAISON.

THE Empress Josephine continued to use Malmaison as her residence after her divorce. Napoleon had occupied a commodious apartment on the ground floor, and the Empress, who retained for the Emperor an attachment bordering on adoration, would never allow even a chair to be removed from its place, and preferred occupying an indifferent apartment upstairs. Everything in the Emperor's cabinet remained in the state in which he had left it. A book of history was lying on his bureau with the page marked where he had left off. The pen with which he had been writing retained the ink which a moment later might have dictated laws to Europe; a map was left open upon which he had been pointing out to his confidants his projects respecting countries he thought of invading, and which bore traces of his impatience, perhaps caused by some silly comment. Josephine took upon herself the exclusive care of what she called "his relics," and she seldom permitted anyone to enter this sanctuary.

Napoleon's Roman bed was without curtains; his arms were hung on the walls, and various parts of male dress were scattered over the furniture. It seemed as if he were just about to re-enter a place from which he had banished himself for ever. The ground floor was very splendid, and contained mosaic pictures from Florence, dials set in lapis lazuli and agate, bronzes of costly workmanship, and Sèvres porcelain vases, the gifts of the Emperor. The hangings of the salon were the work of the Empress; the ground was of white silk, and the double "J" entwined with pompon roses. When there was little company they were covered with draperies of grey silk.

Josephine's apartment was extremely simple, and covered with white muslin. It is true that the golden toilet service presented by the City of Paris showed sufficiently to whom the apartment belonged. Nothing could exceed the splendour of that piece of furniture; it formed a perfect contrast to every other object. When the divorce took place Napoleon sent it to her, as well as a gold breakfast service and many other articles of great value which she had neglected to take away.—*From "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine," by Mme. Ducrest.*

AT A RAILWAY BOOKSTALL

BY CLARENCE ROOK.

He was lying on his stomach across the end of the bookstall, and, being only about thirteen years old, and about four-feet-four in length, he found space enough for comfort. His elbow rested upon an adjacent *Gentlewoman*; at his feet was the *World*, which he was gently kicking as he lay. Within his reach were the Penny Novelists and the Penny Poets, as well as some of the twopenny-halfpenny ones. By stretching out his hand he could feast himself on all the morning and evening and weekly papers, as well as the magazines and reviews, into which the brightest and best of modern intellect distils itself in criticism of politics, science, literature, and art. And he was reading, as I could plainly see, "Frank Fearless; or, The Bandits of Bloody Gulch."

At least, he seemed to be reading it. Closer observation, however, showed that he had at least one eye firmly fixed on some object at the other end of his bookstall. Following the direction of his eye, I saw a middle-aged lady in a sealskin cloak, who was vaguely turning over the papers. Two or three stray passengers came between him and the middle-aged lady, and began looking vacantly at the spread of literature. The boy shifted himself gently, so as to bring her again into the line of vision. The middle-aged lady turned away, and walked slowly down the platform towards the board which directs you to "Wait here for first class"; but before she had proceeded half-a-dozen yards the recumbent boy had slid from the bookstall, and was standing in a careless way in front of her with extended palm. In a few moments he came back, wearing the expression of one who has accomplished a purpose, and resumed his position on the end of the bookstall. I toyed with the papers by his side.

"Is this the latest?" I asked, selecting one.

"Extry!" he said, holding out his hand, and keeping his eyes on "Frank Fearless."

"I suppose," I said, "you've read all the papers—*Times*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Pall Mall*, and so on? The papers are wonderfully interesting just now, aren't they? The position of Great Britain is—is—er—curious, rather—isn't it?"

He turned on his elbow and looked at me with a certain contempt—the contempt that is born of knowledge.

"I never read no pipers," he said. "I b'lieve what they tell yer's awf lies—more'n awf!"

"Oh, not more than half!" I protested; "let us be charitable!"

He smiled cynically. He had, I was pained to see, a pessimistic face, which was accentuated by a squint. Glancing round, as though to see that no intending purchaser was within earshot, he continued—

"Look at that yer!"—nodding at a contents bill. "'Ackney 'orrah! Well, that ain't what I call a 'orrah. 'Tain't awf a 'orrah! I live 'Askney way, an' I sin it all. It ain't no more a 'orrah than—than nothink. Pipers mike too much out o' things—that's where it is. But then I 'aven't got much time for readin'."

"No?"

"I 'ave to keep a eye on the public. Y'see that old lidy just now? She'd 'a' done me for a penny if I 'adn't seen 'er tike the piper."

"Who would have lost the penny, if you hadn't seen her?" I asked.

"I should," he said; "least, I'd 'ave to mike it good. They can't stop it out of yer wiges, not by law, I b'lieve. But you 'ave to mike it up summow. Course, you kin do it with returns."

"With what?"

"Pipers yer ain't sold. Y'see, sometimes a passenger gives me a piper 'e's done with. Well, I can put that in, an' it counts a 'apenny, or a penny, as it 'appens, y'know."

"Then you can collar the papers that are left in the train. You might get a lot that way."

He shook his head.

"Pawters git 'em—if the guard don't," he said. "I'm fourpence-apenny beyind this week, as it is."

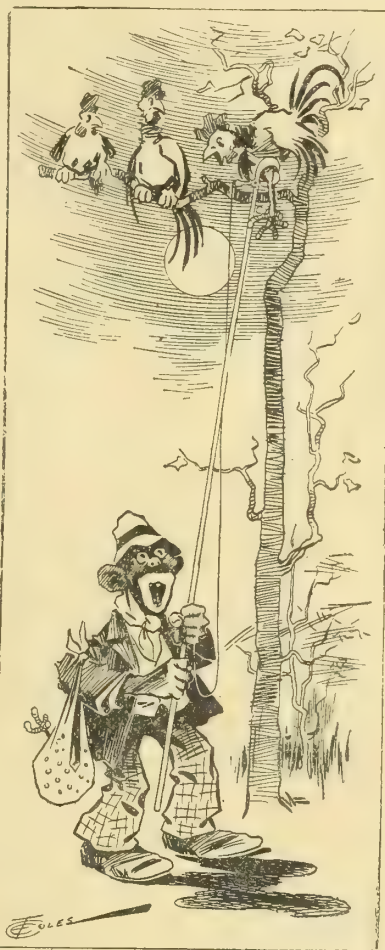
"How is that?"

"I 'xpect it was when someone called me to the train, and then someone sneaked a piper. It's mostly lidies—nearly always lidies, I b'lieve," he added reflectively.

Then there came the rumble of an approaching train. The boy, awakened to a sense of duty, sat up and shrieked something which sounded like "Ackanee-yorrah!" The train drew up, and I got in, just behind the lady in the fur cloak.

She sat down in the further corner, and laid a penny evening paper by her side. As the train started out of the station she drew from underneath her cloak a six-penny illustrated, and began turning the pages with much interest.

AND THEY CAME DOWN.



SAMBO: "Dey's roostin' high show 'nough, but this coon didn't learn to trim trees for nuffin. No, indeed, chile; no, indeed. Come down yer, dis minnit! Heab me talkin'?"

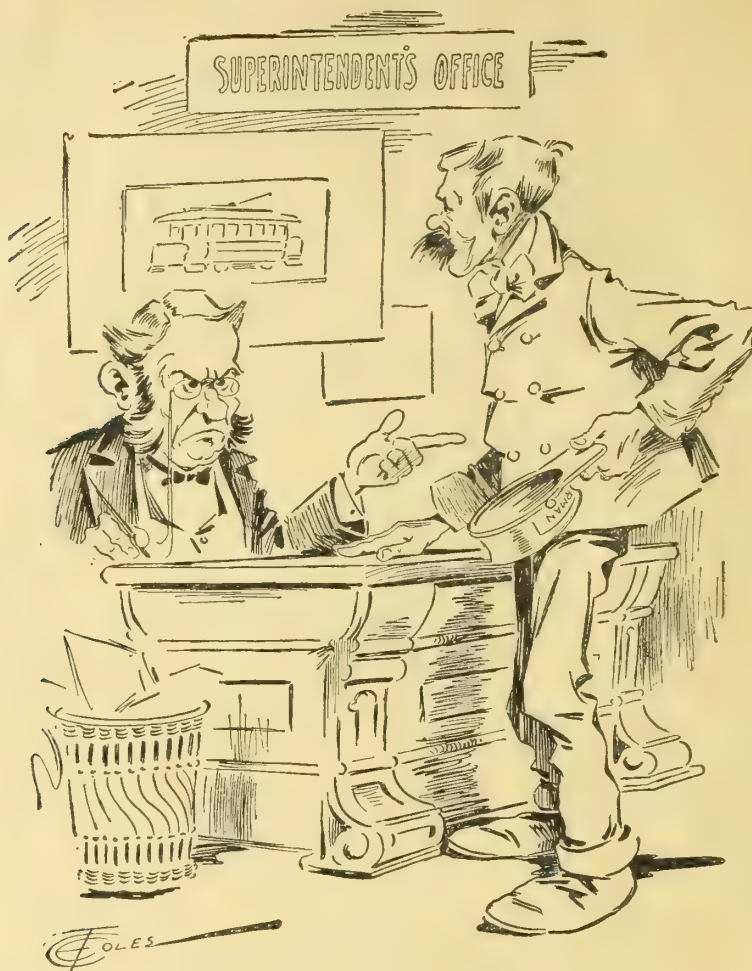
FRIENDSHIP is a good umbrella in the storms of life, and like an umbrella, it is hard to regain when lost.

A MAN ought to be careful about seeking a separation from his wife. He might find his own bad temper an intolerable companion when he had nobody to fight with.

A lady from far Timbuctoo
Was anxious to visit the Zoo.

When she saw the giraffe,
She did nothing but laugh,
For its neck was sufficient for two.

NOT SUITABLE.



SUPERINTENDENT: Your services are no longer required.

ENGINE-DRIVER: What have I done?

SUPERINTENDENT: You've only killed one man this year, and your work doesn't give the line enough free advertising. You'll have to get out.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 29, 1896.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

TWISTING THE TAIL OF THE BRITISH LION.

BY

R. J. TURNER.

Illustrated by B. C. MINNS.

The Fifth Avenue Gang were on the war-path. The effect of such an announcement on the Criminal Investigation Department of New York was very similar to that experienced by the old-time Western settler on hearing that the Sioux were scalping. Instant preparation was made by both to out-manœuvre the enemy. In the one case stray animals were brought in, weapons looked to, and messengers sent to warn neighbours. In the other, the cutest officers were taken from other duties and told off to watch the foe, while warning cables were sent round the States, and, if need be, to Europe. There was this difference, that while the settlers could reckon upon sooner or later coming to close quarters with the Indian of the plains there was positively no certainty whatever of the officers getting in touch with the slippery individuals comprising the Fifth Avenue Gang.

This happy band of depredators had long been a giant thorn in the side of the authorities.

Daring, yet cautious, in its operations, and deriving its title from the high-toned character of its exploits, the society seemed to have reduced the gentle arts of burglary, forgery, and general imposition upon the public to an exact science. After some neatly executed little piece of work involving a heavier haul than usual, the Superintendent at the Dépôt would remark, "Yes,

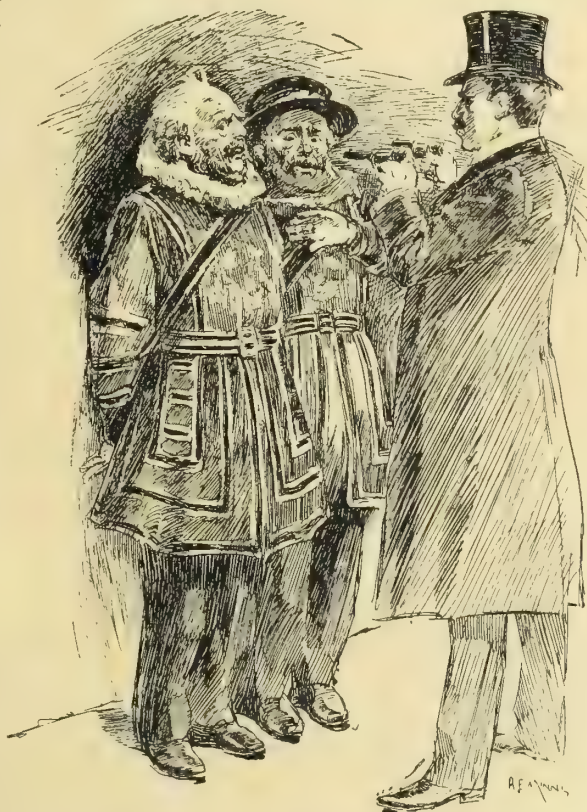
that is the Avenue gang, sure," but not a trace of proof. Of course, the officers had their suspicions, but one or two false moves, involving somewhat awkward consequences to the heads of departments, had made them chary of making casual arrests. The Gang seemed to have unlimited capital and influence behind them, and in New York that goes—we'll—for something.

And now to get behind the veil of mystery, and to make the acquaintance of one or two of the participators in some of the most startling robberies of modern time. The executive, so to speak, was small, six all told; four

men, and alas! two women. At the head, Smiling Jake, known when occasion required as Augustus Van Tressor. Of commanding presence and gentlemanly appearance, suave and polite to a degree, he undoubtedly earned his *sobriquet*. Whether made up as the benign bishop, the Wall Street jobber, or the retired Colonel with reminiscences of Grant and Lee, he was irresistible. To the fair sex especially was he dear: It was whispered that he owed his fine looking wife, the leading lady as it were of the group, to his overpowering fascination of manner, which drew her from a highly respectable home to be his devoted partner in crime.

Then there was Pulpy Joe, the heavy-weight of the party, a handy man when it came to blows, and his good lady, a melancholy little woman who could "come" the "bereaved widow" to perfection. The other two, known familiarly as "The Snapper" and "The Hayseed," the latter from his inimitable make-up as the dis-

tressed countryman, completed a little syndicate of aggressive knavery, hard to beat in this or in any other country. We dare only hint here at the one or two powerful magnates behind the scenes, who shared in the spoil, and



HE SAW TWO OF HIS TRUSTY WARRIORS THREATENED.

who, in times of need, could use their influence and dollars to protect their humbler companions in crime. For all practical purposes the programme of the group was in the hands of smiling Jake, its astute and "nervy" leader. Wearied with the monotony of city and suburban incursions, which, while adding to their pile, did not afford the high level of excitement which the band felt to be their due, it was decided to follow the stream of their countrymen across the Atlantic in the hope that on the hospitable shores of Great Britain additional scope might be found for their talents. Combined with the hope of the variety which enarmeth, they experienced that righteous glow which permeates the bosom of every true American when confronted with the possibility of being a party to a gentle twisting of the British Lion's tail. In view of the peculiar propensities indulged in by the Fifth Avenue Brigade it certainly seemed likely that as the result of their efforts in this direction a few growls from the monarch of the forest might fairly enough be relied upon.

Some little finesse was necessary to prevent their departure being cabled to London and their movements watched accordingly. By patronising different steamers under various excellent disguises, they succeeded in getting away unobserved, and it was not until a week after their arrival in the Metropolis that a warning cable was received by Scotland Yard. By this time they had settled down to work, and it needed no message from New York to acquaint the London police that they had in their midst an unusually capable coterie of criminals. Jewels from private houses vanished, bonds (payable to bearer) were stolen from banks, the confidence trick flourished amazingly, and the victims of the distressed widow were many and vociferous.

And yet among the sixty thousand odd natives of the Western paradise at that time invading the old country, who could suspect Augustus Van Tressor and his charming wife, moving as they did (with forged credentials, of course) in the best society in town, and so delighted with everything English? Augustus and his wife always took a high tone at home, and you may be sure they kept it up here. But in course of time even the plunder of the British innocents began to pall upon the Smiling One. There wasn't enough fuss made by the victims, it seemed

to Jake. There was a fatal tendency to accept the inevitable on the part of the plundered, and an almost entire absence of the startling headline so affected by the enterprising Press of his country. He had a feeling that the British nation did not attach enough importance to the presence in their midst of the terror of the States, and altogether they wanted rousing up badly. From which it will be seen that even the immaculate leader of the Avenue Boys was not entirely free from those too often fatal weaknesses—vanity, and "the vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself." While crossing in the *Teutonic*, the idea had simmered in his brain, but had been dismissed as too bold and dangerous for even the redoubtable Jake. But, smarting under the apathy of

the British Public, the venture seemed to possess a peculiar charm, and to savour less and less of danger if carried out with the gang's accustomed exactitude and assurance. Then arose the other question, Were they real? He had always understood that the articles exhibited to the public were imitation. If so, their abstraction, however much to his credit as a cracksman would not "pan out" to any extent in the matter of dollars. Still inquiries in the proper quarter would soon see that doubt at rest, and with the assurance that the Crown Jewels displayed in the Tower were the original ones, and valued at the trifling sum of £3,000,000, or say, 15,000,000 dollars, arose the conviction that the game was quite worth the candle. To the antiquated British burglar it might seem that the

attempt to annex these national heirlooms from their guarded fastness, the Tower of London, could only end in one way. To the enlightened New York artist, accustomed to daring coups, the task after due consideration seemed not only feasible, but if carried out with sufficient audacity, almost certain of success.

Fifteen million dollars! And oh, the joy of it, an effectual waking-up of the British Lion. If anything could arouse the English from their lethargy, surely the deprivation of their almost sacred Royal insignia would bring about the desired end. It should be done. No time was lost in useless imaginings. A carefully convened meeting of the whole party was held in a well-known West-end hotel, and the matter was fully gone into. At first the members were disposed to think that



AN ENRAGED VETERAN TEARING ALONG IN A MOST UNDIGNIFIED MANNER.

their playful leader was "getting at" them. The possibility of such an almighty flush had not occurred to them; but as Jake went on to explain Pulpy Joe began to look very serious indeed. He began "Dern my socks" (he generally relapsed into the Bowery dialect in private), "they've got a hull reg'ment o' redcoats at the ole shanty. Seed 'em myself; full guard near the entrance, an' all thet. 'Sides, even ef we 'scaped the sojers, the hull eternal country'd be on our track, an' jest tear us in little pieces. Don't see as how we're goin' ter git out o' the blessed is'land alive. Holy snakes, the British crown jewels!" The idea seemed too much for the Pulpy one altogether. The ladies, however, appeared to favour the scheme; possibly under the pleasing impression that the Koh-i-nor might fall to the lot of one or the other, wherewith to dazzle New York Society.

The ambitious leader, however, soon put the matter in another light. It only wanted a little pluck, reasonable foresight, joined forces, and the thing was done. Jake submitted the outline of his plan. Thanks to their aristocratic introductions from the Ambassador or Consul-General to the Constable of the Tower would ensure them special facilities for viewing the ancient structure. They would go as a party of curiosity-loving Americans, after one or two careful individual visits in disguise to make sure of their ground. They could linger in the jewel-room until any stray visitors had left, and then find means of silencing the one or two warders present while, with specially prepared, quick-acting saws, they tackled the iron bars surrounding the coveted gems. They would be satisfied with the Victorian crown as one, and provided with a patent collapsible hat-box of extra depth, which, in its small bulk, could be brought in concealed on the person, they would carefully place the revered diadem in this receptacle, turn the key on the gagged warders, and stroll off unconcernedly to private carriages waiting them on Tower Hill.

Simple, yet barring accident, most effective. A specially chartered steamer would convey them to Holland, the best market for such gems, and there they could lie secure till the affair had sufficiently blown over to allow them to embark for the States.

Everything was arranged accordingly. If it should come to fighting their way through the British army, well, they had their six-shooters, though since dropping the "holding up" game on the Western roads they had tried to avoid force.

With an appointment for two p.m., on a somewhat dull September afternoon, the party contrived to time their arrival just a little before three o'clock, the official time, as everybody knows, for closing the Tower. Surprise number one was in store for them. The Deputy-Constable had heard of the charming Mrs. Van Tressor in London society. Learning that she was to be of the party, and being a bit of a ladies' man himself, he had decided to honour the Americans with a personal escort. A warder therefore announced to the General the arrival of the Transatlantic strangers, whom he speedily joined.

Mrs. Van Tressor, of course, thought this delicate attention on the part of the old warrior "just too lovely for anything," and hastened to tell him so, transfixing the susceptible old beau with an irresistible smile. Her husband showed no sign of trepidation, although he had not reckoned upon having to deal personally with the chief custodian of the jewels. Pulpy Joe, as the guard turned out to salute the General, lifted his eye uneasily, and found his hand wander unconsciously to the region of his hip pocket. He did not seem to mind the Beef-eaters; they did not carry rifles. On the pretext of reserving the *piece de resistance* to the last, their gallant conductor, with a couple of warders in attendance, was skilfully induced to finish up with the jewels, by which time the party could reckon upon having the place practically to themselves.

They therefore proceeded to St. Peter's Chapel, in the Beauchamp Tower, pausing on the way to view the gruesome spot where so many famous men and women lost their heads. By special courtesy they viewed the dungeons, including the Cell of Little Ease, associated

with Guy Fawkes, and Raleigh's grim lodgment. While in the subterranean darkness The Snapper was heard to mutter, "If they only kep' 'em here!" Shown the site of the awful rack, Mrs. Van Tressor gave a pretty shudder and clung almost affectionately to the General's arm, much to that gentleman's satisfaction. He little guessed that his unexpected presence caused the state of mind of his fair companion to resemble that ancient instrument of torture. Ascending to the Armoury, they looked in to admire the architectural beauties of St. John's Chapel. It was obvious, by an exchange of glances among the male members of the party, that, from a purely professional point of view, the immense thickness of the walls brought home to them the undesirability of such a crib to "crack." To the alluring Mrs. Jake and the deceptive widow, everything, from the block to the men in armour, was "perfectly lovely." And now the party retraced their steps and made for the goal—the Wakefield Tower. The usual congregation of Beefeaters about the doors had dispersed, presumably to their quarters close by; even the old woman who is generally in evidence at the entrance was gone, and the door yielded to the key carried by the head warder in attendance upon the Deputy Constable.

"I am afraid we have left it rather late," murmured the General, as they stepped into the now decidedly gloomy chamber where the jewels reposed; "but I dare say you will still be able to get an idea of our national collection." He did not observe that, apparently by accident, the Hayseed had managed to close the heavy outer door. The ejaculations of the ladies were now something to dwell upon. "How perfectly elegant!" "What an amazin' size!" "Isn't that ruby just too 'cute for anything?" and so on. In the midst of the exclamations, to which the General listened with a well-grounded feeling of pride, he became suddenly conscious of the orifice of a small, cold object touching the nape of his neck. Then he heard these words proceed from the smiling lips of Mr. Van Tressor: "Terrible sorry, General, to spoil the chorus, but business is business, and I must trouble you to stand right there without as much as a whisper. Between ourselves, just a leetle whisper'll send this pistol off; it's a mighty touchy little gun!" The General's soul froze with horror, as he saw his trusty warders similarly threatened by other two of the party, while the third commenced sawing for dear life at the bars within which rested England's regalia. A screen of tough wire and three-quarter-inch iron bars placed at about six inches apart were all that separated the spoil from the adventurous bandits. Meanwhile, the ladies were not idle. They had promptly produced several gags of cloth, which they proceeded to adjust on the unwilling but perfectly helpless features of the Deputy-Constable and his men. "We can't take no risks, General dear," murmured the bewitching Mrs. Jake, dropping her superfine accent as she deftly made it impossible for her victim to make a sound. This done, a certain collapsible hat-box was produced from the mysterious economy of the bereaved widow, who proceeded to make it ready for the reception of the priceless crown. One bar was now cut through and wrenched away. To make room for the bulky attribute of Royalty it was necessary to have out another. Handing over the two warders to the custody of The Hayseed, who controlled them with a revolver in each hand, The Snapper went to the assistance of Pulpy Joe. In five minutes, before the horror-stricken eyes of its responsible custodian, the Crown of England was removed from its resting-place and bundled irreverently into the recesses of an essentially modern hat-case made to order. Was he dreaming, or was this indeed the Tower of London, and its Deputy-Constable a helpless victim of the greatest act of spoliation of the age? Alas! it was only too real. The party now prepared to leave. They decided reluctantly to forego the pleasure of annexing the other crowns and emblems of State, though the demure widow snatched at the Koh-i-nor, only to find from the printed legend attached that the pure brilliant was but a model of the real article. She accordingly flung it

back with an expression which savoured strongly of a "cuss-word." They bound the hands of the three captives to the bars of the now despoiled cage, and, with a soft farewell whispered in the ear of the General by the leader's consort, the costly burden in the care of Pulp Joe, they all departed. Making use of the warder's key, they locked the door, and, apparently unobserved, the band of desperadoes strolled quietly towards the exit. So far, they had been exceptionally fortunate, and everything had gone smoothly. Presuming they passed unchallenged—and was it likely such distinguished visitors would be questioned?—by the guard and other officials on Tower Hill, and given five minutes' start, their arrangements were such that pursuit would be vain. They one and all tried their hardest to conceal all traces of excitement, but the sentry at the guard-house never even noticed them. They had now arrived opposite Traitors' Gate, and, with the exception of a stray Beef-

eater, had encountered no one. In pursuance of Jake's plan they sauntered slowly on, though what it must have cost them to hang back they only know—and finally halted in front of the historical gate as if to take a last fond look. As The Snapper gazed carelessly around, he caught sight of a figure in uniform run down the steps from the head official's quarters and make for the Jewel Chamber.

"Pards all!" he softly ejaculated; "we'd best be movin'! There's a nigger in the melon-patch." This was enough—they moved. Still without any appearance of hurry, the party soon arrived at the old portcullis, where the sentry on duty, remembering the honours accorded on their entrance, promptly came to the present. The salute was gravely acknowledged by Colonel Jake in his best Federal style, and the party breathed more freely. They had still to pass a small guard-house, usually occupied by Beefeaters, and, further on, the final exit to Tower Hill, with no one more formidable than a policeman in charge. They had just passed over the drawbridge when they were startled by a shout in their rear. At the same moment the sentry, evidently acting on a signal from someone behind, ordered the company to halt. Turning round, Jake (no longer smiling) caught sight of an enraged veteran tearing along in a most undignified manner, with an orderly and a stream of Beefeaters at his heels. One look was enough. "There's nothing left but to rush the gate! On with you, boys! Shoot the first man that tries to stop us!" shouted Jake. And they ran. The sentry, after another warning, let fly with his Martini-Henry, but did no execution. The Americans pressed on; if

they could but gain the private brougham, already visible on the slope, they might yet escape. Alas, for the unforeseen! How could they possibly know that Lieu-

tenant the Hon. Molyneux was due to return at that moment with half his company of Grenadiers from field firing. Just then the scarlet tunics came into view a few yards from the outer gate. Before the fugitives had got within fifty yards of their final barrier the Guards were swinging along in fours well within it. Then the Hon. Molyneux, at the head of his half-company, seemed to take in the situation. In the fore-ground, a party evidently trying to get away from constituted authority represented in the rear by one sentry, and further on, if his eyes did not deceive him, by the Deputy-Constable himself and his myrmidons. His first conclusion was "deserters," and his action prompt. "Company—Front form—Double—Right close—Halt—Fix bayonets—Cavalry—Fire a volley—Ready!"

These were the orders issued in quick succession by this future Wellington. From a military point of view, doubtless altogether unnecessary, and much in excess of the occasion; but the dramatic effect was intense, and the Hon. Molyneux was nothing if not dramatic. Especially did the situation appeal to the little party now close up, and confronted by a *cheveux-de-frise* of bayonets drawn right across the road, emphasised by the snap of fifty breech-loaders as the cartridges went home; while, with rifles poised, the grinning privates waited the final command to fire. Even Pulp Joe relinquished his six-shooter in disgust. Such a determined show was too much for him. Progress in front was impossible. They might go back, certainly, and throw themselves into the moat, or into the arms of a score of Beefeaters, and ultimately of six or seven hundred Grenadiers. Jake's disgust was too deep for words, and he silently awaited the approach of the panting General, whose first words were: "Officer, disarm those men, and bring them on under escort to my quarters! Warder, seize that case!" pointing to Pulp Joe's burden; "meantime, not a word of this to anyone." So the subdued sharpers retraced their steps under the friendly guidance of a sergeant and three files.

As he hastened to his quarters, the thoughts of the Deputy-Constable were not of the most pleasant nature. It was indeed a solemn situation. True, the jewels had been saved, thanks to the opportune discovery of his master's whereabouts by the orderly and the services of a duplicate key, as well as the prompt action of the Honourable Lieutenant. But the thought of the publicity and the scandal in high quarters, not to mention



IF ONE OF YOU IS SEEN ON BRITISH SOIL, ALL OF YOU WILL HAVE TO STAND YOUR TRIAL.

his own grave position, was almost unbearable. Then how would certain exalted personages, in whose company the charming Mrs. Van Tressor had been fairly conspicuous, hide their discomfiture when the exposure came? Would they not seek to vent their anger on the unfortunate scapegoat? He already saw his much-coveted post filled by another. No; come what may, publicity, for the sake of all concerned, would never do. Those who had been witnesses of the strange scene must be made to believe the whole thing was a mad joke—the result of a stupid wager. Only three others knew of the contents of that hat-box, and they must be sworn to secrecy. And the thieves? Well, they must go. So the General made up his mind. Leaving the others carefully guarded in the ante-room, he ordered their leader to be brought in. As the aged custodian of the fortress conveyed in short, sharp sentences his decision to sacrifice duty to expediency, the face of Smiling Jake was a study. He had experienced several surprises that afternoon, but this almost overcame him. The General concluded with—“And now, sir, I give you and your party twelve hours to get clear of England. If one of you is seen on British soil after that time, all of you will have to stand your trial for this unparalleled crime. Be off! May I never see or hear of you again! You will, of course, preserve silence for your own sakes.” Silently Jake left the room, and the General gave the necessary

orders. The orderly looked in to inquire “Might Mrs. Van Tressor say good-bye to her kind host?” “Most certainly not, sir!” roared the incensed warrior to the astonished underling. So the relieved, yet strangely saddened, guests were attended to their broughams, and that same evening were rocked by the billows of the North Sea, as their special steamer—minus, alas! her most precious freight—made straight for Rotterdam. So, after all, the twist did not come off. They had had a good hold of the tail, but the old Lion had managed to shake them off just in time, and somehow their respect for the animal had wonderfully increased. The Press, of course, got hold of and gave a garbled account of the affair, while society papers chronicled the sudden and unexpected return of its distinguished American visitors with regret.

And the British detective? Oh, yes! He turned up next day to report that there were some specially dangerous Americans about, and would the General kindly take precautions; to which the Deputy-Constable replied, with a grim smile “that he would be ready for them.”

The warders in “the know” smile enigmatically when country cousins ask, in awe-struck tones, if anyone has ever tried to steal the jewels; while the General always flies at the sound of the “perfectly lovely” accent which he may chance to hear issue from the lips of some fair Americaine.

LIFE IN A DRAPER'S SHOP.

(Continued from last week.)

The following complete the list of rules in force at a large provincial drapery establishment:—

59.—Duplicate books to be correctly added each night, and passed into the desk. Name and amount of entries to be entered in full in the index. Fine 2d.

60.—Assistants must be careful to write full name and address on all duplicate entries, but on no account to do so on cash duplicates. Fine 3d.

61.—Indistinct duplicates, wrong department letters, or wrong number of salesman. Fine 1d.

62.—Assistants to see that their books have the correct number of duplicates in before using the same. Not accounting for or losing one. Fine 1s.

63.—Goods required for trade use not to be cut off without the sanction of the shopwalker. Fine 3d.

64.—No assistant allowed to enter the cash desk upon any pretence whatever. Fine 3d.

65.—Customers must not be shown remnants until piece goods have first been submitted to them, except at their special request. Fine 3d.

66.—Remnants not measured up to be sold at full price when possible, without going to the shopwalker.

67.—Assistants not making premiums will have their fines deducted from their salary.

68.—Anyone detecting or being suspicious of any dishonesty in this establishment, under any circumstances whatever, is particularly requested to mention it to the firm immediately. Anyone not doing so is as dishonourable as the culprit.

69.——— wish to remind all in their employ, that to be affable and obliging to every customer is one of the most important features in business, and if any case should occur in which this principle has been infringed, dismissal will probably be the consequence.

70.—Assistants are particularly requested to note Rule 27, and are enjoined to bear in mind that almost all customers, whom they serve, require and are in a position to buy other or more articles than they ask for. Therefore, those who do not sell regularly a fair proportion of introduction goods are either wanting in tact, energy, or ability, and consequently do not answer the requirements they are engaged for, and sooner or later will have to give place to those more likely to do so.

71.—In cases of exchange, the shopwalker must be consulted, but it must be clearly understood that customers are at liberty to choose what goods they wish, irrespective of any department from which the original goods may have been selected.

72.—In cases of exchange, the one whose goods the customer keeps is entitled to the premium.

73.—In the event of goods being sold from a pattern, if the assistant who gave the pattern is disengaged and at the counter, he is entitled to the sale (at the discretion of the shopwalker); if not, the assistant who cuts off the goods is entitled to it.

74.—Assistants are particularly requested to notice the weekly sale list.

75.—Anything done or permitted to be done adverse to the interests of the firm which is not specified in the foregoing rules, a fine not exceeding 2s. can be inflicted, such amount to be left to the discretion of the firm.

76.—All are requested to make as little noise as possible, if desiring to converse with others not near; to go to them, not shout from one to another.

77.—Young ladies are requested to wear black dresses; no coloured lace or trimming.

78.—Young men are requested to wear black morning or frock coats and vests (not dark blue).

79.—In the event of two individuals in the firm becoming engaged, one will be obliged to leave.

DOMESTIC RULES.—1.—In case of sickness, any person would be expected to remove at once.

2.—Access to bedrooms, or any part of the house (except the dining-room at meal hours), is strictly forbidden. Fine 6d.

3.—Smoking not allowed in any part of the house, excepting the young men's sitting-room. Fine 6d.

4.—All keys to be given to the assistant in charge immediately after locking up, and no one to enter the business premises on any pretence whatever. Anyone infringing this rule will be dismissed.

5.—Young men using the young ladies' sitting-room, or remaining there after meals. Fine 6d.

6.—All in the house will please make as little noise as possible.—Fine 6d.

7.—Anyone standing outside the windows, throwing things into the street, or similarly misbehaving will be fined 1s.

8.—For not passing straight through the kitchen when going in or out. Fine 6d.

9.—Lights to be out of sitting-rooms, 10.30 p.m. Thursday, 11 p.m.

10.—Lights to be out of bedrooms, 11 p.m. Thursday, 11.30.

11.—The gate will be locked at 10.30. Thursday, 11 p.m. Anyone being locked out will be fined in first instance 1s.

AN EVENING WITH THE BEACHMEN.

BY WILLIAM A. DUTT.

COMPANY meetings are not, as a rule, interesting functions, but an exception may assuredly be made in the case of a meeting of a Beach Company. Until a few days ago such meetings were inseparably associated in my mind with the Cannon Street Hotel. The gatherings of the Old Company of Lowestoft Beachmen are held amidst far more attractive surroundings.

I was facing a stiffish north easter on the most easterly point of the kingdom. The rushing of the wind and the roaring of the sea upon the breakwater of the Ness prevented me from hearing approaching footsteps on the shingle. I was turning away towards the sand-dunes that bank up the denes, when a dig in the ribs and a hail in the left ear announced the arrival of an old friend. He is a Trinity pilot, and sails from Lowestoft to the Sunk in the cutter *Rapid*. He is also the secretary of the Old Company of Beachmen, and as such was delegated to invite me to attend their annual meeting that evening. I went, and though the fumes of the strongest shag still linger about my clothes, and there is a pitch spot on the elbow of my coat, I do not regret it.

The headquarters of the Old Company is a conspicuous feature of the North Beach in the daytime, for its exterior is adorned with brilliantly-painted nameboards and figureheads. But it is not easily found on a winter's night, when the fog is rolling up from the sea across the sand-hills. I discovered it at last through following up the sound of a rollicking sea chorus, heard in the intervals of the syren blaring of the Low Light. A streak of light from the opened door of the shed came just too late to prevent my falling over an anchor stock. I greeted the doorkeeper with a mouth full of sand, and a hand on my shin. He said he was pleased to see me, and I believed him.

My entrance was the signal for an ovation from the assembled beachmen, which gratified me until I found that every comer met with a like reception. Close at my heels came the junior reporter of the local paper, and his reception was equally cordial. The lower part of the shed, which had an upper story, was just roomy enough to permit a man to stand upright in it; its further end was hidden in darkness and smoke. Over the fireplace hung a couple of oil lamps, and in course of time my vision became less limited. In the fitful glimmering of the firelight, I recognised the wrinkled features of an erstwhile coxswain of the Lowestoft lifeboat—a well-known old beachmen with many lives to his credit. Presently the light gleamed on the bright buttons of my friend the pilot, and a few moments later I caught sight of Lloyds' agent, seated on an infants' school form, nursing a box of cigars. He was surrounded by a group of beachmen and lifeboatsmen, who were evidently disposed to take him under their immediate protection.

The business part of the proceedings, which consisted mainly of reading a report of the year's salvage work on the coast, was speedily transacted. The shed-keeper then presented his yearly bill. He receives a shilling a year for sweeping out the shed, but earns a small additional sum by catching rats and mice. The former were valued at a penny, and the latter at a halfpenny apiece. He called them rats and mice, but they appeared on the bill, which was read amidst much applause, as quite another cattle—something, indeed, of the *Aphamiptera* and *Hemiptera* sub-orders.

Then clouds of incense ascended, and the harmony commenced. Out of the gloom emerged a sturdy beachman, who, in response to loud calls from the company, struck up a song known as "Liverpool Play." It was all

about the game which a Liverpool crew "played" with a set of pirates, who bore down upon them under the floating terror of the black flag. The singer started too high, and soon found himself setting too much top canvas, so he left off, and made a second attempt with more success. Then a younger member came forward, and contributed a moving ballad, telling of the fate of a lass who would not go home with her mother. The words of the song appealed to the heart of the audience, who repeated the refrain with much feeling, and in several keys. An outsider, who was left uncontradicted when he called himself a land-lubber, then ventured on a patriotic selection very popular with music-hall patrons, but the beachmen were not at home with the intricacies of the chorus. Lloyds' agent then came to the front with the cigar box, and there was an interval of match-striking on tarry breeches. A member got up and moved that the agent should become an honorary member of the company, and the motion was carried with acclamation.

A diversion was here caused by the entry of a popular local magnate, whose acquaintance some present might have made in connection with the magisterial bench. His appearance was the signal for vociferous cheering, and the raising of a cloud of dust that had escaped the notice of the shilling-a-year shed-keeper. The magnate was called upon for a speech, and rose to the occasion like a managing director. He spoke of the gallant record of the "storm warriors," and their deeds of daring amidst the network of shoals off the Ness. He apologised for his ignorance of the terms of their calling, and proceeded, amidst much enthusiasm, to relate his feelings of admiration at seeing a lifeboat crew of Lowestoft beachmen take up a "site" under the lee of a vessel in distress. For some reason or other this speech does not appear in the local Press. It may be that the junior reporter could not transcribe the notes, taken in the uncertain light of the oil lamps, or that his attention was too much taken up by one of Lloyds' agent's cigars.

A ruddy-cheeked fisherman having explained to everyone's satisfaction "How Paddy cut the Rope," another outsider expressed his regret at the absence of his brother, who was on his way to Johannesburg. He also remarked that he was sure they would all be interested to know that the ship which was conveying his brother to South Africa carried not only arms and ammunition for President Kruger, but a similar consignment for the Uitlanders, to supply the deficiency caused by the action of "Oom Paul." The meeting manifested great interest in this statement, and a beachman asked a stray coastguard who had dropped in if "Oom Paul" was the name of a ship, and if she belonged to "Uitland."

The meeting broke up at half-past ten, but not before I had been elected an honorary member of the company, and invited, with the local magnate, to take a trip in the Company's yawl "after dinner" on the following day. I was duly grateful, but regretted that the exigencies of my profession would prevent my accepting the invitation. The local magnate had a previous engagement.

Next day met the junior reporter, and he told me that when he got home he caught a—rat!

SUPERINTENDENT: The subject for discussion at the next meeting of the village debating society is, "What is Truth?"

HIS WIFE: "Indeed? Well that is a question that should be easily answered."

"I'm not of your opinion. What is truth?"

"Truth is what two persons speak when they fall out with each other."

SAID an alderman who had cleared himself from a serious charge, "My character, sir, is like my boots, all the brighter for blacking."

THE WRONG MAN.

BY BARRY PAIN.

I call him the wrong man for this reason—if he had been any one else he would have been all right. He would have been a success and people would have liked him; his grave mistake lay in being himself. I will explain and illustrate this a little.

I used, a long time ago, to meet him frequently in the train up to town, and I got to know a good deal about him. He told me a good deal himself—he was by no means a reserved man. At first he greatly impressed me. We were going past fields; they looked all right, but to me they were merely fields and they were nothing more. They did not suggest anything. With him, it was different. He pointed out those fields, and asked me if it was not abominable. He added that he referred to the system of agriculture practised in England. Then he warmed to the subject. His point was that farming could easily be made to pay, and that if he had been a farmer he would have made a fortune. He showed me how. He explained the action of different fertilizers, rotation of crops, supply and demand, foreign competition, the labour market, and many other things, which previously I had not understood. He drew diagrams of new machines. He worked out sums. He knew the exact price of everything, and the address of the place where you could get it still cheaper. He knew, I am sure, more about farming than any farmer in England. It seemed to me quite a pity that he had not gone in for farming practically, because it was obvious that the trade or profession which he followed was not particularly lucrative, and it seemed a pity that he should be missing a fortune. While I was thinking of this, the train stopped at a station, and a friend of the wrong man's got in. The friend was going to see his solicitor about a complicated question of a landlord's responsibility for certain repairs. The wrong man would not hear of his friend going to a solicitor. He said he would explain the law on the point, and make no charge. The law seemed to be child's play to him. He was full of excellent words and phrases—"All that messuage and tenement," "*ipso facto*," "reasonable wear and tear, and damage by fire excepted," "torts," "*ab initio*"—and many more which sounded quite as well. I said, and thought, that he ought to have been a solicitor. He replied that if he did not know more law than any solicitor in London, he would eat his hat. His final advice to his friend was that his correct course was to sell the whole of his landlord's property without giving any further notice. If he had been a solicitor, I should certainly have become his client. My own solicitor never tells me such pleasant things as that. I was just going to tell him this, when he noticed some houses which were being erected by the side of the line, and observed that he could himself build houses twice as good as that at half the cost. His friend, who seemed one of those sneering and incredulous people, asked him why he did not do it. He replied, very properly, that he was not a builder. It seemed a pity.

As I got to see more of the man I realised that there was no trade or profession on earth in which he would not have excelled—except his own, and I never knew what that was. He told me, for instance, he had the secret of a new explosive, for which the War Office would thankfully, at any time, pay him ten thousand pounds. When I asked him why he did not sell it, he replied that unfortunately he was not a manufacturer of explosives. That was true—he was not; he was the wrong man. And he did not sell the secret—if he had ten thousand pounds or pence, he would not have worn such a shockingly bad hat. Of course he knew how to edit a paper—everyone knows that—but he also knew how to run a theatre, how to break in a horse, how to stop a tooth, and how to prevent pipes from freezing.

He had anticipated Mr. Edison, he explained to me, "in most of his so-called discoveries."

I was a little surprised at first that he never seemed to get any richer, and that all the ordinary accidents which happen to less well-informed men happened to him too. But the explanation, of course, was that he was the wrong man. He could manage any business to perfection—except his own.

I lost sight of him after a time. But every now and then I come on people who are not altogether unlike him.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

PORE ole Ike! Bein' art of a job, 'e took on with a pirit, one o' them cross-country pirit as goes nowhere and 'awdly ever gets there. Well, 'e were drivin' o' that pirit lawst Monday night, ter speak accrit, and 'e come to the Succus. No, I don't menshing which Succus it were fur reasings. Well nar, one o' them young coppers 'olds 'is 'and art fur ter stop Ike, and in the ornery wye theer's no dart as Ike would 'ave storped. But thet perticlar night Ike were—well, speakin' candid, 'e were a bit more than yooshal. It mye 'appen ter the best of us, and Ike ain't actshally whort I shud call a joodishus man. Anywye, bein' as I sys a bit overdone, it aggerivites 'im ter see thet copper planted theer like some bloomin' rilewye signal, and 'e moves 'is 'orses just enough to send the man darn on 'is fice in the road. Long afore the copper can git up agin, Ike is horf. As luck 'ull 'ave it, the Succus is full of busses at the time—reg'lar 'ummin' with 'em. Ike goes nippin' in and art, rarnd one 'bus and acrorst another, an' beind a third (mind yer, 'e's never so bad but whort 'e can drive, and drive a reg'lar treat), and then 'e goes off the route up a side street and darn a turnin' off it. Theer 'e pulls up at a public, drinks a glaws o' bitter, and wites fur the row to quiet darn a bit. Well, whort with the confooshun, and it bein' night, and Ike's gin'ral dodginess, it looks as if 'e'd got orf. Anywye, nobody comes up ter awst 'im no questshings, and, arter a minnit, Ike thinks it sife ter start horf agin. 'E pulls 'is 'at over 'is eyes a bit, turns is collar up, puts 'is 'ead darn, and horf 'e goes. 'E goes beck ter the Succus. 'E drives right bang pawst that sime copper whort 'e's just spilt in the road. Fur a bit o' solid, cawst-iron, nickel-fitted cheek, blimey if I ever knowed it ekalled! And it come off. Thet's wheer the treat of it lies. Ike drove 'is 'bus right pawst that copper, and the copper never twiggid it. It's amizin 'ow it 'appened, and if it 'ad bin anyone else, it wouldn't 'ave 'appened, but, at anythink o' that kind yer cawnt beat Ike. 'E were pleased abart it, too. 'E told the story arterwards, and lawfed fit ter kill 'isself.

* * * *

But as I remawked afore—pore ole Ike! Fur 'e done 'isself next dye, and all art o' keerlessness. Yer see, 'is conductor were a extry 'and, an' noo ter it. As they come ter the Succus, that man says, "Ike, 'ere's a ole gent 'ere as 'ont pye 'is fare." That ain't a unyooshal thing, thet ain't, on them pirit 'busses. Folks don't like givin' sixpence fur a penn'orth. Well, Ike were 'alf-asleep, an' not wantin' to be bothered, and so 'e just says, "Dunno—awst a p'leeceman!" and blimey if thet man didn't do it, an' fetches up the sime copper whort Ike 'ad bowled over. The copper 'e stares 'awd at Ike. "Ah!" says 'e, "nar I've got yer." "'Ave yer?" says Ike. "Per'aps you'd menshing whort it's for, for blimey if I know." "You was the man as knocked me over lawst night," says the copper. And then—oh, it were the yooshal 'eart-brikin' thing. They give 'im the option and 'e pide.

HOSTESSES WITH FORTUNES.

By MRS. HUMPHRY.

NOUVELLE RICHE, AND THEIR MANY DUTIES.

AFTER received from a subscriber to *To-Day*, who adopts the above signature, decides the subject of this week's "Memo." There are, no doubt, many others who have not had experience of the working of large households, and may be interested in the matter personally, in these days of sudden fortunes. My correspondent is evidently an educated, even cultivated, woman, but her experience of entertaining is as yet but slight. She writes:—

"Will you kindly tell me what are the duties of the mistress of a house (who does her own housekeeping) where a butler is kept and six women servants? Also, what a hostess should do at a dinner-party where the guests are strangers to her. Should she shake hands on being introduced, or is a bow sufficient? Should she precede the guests into the dining-room, or go the last? When should she give the signal for the ladies to retire, and how? And, on leaving the room, does she lead the way or not?"

Her first business in the morning is to consult with the cook as to the food in the larder, and work it in with the *menu* for lunch, servants' dinner and supper, and the family dinner; to order the latter, and arrange the bill of fare for lunch and the following morning's breakfast. This involves a visit to and inspection of the larder, giving out of articles required from the store closet, and noting down on a porcelain slate the orders for butcher, greengrocer, fishmonger, poulterer, grocer, etc. Very few mistresses who are in a position to keep so many servants care for the trouble of keeping everything locked up; but there is a medium course which has its advantages. The larger quantities are kept in the lady's own store-closet, and a fairly liberal allowance is given out to the cook, who expects to have something to come and go upon, and not to be required to account for every egg, every packet of cornflour, and each pint of milk to the very last drop. There must be a certain amount of latitude in the conduct of a large establishment, or things will not work smoothly. At the same time, the lady who "does her own housekeeping" should look to it that there is nothing like real waste going on.

The butler is supposed to have charge of the wine cellar, but the master of the house frequently keeps the key and himself sees to the keeping of the list of those consumed. If the master should not care for the trouble, then it falls upon the mistress. Apart from the visits to a cold cellar, there are no disagreeables connected with this, for it should be kept as clean as any other room in the house. This it seldom is, but under a lady's supervision it is more likely to be so. The number of bottles taken out is marked off on the list, and again in the wine-book, and the key is kept locked up in a safe place. This is not merely politic, as a safeguard of one's own property, but really necessary as keeping out of temptation those to whom unlimited opportunities for drinking are a temptation and a snare. Many a butler and many a cook owe their downfall and ruin from intemperance to the carelessness of a master or mistress in this particular.

The other duties of the mistress of such a household as that described by "*Nouvelle Riche*" are those of seeing

that the whole establishment is conducted on hygienic principles, perfect cleanliness reigning in every corner, plenty of fresh air admitted, drains flushed, the servants' rooms kept sweet and clean, and they themselves looked after and kept in good health, so far as may be. "*Nouvelle Riche*" does not say if she has any children, but if she has it is scarcely necessary to remind her that the care of them is one of the most important of her duties. She will, of course, engage her own servants, and the choice of nurses should be even more particularly and carefully made than that of the other domestics.

One of the difficulties of a "*Nouvelle Riche*" is inevitably that of apportioning the various duties of her staff of servants. She has probably been accustomed to only two or three, and finds herself at a loss when she enters upon the cares of a large establishment. It needs some skill to plan out the work for them, and yet offend none of their susceptibilities. Servants are quite the most sensitive of human beings. It will be some time before the organisation of the household falls into a systematic, dovetailed smoothness, and it will be found that much can be learned from the servants themselves, if they have been accustomed to service in establishments conducted on the same scale.

With regard to the questions about the dinner-party; the hostess must shake hands with all her guests, whether her previous acquaintance with them has been slight or the reverse. They are her guests, and she is bound to give them the welcome of a handshake, even if she never saw or heard of them before. The sole exception is that of royalty, and in this case the hostess waits for her guest to hold out his or her hand. The question of precedence is always a difficult one, and more so, in one way, in middle-class society than in higher circles where there are regular degrees of rank. All this must be arranged beforehand, and the places at table settled. Sometimes name-cards are used, and this is a very convenient custom. That it is not followed in the highest society need not prevent the ordinary hostess from availing herself of a plan that averts many difficulties. Failing the name-cards, the host, who enters the dining-room first with the lady of highest social status, must be fully instructed as to the position of the guests, and the butler should also be told where each couple is to sit. But, of course, this is useless if the people are all unknown to him. He cannot be expected to keep in his mind the names of a number of people, even though he has just announced them in the drawing-room on their arrival.

The hostess goes last of all into the dining-room with the gentleman of most importance present—that is, of most importance socially. The signal to leave the table is given in the merest nod or smile to the lady who has been taken down by the host. She is sure to be on the look-out for it; but if she is not, it is sufficient to rise, whereupon all the ladies get up at once. It is well, however, to make a decided effort to catch the eye of the principal lady, as she might consider it a slight if the hostess were to make the move without the usual co-operation. It might, besides, be set down to ignorance. In choosing the moment for this move, it is usual to take three or four things into consideration. Wine must be allowed for the discussion of the dessert, and everyone must have quite finished before the signal is given. But it must not be made at the very moment that someone has just laid down a knife and fork or a wineglass, lest it might appear that the whole party had been waiting for the conclusion of that one individual's meal. If anyone is in the midst of an animated or interesting conversation, the move must be deferred until it slackens off a little. On the other hand, should any disagreeable or unwelcome topic arise, the signal is sometimes prematurely given, in order to make a diversion. The ladies leave the dining-room in the same order in which they entered it; first, the lady of highest rank, and the hostess last.

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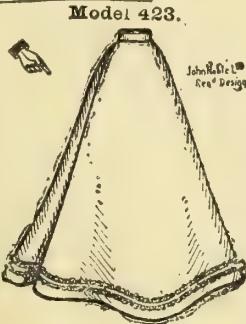
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For "Our Cookery Column," see next page.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

If you wish to cook a cauliflower so that it shall be unbroken in appearance, wash it thoroughly, remove all the outer leaves and place it with the flower down in a deep dish of water, to which a good handful of salt has been added, and allow it to remain there for three or four hours. Then shake it free from water, tie it in a piece of fine muslin and drop it into a pot of briskly-boiling salted water; allow it to boil slowly for forty minutes; then remove the cloth, place the cauliflower with the flower side up in a deep vegetable dish, and cover with a rich white sauce made in the following manner: Cream together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, and stir it slowly into one pint of boiling milk until it is almost the consistency of thick cream; season with salt and a dash of white pepper.

Bread for sandwiches should be at least one day old. After-noon tea may be served in a variety of ways. The hostess may brew it herself in a tea-pot upon her tea-table in the parlour; she may make it by pouring boiling water over a tea-ball, or it may be served by either a man or maid servant in the dining-room. Its proper accompaniments are sugar, cream, sliced lemon, and either wafers, thin sandwiches or cake.

Caper sauce, to eat with boiled mutton, is made by adding a tablespoonful of capers to each half pint of thick sauce made either from milk or starch. The capers should neither be cooked nor chopped, but added to the sauce just before it is sent to the table.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—According to the old proverb, people who are lucky in love are unlucky at cards. Similarly though various hemispheres have prostrated themselves in adoration at the feet of Mrs. Langtry, she has never succeeded in getting hold of a thoroughly good play. *Gossip* is not the worst that she has ever attempted to exploit, but it is certainly not the best. It is written by an American and a Dutchman, who have derived some inspirations from a Frenchman. Their hero is given a foreign title, his mother is said to be English, but he talks with the accent of Ireland. The two second semi-heroes are said to be American, but one is definitely English and rather horsey, the second seems to combine nicely the most amiable characteristics of the Episcopal Bench and the Licensed Victualling interests. The two heroines are both supposed to come from the States. One has a real Southern accent, and the other is Mrs. Langtry. The scene is laid in a French watering place, where the doctor is an Englishman who wears a wig with a great deal too much hair on the back of it. Of all these people not one appears to be able to make up his or her mind in a hurry—even the doctor pauses considerably before writing a prescription, and the servant has to wait at the door while a husband and wife argue as to whether they are or are not “at home.” To start with, Count O'Marcy loves Miriam, but he can't make up his mind to propose, so he goes off to Africa. Miriam then

marries Stanford, but she can't make up her mind to forget O'Marcy, so she broods. Stanford can't make out what she is brooding about. Her baby dies, and Miriam broods again. Then O'Marcy comes back, and makes love to her. But she can't make up her mind to fly with him, and dismisses him. Stanford is suddenly called away to America. He tells his wife to pack. She says she will not go with him. He says she shall, even if he has to use force. Instantly she writes to O'Marcy, and says that she has changed her mind and will fly with him. But directly she has posted the letter, she tells Mrs. Barry all about it, once more changes her mind, and sends Mrs. Barry off to get the letter back.

Meantime Colonel Cummings has been saying rude things about Miriam. O'Marcy can't make up his mind to have it out with him for so doing, so he picks a quarrel about something else, and knocks the Colonel down. A duel is arranged, but the Colonel cannot make up his mind to fight, and he runs away.

Mrs. Barry visits O'Marcy by night. Having, as he asserts, made a large fortune in Africa he cannot afford the luxury of a sitting-room at a sea-side hotel. Consequently Mrs. Barry has an interview with him in his bed-room. He can't make out what she wants, and she wastes so much time in making up her mind to tell the truth that her husband arrives with Stanford, and she is hidden in a dressing-room. Please observe that O'Marcy could afford a bed-room and dressing-room, but not a bed-room and sitting-room. Still, it looks for a minute or two like a strong and compromising situation; but, bless you, the authors can't make up their minds to tackle it. The men wrangle, a pistol is produced, Mrs. Barry is discovered, but nothing whatever happens in consequence. Barry can't make up his mind to be anything more than a little peevish next morning. Stanford suggests a legal separation, and ultimately a divorce from Miriam, but she can't make up her mind to accept the freedom she

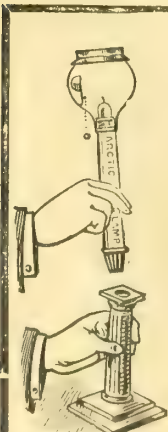
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has been craving for ; and he can't make up his mind to say no, when she asks to go on living with him. Mrs. Barry says she shall go to Paris, but she changes her mind and remains. Stanford and Barry are reported in the papers to be ruined, but Barry says this is really not so. Indeed nothing whatever appears to be really definite except that *Gossip* is a bad and irritating play.

The programme asserted that the curtain would rise at 8.15, but the prompter could not make up his mind to ring up till nearly 8.30. The audience gave every indication of being in a thoroughly fractious temper, but they could not make up their minds to be really disagreeable, and they received the play with the utmost consideration and good temper. People who had seen the play at the Metropole, Camberwell, and thought it not half bad, now changed their minds, and said they didn't like it. And a critic or two who had originally praised Mrs. Langtry's performance as Mrs. Barry now condemned it. Miss Elinor Calhoun, who, I thought, would have delighted me, had caught a bad cold, was almost voiceless, and could not do herself anything like justice. Herbert Standing, whose moustache always gave so much character to his face, was, to my horror, clean shaved.

I cannot conceive it possible that *Gossip* will run long, and it seems strangely out of place in a theatre, the reputation of which Comyns Carr has struggled hard to maintain at a high level.

No doubt you have read that Tree contemplates morning performances of *Henry IV.* I doubt, however, whether these will be given at the Haymarket. It won't surprise me if they come off at the Shaftesbury, with Tree as Falstaff and Waller as Hotspur. This, I imagine will be followed by the migration of Waller to the Haymarket for Tree's next important production after *Tribby*. A dissolution of partnership between Waller and Morell will probably ensue, when, I anticipate, that Morell will run the Shaftesbury alone, his first venture being found for him, on sharing terms, by George Edwardes. I don't give you these statements as accomplished facts, remember, but merely as my own individual view of what is going to happen.

George Edwardes has engaged George Giddens for his production of the *Hotel de Libré Echange* at the Vaudeville. Here, again, I fancy that the sharing arrangement will prevail, the Gattis finding the theatre and Edwardes finding the show on the stage. This, you must remember, is exactly what was done during the great run of *Dorothy* at the Prince of Wales'. Horace Sedger provided the theatre, and H. J. Leslie the entertainment.

There has been a slight hitch over George Edwardes's newest venture, the Japanese Opera by Owen Hall, at Daly's. Rehearsals were suddenly stopped last week, but I understand that everything is all right again now.

I have a rather sad bit of news for a good many people who, some years ago, went to learn fencing at "Angelo's" famous gymnasium in St. James's Street. In the days to which I allude, two of the instructors were particularly popular. Their names were Galpin and Skinner, and both had been sergeants in, I think, the Grenadier Guards. In the fulness of time they drifted away from "Angelo's" ; Galpin being still living, I believe, and doing well for himself in the provinces. Skinner went to Birmingham, where he made a large number of friends, and finally gave up teaching to manage a large and very prosperous Bodega. Here he did remarkably well, and was generally called "Captain" Skinner. Last week he had reason to disuiss one of the men in his employ, but someone interceded, and Skinner being a very kind-hearted man, had consented to reinstate the delinquent. Before this could be done, however, the man suddenly presented himself at the bar, approached Skinner from

behind, and shot him through the back. His lungs were penetrated, and he expired in a few minutes. He leaves two children behind him. He was a widower, and was shortly to have been married again—this time to a lady in affluent circumstances.

By the time you get this Jameson will be back in England and under lock and key. One of the officers who comes with him, Lieutenant Grenfell, of the 1st Life Guards, went to Africa some time ago with the Hon. Gerald Cadogan, and both, I believe, were so far interested in theatrical matters as to have shared in one of the syndicates promoted by Mr. Horace Sedger, of the Lyric Theatre. One of Jameson's troopers, who is also being landed this week, was over here in September, when he brought to this country all the Matabele dresses worn by the niggers in *Cheer Boys, Cheer*.

Thus, as you will perceive, does the drama permeate all things.

Your Affectionate Cousin,
RANDOLPH.

HOW WE LIKE THE MUZZLING ORDER.

CHATS WITH POLICEMEN.

"How do I like it? Not at all. It gives us more work, and nasty work. The order came into force to-day, didn't it? And it's half-past eleven now, isn't it? Well, I know one man who has already run in seven dogs! It's a ticklish job, I can tell you, picking up a strange dog!"

"But don't you think the order is useful in checking—"

"Not a bloomin' bit!" interrupted my friend as he moved away.

The next man I questioned thought that the order would do a certain amount of good, though hardly in the way that the authorities intended.

"It's like this," said the hopeful one. "As soon as a muzzling order is issued there are lots of people who'll turn their dogs into the streets and leave 'em to shift for themselves, rather than go to the expense and bother of a muzzle. Well, those sort of folk have no business with a dog at all, and the sooner they give 'em up the better. The dogs we run in are mostly mongrels—poor, hungry beggars that have been left to get their living in the streets by themselves. We hardly ever find a well-bred dog without a muzzle."

"Then you rather approve of the muzzling order than not?"

"It does some good in one way, but a lot of harm in another."

"For instance?"

"It scares people. Folks lose their heads and think that every dog is going mad. Why, on the day before the order came into force, I was inside a certain station for four hours, and during that time no less than seven dogs were brought in by private individuals."

"What was their idea in kidnapping other people's dogs?"

"Simply fright, I think. They said they'd found 'em wandering about in the streets. I told the people they'd better be careful as to whose dogs they were stealing."

"Did any of the dogs show any signs of madness?"

"None at all. The dogs were as right as possible. They'd probably been let out for a run, and I expect they all knew their way home again."

"Have you ever seen a mad dog?"

"I saw one about two years ago. He was very queer in his ways and foamed at the mouth. I killed him."

"You have full power, haven't you, for slaughtering any dog whom you suspect of being mad?"

"Yes; I can draw my truncheon—and use it."

"An awkward job, isn't it?"

"I'm always particular careful. One good whack

across the nose is generally enough for most dogs, but it has to be done quickly and well."

"Ever been bitten?"

"No; I've been fortunate so far; but lots of my mates have had a pinch or two. What can you expect? Our orders are to run in any dog not wearing a muzzle. It stands to reason some of us must get bitten sometimes."

My next interview was gloomy.

"It's cruel," said the policeman with the sad face; "that's what it is. I remember a year or two back, when the mad dog scare was on, a friend of mine told me he was not going to muzzle his dogs. 'Very well,' says I; 'it'll be my painful duty to run your dogs in if I sees 'em about.' 'You can do that,' says he."

"And did he muzzle them?"

"No."

"So you ran them all in?"

"No."

"What did happen, then?"

"He killed them himself—destroyed every dog he'd got in the place. And he'd got some good 'uns, too. I'm not sure that he didn't act kindly by 'em.—What's the good of the muzzle? If they clapped a muzzle on every dog in Great Britain, and quarantined every dog that was brought in, I wouldn't say anything about it; but it ain't a morsel of use, as far as I can see, to enforce the muzzling order in one town and not in another. Dogs travel about, and then what are you to do? They tell me they don't get mad dogs in Australia on account of the quarantine, and I reckon that hot climate ought to send a dog mad if anything will. But what's the good of muzzling dogs here in London in the cold weather? Silly, I call it!"

"Supposing that when you are trying to catch an unmuzzled dog he runs away from you? What do you do then?"

The sad-faced policeman coughed slightly, and marched slowly on to the end of his beat.

W.P.

LADY-KILLERS AND LOVE-MAKING.*

THIS book forms No. 1 of "The Vagabond Library." If succeeding volumes come up to the same standard the issue will assuredly become popular. It may be objected that Gyp in English is not such enjoyable reading as Gyp in French, but the translation is, on the whole, cleverly done, the dialogue being very skilfully worked out. In the first chapter, for instance, a man—a bachelor—is talking to a married woman. Among other things, she tells him that she has given up dancing because she is too old. And then:—

"He shrugged his shoulders, and said: 'Is it a compliment you want?'"

"Rather not; I have as many as I can do with."

M. de Mons grew serious.

"I suppose you are bombarded with them? I would wager that you are being made love to the whole time."

"She laughed out—

"The whole time? Not quite that. Still, there are so many idlers and—fools!"

"You like it?"

"What?"

"Being made love to."

"No; really, sincerely, no!"

"What an odd woman you are!"

"Why odd? It is only ugly women who care for that sort of thing. It gives them confidence. Do you imagine that it is so amusing? The very idea of having to listen to what is called a declaration! The mere thought of it annoys me indescribably! Why do you laugh?"

"Because I don't believe a word of it!"

"You are wrong; I never lie! Understand me, when

one has to do with a professed "lady-killer" it is irritating and mortifying. If, on the contrary, one sees that a man is really touched, really in earnest—well, one regrets—at least, I do—to give him pain, to appear a coquette or an unfeeling woman in his eyes. If you only knew how one foresees the coming declaration, how one divines it, how one scents it from afar, from an attitude, a glance, an intonation—from everything and nothing! And one says to one's self that soon the devoted friend or the agreeable acquaintance of the moment will be either a miserable man or an enemy. How charming!"

"Allow me! One thinks so if the man is to be sent about his business; but if it should be the contrary?"

"Well, I don't know what happens when it is the contrary."

"Ah!"

He resumed, after a pause—

"Strange! But I believe you."

"Thanks!" she said, laughing.

"All the same, I should very much like to know what manner of man one should be to please you."

"Probably quite dissimilar to those who have made the attempt."

"Do I resemble them?"

"You! Why do you ask?"

"Never mind—answer."

"Answer what?"

"My question."

"But I don't quite understand your question!"

"I will put it more plainly."

"I would rather you did."

"Well, let us suppose that—that I—love you, and that I tell you so—what do you reply?"

"Why suppose such a thing?"

"Don't interrupt me. Look me straight in the face and answer!"

"What a funny game! Well, I look at you and I answer: 'Monsieur de Mons, I consider you a very handsome man——'"

"Just as the servant did."

Madame de Gueldre began to laugh.

"Please to observe that it is you who are interrupting this time!"

"I am listening."

"I continue—I consider you very handsome, you possess talent, and good sense, and perhaps a heart, if it were needed."

"B-r-r! That 'if it were needed' is chilling!"

"You are more cultured than the rest of your fellows whom the papers call 'our curled darlings'; you ride well, you are a musician, a good shot, you skate like a Swede, and you swim like a shark; you are very tall, very elegant, quite a success; you have, in short, all that is requisite to turn the head of——"

"M. de Mons had risen from his seat. He bent forward with the interrogation—

"Of?"

"Any other woman than myself!"

THE BURGLARY SENSATIONS.

The many Sensational Burglaries which have recently taken place ought to direct additional attention to the

"TO-DAY" BURGLARY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

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* "A Little Love Affair," by Gyp, translated by Mrs. Patchett Martin. The Tower Publishing Company. 2/- cloth; 1/6 paper.

ROUND THE CARD TABLE.

BY THE MAJOR.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE AMUSED.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

I LOOKED into St. James's Hall the other evening to hear the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. The programme was reminiscent of the palmy days of the "Christys." It contained many of the old but evergreen songs, some of which will last as long as our language. Those I heard were of home, freedom, and country. Some were full of sympathy and sublime thoughts about darky home life; others contained force of expression and an almost martial fire. They were the songs our fathers loved, and, unquestionably, these fathers of ours appear to have known as much about a good song as do the frequenters of our palatial places of amusement to-day. When I took my seat every darky was laughing and chorusing, "I'm off to Charlestown," a favourite comic song contributed by Mr. W. Butler. Two ancient items, carrying the decaying generation back to the days of the "Christys," were "Singing in de Moonlight" and "Ten Little Niggers," the latter more amusing than the well-known nursery version. These were followed by the quintette, "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," which, critically considered, must be voted the most perfect performance in this happy revival. I have not sufficient space to describe how merrily Mr. George Malcolm went through "That's So"; with what spirit Mr. Freear rendered the darkies' jubilee song, "Emancipation Day"; how delighted the audience were with the grand old negro air, "The Swanee River"; or how brilliantly all the ballads were sung. The portion designated "The Plantation Revival" ought to be popular with both young and old. From St. James's the provincial halls will take their cue, and shortly we may expect to witness a lively revival of the sweet melodies of the "Christys" of a generation ago. The artistes stepped quickly from ancient to modern performances. There was a realistic dance introducing exciting incidents on a football field. Mr. Alf. Wood made lightning sketches of men of the moment. I have seen something more quickly done in this line, but it was invariably mere outline work that left too much to the imagination. Mr. Wood put into his boldly drawn pictures of the late Lord Leighton, Dr. Jim, and Mr. Chamberlain, the best work I have seen of the kind. The grotesque gambols of the Ottos were diverting. In the other miscellanies were things comical, grotesque, and musical; and the entertainment concluded with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," told in tableaux by Geo. R. Sims to the fine music of Ivan Caryll.

THE AQUARIUM.

In the Aquarium I missed my way, and, by mistake, got into the chamber in which were immured the couple of hypnotised subjects. "Which is which, and who's Johnson," was the confusing query I put to a young man who was staring at the pale and livid faces. Pointing to the more waxlike and fairer of the beings, he said, "That's the one who has been in the coffin for thirty days, and who will be brought to life again to-night." Evidently he anticipated an honest and complete resurrection. This, then, was the great trance attraction at the Aquarium. Johnson was in a coffin. Could he be an artful dissembler? Well, to begin with, he had been there for thirty days. Thousands of people had gazed upon his pallid face. The doctors had put knives into his painless body. The static spark had failed to animate him. Long needles had been pushed beneath his finger nails. Johnson, in fact, before I saw him, had been treated like a martyr in Inquisition times, with this difference, that he appeared physically impervious to torture. When ladies looked at him he never blushed. When punctured by medical men he never winced. At the midnight re-awakening in the theatre, Johnson's unparalleled feat culminated in an animated scene. The Professor, a nervous-looking little man, in a careful way, told the story of the trance, which, if printed, would make gruesome reading. I formed the opinion that he was a straightforward hypnotist, and so did the vast audience, for, at any rate, they applauded heartily at the end of his statement. Confusion and excitement soon reigned where there had been a certain amount of solemnity, and the audience had fits of laughter in quick succession. The statement was made and corroborated, that the subject opened his eyes after being carried into the theatre. From the gallery there came the emphatic declaration that the subject had altered his position. This was a great opportunity for strongly imaginative people. The Professor combated their allegations orally and by sticking needles into Johnson. He—the Professor, not Johnson—got fair play from the audience, and, after a masterly display of hypnotic fingering, succeeded in re-animating Johnson, who did not leave the stage until he had shown himself completely oblivious of all that had happened during the period of his wonderful hypnotic sleep. Let me say that just now the Aquarium management has an attractive programme. It includes feats in the air and water-tank, billiard handicaps, with the champion Peall often to the front, and many clever performances on the concert platform.

READINESS of resource is an indispensable quality in Solo Whist, but, like "vaulting ambition," it sometimes o'er-leaps itself and comes a cropper. I was playing at a table recently where an amusing instance of this occurred. The dealer turned up the Ace of Clubs, and, on examining his other cards, found that they consisted of six Hearts in sequence from the deuce upwards, and six Spades—deuce, trey, 4, 6, 7, 8. Barring the exposed Ace, he held an invulnerable open misère; with the Ace, he could call nothing. First hand passed, and second hand, having nine times diamonds including the Ace, King, and Queen, said: "I go an Abundance in Diamonds." This was a premature announcement of the trump-suit, and under the law on the subject justified any player who overcalled with a misère ouverte in demanding the first player to lead the suit so irregularly disclosed. The dealer, having no Diamonds, saw that by putting the law into operation he could discard his Ace of Clubs, and accordingly declared an open misère, and, the call being unchallenged, requested the first hand to lead Diamonds. Unfortunately, however, first hand had no Diamonds, and, leading a Club instead, caught the caller on the first round—a serious difference to him, for the Abundance would have been beaten, as the third player held four Diamonds with the Jack.

Here is a Solo Whist illustration of how a preceding call determines whether Misère should be declared or not. Seven of Diamonds turned up; first hand calls Solo; second passes; third holds Ace, Queen, 10, 8, 6, 2, Spades, Ace, Jack, 8, 6, 4, 2, Hearts, King of Diamonds only, and no clubs, and he rightly calls Misère, for his only probable danger is in Spades. The chances are that either Spades or Hearts will be started (in Hearts he is practically safe), and should the caller get through on these it is almost two to one that Clubs will be led before Diamonds, for a long run of the latter, which were trumps, can be inferred almost with certainty with the first hand, who called solo. With Clubs led, the Misère player discards King of Diamonds, and gets home. There is always the possibility of Diamonds being discarded by one of the adversaries early in the game, and so inducing a tentative Diamond lead; but in the face of the Solo call the probabilities are that Clubs will be tried first. Of course, if Solo has not been announced, the declaration of Misère would have been, to put it mildly, imprudent.

I HAVE been asked for a free expression of my opinion upon other games. There seems to be considerable misapprehension as to the value of the Joker in Draw Poker. The Joker is an odd or fifty-third card, which does not properly belong to Poker at all, but is an importation from Euchre. It can be used by the player to whom it is dealt to represent any card in the pack that he does not already hold. But it cannot, as some players seem to imagine, make up an impossible combination—such, for instance, as five aces in one hand.

Poker is not a game on which I am enthusiastic. It seems to me that from a moral point of view it has less to recommend than has any other form of card game played in soberly respectable circles. The sole object of interest is to win money, or, barring the necessity for a clear perception of chances and possibilities, and the capacity for correctly calculating the odds against drawing a certain card as compared with the odds against the money at stake there is very little science about it. But there is a considerable amount of art—the art of dissimulation. It puts a premium upon certain personal characteristics which, away from the Poker table, we should not be proud to own. Insincerity, effrontery, and a merciless selfishness are qualities indispensable to success. It is not to be denied that many enjoyable games are played among friends for small stakes; but the pervading sentiment is the same, to win money—not by exercise of skill and intelligence, as at Whist, or by sheer luck, as at "Nap," but by luck, *plus* misrepresentation.

To my thinking, the only really interesting feature in Poker is the scope it affords for the study of character, and I do not mean this in the usual Poker sense of studying it for pecuniary gain. You find astonishing craft in the man you took to be sense, and a singular superficiality in the manœuvreing of the "deep" customer. You see some aim at a reputation for playing a genuine game, and others for betting above their "paper," both with the object of ultimately bringing off a big bluff. And the greatest and most successful sinners are those whom you thought incapable of deception.

When the luck runs against you at Poker, it is useless to try and force it. "Lay low," and lose as little as possible. Under such circumstances it is hard enough to capitalise a good hand; to try and exploit a bad one is ruinous. Don't rush at winning. It is from moderate hands that you eventually derive your earnings at Poker, as you do from proposals and acceptances at Solo Whist, and the big occasional ventures are only adjuncts to the slow but certain income obtained from a liberal average of double pairs.

IN THE CITY.

HALTING DIVIDENDS.

AN examination of the dividends paid by Westralian Gold Mining Companies is not reassuring. When all allowance is made for the youth of these companies, the returns are distinctly disappointing. The gold fields were discovered for company purposes at the beginning of 1894, and since then we have seen the issue of a great number of Westralian Mining Companies, but only five of them have become dividend paying. Nor is this all. The amount paid away in dividends in 1894 was twice the sum paid in 1895. In 1893-4 £130,600 was paid in dividends, but the whole of it was earned and paid by a single company—namely Bayley's Reward. Since then this company has paid nothing, and whilst in 1894 the dividends distributed amounted to £130,600, in 1895 they fell to £68,667. Last year was, however, similar to 1894 in this—that two thirds of the dividend distributions were paid by one company, the shareholders of the Great Boulder receiving £48,000 of the £68,667 paid out. Of the balance the shareholders of the Lake View and Boulder East got £10,000, those of the Mount Burgess £2,667, and the balance of £8,000 went to the Murchison New Chum.

Here we have five companies which have returned something to their shareholders. Bayley's Reward is a colonial company with its head office at Melbourne. Its dividends were paid upon the comparatively small capital of £200,000, and on the strength of this the capital was watered in March, 1894, up to £480,000. Bayley's Reward paid 45s. 6d. upon its old share capital, but it has only paid 3s. per share upon its new capital. The last dividend was in December, 1894.

The Great Boulder has paid 6s. per share. Its stone has given a very high yield, over 5 ozs. to the ton, and it is undoubtedly a very valuable property. Only, one swallow does not make a summer. The next company on our dividend-paying list, the Lake View, is a Colonial company like Bayley's Reward. From June to October, 1895, it paid a monthly dividend of 6d. per share, but it has paid nothing since. Mount Burgess paid its one dividend of 8d. in September last, and then reconstructed. The Murchison New Chum paid one dividend of 1s. per share in October, and now it has shut down, or is about to do so.

Of the five dividend payers two are colonial companies. The one that has paid most has given no returns for three months. The second on the list is doing well; the third made a spurt, and has done nothing since; the fourth has been reconstructed; and it looks as if the fifth may have to be before long.

Such is the record. In 1894 sixty-five Westralian mining companies, with an aggregate capital of £5,856,400, were floated over here, and the dividend distribution for the year amounted to £130,600. In 1895 two hundred and thirty-two companies, with an aggregate capital of £29,352,200, were floated over here, and the dividend distribution fell to £68,667.

At best these figures would not be encouraging, but their great significance lies in the fact that instead of improving they grow worse. If we exclude the Great Boulder—and even the Great Boulder crushings have shown some shrinkage—there is not a dividend-paying company in the list that is in a healthy condition, with the possible exception of the Lake View.

If we turn to the Financial and Exploration companies, the result is more satisfactory. In 1894 these companies distributed £55,788, in 1895 the distribution increased to £512,616, and for the present year it already amounts to £74,100. These are substantial results, and they are progressive, but they are profits made not by scooping out the mineral wealth of Westralia, but by inducing the sanguine to believe that it is there to scoop out.

It may be that the coming months will see a large addition to the dividend paying mining companies at work in Westralia. We hope it may be so, but as matters stand rather large drafts have to be made upon faith.

LAWYERS EXPLAIN.

We have received many letters from correspondents interested in Chaffey Bros., Limited, some of whom complain of past treatment, whilst others want to know how they stand in view of the liquidation. The complaint has been general that no information has been obtainable at headquarters, and we are in a position to know that that there was ground for the complaint. But knowing, too, that

the London Advisory Board could have no desire to withhold any information that debenture holders and others might wish to have, and which the Board could properly give, we communicated with one of the members of the Board, and, after some correspondence with him, we received the following letter from Messrs. Parker, Garrett and Parker, of St. Michael's Rectory, Cornhill. The letter is dated February 21, and is as below:—

We act as solicitors for the Advisory Board of Messrs. Chaffey Brothers, Limited, in London, and Mr. Vincent has requested us to reply to your letter of the 20th inst., addressed to him.

Any information which Mr. Vincent or the Advisory Board have as to the position of the company in Australia is at all times available to the landowners or debenture holders resident in this country, whom we presume you refer to when you use the term "shareholders," as there are very few of the latter in this country.

Unfortunately the Advisory Board have not been kept fully posted as to what is going on in Australia. All they know is that the company has gone into voluntary liquidation there with power to reconstruct, and that the Trustees, Executors, and Agency Company, of Melbourne, who are the trustees for the debenture holders, are taking active steps there to protect the interests of the debenture holders; and it has been with their entire concurrence and approval that Mr. W. B. Chaffey has been temporarily appointed Receiver.

With reference to your question as to whether the water right was secured by Act of Parliament, we may state that it was secured by an agreement between the company and the Government, which was scheduled to the Act of Parliament.

As to your question whether the debenture holders are covered, we have no information at present sufficient to enable us to answer it.

It is impossible for us to state what is the outlook for the shareholders or upon what lines the proposed reconstruction will be carried out, as our clients here are not yet in receipt of these details.

With reference to your various correspondents' complaints, we may mention that the application referred to by your correspondent in Paris was made some months ago, and long before the company went into liquidation.

With reference to the other complaints which you make, our clients have no definite information with regard to them, but they do know that the proprietor who paid £100 for trellising twenty acres was at the time heavily indebted to the company. The order for trellising being received too late for that season, the £100 was credited to his general account as against such indebtedness.

In conclusion, we may state that the Advisory Board are doing all that is in their power to obtain satisfactory information from the other side, and to protect the interests, so far as they can, of the debenture holders, although as a matter of fact these latter are represented, as stated above, by the Trustees' Executors Company of Melbourne, who alone have power to interfere on their behalf.

We are sure those of our readers who are interested in the matter, and who have written to us for information, will be glad to have this frank and full statement from the solicitors of the Board. At the same time, they will think it strange that the London Advisory Board has not been kept better posted by the Head Office as to the position of the company and, to quote Messrs. Parker, Garrett and Parker, "what is going on in Australia."

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

TAKING as his text some remarks of ours of a week or two ago, an Edinburgh correspondent sends us a very interesting letter upon this subject. The correspondent says that during a stay of some duration in France and Belgium, in the closing months of last year, he had considerable experience of the various types of auto-cars at present in use there, and since his return he has had occasion to make himself acquainted with what has been done, and with what is being done, in the matter both on the Continent and in this country. The result has been to convince him that, great as the progress has been in the branch of mechanics, much still remains to be done before the talked-of "revolution" in road locomotion comes off.

The fuel to be used is benzoline, or rectified petroleum. Benzoline is costly and difficult to get. In Scotland, for example, there are not half a dozen places where it can be obtained. A what about the danger? No insurance company will insure premises where this oil is kept. It is of a very inflammable nature—we have seen experiments where the oil exploded when a light was held a few feet from it—and with its low flash-point its use in any but the most careful and experienced hands would be attended with grave danger. When the new Bill promised by the Government is brought in, it will be absolutely necessary in the public interest to see that proper safeguards are introduced in this respect—whether by regulation of the Board of Trade or otherwise. Meanwhile owners of auto-cars may be warned to exercise due care. It need scarcely be pointed out that a serious explosion would seriously retard the progress of the horseless carriage in England.

We have no wish to throw water on the new industry. On the contrary. We believe in it. The auto-car has come to stay. All that we wish to point out is that, as yet, both motor and gearing are far from perfect. For instance, the gearing has to be stopped to change the rate of speed, and with some machines the tank for the water used to cool the cylinders has to be refilled every two or three hours. These are drawbacks which

will no doubt be rectified. Engineers all over the world are now devoting their attention to the subject, but meantime it will be well to walk warily.

SAFE DEPOSITS.

Mr. Emery Stark, the manager and secretary of the Manchester Safe Deposit Company, writes to us to point out that it would be anything but an easy thing for an official wanting to thieve to provide himself with duplicate keys. "Fancy an official having to provide himself—at his own cost—with, say, even 1,000 keys, and then discovering that having no opportunity of testing them in the locks not a single key would be of the slightest use! The keys of the small safes bear a number quite distinct from that of the safe, for which a special private register has to be kept, and it is impossible, without reference to the register, to ascertain to what safe the key belongs. Moreover, no safe renter can get to his safe without the assistance of an attendant, who must first unlock it, thereby removing a bolt which has been thrown across the renter's keyhole.

As to a director furnishing himself with a duplicate of the key of the safe he rented, then giving up his safe and taking another, still retaining access to his old safe by means of his duplicate key, and the assertion that a renter is at the mercy of the custodian of the keys and of his fellow renters, Mr. Stark says that no director or safe renter can have access to any safe previously rented by them, nor can the custodians of the keys allow access to anyone except he is the legal renter; or the accredited representative of the safe that is to be opened.

"THE MAGIC OF MANAGEMENT."

A COUPLE of years ago we gave some attention to the position of the Cheque Bank, and we are glad to find that time has endorsed our opinion that under new, and more vigorous and sagacious, management the bank was about to enter upon a period of prosperity. At the general meeting, held last week, it was stated that the number of cheques sold last year showed an increase of 126 per cent., the bank having secured a greater number of accounts in the two years since its reorganization than the old institution obtained in twenty-two years. The dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year is 50 per cent. better than the 1894 dividend, whilst £5,000 is placed to a Reserve Fund, and £2,461 is carried forward. The company now has thirteen times more agents than when it first took over the business.

We heartily congratulate the directors of the bank upon its sound growth. The possibilities of expansion are almost unlimited. But it wants to be better known, and to have more agencies. The agents should be pretty well as numerous as the post offices, whereas even with recent additions they are lost in this gigantic city. How many of our readers wanting the services of the Cheque Bank would know where to find an agency?

"THE SINS OF THE PAST."

Speaking at the general meeting held on Tuesday, the Chairman of the London and Northern Assets Corporation told shareholders that "they were very much handicapped by what he might call the sins of the past." That is very true, but we are glad to be able to think that the further statement of the chairman has truth in it, too, namely, that "the business is carried on on much safer lines than formerly." It is to be regretted that the Corporation continues to take credit for commissions on profits on securities not yet realised. It is a very objectionable procedure, and a Reserve Fund of £3,600 is, under the circumstances, very inadequate. But seeing that the balance of revenue for the year shown in the accounts amounts to £8,564, and that the five per cent. dividend only absorbs £3,639, it is fair to assume that there is no ground for Mr. Rowley's charge—anyway, so far as last year's accounts are concerned—that the money necessary for the dividend has to be taken out of capital.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Rowley, many of whose criticisms of the past management of the company are sound, did not put more restraint upon himself when speaking at the general meeting. Imputations that cannot be sustained, and have to be withdrawn, do nothing but harm.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

THERE is nothing in the half-yearly report just issued to qualify the opinion held from the outset by many—namely, that whilst the Manchester Ship Canal was certain to be an excellent thing for the shippers and manufacturers of the district, those

who found the money for the canal would, as shareholders, find it a very unprofitable investment. The report now before us shows that the traffic on the waterway is increasing, but there is no corresponding improvement in net results. The sea-going traffic of 1895 was 1,087,443 tons as compared with 686,158 tons for 1894, and the barge traffic rose from 239,501 tons in the earlier year to 271,432 in 1895; but there is no money in it. The company is burdened with a capital of £15,404,335, and we do not very clearly see how it is to avoid sinking under the burden.

The receipts from the canal itself for the six months show a profit of £15,116, an increase of £4,118 as compared with the company's period of last year; but it is doubtful whether all expenses have been charged to revenue that ought to have been. The chairman says that the capital of the company is exhausted, and it owes £80,000 on revenue account. Something has been saved in the way of interest—some £7,000 per annum—by the recent conversion of debenture capital, but that will not go very far towards meeting a desperate situation. The report says that everything is being done it is possible to do to secure additional traffic. Perhaps, but what is wanted is profitable traffic, and that the company cannot get. It is a poor outlook for shareholders.

We understand that Mr. Raymond Radcliffe, who will represent the Victoria Syndicate, of 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., is about to sail for Western Australia. Mr. Radcliffe—a well-known newspaper man—has made arrangements with various newspapers for a series of weekly letters descriptive of life on the fields, which should be interesting and useful.

NEW ISSUES.

The Palace Hotel, Limited.—The company is to take over the hotel of the same name which was opened in May, 1894, and is said to have made a profit of £13,120 in the following eighteen months. £285,000 is to be given for the freehold of the property, its plant, furniture, etc., and £28,500 is to be spent on additional buildings. The directors think they can reckon from the outset upon a net profit of £22,120, which would leave £11,620 for reserve, dividend on ordinary shares, management fees, etc. We consider this estimate of net profits too sanguine, but the debenture stock is secured, and the preference shares should be fairly safe.

The Lake View and Boulder Junction, Limited.—The capital is £150,000, and £100,000 is to be paid for three mining leases, covering 53 acres, and situate at Hannan's Field, Kalgoolie. The property is said to promise well, but very little development work has been done, and in our opinion £100,000 is a preposterous price to pay for three claims whose value is merely speculative.

Hannan's South Brownhill Gold Mines, Limited.—This company comes out with a capital of £100,000, and is to acquire twenty-six acres at Kalgoolie, Hannan's Field, for which it is to pay £80,000. The property is said to be valuable. Probably it is, but little or no development work has been done, and the purchase price seems to us far and away beyond what it ought to be.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Isle of Man Tramways Company. H. C. (Manchester).—We do not think the shares worth 36s. 6d. **Cycle Manufacturers.** J. M. (Glasgow).—We know nothing against them. **Slate Manufacturers.** A. A. E. (Edinburgh).—You can get the names from the ordinary sources of information. **Outside Brokers.** PALLADIUM (Glasgow).—They promise what they cannot perform. The other people you name are, so far as we know, "fair and square." **West Australian Gold Mining Company.** J. B. (Glasgow).—The Associated is among the largest from which early crushings are expected. You must be more precise if we are to answer your other question. **Black Flags.** J. T. K. (East Dulwich).—Recent reports are encouraging, and you are not likely to go far wrong, if you buy at the quotations you name. **Lyons.** BETA (Highgate Rise).—We should hold, but sell if they get within sight of what you paid for them. **Four Companies.** C. R. H. (Nottingham).—We have no information as to the West Beacon Mining Company, the Porley Hall Colliery Company, the British Nation Fire Insurance Company, or the National Marine Salvage Company. **Position of Electrical Company.** W. S. (West Bridgford).—The outlook is not bright, and we are inclined to advise you to sell if you can get the 1½. **Safe Investment.** J. L. (Dundee).—We cannot advise you to put your £50 into a speculative purchase like that of mining shares. **Rates of Interest.** T. W. (Hull).—Our statement was that of Counsel, and we have neither time nor inclination for the academic arithmetic to which you invite us. **Safe Speculation.** F. W. R. (Leeds).—No. **Sound Investments.** R. H. (Preston).—One or two of the securities named represent sound investments, but none of them is among those we should select. **Maple and Co.** CHEMICS (Leeds).—The preference shares represent an excellent investment. See the report of the meeting just held. **Information as to Companies.** A. E. (Edinburgh).—Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year Book" or Burdett's "Intelligencer." The former is much the cheaper, and quite sufficient for your purpose. **Palmarejos.** J. T. B. (Kilburn).—We cannot recommend a purchase, nor do we advise you to buy "low priced West Australian mining shares" if by that you mean shares much below par. We know of no Westralian share at a heavy discount much worth picking up. **Investment of £200.** B. A. (Sale).—All the shares you name have been frequently recommended to investors by TO-DAY. They are all sound home industrial concerns, infinitely preferable for the investor to mining shares. The only point for consideration is whether, since all the shares in your list are at very heavy premiums, you might not do better by going into some younger company of the same class whose shares at present are to be got at a smaller premium.

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WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.—II. RUTH. A. J. GOODMAN
VENDETTA MARINA ... CLARK RUSSELL

Three Illustrations by T. WALTER WILSON, R.L.
"She's in a faint," said the doctor. "See this, captain?"—"That's the old Ramillies."—"We brought the ship to a stand and lowered a boat."

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P. ADDISON BRIGHT
Photographs by Messrs. FRADELLE and YOUNG.
Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P.—Sir Edward Clarke's house at Staines.—The drive.—Sir Edward Clarke's notes.—A page from Sir Edward Clarke's note-book.—The dining-room.—The study.—Sir Edward Clarke's favourite dog.

A MODEL CRIME ... W. PETT RIDGE
Three Illustrations by HAL HURST.
"Chloroform might do," said James, thoughtfully.—Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside.—James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.—I, II., & III.—JOSEPH HATTON

Four Illustrations by W. H. MARGETSON.
"A day comes when you half wish your rooms had taken fire."—Shirley Brooks.—"Hiding away our properties among the gravestones in the churchyard."—Mrs. Rousby.

MORE BIRDS OF A FEATHER ... ANTHONY HOPE
PHROSO: A ROMANCE. CHAPTERS III. & IV.—

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.
"I was left alone in the hall with the prisoner."—"Came near with the knives."—"The enemy were in full retreat."—"Held a very substantial-looking whip in his hand."

"AU REVOIR" ... HOUNSON BYLES
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Illustrations by E. H. GOODWIN.
"The mere presence of a fish seems to arouse their worst passions."—"There is an idea abroad that it is a department of the South Kensington Museum."

A LONG VIEW ... CHAS. PEARS
"THE POETRY OF ART" ... ROY COMPTON

Eleven Illustrations by R. SAUBER, R.B.A.
"The Golden Lure."—A study.—"The Angel of Death bearing away the Soul."—Robert Sauber, R.B.A.—Illustration from "The Rose had been Washed."—"Literature."—"An Afternoon Call."—"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"—"The Three Snake Leaves."—"Sorrow."—"The Trysting Bower."

THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.—II. HERR
DOLLE'S DIAMONDS ... HERBERT KEEN

Four Illustrations by W. DEWAR.
Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office.—There was only one cashier.—"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.—"This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton."

THE HISTORY OF "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS." Photographs by GEO. HANA and W. D. DOWNEY.

Miss Maud Jeffries as "Mercia."—Miss Grace Warner as "The Empress Poppea."—Mr. Franklin McLeay as "Nero."—Mr. Wilson Barrett as "Marcus, Prefect of Rome."—Mr. Franklin McLeay as "Nero."—Group of Patrician Ladies.—Miss Maud Hoffman as the original "Berenis."—Miss Gertie Boswell as "Cyrene."—Miss Maud Hoffman as the original "Berenis."—Mr. Alfred Brydson and Miss Haidee Wright as "Favius" and "Stephanus."—Miss Abida Cortelyou as "Ancaria."—Miss Daisy Belmore as "Dacia."—Miss Haidee Wright as "Stephanus."

THE HUSBAND OF THE PRINCESS ... E. S. GREW

Three Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS.
"I should think," remarked one of the roses in bloom, unkindly, "that you've been standing out in the sun."—"As we lean over the railings at the side of the stalls."—"My great hit," he added, "was 'The Shabby Gentle'."

LETTERS TO CLORINDA.—II. JEROME K. JEROME

THE GORGONZOLA UNLOOSED ... ALAN WRIGHT

THE RED ROOM ... H. G. WELLS

ROWING AT OXFORD ... OLIVER S. JONES

Seven Illustrations by GEORGE C. HAITE, R.B.A., and others.
The Clunker Fours. Waiting for the gun.—The Race.—Coaching in the Boat-house.—The summer eight oar races at Oxford. A bump imminent.—Bumping race at Oxford. First two boats starting.—A view from the meadows.—Tubbing at Oxford.

"THE NANSENS" ... J. ARTHUR BAIN

Eleven Illustrations.
The "Fram." Dr. Nansen's ship.—Dr. Nansen.—Nansen on "Ski."—Nansen and his crew, after crossing Greenland.—Fru Nansen.—The launching of the "Fram."—The "Fram" at anchor.—Viking ship at Christiania.—Nansen's home at Lysaker.—Nansen's study at Lysaker.—Nansen's farewell.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET

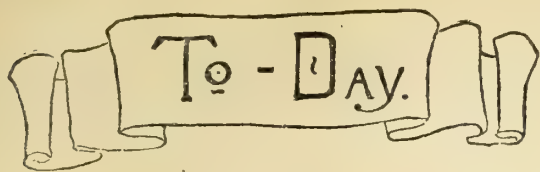
THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—HUNTING—MAX COWPER AND FRED PEGRAM

THE IDLERS' CLUB.—THE MAN IN LOVE. How Does HE APPEAR TO HIMSELF?

F. FRANKFORT MOORE, FOSTER FRASER, W. L. ALDEN, and G. B. BURGIN.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

I AM glad the *Daily Telegraph* has been advised to abandon its intention of working up a mad dog scare. To continue would have been wicked. The majority of men and women are fearful cowards. They are not to blame; it is their temperament, and they cannot help themselves. Whether any human being ever died of hydrophobia is extremely doubtful. Doctors who have given the matter attention deny the possibility. One well-known doctor I was speaking to the other day told me that some years ago, wishing to study the matter, he followed up every case of reported hydrophobia throughout the country, but never found one instance authenticated. When he heard that a man had died of hydrophobia, he travelled post-haste to make inquiries, but found that the only proof was the certificate of some small local man who knew nothing about the subject, and who, in all probability, had mistaken for hydrophobia some much more common disease, the symptoms of which were unfamiliar to him.

THE fear of hydrophobia is put into men's minds by silly journalistic articles, written by uneducated hacks, and the terror of the thing has sent weak people almost crazy. Had the *Telegraph* continued to keep its doors open to the subject, columns of hysterical twaddle would have been flourished before the public, the only thing benefited being that gigantic fraud, the Pasteur Institute, which, since its establishment has killed hundreds of patients who, without its aid, might have been living to this day. The vivisectionists for their own purposes have always tried to boom hydrophobia, and our periodical rabies scare comes as a little god-send to them. It comforts a certain number of old ladies and gentlemen to know that an order is occasionally issued for the muzzling of all dogs. They are under the impression that, when a dog goes mad, he waits to have his muzzle put on, and then goes out into

the street to get himself killed by the nearest policeman, and, on the whole, it is simpler to allow the farce to be played than to argue with these people.

ONE useful purpose the muzzling order serves is that it always calls forth a good crop of more or less absurd, but generally amusing dog stories. We always have the tale of the dog without a muzzle, who helps his muzzled friend. He carefully unbuckles the strap, and pulls the muzzle off. I believe the two dogs then proceeded to pawn the muzzle and to "blue" the money at the nearest cats' meat barrow. Then we have the dog who goes and puts on his own muzzle before going out, and gets the cat to fasten it for him. Also the mean dog, who, when he meets another dog without a muzzle, runs round the corner and fetches a policeman. Also the gentlemanly dog, who, muzzled himself, comes across his leading enemy, wired and helpless, and who, before proceeding to fight, helps the other dog off with his muzzle, so that they can begin fair. I have always enjoyed these stories, and while the muzzling order is in force, I always watch carefully the columns of my *Times*.

How times are changed! The other day at a railway station I was startled to find myself face to face with an advertisement of the *Daily News*, "Read the *Daily News*," the placard ran, "for the latest sporting intelligence!" I rubbed my eyes; was I dreaming? Had some worldly person been playing a joke upon my esteemed contemporary? No, the placard was repeated on every hoarding. The organ of the Nonconformist conscience, the organ of the great moral party, gives the best sporting tips! Is puritanism on its last legs in England that the *Daily News* dares to come forth with such an announcement? Do I not remember reading in my *Chronicle*, *News*, and *Echo* eloquent tirades against the sin of sport, demanding that Parliament should prohibit racing, make betting punishable by penal servitude, and the publication of sporting intelligence a criminal offence? Or have my contemporaries discovered that to be successful a paper must appeal to the sporting public? If the newspaper proprietor is once satisfied on this point we need have no fear of editorial philippics against sport. The idea that a newspaper ever led public opinion is a pleasant little journalistic myth that will not bear examination. The public make up their mind as to what they want, and the able editor bustles up and sees that they have it. Principles are interesting things to talk about, but the good old dollar comes out at the top in most discussions.

At Altrincham Petty Sessions, before Messrs. R. H. Joynson (in the chair), A. W. Mills, G. Rooke, B. Allen, J. W. Sidebotham, M.P., H. Cawley, and G. Bowen, a man named John Malan was charged with illtreating a pony by thrashing it unmercifully, while a boy walked by its side and beat it with a stick. The pony was in such an emaciated condition that it could hardly walk. Malan had paid 37s. 6d. for the pony, and had been recently warned. This shameful bench of magistrates contented themselves with fining the beast twenty shillings, inclusive of costs.

At Samford Petty Sessions, before Capt. A. H. Morse (Chairman), Rev. J. H. Hocking, A. M. Barnard, Esq.,

J. O. Fison, Esq., J. A. Hempson, Esq., and Sir Alfred Hughes, a couple of labourers were charged with cruelty to a cat. They pinned it to the ground with a pitchfork through its body, and then beat it. The prosecuting counsel hoped that the Bench would show their abhorrence of the defendants' cruelty, by inflicting such heavy punishment as would stop similar instances in the district. Capt. Morse, Rev. J. H. Hocking, and the others promptly dismissed the case. At Belfast, for proved cruelty of a serious kind to a mare, a man was fined half-a-crown.

At Aldershot, before Colonel Birch (chairman), Mr. W. T. Robertson, Colonel Twentyman, and Major Pidcock Henzell, a man named William Holliday was charged with cruelty to a horse. On examination of the animal a terrible mass of sores was found under the collar and pad. Holiday was fined one guinea. At Birkdale County Police-court, before Dr. Barron and other magistrates, a man named John Rainford was charged with gross cruelty to a mare. Dr. Barron showed his sympathy with the brute by fining him only a shilling. At the Ystrad Police-court, before Messrs. Ignatius Williams and Dr. D. R. James, a collier named John Williams was charged with torturing a cat. Williams hung the cat on a clothes line, and then kicked at it as it swung. The magistrates insulted the law by inflicting a fine of ten shillings.

On the other hand, at Birmingham Police-court, before Messrs. Cook and Harris, a man, named Thomas Lloyd, for starving a mare to death, was sentenced to one month's hard labour. At Bedford Borough Police-court, before the Mayor, Henry Chambers was sentenced to fourteen days hard labour for cruelty to a dog. At the Hanley Police-court, Joseph Berrisford, a carter, for cruelty to a mare, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. At Newport, George Childs, general dealer, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for starving a donkey to death. At Macclesfield, before Messrs. E. H. Greg (in the chair), H. Phillips, F. Greg, H. C. Bates, G. C. Greenwell, and W. D. Birchenough, Col. J. W. H. Thorp, and the Mayor, a horse dealer, named Thomas Stubbs, of Macclesfield, for cruelly driving a lame horse, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. I have insisted again and again that once let it get known that wilful and deliberate cruelty is invariably punished by imprisonment, no matter what the social standing of the defendant, and cruelty cases would almost disappear from the lists. Magistrates appear to be waking up to this fact slowly but surely.

WHAT the reporter calls a curious defence to a breach of promise case was set up the other day by a man named Garrard. Mr. Garrard pleaded that if any agreement had been made by him with the plaintiff, then he was of unsound mind when he made it. This defence reminds us of Leach's old story: "Officiating clergyman, to would-be bride, severely: 'How dare you come here to be married with a man in that state!' Bride tearfully: 'Please sir, I never can get him to come when he is sober!'" It is an ungallant defence, but a humorous one. A clever counsel would have suggested

that Mr. Garrard had been driven mad from excessive affection. The jury found that the defendant was not mad when he entered into the engagement, but that he had become mad subsequently. Whether this was the result of being engaged to the lady in question, we do not know.

I am glad to see that my friend, Mr. Nisbet of the *Referee*, one of the half dozen journalists in England who ever dream of thinking for themselves, is beginning to doubt the religion of free trade. Free trade all the world over would be an excellent thing; free trade for England, and protection for all her rivals is a policy of slow suicide. Writes Mr. Nisbet:—"Now we have all been brought up on free trade, and in many minds it has become so much of an established principle as to be no more debatable than the demonstrations of Euclid. Yet, I think it is well to look into it in the light of fifty years' experience. Doing so, one must be struck by the fact that free trade has by no means answered the expectations of its original promoters." Free trade has become a fetish in English politics. Its advocates never argue on the subject; they content themselves with abusing their opponents. The working man is told that free trade gives him a cheap loaf; his friends forget to tell him that that cheap loaf is chiefly responsible for the unemployed. To be at work all the year round, and pay a little more for his loaf, might suit him better. Free trade is chiefly of service to the middleman; Parliament is chiefly composed of middlemen, and the press is owned by the middleman, so naturally free trade obtains a good deal of support. When British agriculture has been completely ruined and every British industry closed, our statesmen may wake to the fact that in an industrial community the producer cannot be entirely ignored without damage also to the consumer.

DURING the last few years, the annual supply of larks for London, from the Dunstable neighbourhood of Bedfordshire, was over forty-eight thousand. I am no sentimentalist on this subject. I would have no objection to larks being bred for food as chickens and partridges are. But the extermination of the larks from our English fields would be a sad day's work. The country would not be the country without the song of our larks, and it will be a poor consolation for the silence to reflect that a certain number of pot-bellied gourmands have stuffed their carcasses a little fuller than they might have done. In many districts of France, they have turned the country into a desert where the song of a bird is hardly ever heard, and in England we are following the example. There is no singer of the fields that we should miss more than the lark. His song may not be the sweetest, but it is the noblest of all the winged voices. Many a sad man and woman must have caught hope, as it has fluttered down to earth from his straining throat. Is the joyous little fellow to be taken from us for ever, merely to swell the profits of the poulterers and the restaurant keepers?

I FEAR the time has not yet come for the realisation of Mr. Holman Hunt's poetical dream of the return of the Jews to Palestine. Centuries of servitude and oppression make a bad national school. Were the

Jews to return at present into Palestine, we should only have a repetition of the Armenian question. Meekness and love of peace are beautiful traits, but they are not the weapons by which a people gain and hold their own. Mr. Holman Hunt thinks a hundred million pounds would purchase and start Palestine for the Jews. But that is not the way nationalities are founded and re-established. The old methods by which Palestine was won, one fears, are still the only true ones. Joshua relied rather on steel than on gold, and paid the purchase price in blood. Were the Jews to seize upon Palestine, smiting its present possessors hip and thigh, according to precedent they might hope to become a nation again. But if purchase were talked of, the wily Turk would pocket their money, and congratulate himself upon having lured into his trap a rich people to murder and plunder.

THE PLUCK FUND.—I have to acknowledge the receipt of 1s. from B. H., South Wales.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

H. L. and others draw my attention to the prosecution of a horse-dealer at Wakefield for "nicking" horses. The operation fully described in the reports seems to be an exceedingly cruel one. It is done for the purpose of making horses a little more showy according to the fancy of fashion. The bench decided that the operation was a cruel one, but the defendant has appealed. I shall await the decision of the court with anxiety.

H. G. B.—Your scheme of night schools where men might attend to train after business hours would be serviceable in keeping up their efficiency after this had been attained, but it would not make soldiers of them. I thank you for your kind remarks about To-DAY.

F. H. H.—I confess to prejudices. I never knew a man who did not possess them, though I have come across many who imagined that they were free from them. That type of Radical journalist and speaker who is always denouncing his own country, impressing upon us that every other nation is quite right, and we always quite wrong, irritates me to madness. I do not pretend for a moment that I give him fair treatment. Privately he might be a most delightful personage, but I think he would be better for a treatment of shot-gun and spiked club.

R. G. B., writing with some authority, points out that young lads are improved morally by entering into the Army. As he says, lads in school and factory learn bad habits, and nothing is thought of it. When they enlist, their folly is soon discovered and their manners improved, not always by the most pleasant means, but effectually. I quote the conclusion of my correspondent's letter:—"The soldier may be rather partial to the girls, indeed he would not be a man if otherwise, but as a rule you will find him more interested in football, cricket, quoits, and all other outdoor sport. I mention this to help to dispel the illusion that the soldier is such a dreadful creature as some people would like to make out."

P. T. L. writes me—"From my ordination as a priest of the Church of England, I have considered myself enlisted to fight against the forces of the Devil, and I find (as I should like to tell you I was warned by my Bishop, the late Bishop of Newcastle, I should find), both from a careful study of Christ's words, and from my personal experience, that I am more often fighting against hypocrisy and cant. Much of what you write echoes as a trumpet call in my daily warfare. . . . I fear you are a little inclined to mistrust parsons as a body. I so often find a brother among them that some of your remarks hurt. If the "Man in the Street" would only remember that parsons are but men, and from the nature of their profession, the black sheep are put forward in the full light of day, he would not be so ready to talk as if we were all of a pattern. I enclose a cutting of to-day's *Newcastle Journal*, which may interest you, as an example of what we are so often accused of doing—rowing in the same boat with the Publican. When you are inclined to be down on parsons, remember that there are vicars of Holy Island among us as well as—I need not mention names." The cutting my correspondent encloses tells how a life-boat was launched to the rescue of some fishers. The two first men to volunteer were the Vicar of Holy Island and a publican, Mr. Wilson, of the Northumberland Arms. There is that touch of nature in this story that makes the whole world kin. I do not think it matters whether one is a good parson or a good publican so long as one does one's duty. I like to think of that lifeboat facing the waves, and these two men rowing side by

side. In the stress of journalism, one is apt, as my correspondent says, to lump men and things together. I would ask my friends to make allowance in these matters for the heat of argument. There are grand fellows among the parsons, and plenty of men in the street are sneaks. We are all apt to speak of the class rather than of the individual. The parson from the pulpit says the stage is immoral; he means that some actors and actresses are immoral. The journalist calls parsons prigs; he means that some of them are prigs. He knows that many of them are noble-hearted gentlemen.

RANDOLPH, JUN.—No study of books will teach you to write English. Study will only help you to better yourself if you have the talent within you. You must select the styles that fit you. Thackeray would have ruined himself by attempting to follow a Bacon or a Macaulay. Read all the good stuff that you can lay your hands on, and you will find yourself drifting into a liking for one particular school. Language will come to you if you have the gift of writing. It is not the lack of words that stands in the way, but lack of idea that is the insuperable barrier. Most young people are discontented. Life is strange and alarming to them. As one lives one fits oneself into one's groove. Ambition is merely an attempt to find one's own work.

L. H. M.—I know nothing of the Association, and that suggestion of £2 is slightly suspicious, though I may be doing an injustice. If you like to carry the matter further, and to let me know the result, I shall be better able to judge.

W. H. M.—Spanish newspapers may be obtained at the Librairie Francaise, 18, Wardour Street, W. Dailies are:—*El Liberal*, *El Emparcial*, *El Correo*; price, post free, twopence each. Weekly: *Blanco Negro*, illustrated; post free, fourpence-halfpenny.

AGNOSTO, A. M. B., A. J. W., and A. B. are thanked for their letters.

G. S.—Thanks for cutting. The woman Morris should certainly have been imprisoned, but the fine of £5 was the next best thing.

BOTHERED.—Yes. Life is full of little problems—little ironies, as Mr. Hardy would call them. But there is no book of answers to life's problems; each man works these little sums out for himself. If moral advice is all you want, of course I could give you plenty of that. Or you can try abusing yourself to yourself. You can imagine how the counsel for the petitioner will denounce your conduct—"false friend, betrayer, seducer." Of course, you know what will happen if you do "go over the precipice." You will probably marry her, and two years later you will both hate each other. There is no reason why a woman who has proved false to her first husband should not be false to her second—that is, to you; for the moment we slip the reins of civilisation we are guided only by our emotions; then, to know what a person is going to do, one has to know their character. Genuine passion is an excuse for much, but too often we play with our feelings. A bored woman, of too shallow a nature ever to have been really in love, finds a lover interesting; a young man with nothing to occupy his mind finds making love to another man's wife rather piquante. It is easier to fancy oneself in love than to be so.

T. W., as an old tea planter, knows that cheap tea will wreck any digestion. Dear tea will do it, if taken in sufficient quantities, as I know.

SAD ONE.—(If you knew how sad it made me to print ridiculous pseudonyms you would give me initials.) If you love the young lady, and the young lady loves you, why bother about her relations? Your bashfulness will wear off, but it is a matter of time and experience. If her people, as you say, are more refined and better educated than yourself, then they are superior to you, and you must be content to acknowledge it, and try to improve yourself in this direction. Reading will help you a little, but not much; the wish to be a nice man will do more. I expect you are to blame more than anybody else; I should say you think too much of yourself. This leads to self-consciousness and sulkiness. You sit sullen, feeling yourself a terribly injured person, instead of setting to work to try and make yourself agreeable. You appear to them boorish.

S. Y. F. (Cape Town).—I have often thought that a diary might be made intensely interesting if one dared put one's real thoughts into it, but then there would always be the fear lest it should come under anyone else's eyes. I thank you very much for your pleasant letter and kind remarks. You could get To-DAY direct from this office. See back page.

C. W. P.—I thank you for your very interesting extract. I should not have called Charles Kingsley one of the greatest thinkers of the century. All sport is more or less cruel, but the animal in its excitement does not suffer to the extent that some people would suppose.

C. S. T.—I have no means of giving you the address.

GLASGOW.—I am answering a similar question this week to R. C. Inspectorships of weights and measures are competed for. They are by no means easy to obtain, as the number of applicants is sure to be greatly in excess of the vacancies. I should doubt your education being such as to give you any hopes.

H. D. sends me a batch of massage advertisements, all cut from the same journal. He asks me if these places in any way resemble American and Continental massage establishments. I am very much inclined to think they do. Some months ago a

representative of mine paid a visit to one or two, and his report, though interesting, was distinctly unfit for publication. In London the business is set about more circumspectly, but to these massage establishments, where gentlemen are treated by Nurse This, and Mademoiselle That, I should apply a shorter definition.

J. D.—Those goody-goody friends of yours appear to confound joyfulness with sinfulness. I fear they will never learn.

F. J. P.—Yours is an exceptional case. In all movements the individual here and there has to suffer for the good of the cause. With compulsory education, there are now very few men of business who are not in a position to cope with figures, and, in future, such a case as you describe could hardly exist. I am glad you like the new *Idler*. Mr. Weyman is at present taking a deserved holiday. I have his next novel.

CHERRY.—You will find no more information than is given in Mr. Russell's own book.

S. H.—The heading you enclose me was quite dry when the envelope was opened. The ink we now use dries very quickly. Where we once had ten complaints, we now get one, so you see we are trying to do our best, and *TO-DAY* compares well in this respect with other journals. As the matter interests me just at present, I take the liberty of quoting your last paragraph:—"I am very pleased with the new *Idler*, and think it now ranks among the very best of our English magazines."

H. D.—I thank you for your letter; you make a good point. To my other Correspondents on the question of college chapels, I can only say that I decline to be drawn into a religious discussion, and can see no reason for taking back anything that I said in the paragraphs in question.

C. J. H.—The 'bus conductor desires me to express his thanks to you for your kind note.

H. B.—I see nothing very unjust in the case to which you draw my attention. Undoubtedly, people were served with beer while in a drunken condition. The case, as you say, was a very trivial one, and the landlord's only fault was slight carelessness. But a fine of forty shillings and costs was not a very severe one, and, as the magistrates decided not to endorse the licence, they can hardly be accused of malice. It is necessary to make publicans careful upon this matter. The more strictly the law is kept, and the less drunkenness that is permitted, the fewer the weapons put into the hands of the fanatics. I thank you for all the kind things you say about *TO-DAY*.

S. J. W.—Thinks the age for entering the navy should be raised from 17 to 20 years. He is of the opinion that few parents care to send youths so young out into the world. The difficulty would be to know what to do with the lads after seventeen. The continuation of education up to the age of twenty can only be afforded by a few parents. Taking the argument all round I think the younger age is the more practicable.

R. C.—Inspectorship of weights and measures is an appointment under the Civil Service. The Civil Service Guide (to be obtained from any bookseller) will give you all particulars.

R. L.—Commenting upon the interesting murder case, the details of which were given under the heading of "Circuit Sketches," tells me the police constable who worked up the case is now the chief constable for Cardiganshire.

M. M. H. suggests that *TO-DAY* should publish the portraits of those magistrates who disgrace themselves by their leniency towards brutes. I am afraid the scheme would not conduce towards the ornamentation of the pages of *TO-DAY*.

R. W. draws my attention to two sentences passed at Newbury, a little while ago, by Mr. Justice Grantham. It one case a Sir Charles Nugent, Bart., was indicted for obtaining credit to the extent of over £200 from a widowed woman named Mrs. Nunney. Mr. Justice Grantham sentenced Sir Charles to two days' imprisonment. Afterwards a man named Hale pleaded guilty to obtaining 3s. 6d. by false pretences from Reginald

Hann. Hale had impersonated his grandmother—I should like to have seen the performance. Mr. Justice Grantham sentenced him to nine months' hard labour.

T. F. W.—I thank you for your enclosure. The life of Godoy, Prince of the Peace would make a very interesting story. In "Rafael," of course, he only enters as one of the characters.

H. D.—The article had reference only to the play and the acting. I thank you for your subscription to the *Pluck Fund*, which is acknowledged in another column. I think if I were the proprietor of the paper *Church of To-day*, I should follow up that fraud. It is rather a serious one to have been perpetrated upon a respectable journal.

A. R.—I shall be beginning a new serial in April, written by Mr. H. G. Wells, author of "The Time Machine," and "The Stolen Bacillus." In it, the bicycle figures as an instrument of romance.

J. B.—Your best plan would be to take the pictures to H. Graves, of Pall Mall, Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, or McLean, 7, Haymarket. Of course you could do nothing without bringing the pictures to London.

T. P. J.—There is some reason to be urged for the docking of horses' tails. In summer weather you could hardly drive a horse with a tail a yard long swishing about.

P. H.—I can hardly take your letter seriously. Your friends who tell you so must be a pack of blackguards, and you must be a bit of a fool to listen to them.

T. P.—I have not my *Referee* of 16th. Will you kindly send me the cutting?

"OLD AS THE HILLS."—There is no doubt that in the early history of the human race, some very fine specimens of men and women were obtained from marriage between cousins, first and otherwise, though of course no one pretends that it is advisable. Might not some of the dreadful results you set forth have originated from other causes? I have known marriages between cousins attended by no evil, though I can agree that such relationships should be discouraged.

"YOUNG SCOT" writes me regarding conscription:—"Having read your remarks in *TO-DAY* lately on the subject of conscription, I now seize the opportunity of letting you know how thoroughly I myself, and almost every young fellow I know, concur with you on this subject. I am sure that if conscription were to be enforced to-morrow, the young men of Glasgow would hail it with joy. As a proof of this, every Volunteer regiment in this city, on the rumours of war which have just passed over us, had its ranks swelled enormously. The corps of which I am a member (1st Lanark Rifles), alone had its ranks increased by several hundred. If this is not a proof of the willingness of young men to sacrifice their private interests to those of their country, what is? I am glad to see that the subject has been taken up by such a sensible man as yourself, acting through an organ so influential as *TO-DAY*; I heartily wish that it may have the desired effect."

A. H. M. writing me with regard to Sunday dullness, says:—"In some of our parks, notably this one (Battersea), one can see many happy young fellows and girls cycling and boating, and the more fortunate riding and driving. This, however, is as far as one can go. Why is it not possible to throw open these places to cricket, football, tennis, bowls and the like? Why close the gymnasiums? It is only a few of us who can afford bicycles or hire a boat—it seems as if those who are poorer are to be denied the enjoyment of national sports. Apart from this, there are many hundreds of girls and fellows who never have a chance to join in a healthy outdoor game." A change in this direction is coming, but we English move slowly, and it will be many years before the prejudices of old follies are rooted out.

B. B. B.—Thanks for your note, but I should not like to deal with the case without reference to the original reports.

R. U. (NEWCASTLE).—You should put the question to your ordinary medical practitioner, who would know in a moment.

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E. E. AND CO. (GREENWICH).—I am glad you all like To-DAY so much. I will carry your complaints to the artist. You will see from his name that he is a well-known man, whose work appears in most of the best illustrated papers.

A. C. (CARDIGAN).—Bigots of the type of Mr. Williams, J.P., are, I fancy, growing fewer. They are only to be found in the ranks of the old. The younger generation, I am inclined to think, will breed few of them.

J. C.—I cannot see with you in this Jameson affair, and in further argument we should both only emphasise our own views. Had Dr. Jameson and his troopers lived in sterner times, they would not be here to be cheered. I thank you for the kind things you say about To-DAY. Change your point of vision. For Dr. Jameson, substitute a German administrator or a Boer burgher, and then see if the raid, ill-managed from beginning to end and promptly snuffed out with a loss of some twenty-five men, looks such a very magnificent affair. If this thing appears to us a marvel of courage, then we have sadly deteriorated.

E. H. S.—Thanks for your letter, which interested me much. I shall try and find time to read the pamphlet you mention.

M. B. writes me as a doctor on the subject of conscription as follows:—

From the *physician's* point of view, soldiering would be a great gain to the health of the nation at large. No doubt volunteering has done much, but, as a little consideration will show, it has not done enough. Steady perfect training of all the muscular nerves and senses is needed to produce the *mens sana in corpore sano*. From the nature of things it results that those most in want of athletic exercises don't get them. If every healthy young man was compelled between eighteen and twenty-five to attain a certain standard of physical culture, then the net would be drawn so close that the weaklings (I except the diseased) could not escape. There are two classes who would benefit amazingly from compulsory military service. First, the ordinary loutish country bumpkin would be set up, smartened, and his capacity for enjoying life immensely increased, and I firmly believe his passion for beer, merely as a stimulant, much diminished. At the opposite end of the scale, the mere creature of intellect would have his body nourished and thereby his mental faculties strengthened and made robust—surely a great gain to him and those whom he often powerfully influences. I have known many cases in my experience of young men breaking down from too intense devotion to study whom an enforced course of athletics would have saved from a premature death and an untimely grave.

CLUB CHATTER.

I WISH some enterprising wine merchant would fill his pockets with gold, and at the same time supply a long-felt want by sending out his wine in quarter bottles. Since my note on this subject the other week, I have been inundated with letters, the writers of which all agree with me that when they are lunching out alone a quarter-bottle of wine is all they want. As things are, a man is compelled to do one of three things. He can order a glass of wine and not have enough, or half a bottle of wine and have too much, or go without altogether and drink beer.

THE latter course is injurious to most men after they have reached middle age, unless they are living an active outdoor life. Of course, one can drink spirits, but they don't suit everybody, and no one can say that they make a fitting drink for luncheon. No; what is wanted in all restaurants is the quarter-bottle of wine. It is always to be procured on the Continent, and why should England wait? I am perfectly sure that the system would pay the wine merchant and the restaurateur, not only on account of the additional quantity of wine which would be drunk, but because it is always possible to get a better price for goods sold in small quantities than when they are distributed in bulk.

I HAVE been pleased to receive letters with reference to my paragraph on the Bantam. An interesting and practical epistle from Mr. J. W. Boothroyd, manager of the Crypto Works Company, has reached me too late to secure adequate attention this week; but I fancy it contains that which will enable me to make practical suggestions in connection with my proposed friendly test race. Mr. Boothroyd shall have every attention a week hence. In the meantime, let me say, in fairness

to the enterprising manager of the Crypto Works and his interesting Bantam, that he is willing to ride the thirty miles on the road, and not ask for the assistance of two other Bantams, as I suggested.

THE match to test the value of the Simpson lever chain will prove a rare event with which to open the cycling season. The preliminaries have reached a business-like stage. Everything is running true, and the battle of the gears will come off. An exhaustive test will be fair to the principals and interesting to thousands of people who wheel. To-DAY, in an impartial way, started the negotiations which have resulted in the match. Messrs. Simpson and MacCabe will go through with the thing, and they may be sure that the interest in the struggle will not be confined to these islands.

A WEEK ago I advocated the erection in Hyde Park of a building for the convenience of cyclists wishing to store their machines. Hundreds of cyclists keep their machines almost exclusively for riding in the Park. They will be pleased to hear that a building is going up, but it is at Hampton Court Gardens, and not at Hyde Park. By order of the First Commissioner of Works, a house is being erected at these gardens, just inside the Lion Gates, where cyclists will be enabled to leave machines in charge of the Palace attendants. This is not unpromising. If at Hampton Court Gardens, why not at Hyde Park? Is this an experiment? I sincerely hope it is. At any rate, it is an acknowledgment that the First Commissioner of Works can order the erection of buildings for the storage of cycles. If the building inside the Lion Gates proves practically useful, it ought not to be long before we see a similar house put up inside the Marble Arch.

THE Home Secretary is taking cycling questions up in a serious way. I should not be surprised if, before we are all awheel for the season, he takes a distinct step forward in connection with the licensing and registration matters. His answers to questions in the House recently have all pointed in that direction. He seems to have made up his mind that licensing, registration, and certainty of punishment will alone diminish the number of unlawful and dangerous acts performed by the large section of cyclists who are thoughtless and headstrong.

MR. DUNLOP, the inventor of the pneumatic tyre, has designed a new chain, which, he says, will almost completely abolish the loss due to friction. Diminished friction would, no doubt, be of inestimable value, though Mr. Dunlop is free to admit that there is not so great a loss in the present means of conveying power as has generally been supposed.

ON Sunday, in Hyde Park, the lookers-on during the cycle parade paid much attention to a couple of the Lu-mi-num machines, which promise to win their way into favour with cyclists.

I CAME across a new shade in coloured ties the other day. The tint was a sort of golden bronze, and the material was soft silk. These ties would only look well when the opening of one's waistcoat is very small, and the ties would then have to be tied very tightly, so as to show a small expanse of shirt-front on each side. No light tie looks very well when the wearer displays very much of it, and this is especially the case when the tie is worn under black coat and waistcoat.

MANY correspondents have written me lately, asking my advice on the subject of smoking coats. The best kind of garment for smoking in is a double-breasted lounge coat, and the most suitable material is navy blue serge. The coat should have a large collar of quilted silk, with cuffs to match. It is usual to fasten a smoking-coat with loops of braid and large oblong but-

tons, a style very similar to that adopted for overcoats. If any of my readers are thinking of investing in a new smoking coat, they should go one better and buy a whole suit, which in this instance means only the coat and trousers, the coat being always kept buttoned.

POPULAR presents are the useful purses and bags made from numerous kinds of skin. Purses with monograms formed of turquoise are being largely bought. There seems to be a disposition to initial everything to-day, and, after all, there is often no ornamentation prettier than one's own initials, artistically laid into or worked upon such things as bags and purses. I have seen some delightful specimens of this class of work in the West-end.

OCCASIONALLY I have been asked questions about the profession of dentistry. A few days ago business took me to the Dental Hospital, where I gleaned some particulars which ought to prove of interest to young men who are seeking to enter some profession that is not

overcrowded. The intending candidate will, first of all, be required to pass a preliminary examination and show a certain amount of knowledge in Latin and mathematics, and Greek, or French, or German. This may be done by passing the Oxford or Cambridge Locals, the London Matriculation or the Professional Preliminary Examination of the College of Preceptors, and the best age to do this is sixteen, when he is fresh from school, and the irksomeness of reopening old schoolbooks has not to be undergone. The next three years should be spent as an articled apprentice to a registered dentist in order to learn the purely mechanical side of his calling, and if he wishes to be a really good dentist he must regard this period as the most important of the whole course, and devote all his energies to mastering the minutiae of the mechanical art. The candidate should then commence a two years' course at a dental and general hospital simultaneously.

THIS profession, like any other, has its quacks, but these are being gradually weeded out, and are thus

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making room for properly qualified men, and, owing to the probable stiffening of the exams. and the raised fees, it does not seem likely—at any rate, for some time—that an energetic young fellow would have much difficulty in establishing himself anywhere. That the English schools of dentistry have a high reputation is proved by the numbers of foreigners who attend as students.

THEY were travelling in the same railway carriage, and they were both journalists. One was an elderly man, quite of the old school; the other was a young fellow, active and alert. The older of the two addressed the younger: "Now, my boy, when you see anything good in another paper, cut it out and read it in your leisure time. That will improve your mind. See, I've a capital article here," and the elderly man took a large newspaper cutting from his pocket. "We go one better than that in our office when we see anything good," said the younger man. "Well?" "We sneak it!"

It is announced in Paris that the *Shop Girl* is to be brought out there. For my own part I cannot see how

one single line in the play is likely to appeal to a French audience. Pretty as the music undoubtedly is, I am at a loss to understand what point the Parisian public will find in a piece which depends for its success on a thorough knowledge of the latest in London.

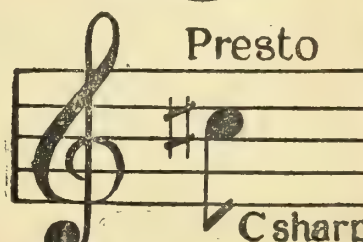
It is decidedly interesting to note that the Paris *Figaro* has decided to devote a certain space each day to men's dress, and has gone in for illustrations.

THE chair left vacant by Ambroise Thomas at the Conservatoire should fall either to Massenet or Saint Saëns. Both of them are a little eccentric. Massenet composes his music without the aid of a piano, and figuratively, hides himself in a cupboard on the night any opera of his is produced. He is a splendid *raconteur*, and very popular in Bohemian society of the higher order. Saint Saëns is a little eccentric. He has been known, after some great triumph, to disappear, and give the papers the chance of finding his dead body in a dozen places at the same time, to say nothing of making veiled hints that his mind has broken down, and that he is in a lunatic asylum.

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NOTHING is more significant to Paris to-day than the complete vindication of the excellence of English cooking. Twenty years ago our national dishes were unknown. To-day "rosbif" and "bifteck" are admitted into the French dictionaries. Every café that has attempted to hold on to the old traditions of the French *cuisine* is dying or dead. It is necessary for the polyglot restaurateur to come to London to sell his meats to the uninitiated Londoner, because the Parisian will have nothing but dishes English or Franco-English.

ENGLAND having swept the board with its cookery, has, during the last twelve months commenced the conquest of Paris with its bars. At one time the stock was exhausted with the Chatham, the Bodega, and the Continental, but to-day in every fashionable quarter of the City English bars, more sumptuous than any in London, are being founded, and what is the most curious point about the whole affair is that it is the Frenchman who wishes to be considered *chic* that is the principal customer. Meanwhile, English capital is responsible for three or four of the most popular music halls.

I HEAR from a Paris correspondent that the dashing birthday ball, on Saturday, at the Lafayette Home, was a most brilliant success. I suppose that there is hardly a man famed in art, literature, law, or finance, who has not, at some time or another, found himself at Dr. Thomas Evans's mansion in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and it is to the doctor's munificence that the Lafayette Home owes its existence. I know, as every Englishman and American knows, the splendid work that it has done, and that is why I am glad to hear that the success of the present ball stifled the recollection of all others.

I FIND that I was wrong, and I admit it. Recently I spoke doubtfully of the dog toilet story, but I have now found out the address, and seen some of the garments. The "Worth" of fashionable dogs is the Maison Ledouble in the Palais Royal, and among its clients are the Grand Duke Michael, the wife of the Khedive, and a score of world-famous folk. The costumes are bewildering. There are flannel night-shirts for the winter, gauze night-shirts for the summer, and silk night-shirts in case of stomachic pains. Overcoats with velvet, astrachan, and Medici collars are thought nothing of, and the finest clothes lined with the most delicate silks, are turned out by the score. Once a lady ordered a white silk dress trimmed with orange blossoms for a little dog that had long been in the family, and whose character had never been spoken slightly of, even by the butcher's whelp.

WHEN Ald. Faudel Phillips becomes Lord Mayor he will not go to France. He will, however, cross over to Ireland, where his tact and fine social qualities are greatly admired. No City alderman is more popular in Ireland than Alderman Phillips. I have heard it whispered that he will go to the distressful country in State. At any rate, there are on the other side of the Channel people who expect to see the State carriage in at least one of the Irish cities. As governor of the Irish society, the Alderman has taken a deep and practical interest in the immense landed estates and house property which the Corporation of London manage in Ireland. The election of the Governor of the Irish Society to the Mayoral chair in London would be popular with the Irish people.

THIS week Alderman and Mrs. Phillips have entertained a party of Irish gentlemen at their country residence. Mrs. Phillips is considered to be one of the

most charming and cultured of the English ladies who move in Dublin Castle society.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts has consented to distribute the prizes in connection with the South London Costers' Donkey and Pony Show. The Executive Committee will be glad to receive subscriptions to enable them to arrange the details of the Show. Cheques should be made payable and forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer, St. Peter's Rectory, Walworth, S.E.

THE statement of a Kensington paper that TO-DAY has changed hands is entirely without foundation.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]
Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

O. B. C.—Certainly, you can put up again for the same club.
MANCHESTER.—No gentleman's hosiery will think it too much trouble to teach you how to make up the ordinary dress bow tie and hunting stock.

E. O. B.—The fact that the Prince of Wales has favoured the new silk vest, will, as you suggest, be certain to revive the silk industry in Spitalfields.

E. O. B., WORCESTER PARK.—(1). B is right. A pegs 11; B 12. The sequences in each instance are unbroken, and the order in which they are is immaterial.

MERCI (Bedford).—Perfectly proper. Have the bouquet sent on by your florist. Leave your card, but only if you think the lady will credit someone else with the gift. The florist will aid you in selecting a suitable bouquet. I cannot teach you ball-room etiquette.

ROBIN.—The Solo caller who has made eight tricks and revoked, pays the Solo stakes only (no under tricks), and his liability to the pool is the same as if he lost his call in the ordinary way. Get "How to Play Solo Whist," by Wilks and Pardon (Chatto and Windus), published at two shillings.

LU-MI-NUM.—The Aluminium Jointless Cycle Frame Syndicate inform me, through their representative, that they are prepared to give proof of the correctness of the following statement. They say that bulk for bulk, they do not claim that their material is stronger than steel, but weight for weight, owing to the specific gravity of Lu-mi-num metal being practically the same as that of aluminium pure, they are enabled to put such a thickness in their tubes that they get for the same weight as the lightest steel tube, a very much stronger frame.

J. B. (Middleton Junction).—The drinking of large quantities of ale would be calculated to give a man indigestion, and there is no need to tell you that indigestion causes what you call a blossoming of the "boko." Can I advise a remedy? Change your drink and diminish the quantity, which appears to me to be too great—even for an unmarried man of thirty-one.

BEST MAN, BOURNEMOUTH.—You want me to tell you what your duties will be as best man. You will be expected to see after the payment of all fees and never to lose sight of the bridegroom on the marriage-day until after the ceremony. At the wedding breakfast you will not, as you think, have to return thanks in connection with the toast of the bridegroom, but you will have to reply if a similar compliment is paid to the bridesmaids. If someone (either a relative or someone well-known to either the bride or bridegroom's family) proposes the health of bride and bridegroom together, the bridegroom himself will reply. Yes, you had better don a frock coat, though the usual morning coat with light trousers would be sufficient. Use your own judgment in selecting the colour of your gloves and tie. The bridegroom and not the best man ought to provide the bouquets for the bride and bridesmaids.



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THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

"A Little Love Affair," by Gyp (Tower Publishing Company, 2s.), is the bald narration of a mean and vulgar fiasco. Here we have a "belle Marquise," who, by the tact she displays in receiving an unexpected declaration from the only gentleman in the story, gives promise in Chapter I. of being more tolerable to the reader than her life is to herself. But a disappointment is in store; for in Chapter II. the weather spoils a picnic, and, on the way home, a young provincial Vicomte (about whom one's only doubt is as to whether he is more prig or cad), squeezes her hand under the carriage-rug; at which her virtuous soul is so surprised out of its safeguards that she falls desperately in love with him at once. That the Vicomte is both cad and prig is evident to the Marquise, and that they are both fools is manifest to the reader. Undeniably, there is something pathetic in the hysterical affection of a lady, to whom one had ascribed at first both sense and decency, for a callous Vicomte quite obviously destitute of either; but it is the pathos of idiocy. So many things are spoilt in these two hundred and odd infinitesimal pages, that, when I had an inkling the Marquise meant suicide, my one fear was lest that should also prove a fiasco. The dialogue (usually the strong point of this authoress) is sometimes lifelike, and, consequently, as dull as the talk of frivolous people always is; sometimes unlikelike, when it seems duller still. There are only two interesting people in the book, a crotchety old bachelor and a very young girl. People who lead healthy and intelligent lives have no time to waste over such books as this, which are as valueless to literature as the society they portray is to the workaday world. Any charm of style which the story may possess in the original has been lost in Mrs. Patchett Martin's translation.

* * * *

After this tragedy of dishonour, it is refreshing to turn to Miss Nora Vynne's little love affair, "A Comedy of Honour" (No. II. of the Nautilus Series, Ward, Lock). Miss Vynne tells a story in much the same manner as Gyp—large beads of dialogue on a little thread of narrative; but it is a better story better told. The English writer knows "life" and "society" as well as the French, and human-nature a great deal better. The story is a kind of quadrilateral duel between two pairs of lovers, very cleverly worked out. Its heroine is a modern development of great interest—a girl with a conscience—not a "robust conscience"—quite the reverse. "It's a pity you have a conscience, Lois," said her friend, "if it makes you look so white and queer." But the conscience that leads Lois into her difficulties leads her triumphantly out again, and leaves the reader thinking that an immature conscience is better than none at all. All the people in this book are alive, and none of them is ever dull. You feel, however, that this is but an episode in their lives, which are not made up of miserable intrigues; not merely a turbid eddy under the mudbank, but part of the main stream of the life of the world—a part, however small. The cover and title-page of the book are pretty. The frontispiece is not needed, and is weak in both drawing and reproduction.

* * * *

Mr. Robert Barr's new book, "A Woman Intervenes," (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is a very brightly written and well-worked out story. It excited much interest when it appeared serially in *The Idler*, and I am informed that Mr. Barr has since re-written a good deal of it. Briefly, the story (it is charmingly illustrated by Hal Hurst), deals with the intrigues of an American paper to get hold of two young Englishmen's report on a Canadian mine. All attempts to steal the report having failed on the other side, a certain Miss Brewster, a well-known New York journalist, as plucky as she is

pretty, sets to work to worm the secret out of one of the young men on board ship. The most dramatic scene in the book is where the good heroine prevents the bad one, by main force, from sending a cablegram to New York giving the contents of the report before it can be published in London. The good heroine has shut the bad one up in the cabin, and the only boat which can carry the cablegram from the disabled steamer to the shore is just starting:—

Both glanced up to see where the boat was, but it was not in sight. Several ropes were dangling down past the porthole. Miss Brewster sprang up on the sofa, and with her small hands turned round the screw which held the window closed.

Edith Longworth looked at her without making any attempt to prevent the unfastening of the window.

Jennie Brewster flung open the heavy brass circle which held the thick green glass, and again she screamed at the top of her voice, crying "Help!" and "Murder!"

The other did not move from her position. In the silence that followed, the steady splash of the oars could be heard, and again a rousing cheer rang out from those who were left upon the motionless steamer. Edith Longworth raised herself on tiptoe and looked out of the open window. On the crest of the wave, five hundred yards away from the vessel, she saw the boat for a moment appear, showing the white glitter of her six dripping oars; then it vanished down the other side of the wave into the trough of the sea.

"Now, Miss Brewster," she said, "you are at liberty to go."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. O. MACHONCHIE.—(1) Ninon de L'Enclos was celebrated for her beauty, gaiety, and wit, and notorious for her liaisons. She had two natural sons, one of whom fell in love with her when she was an old woman, and, on discovering the relationship, blew out his brains. (2) "A hill-top novel" is generally supposed to be one which deals with the relations of the sexes. Mr. Grant Allen is one of the principal exponents of this class of fiction, and dwells on a beautiful hill-top near Haslemere. Hence "the hill-top." Mrs. Grant Allen is one of the most delightful hostesses I ever met.

G. L.—Your sonnet is very dainty. There is a little book called "A Century of Sonnets," edited, I think, by my friend William Sharp. Try that.

JOHN A. SWEETEN.—There is no translation of Goethe's "Xenien" now in print. I doubt if there has ever been one.

C. H. H.—Quite a recent novel. I believe the price is 6s. You can order it through any bookseller.

W. THACKERAY, JUN.—Charles Nodier was a French author, who flourished at the beginning of the century. I believe he wrote a novel called "Trilby;" but only Mr. Du Maurier himself could say if that suggested the modern story.

J. MACKAY.—No value to a bookseller.

DURHAM.—Sorry I do not know "The Altruist." Cannot find it in any catalogue.

CHARON.—The "Robinson Crusoe" is not scarce. A bookseller would not ask more than 5s. for it, and not more than 1s. for odd vol. of "The Gentleman's Magazine."

W. PONSFORD.—"Shakespeares" are so plentiful that you will find it difficult to exchange your book. It would be better to apply to your own particular bookseller.

"ESQUIER."—Rule's "History of the Inquisition," two vols., 25s.

W. J.—Never heard of it. Sounds funny.

H. K. WILKINSON.—Very common. Only worth 2s. or 3s.

"LITERARY."—You want to know why the *Pall Mall Gazette* staff were called upon to resign? You will see the explanation in the paper. Mr. Astor says his editor did not obey orders; the editor says he did. I quite agree with you in hoping that the literary staff has gone also. It's cocksure caddishness with regard to Sir Walter Besant, for instance, was simply disgraceful. I remember one instance in which the editor apologised for "our reviewer's stupidity." Well, we shall see how the new brooms sweep.

A. J. M.—Very little value. Turner, of Chancery Lane, might give a few shillings for it. E. E. B.—Worthless.

CHARLOTTE MITFORD HAYWOOD.—Any letters addressed to Mr. Bertram Mitford, at the Junior Athenaeum Club, will be forwarded to him. I do not know whether he is a native of Adelaide. Glad you like *To-Day* in New South Wales.

A. K., M. S., F. B.—Cannot take any notice of anonymous letters.

A. G.—Lord Salisbury, in his speech of 12th Feb., said with reference to the Jameson affair: "It was a little unfortunate that they (the Government) should have taken occasion in their own official organ, through their official poet—(laughter)—to print, publish, and circulate a glowing eulogium on that raid. I have always considered the laureateship to be an obsolete office. I am inclined now to consider that it is also a dangerous one." (Laughter!)

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—(continued.)

The Queen seated herself at the King's desk and wrote—

"Dear Manuelito,—The plot has been discovered at last. Come here quickly, and bring with you the Marquès de Caballero, Minister of Justice, and Don Simon de Viegas, Procurator-General."

She signed, closed, and sealed the letter, while the King, who was quite overwhelmed, continued to weep, and from his trembling lips went up the prayer—

"My God, spare me this last, worst, trial! Grant that all this may be but a bad dream! Let my son prove that he is innocent."



THE KING WAS PLAYING CHESS.

The Queen overheard the murmured words—

"Your prayer is vain, Charles," she said coldly. "Your son is a great criminal."

CHAPTER V.

A PITIFUL PRINCE.

NOTHING of all this domestic tragedy was known in the Palace of the Escorial when evening fell. The Prince of the Asturias, entirely unconscious of the trap which was set for him, dined with his parents as usual, and failed to discern in the countenance or the bearing of either any trace of suspicion or solicitude. The Queen held her usual reception, or "circle," after dinner, and the features of the assembly were precisely normal. The Infante was present, and, as usual, held himself gloomily aloof from the company, addressing a few words only to such of the courtiers as made it evident that they

did not shrink from him although he was notoriously out of favour.

It was remarked, however, that the Queen spoke to him affectionately several times, and that the King smiled on him, and a general impression prevailed that a better state of feeling between the Royal parents and their son had somehow been brought about. The Prince himself was taken in; he could not imagine why the King and Queen had altered their bearing towards him so suddenly. Thus, after the drama of the day, a comedy was being enacted in the salon of the Queen of the Spains. Under forced smiles and kindly words lurked enmity and wrath. Marie Louise hid the darkest designs against her son under her fair words, and beneath his dutiful observance lurked a burning desire for vengeance.

The Infante was able to control himself only by an unrelaxed and exceedingly painful effort, which was intensified by the absence of Doña Margarita de Castrogeriz. Why did she not, being at the Escorial, join the Queen's circle in the evening?

He had to confine this question to himself. He might have betrayed his secret by addressing it to his mother, to the First Lady of the Bedchamber, or to the Ladies-in-Waiting, and so he kept silence, but turned his head towards the great folding-door every moment, expecting Margarita to appear. He was eager to question her, to learn what had become of his letter to the King. But the girl did not come, and the Prince became utterly disconcerted.

At ten o'clock, while the King was playing chess with one of his cronies, a chamberlain came in hurriedly and whispered something to him. Charles rose at once, leaving the game unfinished, and made a sign to the Queen, who was playing whist at a neighbouring table. Marie Louise threw down her cards, rose, joined her husband, and the Royal couple left the room. Their exit was a *coup de théâtre*. Everybody looked at everybody else, as though asking what could possibly have led to such a breach of the laws of etiquette.

Only the Prince of the Asturias kept profound silence, affecting not to be surprised, but to be aware of the cause of this unprecedented departure from custom. In reality, he knew nothing about it, and his apparent calmness arose solely from a resolution to conceal his ignorance; but a tempest raged in his inmost soul. Half-an-hour went by. The Court awaited the return of their Majesties, but nobody except the Conde d'Osorio appeared. All eyes were turned on Rafael, but nobody ventured to question him. He advanced to the place where the Infante stood, to all appearance entirely impassive, with an unmoved countenance. The Infante questioned him eagerly in an undertone—

"What is happening, Don Rafael? Where are the King and the Queen?"

"They are in consultation with the Prince of the Peace in the King's closet."

"Is the Prince of the Peace at the Escorial?"

"I saw him alighting from his carriage just now, your Highness. He had come from Madrid with two other persons, whom I could not recognise in the dim light. I only know that they were conducted at once to the King's cabinet, and that their Majesties joined them there immediately afterwards."

"Godoy must have brought important tidings. What are they?"

"I know no more than your Highness. But, most assuredly, there is a snake in the grass here."

The Infante recoiled with an angry gesture.

"Is it not a shame," he cried, unable to lower his voice to the demands of the occasion, "that I am left in ignorance of all that is happening—I, who am the heir to the throne, the future King of Spain?"

"Take care, Prince; we are observed!"

At this warning, the Prince of the Asturias raised his head and looked cautiously about him. The courtiers were eagerly observing his colloquy with Don Rafael.

"Try to slip away from here, and to get news, Count," said Don Ferdinand. "Perhaps you may hear something if you loiter about the King's cabinet."

"I will try, your Highness," said Don Rafael. Then, with a bow to the Prince, he moved away, and, mingling with the other groups, drew near to the door, which he had almost reached when it was thrown open. Rafael stood aside to allow the señorita de Castrogroiz to pass, and was struck by her pallor. The beautiful Margarita was but the shadow of her former self. Under her white dress the trembling of her frame was distinctly visible.

"Are you ill, señorita?" asked Don Rafael.

Instead of replying, she asked him, in broken accents, and with wild eyes—

"Is His Royal Highness here?"

"He is quite close to you, señorita."

So saying, he pointed to the Infante, who was standing with his back towards Doña Margarita, and therefore had not seen her.

"Thanks, señor!" she replied, and walked towards the spot where the Infante stood.

Rafael, who was intent on obeying the orders of the Prince, availed himself of the concentration of the general attention on the new-comer to slip away; but Margarita advanced quickly to the Infante. He perceived her before she reached him, and, obeying some impulse stronger than his own will, he hurried forward, exclaiming—

"You have come at last, señorita! Where have you been? Why did you not come sooner?"

"I have been ill, your Highness, and have kept my room."

"I see you are very pale."

"I have come here, nevertheless, because it is necessary to your safety that you should hear what I have to say without delay."

"What have you to say to me?"

"We are observed, sir. Offer me your arm, and lead me to the far end of this room; then smile, so as to mislead all these people. Yes, smile, even as I smile, although death is at my heart!"

The Prince, although astonished and alarmed, obeyed her, and affecting a tranquillity which he was far from feeling he gave his arm to Margarita, and led her past the staring groups. It was no secret at the Court of Madrid that Doña Margarita had been the object of the Prince's attention and solicitude for some time past, and his hastening to meet her was taken as a confirmation of the rumour of their relations. Consequently, none approached to interrupt their interview.

"Speak to me, Margarita!" said the Infante; "I am anxious to know all!"

"Sir," she replied, "you are betrayed!"

"Betrayed?" and his countenance changed. "Betrayed? By whom? How?"

"Your secret is no longer hidden. The King and Queen know it!"

The Prince staggered under this blow; all his courage forsook him; he seemed stupefied with terror.

"Who has betrayed me?" he stammered.

"Who?" repeated Margarita, with a sigh. "Who? I—I know not. The wretch has not set his signature to his crime!"

She hung her head. She was overwhelmed, regardless of onlookers—almost past feeling anything.

"Does that mean that I shall never know him—never be able to punish him as he deserves?"

"To what end?"

"I entreat you, señorita," said the Prince, "if you know the guilty person, tell me who he is. Only thus can you prevent my vengeance from falling upon the innocent, for I shall most certainly avenge myself!"

"The guilty person is unknown to me, sir. But," she added, slowly, and with an effort, "from the nature of the statements he has made, and the very precise details of the proceedings of your Royal Highness which

he has furnished, it is only reasonable to believe that he was intimately acquainted with all your designs."

Ferdinand started; a suspicion darted into his mind, and expressed itself in his eyes.

"Acquainted with all my designs? There are but five persons to whom they are known!"

"Five persons?" repeated Margarita, in growing agitation.

"The Dukes de L'Infantado and San Carlos, Canon Escoiquiz, Don Rafael, and, lastly, yourself."

"Does your Highness suspect me?" asked the girl in haughty tone.



"YOU ARE BETRAYED!"

"No, señorita! Your face breathes loyalty and truth. It could not be so deceitful. I do not suspect you, nor do I suspect the two dukes or the Canon. They, like yourself, are above suspicion. But there is another——"

She clasped her hands in terror.

"Don Rafael! No, no; it is not he!"

"How can you affirm that, if, as you say, the traitor is unknown to you?"

A struggle was taking place within her, she seemed to strive against the utterance of a name that was on her lips.

"Don Rafael is a loyal gentleman," she said. "It is not Don Rafael who has done this."

"Who, then?"

"That you will know hereafter, sir. You will, in any case, know it soon enough. At this moment, you have a more pressing task than the discovery of the traitor. Your enemies are stirring; they are, beyond a doubt, plotting your destruction, together with your mother, and they rule the king's will. Ought you not to think of this in the first place? Save yourself! Save your accomplices! You will have time for punishment hereafter."

"How can I save myself? If my secrets have been given up to the King, what resource have I?"

"Your secrets have been betrayed, but the proofs have not been given up."

"The letter that I wrote to my father, and that you were to convey to him?"

"What does that letter prove? That you desired to overthrow Godoy, but not that you aimed at dethroning the King."

"That is true," muttered the Infante. He was like a drowning man catching at a plank.

"And, besides," continued Margarita, "what if it did not reach its address?"

"In that case, what has become of it?"

"I had not the courage to deliver it. I burned it."

Then she paused, exhausted by this last flagrant falsehood, which crowned all those she had been telling spontaneously and without preparation, according to the questions put to her by the Prince.

She could not have persisted in this desperate course had Ferdinand interrogated her farther; but he did not. He was relieved and reassured by learning that the accusation made by him against his mother had not fallen into the hands of the King.

"If my letter has not reached my father," he said presently, "those who accuse me can bring no proof against me."

"Have you not written to Napoleon, sir?"

"Yes; but that does not matter. My letter had been sent to the Emperor, and he has received it. He will not hand it over to my parents. I have a minute of it, and will destroy it to-night."

The Prince was uttering these words when a noise arose at the door. The King and Queen were coming back; but, having gone out alone, they were returning accompanied by the Prince of the Peace, the Minister of Justice, and the Procurator-General of Madrid.

In the rear of these high personages the pale face of Juan Morera was visible.

"Here are my bitterest and most powerful enemies!" said Ferdinand, in a tone of mingled anger and fear. "It is no mere chance that brings them to the Escorial this evening. You are right, Margarita; I have been betrayed; I am lost!"

"Not yet, sir! Not yet, since your enemies can prove nothing against you! Make haste and destroy everything you have kept!"

She moved away in order to allow the new-comers to approach and make the usual salutations to Ferdinand, who barely noticed their hypocritical backbendings and smooth, servile smiles. He was not deceived; he felt that peril was hanging over his head, and sought only to avert it.

Rafael had entered the salon after the King, and the Infante accosted him.

"Have you learned anything, Conde?"

"No, sir, except that a Council extraordinary has been held."

"Then, come! Follow me!"

The Prince and Rafael made their way out of the Queen's salon unseen, and in a few minutes reached the Prince's apartment.

"There are papers here which would furnish my enemies with weapons if they were to lay hold of them," said the Infante to Rafael. "You shall help me to burn them."

"What does your Highness apprehend?"

"Ah! to be sure, you don't know! Of course not! I am betrayed, it seems. It is the señorita de Castrogeriz who says so."

Then, making no reply to Rafael's eager questions, he opened a drawer of the bureau in which he kept his papers, and instantly started back with an exclamation of alarm.

The drawer was empty!

"I am lost," said the Prince.

And in truth the face that he turned on Rafael was that of a man whose last hope was gone, and his last hour near.

"The position is serious, sir," replied the Conde d'Osorio, "but it is not hopeless."

"How can you make that out? The Queen detests me. I am in the way of Godoy, the infamous wretch who rules her, and she is fully capable of taking my life to please him."

"We will die together, sir, in that case."

"You say this lightly, Count. It is easy to see that you have nothing to regret; but, supposing that you like me, had a crown in prospect, supreme power in the future secured to you—if you were the inheritor of the throne of Charles the Fifth—"

"I cling to life as closely as you do," replied Rafael. "I am young. I have a mother whose sole source of happiness I am; I have a betrothed bride; I cherished the hope of a glorious future. I would joyfully sacrifice all these, nevertheless, if I could thereby prove my devotion to you."

The Prince was no longer listening to Rafael.

"These papers cannot have gone without hands," he muttered. "Yet they have disappeared from this drawer. They must have been stolen."

He struck three times upon a bell, and an attendant appeared.

"Who has been in this room to-night?" he inquired.

"Nobody but myself, your Highness."

"You lie," cried the Prince. "You are paid to lie. Somebody must have been here."

"Nobody, your Highness," the man repeated, bending low.

"That will do! Go! Go, I tell you."

Ferdinand threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"I shall know nothing," he sobbed, "I am lost, ruined."

"Oh, my royal master," said the Conde d'Osorio, earnestly, "suppose any other eyes than mine were to see you thus!"

"Who has betrayed me? Who has robbed me? Who is the wretch?" exclaimed Don Ferdinand. "Do you know him? You ought to know him? It is not Infante, nor is it San Carlos. It is not Escoiquiz. Godoy has done them nothing but harm; they cannot be his accomplices. It is not Margarita. Who, then, is it?"

"Your Highness has not enumerated me," said Rafael, and an angry flush overspread his countenance.

"That is because I have arrived at no conviction concerning you," replied Ferdinand through his tears.

Rafael drew himself up at this unlooked-for insult.

"You are the King's son, sir," he said, "and perhaps some day you will be my King; but you have no right to do me a wrong."

"Ah! Whom, then, would you have me accuse? Were you not presented to me by my enemies?"

"I had hoped that my loyalty to you had induced you to forget that unfortunate fact, sir," Rafael answered, with entire self-possession and dignity. "I have told you that I hold both Juan Morera and Godoy in detestation."

"Perhaps you have said so only to deceive me."

"Any other than yourself should expiate such words, Don Ferdinand de Bourbon," cried Rafael. "I forgive them, spoken by you. Adieu, sir."

He walked away with a steady step, and it was evident that if once he passed out of the Prince's sight, he would not return. Ferdinand was afraid, afraid of losing him, afraid of being left alone with the danger that threatened him.

"Stay, stay," he exclaimed, imploringly. "What is to become of me if you forsake me?"

"What service can I render to your Highness henceforth, since you distrust me?"

"I do not distrust you! Have I not proved this by telling you all my secrets? I should be mad to accuse you. Pray forgive me, and help me to discover the real traitor."

"What does it signify, now that the treason has been penetrated? The urgent matter is your defence."

"My defence? How can I defend myself?"



"YIELD UP THAT SWORD!"

"By summoning your followers to arms. At your call Spain will rise. Let us set out for Madrid, sir."

The Prince hesitated, but only for a moment.

"So be it," he said, "let us start at once, now, this very hour. To-morrow it would be too late. I will go and prepare, and do you keep watch at the door, lest there be spies about."

Rafael went to the door, and opened it. At the slight sound a figure moved forward in the ante-room. He recognised the uniform of the Body-Guard, and called out—

"Who goes there?"

"Sentinel," replied the soldier.

"By whom were you posted?"

"By the Queen's command, lieutenant. But I have no orders concerning you. You can pass."

Rafael made up his mind at once. He re-entered the room and addressed the Prince, who had heard what was said from a distance.

"You are a prisoner, sir."

"Ah! I told you I was lost," exclaimed Don Ferdinand, relapsing into despair.

"Your Highness is not lost, since I am free. I shall start on the instant for Madrid, and to-morrow I will return at the head of the people to set you free."

"A revolution! Can you really mean it? If once you let the people loose, do you think you can control them?"

"They love your Highness, and will obey you."

"Who can tell that? Wait a while, Count—wait until to-morrow, then you shall decide."

"It shall be done according to your Highness's pleasure. But, pray, take courage. I am here on the watch, and, whatever may happen, I will save you."

So speaking, and without awaiting any expression of thanks from Don Ferdinand, Rafael left him, and re-

paired to the Guards' quarters, where he was to pass the night.

* * * * *

Early in the morning of the following day, just as Ferdinand de Bourbon had risen from his bed, after a sleepless night, a chamberlain appeared, bearing the King's command to his son to appear immediately in the Royal presence. The Infante, pale, trembling, and hardly able to stand, finished dressing, buckled on his sword and obeyed his father's summons.

When he entered the room in which the King was awaiting him, he found Charles seated in a chair of State, with the Queen on his right hand and the Prince of the Peace on his left. Below the dais stood the Minister of Justice and the Procurator-General—the latter holding the documents which had been seized in the Prince's apartment, and apparently waiting only the command of the Sovereign to proceed with the indictment of the accused. In a corner of the room was Juan Morera, who had assumed the unobtrusive bearing of a mere spectator admitted as a privilege to a private investigation, and this parade of justice was completed by a guard of halberdiers stationed at the door.

Ferdinand paused on the threshold, overcome by terror. "Come forward, wretch!" cried his mother.

He obeyed with hanging head, and uttering no protest against this insult; but not quickly enough for the Queen, who would have flung other invectives at him had not the King intervened, in a tone of command—

"Silence, Marie Louise!" said Charles. "It is for me to question him. You are accused," he continued, addressing his son, "of having conspired against your father. The proof of your crime is there, in those

papers, which shall be read to you if you attempt to deny the charge. What answer have you to make?"

"How should the villain have any?" said the Queen fiercely.

"Let him defend himself, if he can," resumed the King. "Speak, Ferdinand!"

"It is not against my father that I have conspired."

"Against whom, then?"

"Against the man whom I see seated at your Majesty's left hand—the evil genius of Spain!"

This speech should have startled Manuel Godoy, but he made no sign, leaving to the King and Queen the task of his defence, and merely recognising the prince's words by a slight, contemptuous smile.

Marie Louise broke out in a fury—

"You hear him, Charles? Far from repenting of his crime, he aggravates it by insulting us!"

"I insult neither my father nor my mother," protested the Prince of the Asturias.

"Hold your tongue, rascal!" screamed the Queen. But the King said gravely—

"Manuel is the faithful servant of our crown, and our own friend. Whosoever attacks him, attacks me."

"Your friend is the enemy of Spain, sire."

Again the Queen appealed to her husband—

"Order the miscreant to be silent! Order him, I say, since you are the King!"

This womanish vituperation irritated Charles. He signified his displeasure by an authoritative gesture, and continued to question his son.

"What have you to say in your defence?"

The Prince made no reply, and his father proceeded—

"Then you acknowledge your crime, Prince of the Asturias? You admit that you have conspired to deprive us of our crown; you admit—— But, defend yourself, unfortunate young man! defend yourself! Say something!"

The King was now leaning forward, his hands grasping the sides of his chair, his eyes fixed upon his son, who was in tears.

"You may spare your pains, Charles," said the Queen. "He will not defend himself."

"The Prince must at least name his accomplices," suggested Godoy, softly.

"My accomplices!" moaned Ferdinand feebly.

Juan Morera stepped up behind him noiselessly and whispered—

"Name them, sir! Do not drive His Majesty to extremities!"

"I have acted solely of my own accord; no person has advised me——"

"That is a falsehood!" said the King, fiercely. "You are not yet fit to command; you have only obeyed."

"I have no accomplices, father."

Charles rose, descended the steps of the dais hastily, and closely approached the Prince.

"Rebellious subject and lying son!" he exclaimed. "Yield up that sword, which you are unworthy to wear. You shall be kept prisoner until we have decided on what is to be done with you."

Ferdinand drew back with a momentary impulse of resistance, but at a sign from his father the halberdiers advanced and surrounded him. He loosed his sword-belt and handed his sword to the King, who took it, and instantly addressed the Captain of the Guard—

"Conduct His Highness to his apartment. You will mount guard at his door, and let no one communicate with him without an order signed by us."

"Pardon, pardon, sire!" cried Ferdinand imploringly.

"Never!" cried the Queen.

"Or, at least," said Charles, "not until you have named your accomplices."

"We need only to look at him to be quite sure he will name them," said a friendly voice in Godoy's ear. It was the voice of Juan Morera.

(To be continued.)

A CHAT WITH A SIGNALMAN.

WALKING one night along a Kentish railway line, I was surprised to hear a voice from the heights above inviting me to "come up and have a look round." The days in which Jupiter extended similar invitations to Ganymede and other favoured mortals having long gone by, it was no small relief to find that the voice came from a man in a signal-box, perched high above his fellow-beings, and evidently anxious for a little human society.

"Comfortable quarters, aren't they, sir?" were the words that greeted me when I had finished the ascent of the steps and entered the box.

It was a box only in name. Comfortable and commodious, clean and well-lighted, a good many people would have been glad of such a lodging that cold night.

Near the wall immediately overlooking the line was a long row of levers, bearing, from the exterior of the cabin, a strong resemblance to the ornaments that one usually associates with City bars. Inside, they reminded one more strongly of a regiment of soldiers, with steel helmets, red coats, and black trousers, standing at attention against the wall.

The room contained, besides these levers, some chairs, a desk with a log-book upon it, and a table, holding one or two newspapers; while the walls were decorated with codes, maps, time-tables, a clock, and several unfamiliar instruments, of which more hereafter.

"A good many levers for a little country station, aren't there, sir?" the signalman asked, as he noticed my eyes on the row. All were numbered, and the end lever was somewhere high up in the thirties.

"Of course, London boxes, they sometimes have ever so many more; but there are quite enough here for one man to look after comfortably. It takes some time before a man can understand thoroughly the use of even thirty odd levers. Of course, the railway companies take every possible means to assist us in our work, and to insure accuracy in signalling.

"For instance, the signals inter-lock, so that it is impossible to alter a distant signal without the nearer ones on the same line having first been seen to. Then we have a plan of all the signals and signal-boxes in the neighbourhood under our noses," he added, pointing to a paper on the wall before him, on which was sketched a diagram of the line, showing the signals and signal-boxes in the vicinity of the cabin in which we stood.

"There are some very neat little contrivances here which assist us a good deal, and it is rather interesting to see them working, if you haven't ever noticed them before. I don't suppose you have, sir, because there aren't many people besides railway men who have seen over signal-boxes."

A notice on the wall, strictly prohibiting strangers from entering the box, showed me that I was specially favoured, and rather made me tremble, lest any prominent official of the company should come along, and call me or my host over the coals for infringing the regulations.

The instruments which the signalman pointed out were little cases placed above the levers, and contained exact models of the different groups of signals over which our box had control. The models were under glass, and were copies of the original signals in every particular, even to the colouring; while the cases were lettered according to the group of signals to which they referred.

"There is a train coming along in a minute or two, sir," said the man, as a bell rang to give warning of its approach, "and you'll be able to see just how the signalling is managed."

The warning to be ready having been responded to, in a few moments the bell rang again, and a reply was then sent on by us to the next signal-box to the effect that the line was clear. Notice to be ready was then sent on by us to the next signal-box, while one of the levers was pressed down. It was too dark to see the

effect on the signal, but in a moment one of the tiny arms in the model case above the lever fell, and we could see that the signal had responded to the effort.

As the train flashed by and disappeared in the darkness, notice was again sent to the next box, and an answer returned. During the few minutes occupied by the announcement, arrival, and departure of the train, the signalman devoted himself entirely to his work; and the ringing of bells, pulling of levers, and dropping of arms in the semaphore models went on almost too quickly for my comprehension.

"You noticed how my little models worked, sir?" the man asked, when the rush was over. "By looking at these I can tell in a glance what condition the signals under my control are in. Now I shall have to enter the times of the train in my log-book."

I looked over his shoulder as he entered, in a neat clear hand, a description of the train, and the times of arrival, departure, and so on.

"I have to make four entries," he explained, "starting with the time when I first receive warning of the train's approach. Altogether one has to remember a good many things in sending a train on to its destination."

I ventured to remark on the absence of the telegraphic instruments usually supposed to be an indispensable adjunct of signal-boxes.

"Oh, we've just had the telephone substituted for the telegraph on this line, sir. I don't like it so well myself, but I suppose that's because I'm not used to it. Anyhow, it strikes me just at present that seeing's believing—not hearing. I'd rather trust my eyes any day than my ears; though they're quite large enough for any ordinary purposes."

"Do I like the life, sir? Well, you see, I can't exactly help liking it. It's the way I get my living, and a man can't quarrel with his bread and butter. It's bread and butter; but it isn't beer and skittles, for all that. You see something of what it's like to-night, sir; a lot of waiting about with nothing to do, then a sudden rush, and then waiting about again, which I think is a good deal worse than the actual working. We have a good deal of responsibility; it isn't any joke to think that you have a few hundred lives depending almost on the turn of your wrist. There was a lot of talk after that Thirsk accident, about having two men in each box, one to act as a check to the other; and I think most signalmen would be only too glad of some arrangement like that, if it didn't mean too much interference with their salaries. But, of course, with the block system, one box is more or less of a check on the other, and so on all down the line.

"Have I had any accidents? Well, no, sir, I've been exceptionally lucky; haven't even had a truck smashed up, though, of course, I've seen some narrow squeaks. Railway travellers are often within a few yards of death without knowing anything about it; things like that are hushed up by the companies. The other day there was as nearly as possible a big smash up on one of the London lines; a train was pulled up sharp just about thirty yards from another that was crossing the metals immediately in front of it; two or three seconds more would have meant the sacrifice of dozens of lives. Yet I guarantee there are only two or three passengers in those trains who knew how near they were to death.

It is more or less a matter of luck, having accidents; some signalmen are fortunate, like me; others are frightfully unlucky. But there's one thing we know—if one accident takes place, two others are bound to follow it. That's well-known among railway men, and after a big accident, we never feel safe till the other two have followed on its heels.

"I've got a long night's work before me; I came on about half-past seven, and I have to stick here for twelve hours before I'm relieved. We change night and day duty once a fortnight, and I shan't be sorry when my spell of night work is over. Of course, there are more trains in the daytime; but at night there is so

much responsibility, the hours of waiting are so tedious, and the temptation to go to sleep so strong—especially if you can't manage to sleep well in the daytime—that night duty is not much hankered after. One doesn't mind fine weather so much; but when storm, and rain, and cold, and, worse than anything, the winter fogs, come along, the signalman has as trying a time as any one."

LIVING ELECTRIC BATTERIES.

THE remarkable progress made in electrical science within the past few years has directed attention to the few and little-known living or animal electric batteries, the experiments which have been made with them, and the strange possibilities which are apparent. Among the fishes nine are known which have this singular faculty or power, the torpedo ray being one of the most familiar. As an illustration of its power, a fisherman told the writer that he had been almost paralysed by accidentally coming in contact with one of these fishes, while other fishermen had had arms and hands benumbed by the slightest contact. Not very many years ago the fishermen of Italy believed that they were at times bewitched by some singular power that came up from the sea; and this was held until Redi, the Italian naturalist, discovered in the seventeenth century that the witch was a very common fish—the torpedo. Réaumur, who tested the fish, says that the benumbing sensation is unlike any that he had experienced, but more like a blow upon the "crazy" bone than anything else he could describe.

Neither of these scientists discovered the true nature of the power the fish seemed to possess, this being reserved for Dr. Walsh, an eminent physician of London, who by his experiments aroused remarkable interest in the living batteries with which he hoped to effect cures. He found that the fish is a perfect battery, constructed on the principle of the voltaic pile. It consists of two layers or series of cells of hexagonal shape, as many as two thousand five hundred being found in a small fish. Between them is a jelly-like fluid, so that each cell, to all intents and purposes, represents a Leyden jar. From each cell nerves extend away, the dorsal or upper side being positive, the lower, negative. Dr. Walsh gave regular séances with the fish, which he conducted in a way to excite great curiosity. Having arranged his torpedo and audience so that they formed a perfect chain, he completed the circle, and succeeded in giving each of his auditors a shock which may be compared to that received from a Leyden jar. When the fish was insulated it communicated to many people, also insulated, four or five shocks in a minute. Matteucci estimated that the shock given by the fish is equivalent to that given by a voltaic pile of a hundred to two hundred and fifty plates.

The singular experiments of Dr. Walsh, given in a somewhat sensational manner, produced an electrical craze in London, and large sums were paid for the privilege of trying the new cure. Experiments showed that the fish could kill a reed-bird. Its power is not sufficient to kill a man, but fishermen have been knocked down by the shocks which passed up the handle of the spear. Even after death the powers of this singular battery are apparent, and those holding the dissecting-knife have been seriously interfered with.

The most powerful of all the living electrical batteries known is, without doubt, the gymnotus, or electric eel, of South America, which was first brought to the attention of the European public by Richer, the astronomer, who presented his experiences with one of the big eels to the French Academy of Sciences in an elaborate paper, and was laughed at. No one would believe him, and seventy years passed before the story of an electric South American fish was credited. Then Condamine, the naturalist, proved it, and later a Dutch surgeon compared it to a Leyden jar.

GIVING PERFUME TO FLOWERS.

It has been found possible not only to take away from a flower the odour given to it by nature, but actually make it yield a perfume derived from some other vegetable product. There are, for instance, certain violets with little or no odour, but very beautiful as to form, while there are others that are poor to look upon, but very rich in perfume. The transfer of the odour from one species to the other has been successfully performed in Paris. Again, the African marigold, which is a handsome flower, has been robbed of its evil odours and given a perfume that makes it really valuable and delicious. This fad for perfuming flowers has even been pushed to the absurd length of imparting the odour of the rose to the sunflower, while chrysanthemums have been made to smell like the violet. A. M. Villon, of Paris, is the gentleman who has brought this system to perfection. He has invented a machine for perfuming flowers which has worked some of these recent Parisian marvels.

The flowers are placed in a box, the interior of which has been cooled with ice. Leading into this box is a pipe with holes bored in it. Through this pipe a current of carbonic acid gas, perfumed with the desired odour, is sent. This current is produced by the evaporation of the liquid carbonic acid, which is passed through a "worm" like that used in distilling whisky. The heated carbonic bubbles up through a mass of the essential oil containing the perfume, and takes on the properties of the odour, which is then imparted to the flowers in the box. This machine is most commonly

used in strengthening the natural perfume of certain flowers, like violets and roses. In this way an intense perfume is obtained, which will last for many days. When it is desired to first rob a flower of its natural odour before giving it that of some other flower, it is steeped in bromated water, and then washed. In the case of the African marigold, which was robbed of its smell, the seeds were first allowed to soak for two days in rose-water containing a little musk. They were then partially dried and sown.

The flowers that grew in time were not entirely deprived of their bad odour, but one was able to detect, mingled with the original smell, the agreeable odours of the rose and the musk. The seeds of these plants being again sown after similar treatment, it was found that there was a still further improvement. In this way it is claimed that marigolds have been produced which in odour rival the jasmine and the violet. It has also been found that to constantly water flowers with a dilution of musk imparts the perfume to the flowers. Even trees, it is claimed, can be treated in a somewhat similar manner. A hole is bored in the trunk before the sap rises. This hole runs downward. Into the hole is poured a thick liquid containing the odour which it is desired to impart to the tree. Perfumes are also imparted to flowers by pouring over them an alcoholic solution of the essential oil of an artificial perfume. This is practised in Paris on a large scale on violets, roses, and hawthorn. Glycerine is added to fix the odour. The perfumes for flowers may be bought in Paris, where they are put up in neat packages prepared by the leading perfumers.

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A BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by WALTER J. BAYES.

In the small front parlour of No. 3, Mermaid Passage, Sunset Bay, Jackson Pepper, ex-pilot, sat in a state of indignant collapse, tenderly feeling a cheek on which the print of hasty fingers still lingered.

The room, which was in excellent order, showed no signs of the tornado which had passed through it, and Jackson Pepper, looking vaguely round, was dimly reminded of those tropical hurricanes he had read about which would strike only the objects in the path and leave all others undisturbed.

In this instance he had been the object, and the tornado, after obliterating him, had passed up the small staircase which led from the room, leaving him listening anxiously to its distant mutterings.

To his great discomfort the storm showed signs of coming up again, and he had barely time to effect an appearance of easy unconcern, which accorded but ill with the flush aforementioned, when a big, red-faced woman came heavily downstairs and burst into the room.

"You have made me ill again," she said severely, "and now I hope you are satisfied with your work. You'll kill me before you have done with me!"

The ex-pilot shifted on his chair.

"Your not fit to have a wife," continued Mrs. Pepper, "aggravating them and upsetting them! Any other woman would have left you long ago!"

"We've only been married three months," Pepper reminded her.

"Don't talk to me!" said his wife; "it seems more like a lifetime!"

"It seems a long-time to me," said the ex-pilot, plucking up a little courage.

"That's right!" said his wife, striding over to where

he sat. "Say you're tired of me; say you wish you hadn't married me! You coward! Ah! if my poor first husband was only alive and sitting in that chair now instead of you, how happy I would be!"

"If he likes to come and take it he's welcome!" said Pepper; "it's my chair, and it was my father's before me, but there's no man living I would sooner give it to than your first. Ah! he knew what he was about when the *Dolphin* went down, he did. I don't blame him, though."

"What do you mean?" demanded his wife.

"It's my belief that he didn't go down with her," said Pepper, crossing over to the staircase and standing with his hand on the door.

"Didn't go down with her?" repeated his wife, scornfully. "What became of him, then? Where's he been this thirty years?"

"In hiding!" said Pepper spitefully, and passed upstairs hastily.

The room above was charged with memories of the late lamented. His portrait in oils hung above the mantelpiece, smaller portraits—specimens of the photographer's want of art—were scattered about the room, while various personal effects, including a mammoth pair of sea-boots, stood in a corner. On all these articles the eye of Jackson Pepper dwelt with an air of chastened regret.

"It 'ud be a rum go if he did turn up, after all," he said to himself softly, as he sat on the edge of the bed. "I've heard of such things—in books. I dessay she'd be disappointed if she did see him now. Thirty years makes a bit of difference in a man."

"Jackson!" cried his wife from below; "I'm going out. If you want any dinner you can get it; if not, you can go without it!"

The front door slammed violently, and Jackson, advancing cautiously to the window, saw the form of his wife sailing majestically up the passage. Then he sat down again and resumed his meditations.

"If it wasn't for leaving all my property I'd go," he said gloomily. "There's not a bit of comfort in the



"IN HIDING!" SAID PEPPER SPITEFULLY.

place! Nag, nag, nag, from morn till night! Ah, Cap'n Budd, you let me in for a nice thing when you went down with that boat of yours. Come back and fill them boots again; they're too big for me."

He rose suddenly and stood gaping in the centre of the room, as a mad, hazy idea began to form in his brain. His eyes blinked and his face grew white with excitement. He pushed open the little lattice window, and sat looking abstractedly up the passage on to the bay beyond. Then he put on his hat, and, deep in thought, went out.

He was still thinking deeply as he boarded the train for London next morning, and watched Sunset Bay from the window until it disappeared round the curve. So many and various were the changes that flitted over his face that an old lady whose seat he had taken gave up her intention of apprising him of the fact, and indulged instead in a bitter conversation with her daughter, of which the erring Pepper was the unconscious object.

In the same preoccupied fashion he got on a Bayswater omnibus and waited patiently for it to reach Poplar. Strange changes in the landscape, not to be accounted for by the mere lapse of time, led to explanations, and the conductor—a humane man, who said he had got an idiot boy at home—personally laid down the lines of his tour. Two hours later he stood in front of a small house, painted in many colours, and, ringing the bell, inquired for Cap'n Crippen.

In response to his inquiry, a big man with light blue eyes and a long grey beard appeared, and, recognising his visitor with a grunt of surprise, drew him heartily into the passage and thrust him into the parlour. He then shook hands with him, and, clapping him on the back, bawled lustily for the small boy who had opened the door.

"Pot o' stout, bottle o' gin, and two long pipes," said he, as the boy came to the door and eyed the ex-pilot curiously.

At all these honest preparations for his welcome the heart of Jackson grew faint within him.

"Well, I call it good of you to come all this way to see me," said the captain after the boy had disappeared; "but you always was warm-hearted, Pepper. And how's the missis?"

"Shocking!" said Pepper, with a groan.

"Ill?" inquired the captain.

"Ill-tempered," said Pepper. "In fact, Cap'n, I don't mind telling you she's killing me—slowly killing me!"

"Pooh!" said Crippen. "Nonsense! You don't know how to manage her!"

"I thought perhaps you could advise me," said the artful Pepper. "I said to myself yesterday, 'Pepper, go and see Cap'n Crippen. What he don't know about wimmin and their management ain't worth knowing! If there's anybody can get you out of a hole, it's him. He's got the power, and, what's more, he's got the will!'"

"What causes the temper?" inquired the captain, with his most judicial air, as he took the liquor from his messenger and carefully filled a couple of glasses.

"It's natural!" said his friend ruefully. "She calls it having a high spirit herself. And she's so generous! She's got a married niece living in the place, and when that gal comes round and admires the things—my things—she gives 'em to her! She gave her a sofa the other day, and, what's more, she made me help the gal to carry it home!"

"Have you tried being sarcastic?" inquired the captain thoughtfully.

"I have," said Pepper, with a shiver. "The other day I said, very nasty, 'Is there anything else you'd like, my dear?' but she didn't understand it."

"No?" said the captain.

"No," said Pepper. "She said I was very kind, and she'd like the clock; and, what's more, she had it too! Red-haired hussy!"

The captain poured out some gin and drank it slowly. It was evident he was thinking deeply, and that he was much affected by his friend's troubles.

"There is only one way for me to get clear," said

Pepper, as he finished a thrilling recital of his wrongs, "and that is, to find Cap'n Budd, her first."

"Why, he's dead!" said Crippen, staring hard. "Don't you waste your time looking for him!"

"I'm not going to," said Pepper; "but here's his portrait. He was a big man like you, he had blue eyes and a straight, handsome nose, like you. If he'd lived to now, he'd be almost your age, and very likely more like you than ever. He was a sailor; you've been a sailor."

The captain stared at him in bewilderment.

"He had a wonderful way with wimmen," pursued Jackson hastily; "You've got a wonderful way with wimmen. More than that, you've got the most wonderful gift for acting I've ever seen. Ever since the time when you acted in that barn at Bristol I've never seen any actor I can honestly say I've liked—never! Look how you can imitate cats—better than Henry Irving himself!"

"I never had much chance, being at sea all my life," said Crippen modestly.

"You've got the gift," said Pepper impressively. "It was born in you, and you'll never leave off acting till the day of your death. You couldn't if you tried—you know you couldn't!"

The captain smiled deprecatingly.

"Now, I want you to do a performance for my benefit," continued Pepper. "I want you to act Cap'n Budd, what was lost in the *Dolphin* thirty years ago. There's only one man in England I'd trust with the part, and that's you."

"Act Cap'n Budd!" gasped the astonished Crippen, putting down his glass and staring at his friend.

"The part is written here," said the ex-pilot, producing a note-book from his breast pocket and holding it out to his friend. "I've been keeping a log day by day of all the things she said about him, in the hopes of catching her tripping, but I never did. There's notes of his family, his ships, and a lot of silly things he used to say, which she thinks funny."

"I couldn't do it!" said the captain seriously, as he took the book.

"You could do it if you liked," said Pepper. "Besides, think what a spree it'll be for you. Learn it by heart, then come down and claim her. Her name's Martha."

"What good 'ud it do you if I did?" inquired the captain. "She'd soon find out!"

"You come down to Sunset Bay," said Pepper, emphasising his remarks with his forefinger; "you claim your wife; you allude carefully to the things set down in this book; I give Martha back to you and bless you both. Then——"

"Then what?" inquired Crippen anxiously.

"You disappear!" concluded Pepper, triumphantly; "and, of course, believing her first husband is alive, she has to leave me. She's a very particular woman; and, besides that, I'd take care to let the neighbours know I'm happy. You're happy, and, if she's not happy, why, she don't deserve to be."

"I'll think it over," said Crippen, "and write and let you know."

"Make up your mind now," urged Pepper, reaching over and patting him encouragingly upon the shoulder. "If you promise to do it, the thing's as good as done. Lord! I think I see you now, coming in at that door and surprising her. Talk about acting!"

"Is she what you'd call a good-looking woman?" inquired Crippen.

"Very handsome!" said Pepper, looking out of the window.

"I couldn't do it!" said the captain. "It wouldn't be right and fair to her."

"I don't see that!" said Pepper. "I never ought to have married her without being certain her first was dead. It ain't right, Crippen; say what you like, it ain't right!"

"If you put it that way," said the captain, hesitatingly.



"AND NOW IT'S ME THAT'S GOT TO HAVE THE BROKEN HEART."

"Have some more gin," said the artful pilot.

The captain had some more, and, what with flattery and gin, combined with the pleadings of his friend, began to consider the affair more favourably. Pepper stuck to his guns, and used them so well that when the captain saw him off that evening he was pledged up to the hilt to come down to Sunset Bay and personate the late Captain Budd on the following Thursday.

The ex-pilot passed the intervening days in a sort of trance, from which he only emerged to take nourishment or answer the scoldings of his wife. On the eventful Thursday, however, his mood changed, and he went about in such a state of suppressed excitement that he could scarcely keep still.

"Lor' bless me!" snapped Mrs. Pepper, as he slowly perambulated the parlour that afternoon. "What ails the man? Can't you keep still for five minutes?"

The ex-pilot stopped and eyed her solemnly, but ere he could reply his heart gave a great bound, for from behind the geranium which filled the window he saw the face of Captain Crippen slowly rise and peer cautiously into the room. Before his wife could follow the direction of her husband's eyes it had disappeared.

"Somebody looking in at the window," said Pepper, with forced calmness, in reply to his wife's eyebrows.

"Like their impudence!" said the unconscious woman, resuming her knitting, while her husband waited in vain for the captain to enter.

He waited some time, and then, half-dead with excitement, sat down, and with shaking fingers lit his pipe. As he looked up, the stalwart figure of the captain passed the window. During the next twenty minutes it passed seven times, and Pepper, coming to the not unnatural conclusion that his friend intended to pass the afternoon in the same unprofitable fashion, resolved to force his hand.

"Must be a tramp," he said, aloud.

"Who?" inquired his wife.

"Man keeps looking in at the window," said Pepper, desperately. "Keeps looking in till he meets my eye, then he disappears. Looks like an old sea-captain, something."

"Old sea-captain?" said his wife, putting down her work and turning round. There was a strange hesitating note in her voice. She looked at the window, and at the same instant the head of the captain again appeared above the geraniums, and, meeting her gaze, hastily vanished. Martha Pepper sat still for a moment, and then, rising in a slow, dazed fashion, crossed to the door and opened it. Mermaid Passage was empty!

"See anybody?" quavered Pepper.

His wife shook her head, but in a strangely quiet fashion, and, sitting down, took up her knitting again.

For some time the click of the needles and the tick of the clock were the only sounds audible, and the ex-pilot had just arrived at the conclusion that his friend had abandoned him to his fate when there came a low tapping at the door.

"Come in!" cried Pepper, starting.

The door opened slowly, and the tall figure of Captain Crippen entered and stood there eyeing them nervously. A neat little speech he had prepared failed him at the supreme moment. He leaned against the wall, and in a clumsy, shamefaced fashion lowered his gaze and stammered out the one word, "Martha!"

At that word Mrs. Pepper rose and stood with parted lips, eyeing him wildly.

"Jem!" she gasped, "Jem!"

"Martha," croaked the captain again.

With a choking cry, Mrs. Pepper ran towards him and to the huge gratification of her lawful spouse, flung her arms about his neck and kissed him violently.

"Jem," she cried, breathlessly, "is it really you? I can hardly believe it. Where have you been all this long time? Where have you been?"

"Lots of places," said the captain, who was not prepared to answer a question like that off-hand, "but wherever I've been," he held up his hand theatrically, "the image of my dear lost wife has been always in front of me."

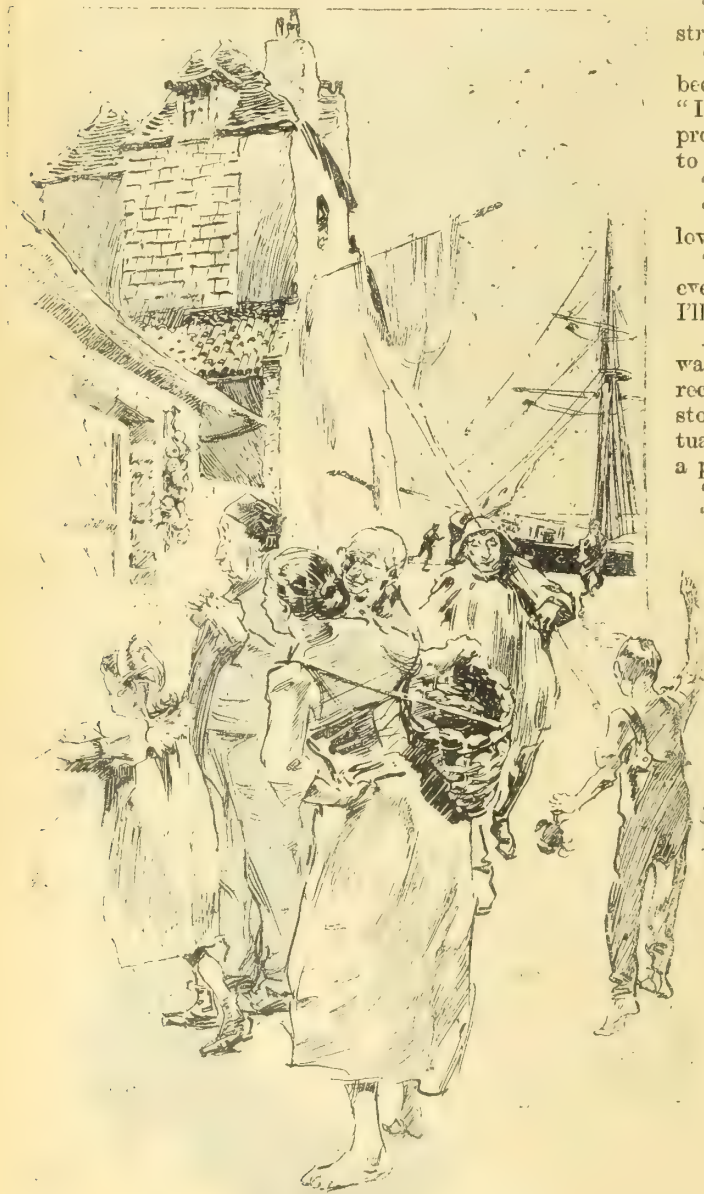
"I knew you at once, Jem," said Mrs. Pepper, fondly smoothing the hair back from his forehead. "Have I altered much?"

"Not a bit," said Crippen, holding her at arm's length

and carefully regarding her. "You look just the same as the first time I set eyes on you."

"Where have you been?" wailed Martha Pepper, putting her head on his shoulder.

"When the *Dolphin* went down from under me, and left me fighting with the waves for life, and, Martha, I was cast ashore on a desert island," began Crippen fluently. "There I remained for nearly three years, when I was rescued by a barque bound for New South Wales. There I met a man from Poole, who told me you were dead. Having no further interest in the land of my birth, I sailed in Australian waters for many years, and



"THERE'S QUITE A CROWD OUTSIDE," HE REMARKED.

it was only lately that I heard how cruelly I had been deceived, and that my little flower was still blooming."

The little flower's head being well down on his shoulder again, the celebrated actor exchanges glances with the worshipping Pepper.

"If you'd only come before, Jem," said Mrs. Pepper, "Who was he? What was his name?"

"Smith," said the cautious captain.

"If you'd only come before Jem," said Mrs. Pepper, in a smothered voice, "it would have been better. Only three months ago I married that object over there."

The captain attempted a melodramatic start with such success, that, having somewhat underestimated the weight of his fair bride, he nearly lost his balance.

"It can't be helped, I suppose," he said reproachfully, "but you might have waited a little longer, Martha."

"Well, I'm your wife, anyhow," said Martha, "and I'll take care I never lose you again. You shall never go out of my sight again till you die. Never."

"Nonsense, my pet," said the captain, exchanging uneasy glances with the ex-pilot. "Nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense, Jem," said the lady, as she drew him on to the sofa, and sat with her arms round his neck. "It may be true all you've told me, and it may not. For all I know, you may have been married to some other woman; but I've got you now, and I intend to keep you."

"There, there," said the captain, as soothingly as a strange sinking at the heart would allow him.

"As for that other little man, I only married him because he worried me so," said Mrs. Pepper, tearfully. "I never loved him, but he used to follow me about and propose. Was it twelve or thirteen times you proposed to me, Pepper?"

"I forget," said the ex-pilot shortly.

"But I never loved him," she continued. "I never loved you a bit, did I, Pepper?"

"Not a bit," said Pepper warmly. "No man could ever have a harder or more unfeeling wife than you was. I'll say that for you, willing."

As he bore this testimony to his wife's fidelity, there was a knock at the door, and upon his opening it, the rector's daughter, a lady of uncertain age, entered, and stood regarding with amazement the frantic but ineffectual struggles of Captain Crippen to release himself from a position as uncomfortable as it was ridiculous.

"Mrs. Pepper!" said the lady aghast. "Oh, Mrs. Pepper!"

"It's all right, Miss Winthrop," said the lady addressed calmly, as she forced the captain's flushed face on to her ample shoulder again, "it's my first husband, Jem Budd."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Winthrop, starting. "Enoch Arden in the flesh."

"Who?" inquired Pepper, with a show of polite interest.

"Enoch Arden," said Miss Winthrop, "one of our great poets wrote a noble poem about a sailor who came home and found that his wife had married again; but in the poem the first husband went away without making himself known, and died of a broken heart."

She looked at Captain Crippen, as though he hadn't quite come up to her expectations.

"And now," said Pepper, speaking with great cheerfulness, "it's me that's got to have the broken heart. Well, well."

"It's a most interesting case," cried Miss Winthrop, "and if you wait till I fetch my camera, I'll take your portrait together just as you are."

"Do," said Mrs. Pepper cordially.

"I won't have my portrait took," said the captain, with much acerbity.

"Not if I wish it, dear?" inquired Mrs. Pepper tenderly.

"Not if you keep a-wishing it all your life," replied the captain sourly, making another attempt to get his head from her shoulder.

"Don't you think they ought to have their portrait taken now?" asked Miss Winthrop, turning to the ex-pilot.

"I don't see no 'arm in it," said Pepper thoughtlessly.

"You hear what Mr. Pepper says," said the lady, turning to the captain again. "Surely if he doesn't mind, you ought not to."

"I'll talk to him by-and-bye," said the captain very grimly.

"Praps it would be better if we kept this affair to ourselves for the present," said the ex-pilot, taking alarm at his friend's manner.

"Well, I won't intrude on you any longer," said Miss Winthrop. "Oh! Look there! How rude of them." The others turned hastily in time to see several heads vanish from the window. Captain Crippen was the first to speak.

"Jem!" said Mrs. Pepper, severely, before he had finished.

"Captain Budd!" said Miss Winthrop flushing.

The incensed captain rose to his feet and paced up and down the room. He looked at the ex-pilot, and that small schemer shivered.

"Easy does it, cap'n," he murmured, with a wink which he meant to be comforting.

"I'm going out a little way," said the captain, after the rector's daughter had gone. "Just to cool my head."

Mrs. Pepper took her bonnet from its peg behind the door, and surveying herself in the glass, tied it beneath her chin.

"Alone," said Crippen nervously. "I want to do a little thinking."

"Never again, Jem," said Mrs. Pepper firmly. "My place is by your side. If you're ashamed of people looking at you, I'm not. I'm proud of you. Come along. Come and show yourself, and tell them who you are. You shall never go out of my sight again as long as I live. Never."

She began to whimper.

"What's to be done?" inquired Crippen, turning desperately on the bewildered pilot.

"What's it got to do with him?" demanded Mrs. Pepper sharply.

"He's got to be considered a little, I s'pose," said the captain dissembling. "Besides, I think I'd better do like the man in the poetry did. Let me go away and die of a broken heart. Perhaps it's best."

Mrs. Pepper looked at him with kindling eyes.

"Let me go away and die of a broken heart," repeated the captain, with real feeling. "I'd rather do it. I would, indeed."

Mrs. Pepper, bursting into angry tears, flung her arms round his neck again, and sobbed on his shoulder. The pilot, obeying the frenzied injunctions of his friend's eye, drew down the blind.

"There's quite a crowd outside," he remarked.

"I don't mind," said his wife amiably. "They'll soon know who he is."

She stood holding the captain's hand and stroking it, and whenever his feelings became too much for her put her head down on his waistcoat. At such times the captain glared fiercely at the ex-pilot, who being of a weak nature, was unable, despite his anxiety, to give his risible faculties that control which the solemnity of the occasion demanded.

The afternoon wore slowly away. Miss Winthrop, who disliked scandal, had allowed something of the affair to leak out, and several visitors, including a local reporter, called, but were put off till the morrow, on the not unnatural plea that the long-separated couple desired a little privacy. The three sat silent, the ex-pilot with wrinkled brows trying hard to decipher the lip-language in which the captain addressed him whenever he had an opportunity, but could only dimly guess at its purport. Then the captain pressed his huge fist into the service as well.

Mrs. Pepper rose at length and went into the back room to prepare tea. As she left the door open, however, and took the captain's hat with her, he built no hopes on her absence, but turned furiously to the ex-pilot.

"What's to be done?" he inquired in a fierce whisper. "This can't go on."

"It'll have to," whispered the other.

"Now look here," said Crippen menacingly. "I'm going into the kitchen to make a clean breast of it. I'm

sorry for you, but I've done the best I can. Come and help me to explain."

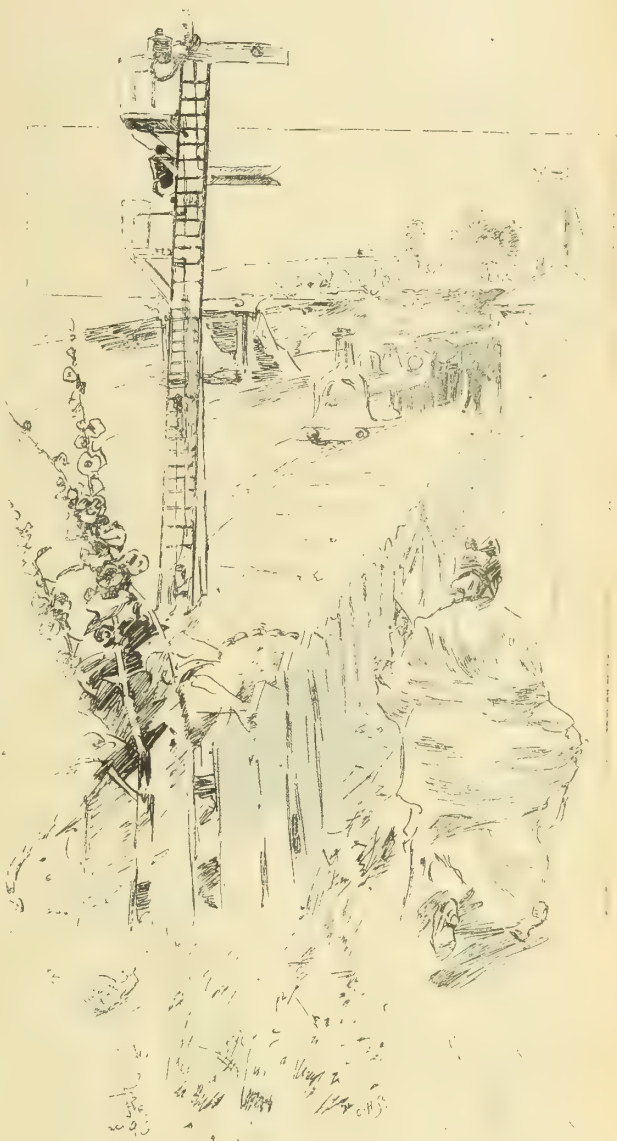
He turned to the kitchen, but the other, with the strength born of despair, seized him by the sleeve and held him back.

"She'll kiss me," he whispered breathlessly.

"I can't help it," said Crippen, shaking him off. "Serve you right."

"And she'll tell the folks outside, and they'll kill you," continued Pepper.

The captain sat down again, and confronted him with a face as pale as his own.



"WE'LL WAIT FOR YOUR LADY," SAID THE STATION-MAN FR.

"The last train leaves at eight," whispered the pilot hurriedly. "It's desperate, but it's the only thing you can do. Take her for a stroll up by the fields near the railway station. You can see the train coming in for a mile off nearly. Time yourself carefully and make a bolt for it. She can't run."

The entrance of their victim with the tea-tray stopped the conversation; but the captain nodded acceptance behind her back, and then with a forced gaiety sat down to tea. For the first time since his successful appearance, he became loquacious, and spoke so freely of incidents in the life of the man he was impersonating that

Mr. Joseph Hatton commences, in the March number of *The Idler*, a new series of chatty articles, dealing with bygone celebrities of all kinds, under the title of "Revelations of an Album."

See the March number of *The Idler* for Mr. Anthony Hope's new serial, "Phroso." The adventurers reach Neopalia, and meet with a startling reception.

the ex-pilot sat in a perfect fever lest he should blunder. The meal finished, he proposed a stroll, and as the unsuspecting Mrs. Pepper tied on her bonnet, slapped his leg and winked confidently at his fellow-conspirator.

"I'm not much of a walker," said the innocent Mrs. Pepper, "so you must go slowly."

The captain nodded, and at Pepper's suggestion, left by the backway, to avoid the gaze of the curious.

For some time after their departure, Pepper sat smoking, with his anxious face turned to the clock, until at length, unable to endure the strain any longer, and not without a sportsmanlike idea of being in at the death, he made his way to the station, and placed himself behind a convenient coal-truck.

He waited impatiently with his eyes fixed on the road up which he expected the captain to come. He looked at his watch. Five minutes to eight, and still no captain. The platform began to fill, a porter seized the big bell and rang it lustily; in the distance a patch of white smoke showed. Just as the watcher had given up all hope, the figure of the captain came in sight. He was swaying from side to side, holding his hat in his hand, but doggedly tracking the train to the station.

"He'll never do it," groaned the pilot. "Then he held his breath, for three or four hundred yards behind the captain Mrs. Pepper bounded in pursuit.

The train rolled into the station; passengers stepped in and out; doors slammed, and the guard had already placed the whistle in his mouth, when Captain Crippen, breathing stertorously, came stumbling blindly on to the platform, and was hustled into a third-class carriage.

"Close shave that, sir," said the station-master, as he closed the door.

The captain sank back in his seat, fighting for breath, and turning his head, gave a last triumphant look up the road.

"All right, sir," said the station-master kindly, as he followed the direction of the other's eyes, and caught sight of Mrs. Pepper. "We'll wait for your lady."

* * * * *

Jackson Pepper came from behind the coal truck, and watched the train out of sight, wondering in a dull, vague fashion what the conversation was like. He stood so long that a tender-hearted porter who had heard the news, made bold to come up and put a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"You'll never see her again, Mr. Pepper," he said sympathetically.

The ex-pilot turned and regarded him fixedly, and the last bit of spirit he was ever known to show flashed up in his face as he spoke.

"You're a blamed idiot," he said rudely.



From a photo by]

MISS VANE FEATHERSTON.

[Hana, 443, Strand.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS VANE FEATHERSTON.

"No, I am *not* a cyclist," said Miss Featherston, "although I pose as one every night just now, and at Saturday matinees. I'm old fashioned enough to prefer my horse, who has always behaved very well to me—except once, when he made a mistake—and whom I should be very loth to exchange for a metal steed."

"But the costume suits you so admirably that—"

"Well, I tried to improve slightly on the rational dress for cyclists. I thought that pig-skin gaiters looked so much better than rough woollen stockings.

People tell me that they wouldn't be nearly so comfortable for riding in; but, then, what woman worthy of the name isn't always willing to sacrifice comfort to appearance? Short skirts I abhor. The most enthusiastic of cyclists must admit that a lady's riding habit is infinitely more becoming than any of the costumes affected by the lady cyclist."

"But to drop cycling for a minute, don't you find it very fatiguing sometimes to be obliged to be funny every night?"

"No, why should I? Of course, there are days when one doesn't feel so fit for one's work as on others, but I always find that when I get to the theatre this wearied feeling vanishes. I'll tell you why I think

this happens. Perhaps I go to the theatre feeling limp and tired; I know perfectly well that I am looking pale and worn. Then I begin to dress and make-up for my part. It is the make-up that always restores my spirits. I really believe that I feel better immediately I look better, even though the process may have been an artificial one. In whatever mood I may be in when I go to the theatre, I always feel in radiant spirits the minute my make-up is complete and I am ready to go on the stage."

"I suppose you won't play any more serious parts after your success in comedy?"

"I hope not, but one can never tell. The public take a deal of convincing, you know. I have always considered that—if there was any difference—I was more at home in comedy than in serious parts. Perhaps one of the reasons why I've been playing both is that I have never been given to picking and choosing. If an actress wants to get on in her profession I think she should take anything she can get—to start with."

"But do you think that policy pays an actress in the long run?"

"There are two sides to the question, of course. If an actress maps out a certain line for herself, and says: 'I will only take such and such parts, because I'm convinced that I'm suited to them'—well, she will probably have few engagements at the commencement of her professional career; but, on the other hand, she may succeed in establishing a reputation for herself by always playing one particular line."

"And the other side of the question?"

"Well—I preach as I practice. I think that by taking any part she can get to start with an actress gets

more experience; added to which, if she has a special aptitude for one particular part her talent in that direction will soon show itself, and she'll come to the front. After all, there can't be so much credit in playing the part which is easiest to you. One often hears that so-and-so is splendid in one or two parts. Well, anyone personally acquainted with those people may know that when they are playing those parts in which they are 'splendid,' they are not really acting at all, but simply being themselves on the stage."

"But you like comedy for comedy's sake, not only because—?"

"Yes, I must confess that here again I'm old fashioned, for I think that the first mission of the drama is to amuse people—to take them out of themselves—and to give them brighter lives if possible. At the same time I like the serious side, too; I like plays that harrow one's feelings and make one experience a delightful sense of happy miserableness—but only for a time, and not many of this sort of play at once, please."

"Perhaps you are naturally inclined to look on the bright side of everything?"

"I daresay. 'A healthy mind in a healthy body,' you know. That's a very good motto to work on—especially for an actress. There is no earthly necessity for an actress to ruin her health by overwork, and I really don't think that ours is the trying life that people think it to be."

"And your ambition, Miss Featherston, is to play—?"

"Thanks, I'm very happily contented as I am, and have no particular wish to attempt too much. I consider that a very healthy frame of mind to be in. But then I'm a horsewoman—not a cyclist."

A FUSS ABOUT NOTHING.*

Miss Nora Vynne has put only six characters into her book, and two of these have scarcely anything to do. The remaining four consist of two men and two ladies, their Christian names being, respectively, Edward and Claude, and Lois and Nellie. When we are first introduced to them, we find that Claude is engaged to Nellie, and Lois is "half-engaged" to Edward. Unfortunately, Claude and Lois discover that the arrangements should have been altered, and Claude allows himself to tell Lois this—and Lois listens. Thus it is that Lois finds she has stolen the lover of her friend Nellie. What is she to do? She reminds Claude of the fact, and they discuss the point:—

"Stolen!" he laughed impatiently. "It was no act of yours. I loved you. You speak as if a man had no choice of his own in the matter."

"A man hasn't," she said impatiently. "He thinks he has, but he has not, or, at any rate, very little. Any girl, if she is unscrupulous enough, can steal another girl's lover; it is very easy, that is why it is so mean. Men are so blind they never see what is happening. They think they are taking their own way, following their own inclinations, when, all the while, a mean girl is leading them where she likes. I have seen the thing happen often; it is done by running the engaged girl down in a friendly pleasant way, and pitying the man for being bound to her, or making little flattering efforts to attract his notice. The girl can't make any effort to keep him; the thing would degenerate into a downright vulgar fight for a man if she did. She just has to stand quietly by and see herself superseded. All the women know what is going on, but the man never knows. Of course, all men are not so weak as this; some of them are too strong and true to be swayed by manoeuvres; I thought until last night that you were one of them."

"Am I to understand you did all this with me?"

He laughed again, as he put the absurd question, but Lois answered angrily—

"No, no; I would have died first! But nothing in the world will ever convince Nellie that I did not do it. Any woman would rather think all this of me than that you were false to her of your own free will."

"Nellie is your friend, and will do you justice."

"Justice! What would be justice, I wonder, for a girl who has broken the heart of the friend who believed in her?"

The two other characters in the book are married—to each other. They are talking about the practical Nellie one day, and the man says—

"She prattles so prettily that one doesn't know what she is saying. A man rarely does know what a girl of that sort is saying; he looks at her hair."

"It is pretty hair, though— isn't it, Mike? She is a pretty girl, there is some comfort in that."

"Not much," said Mike stolidly, "if a girl is the wrong girl, it doesn't matter whether she is pretty or not; for the matter of that she never is—the girl a man wants is the only pretty girl. I shouldn't wonder if in a month or so Sarney comes to hate her saucer eyes and canary-coloured hair, and her into the bargain, just for being the wrong girl."

"Oh, Mike, how dreadful! After all the poor girl can't help it if she is the wrong girl now; she was the right girl enough a little while ago."

"That's what makes it hard on the man," said Mike; "he cannot help it either way, that's the difficulty."

Of course, the difficulty is solved by the author, and the solution comes rather as a surprise, which, though it may be improbable, is certainly very consoling. For the rest, Miss Vynne's book is short, interesting, and amusing. It boasts of two illustrations, which are really not necessary, and a ribbon bookmark which is even less so, since anyone picking up this little volume will read it through at a sitting.

* "A Comedy of Honour," by Nora Vynne. Published by Ward, Lock, and Bowden at 2s. 6d.

MARKET DECEITS AND SNARES.

By MRS. HUMPHRY.

How many young English wives belonging to the educated classes have enjoyed—or endured—opportunities for learning how to market? There is much to learn about it, simple as it seems to go into the different shops and order what one wants. It is only the novice who thinks it easy. Others who have been marketing for years are in a position to appreciate its difficulties. There is no doubt about it being true that the snare of the ordinary newly-married, inexperienced girl is the long habit of luxurious living, with the attendance of experienced servants and the whole routine of the home arranged upon the basis of a large income and liberal expenditure. Any housekeeping she may have learned has been suited to these surroundings. Just think of her, with her allowance of £3 a week for everything—food, coal, servants' wages, light, water rate, repairs—in fact, everything but dress! She enters upon her task blithely enough, but after a few weeks finds out that her books are heavy, and her food supply unsatisfactory. She has ordered everything of the tradesmen who send round messengers immediately after breakfast, in this following the routine of the home she has left. The butcher has sent her mutton so fat that pounds of it are wasted, beef that she cannot but suspect of being of Antipodean birth, and his charges are of the highest. The milkman sells her milk at 5d. per quart. The grocer also charges the maximum prices, estimated at a rate that covers long credit and bad debts, to say nothing of the expenses of sending round morning messengers and midday carts, horses, and men, or bicycle boys, with the articles ordered.

ADVICE TO THE APATHETIC AND LONG-SUFFERING PURCHASER.

The truth is that quite a third of the weekly bills can be saved by personal attention to the marketing. A protest lodged at the milkshop, and an arrangement to pay weekly immediately results in knocking a penny a quart off the milk. A comparison of the local grocer's prices with those of the nearest stores will often lead the way to a favourable reduction in several items; and after a short conversation, he will be unlikely to supply beetroot sugar at the price of bright and sparkling West Indian, or to charge 1s. 3d. a tin for Péneau's sardines. These and many other kindred things he will very certainly do, if allowed to go on his way unchecked. As to the butcher, the only way to deal with him with any satisfaction is for the customer to obtain a list from him, as far as possible choose the meat herself, but in any case insist on a paper being sent home with each purchase, giving particulars of its weight, and never, in any circumstances, to pay more per lb. than is set down on his price list. The servant should weigh every bit of meat that comes into the house, and see that it tallies with the number of pounds and ounces set down on the accompanying ticket. All these tickets should be filed, and compared with the book when he sends it in on the following Tuesday. If he is selling foreign beef, and charging the price of English or Scotch for it, a few words of protest will probably cause him to make an exception in the case of the customer who complains. It is really to the apathetic and long-suffering purchasers that the housewives of England owe half their troubles. Tradespeople are so accustomed to deal with people too indolent to take trouble that they themselves have fallen into careless ways.

THINGS THE ASTUTE PURCHASER SHOULD OBSERVE.

After a very short time, the least experienced housewife, be she never so young and pretty, will become quite expert, learn the exact spot in a fowl's figure in which to poke it with that scientific dig that she has seen administered before but never understood; she will know that fresh fish should be covered with scales;

that good beef is always bright red in the lean part, a wholesome white in the fat, and firm and elastic to the touch; that good mutton is dark save where freshly cut; that chickens when really youthful have smooth legs; that in young geese and ducks the bills and feet are yellow and free from hair, and that pigeons and plovers have supple feet when fresh. Young grouse and pheasants, quail, snipe, ortolans and woodcock have short, round spurs. Young partridges have yellow legs and a dark bill. In choosing a hare or rabbit the astute purchaser will note that the cleft in the lip is narrow, the body stiff, and the legs smooth and sharp, cracking if pulled sideways.

Many other particulars, too, will soon be mastered, and some of these we shall discuss in next week's To-Day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAN any correspondent furnish "Enquirer" with a recipe for Parmesan Pyramids? She cannot find the recipe in any cookery books.

ASHFIELD writes:—Kindly inform me through the medium of "To-Day's" columns, the most usual and suitable way to dress bananas, and how they should be served. Bananas are usually served raw with dessert, but there are several ways of cooking them. They combine well with cherries or plums in tarts or fruit salads, and are delicious when carefully blanched and served with whipped cream. Sometimes a foundation of ratafia and macaroons is laid beneath them, soaked with wine and afterwards with the cream.

A. D. M. writes:—I should like to inform your correspondent "Chota Bungalow," that Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, publishes an American "Cook-book," by Mary Ronald, entitled "The Century Cook Book," price 7s. 6d.

EDNA wishes for some recipes dealing with tomatoes. Here are a few. Stuffed Tomatoes: Take half a dozen whole tomatoes from a freshly opened tin, cut them in two, remove the pips, and fill the inside with a mixture of breadcrumbs and seasoning; place a small piece of butter or a teaspoonful of olive oil on each half tomato, and lay them close together in a well-buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half-an-hour, and serve hot or cold. Tomatoes with Macaroni: Take a quarter of a pound of macaroni. Lightly wash it in cold water, but do not allow it to remain in it. Set on the fire a stewpan containing a half pint of stock or the same quantity of milk and water, equally proportioned. When this boils, throw in the macaroni. When it comes again to the boil, give it one good stir, and then gently place in the stewpan three skinned tomatoes, whole. Put on the lid and let all simmer together for half an hour, or until the macaroni shall have absorbed all the liquid. Then add two ounces of grated cheese or of remnants of cheddar carefully freed from outside, hard pieces and chopped small. Flavour with salt and coralline pepper, and stir in gently a teaspoonful of made mustard. Set the stewpan on the fire until the mixture approaches the boil, then set it back for ten minutes before serving the "Macaroni and Tomatoes" on a very hot dish with plates to match. Soufflé of Tomatoes: To the contents of a one pound tin of tomato pulp and juice, add one pound of breadcrumbs, a good-sized spanish onion peeled and chopped fine, three eggs well beaten, and a flavouring of parsley, herbs, pepper and salt. Mix all well together and bake in a buttered dish for three-quarters of an hour. Serve it very hot.

HOME LIFE OF MARY ANDERSON.

ONE need only spend a few hours with the Mary Anderson of to-day to see how thoroughly happy is her life. There is no mistaking true married happiness when one meets it, and one certainly finds it in the Navarro household. Husband and wife have spent nearly six years together, and they are lovers still. Their life seems a continuous honeymoon. It is a world for two in which they live—not a selfish, contracted world, but a world of perfect understanding, perfect union, and ideal love. Their interests are one; their thoughts seem to belong to each other. It is the life of true comrades which these two lead, and it has the strength of true affection about it. To picture such an ideal, sacred union as exists here in cold type seems incongruous; surely, it is impossible. One can only see it, and almost catch its glow. It is a memory to carry away, but not a recollection to describe.

Mr. Clark Russell has a strikingly original story, "Vendetta Marina," in the March *Idler*.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

THE penniless youth fell into a deep sleep. "Ah!" he dreamed, "if only I had but five thousand a year, what good might I not do! How happy I could be! What presents I could bestow! What delights I could bring to so many! The poor should know my humble but discerning charity; the needy should not appeal in vain. Ah! if I had but five thousand a year secured, what a life I could lead! How noble and generous I could show myself!"

The years rolled by. The penniless youth was now worth a hundred thousand dollars. Once more he fell into a deep sleep.

"Ah!" he dreamed; "if I could accumulate a million dollars, how happy I should be! How I could enjoy life! What power I should possess! What influence, what authority! How men would look up to me, and admire me, and seek my friendship! Truly, that would be happiness, greatness, joy!"

The millionaire dozed in his easy chair. "Ah!" he dreamed; "could I but turn my million into ten millions! Could I but add to my wealth! Could I but get a higher rate of interest! Could I but invest it to greater advantage! Could I but change my million into ten millions! Could I but do it; could I but do it; could I but do it!"

The dream went on, and to the dreamer waking came no more.

SMOKERS SHOULD USE CALVERT'S DENTO-PHENOLENE.

A DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE.

A few drops in a wineglass of water make a delicious mouth wash, for sweetening the breath and leaving a pleasant taste and refreshing coolness in the mouth.

Editor of *Health* says:—"Most effectual for strengthening the gums in case of tenderness and ridding the mouth of the aroma of tobacco."

1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1 lb. 7s. 6d. Bottles, at Chemists, &c., or Post Free for Value.

A MIRACULOUS OINTMENT.

"Having a very sensitive skin, much affected by cold winds, it made me a victim to great suffering, although having tried numerous remedies. A friend insisted on my trying your Ointment, and gave me proof of its efficacy. I applied it also for a very bad burn on my hand, which, after a few applications, it entirely relieved, and having used it beneficially for other purposes, I can only describe it as a miraculous Ointment."—From W. J. WARE, Esq., Nunhead, London.

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Is unequalled as a Remedy for a Chafed Skin, Chapped Hands, Piles, Scalds, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Sore Eyes, Ear-ache, Cuts, Throats, Colds, and Skin Ailments.

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An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome tooth powder for smokers. Known for 60 years to be the best Dentifrice.

Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO, 2s. 9d. per box.

The LIST of APPLICATIONS will Close for Town and Country on Wednesday next, March 4, at 4 p.m.
A Dalziel Cablegram, dated Perth, W.A., 29th January, 1896, states: "Splendid specimens of stone from the 60-ft. and 105-ft. levels of the Lone Hand Mine, at the 25-Mile, have been brought into Coolgardie, creating a great sensation."
The Directors do not include any waiver clauses in this Prospectus, and will not go to allotment unless a total subscription of £20,000 is forthcoming, of which £10,000 will be applied towards working Capital.

THE BIRD-IN-HAND GOLD COMPANY, LTD.

(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.)

CAPITAL £20,000.

Divided into 80,000 Shares of £1 each, which are now offered for public subscription, payable as follows:—5s. per Share on application, 5s. per Share on allotment, 5s. on 30th April, 5s. on 30th June.

The sum of £40,000 is appropriated for Working Capital, and is included in the issue now offered for subscription.

DIRECTORS.

T. HARRISON-DAVIS, Esq. (Chairman), Managing Director West Australian Trust (Limited), Director Lady Loch Gold Mining Company (Limited), 54, Old Broad-street, E.C.

Colonel A. BUNTON-BROWN, R.A., F.G.S., Director Hannan's Find Gold Reefs, 19, Talbot-road, Bayswater, W.

H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON, Esq., Director of Hannan's South Brownhill Gold Mines (Limited), Heathfield Cottage, Chiswick, W.

G. HAMILTON LLOYD, Esq., A.M.I.C.E., M.I.M.M., 7, St. Mildred's-court, E.C.

ALFRED ROMILLY, Esq., Director Australasian Mining Company (Limited), 9, Lower Belgrave-street, S.W.

BANKERS.—The City Bank (Limited), Threadneedle-street, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Marshall and Marshall, 3 and 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

BROKERS.—Messrs. Earlam-Booth and Preston, 4, Copthall-chambers, and Stock Exchange; R. W. Elliston, Esq., 14, Dale-street, Liverpool, and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. John F. Lovering and Co., Church - passage, Guildhall, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—Percy H. Fowler, 1 and 2, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company was registered at Somerset House on 13th November, 1895; the objects, being (*inter alia*) to acquire and work the gold mining lease No. 1,622, known as the Bird-in-Hand Gold Mine, consisting of 15 acres or thereabouts, on the Lone Hand and True Blue lines of reef.

The position of the Bird-in-Hand Mine is exceptionally good. It is on the main line of lode at that prosperous mining district known as the "25-Mile" in Coolgardie Gold Field, and is immediately adjoining the celebrated "Lone Hand" Mine, lying between it and the "Westralia," carrying reefs which are locally distinguished as the "True Blue" and "Lone Hand" reefs. Among other mines which have brought the "25-Mile" district into prominence may be mentioned Blaketts (Eureka), Royal Sovereign, Premier, and Brilliant on the same line of reefs, and the Kintore and City of London on other lines.

Three distinct reefs are believed to traverse the Bird-in-Hand property from end to end, and developments at various points in adjoining lease-shown the reefs to be prolific in rich chutes. The rich specimen stone obtained in January from the Lone Hand Mine was taken from a shaft only thirty yards from the Bird-in-Hand boundary, and from a reef running directly to that boundary. The work of opening up the mine is now being vigorously prosecuted under the personal supervision of the Company's resident engineer, Mr. R. E. Wells, M.E., and operations include a vertical main shaft in an advantageous position, midway between the two principal reefs, with cross-cuts at various levels, to intersect and work the reefs effectually and economically with one plant of mining machinery.

The property has been examined on behalf of the vendor by C. Chewings, Esq., Ph.D., F.G.S., F.R.G.S., and by W. H. C. Lovely, Esq., M.A.I.M.E. M.F.I.M.E. (England), whose reports accompany the prospectus, as also a sketch plan prepared by Dr. Chewings. Reports have also been received from Mr. R. N. Wells, M.E., M.A.A.S., who is in charge of the mine, and the directors have taken advantage of Mr. W. H. C. Lovely's arrival in London last week to obtain from him a confirmatory report, which is also appended to the prospectus.

The purchase price to be paid for the property is fixed at £10,000 in cash, and £30,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, at the option of the directors, and the vendors have agreed to pay all preliminary expenses (including brokerage) attending the formation of the Company up to allotment.

Applications for shares should be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded to the Company's bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the bankers, solicitors, and brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

London, 26th February, 1896.
Ex tract from Dr. Chewings' report:—
From the north two reefs run direct for the property from the Royal Sovereign Gold Mine. These are called the Royal Sovereign East and West reefs. The western reef is 15 ft. to 20 ft. wide in places, and the manager of that claim estimates the stone to average 2 oz. of gold per ton. Twenty yards to the east of and running parallel to this is a reef that varies from 6 in. to 2 ft. wide. 30 cwt. of this stone was taken from the shaft nearest the Bird-in-Hand to Southern Cross, treated in a battery, and yielded 18 oz. 7 dwt. of gold, or say 12 oz. 3 gr. per ton. Both of these reefs follow direct lines until covered by the alluvium of the fiat land, and run almost direct for the Lone Hand shaft and reef.

From the south two similar and parallel reefs run into the property. The remarks made on the Royal Sovereign reefs will apply in every respect to these, only that the Eastern one here has not been worked enough to prove its value yet.

A little further to the west of these, and certainly running into the property from the south, as proven by the outcropping reef in a trench and on the surface, is perhaps the most valuable reef of all. It varies from 2 to 6 ft. wide, and goes from 5 to 30 oz. per ton.

It is almost certain that several other quartz reefs run through the property.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES. BIRD-IN-HAND GOLD COMPANY (LIMITED).

To the Directors of THE BIRD-IN-HAND GOLD COMPANY (LIMITED).
Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers, THE CITY BANK, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C., to the account of BIRD-IN-HAND GOLD COMPANY (LIMITED), the sum of £....., being a deposit of Five Shillings per Share on..... Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept and pay for the same, or any less number, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated the 26th day of February, 1896, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company.

Ordinary Signature.....
Name (in full).....
Address (in full).....
Profession or Occupation.....
Date.....1896.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—A good deal of controversy will probably rage around the new Lyceum drama, *For the Crown*. Let me hasten to say that, in my opinion, it is a drama that every good playgoer ought to see. Some people will never go twice; others will go over and over again.

On broad, general principles, I hope that it will prove successful, because the Robertson-Harrison management has been unlucky, and because on the present production they lavished time, care, thought, and money in their endeavour to please the public. Their cast is magnificent, and their scenery and costumes are singularly beautiful.

The entertainment, to my thinking, however, is not devoid of certain defects. As a matter of fact, it was run through with great rapidity. But more than once it *seemed* to drag. This, so far as I could judge, was due to two causes—the peculiarity of the dialogue, and the flat improbability of the plot.

Prince Michael Brancomir is a great general and a mighty warrior. He has held a certain Christian State in the Balkans against the Turks for years. Such is his prowess and his masterly strategy that the kingdom at last is pronounced impregnable. His army is a superb organisation—as he himself describes it, “an iron machine.” The Turks have exhausted every ruse and artifice of war in their attempts to dislodge him, but in vain. Therefore, the natural and logical deduction is that they may try again as often as they please, but equally without avail. Now, to Michael—or, rather, to his wife, Bazilide—there comes a Turkish spy with this most preposterous argument: “Give up your citadel to the Turks, and you shall be acknowledged as King of your State on payment of a nominal yearly tribute; if you refuse, someone else will be found to betray the citadel. You may try and stop this by seizing and slaying the spy; but, even if you do, another spy will come after him; he will find someone to betray the citadel, and, as a reward, that someone will be given the crown now offered to you.” Had Michael really been half as great a general as he is said to have been, surely he would have laughed the spy to scorn. He would have pointed out that the Turks had tried everything and failed, for years. He would have said: “Go! Get your somebody to lead them through my mountain passes! My sentries are on the watch, and we will make mincemeat of the infidels, as we have done before!” That such a very silly, feeble threat could possibly have weight for a moment with a great commander is ridiculous and absurd. The moment Prince Michael began to argue about it, debate it, and seriously consider it, I began to feel irritated. But when Bazilide, and Michael, and his son Constantine had all discussed it at great length, I became genuinely peevish. The thing would not hold water for a moment. What was worse, it trotted along side by side with what should have been the real, live, moving motive of the play. Michael says, in effect: “If I don’t betray my country, somebody will. As the country *can’t* be saved, I may as well have the price of treason—that is, the crown.” Now, what he should have said was this: “I have saved and made my country; but the wooden-headed and rather ungrateful populace, instead of making *me* King, have just elected Bishop Stephen to the throne! Hang my country! The Sultan at least knows my worth. He *does* offer me a crown as my reward. My subjects won’t suffer if I accept his suzerainty. Their freedom and religion, as well as my own, will be guaranteed under my rule. I am not going to waste the best years of my life for nothing! I have earned that crown, and I shan’t be happy till I get it!”

Granted that Michael did so commune with himself, an imperious, ambitious wife, to whom he was passionately devoted, might easily work upon his feelings, turn the

scale, and confirm his treason. To a certain extent she does do so, even as it is; but the point of her argument is similar to his. Ambition is a secondary consideration. “If you do not betray your country, some scullion will,” she says. And the heroic patriot cowers before the awful alternative as before. He possibly succeeded in convincing himself that he was right, for when his son Constantine takes him to task, he pleads his own cause with eloquence and conviction. Indeed, such is the vigour of his protestations, that I half suspect the author of having been converted by his own creation. The argument of the Turkish spy is, as I have stated, obvious twaddle; but the author turns it deliberately into a reality. Michael tells his son that a certain series of events are about to ensue. Nothing, he says, can stop them. Constantine swears that *he* will. To this end, sooner than let his father betray the country, he slays him. And then, precisely what Michael predicted comes off.

The spy finds his scullion, the Turks enter the country, Constantine gets no end of a thrashing, and, when next we see him, his army is on the verge of mutiny, and he is practically a prisoner.

Surely this is a very full and complete justification of Michael! You begin by feeling that Michael has not cause enough for proposing to do as he intended, and then you find that the author so twists facts and probabilities that Michael remains in the memory as a Lost Angel, while Constantine can pose only as a puppy and a parricide. He arrogates to himself the position of his father, judge and executioner, and he steps into the dead man’s shoes, only to prove that he himself is an indifferent warrior, an inferior general, a lachrymose windbag, whose career is one melancholy progression of murder, maunder, and muddle!

Being blest, or cursed, with a more or less logical mind, the best acting and the finest writing in the world does not appeal to me when there lurks within it or behind it some fundamental absence of probability.

Granting that what was originally said about Michael was true, his own deductions were obviously false. Directly his view was proved correct, the original statements were falsified, and the action of Constantine was damned. In fact, the hero ceased to be a hero, my sympathy left him, and I could not regard his ultimate punishment as a martyrdom.

I have an impression that, perhaps insensibly, my sentiments were shared by the majority of the audience. They were worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm when Constantine denounced and slew Michael. But Constantine as the Jameson of the Balkans, the man who made a mistake, the man who fought and failed, seemed to depress them somewhat. If Constantine had saved his country from the attempted treachery of his father, if he had placed it in a more secure position than ever, and had *then* gone to the stake rather than reveal who was the promoter of the treachery, he would have been a hero indeed. As things stand, the moral of the play seems to be, “It is an unwise child that murders its own father.”

Books of the words were not issued on the first night, so it is impossible to speak accurately of the dialogue, but some of it sounded rather strange; one line in particular struck me as very quaint—

“The docile, rhythmic Python of the East.”

After this I fully expected to hear a pleasant allusion to

“The jovial, jesting tiger of Bengal,”

or to

“The harmless, necessary cobras of Cathay.”

Let me hasten to add, however, that many of the big set speeches were admirable. Here and there descents were made to colloquialism that rather startled me, as when, for example, Constantine is tied to the statue of his father, and the warriors who surrounded him shout out “Death, death!”

Constantine acquiesces, and replies, "Death—certainly." For the moment, I thought he was going to add, "and thanks awfully!" There were several instances of this sort of thing during the evening, and they led me to conclude that though you may, with Shakespeare, sometimes allow your clowns to talk prose, it is inexpedient to mix prose and blank verse when you arrive at a serious, or heroic, situation. Consistent blank verse, it is true, often tends to monotony, but, on the other hand, it preserves smoothness and monotony. In *For the Crown*, the curious little jumps and jerks of the dialogue gave a curious flavour to the play, which I regard as detrimental rather than otherwise.

As an original romantic and picturesque play of high class, however, *For the Crown* deserves success. It may not be particularly cheerful, but, at any rate, it is not morbid. Its tone is high, healthy, and patriotic. If there is a public for it, as I most sincerely hope there is, it will encourage other authors to go forth and follow the excellent example of Mons. Coppée and Mr. Davidson. I would ask all and such to mark that *For the Crown* contains not one single line or scintillation of "comic relief," for which inestimable boon do the blessings of a grateful breast go out to everyone concerned.

The cast is small, but, as I said, admirable. I thought Mackintosh singularly suggestive and impressive in the comparatively small part of the spy. Jan Robertson was suffering from slight hoarseness, but he was dignified and effective as Bishop Stephen. Charles Dalton as Prince Michael might have stepped out of a picture, while the fire, force, and sweeping breadth of his acting was simply delightful. In the great scene with his son he fairly divided the honours with Forbes Robertson, who, as Constantine, was very good indeed. It was not his fault that the character lacked grip, and became a little contemptible in the last act. He played it for all it was worth, and played it admirably. I only wish he had made up a little more. He should not permit his father to monopolise all the hair of the family. Robertson's face is ascetic. In costume he always runs the risk of being mistaken for a curate in fancy dress. The people of the Balkans affect fiery moustaches, and I wish that Robertson would do the same.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is understood to have had her choice of the female parts but why she chose Militza I don't know. It is episodic, weak, and of secondary importance. It contains one big moment, but one only. She was very graceful and captivating, but when the moment came I thought she hardly rose to it. Miss Winifred Emery, on the other hand, though not naturally suited to Bazilide, triumphed by consummate art over every difficulty. Hers was a very fine performance indeed. I must confess, however, that, though in a less degree than Mrs. Campbell, she seemed to suffer from a lack of that breadth and strength of tone that is so very necessary in a big theatre like the Lyceum, especially when the cast includes actors like Dalton and Forbes Robertson.

The production of *For the Crown* was altogether a very interesting and memorable event, and you must not fail to see the play on the first opportunity you have of getting to town.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

THE BURGLARY SENSATIONS.

The many Sensational Burglaries which have recently taken place ought to direct additional attention to the

"TO-DAY" BURGLARY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

by which Special Numbered Policies are issued to Annual Subscribers. (For particulars see page 160.)

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess great advantages for CARRIAGE as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars) from 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

BY ONE WHO HAS INTERVIEWED HIM.

It happened one day to be my good fortune to have an excuse afforded me for going down to Walton-on-Thames to see Sir Arthur Sullivan. I had been told that it was practically impossible to get an "interview" with him, no matter how respectable the publication, or how persistent the interviewer, but I made up my mind, that, cost what it might, I would make the attempt. Luckily for my intention, Sir Arthur, on the day that I called, was not particularly busy. He had been feeling a bit overworked, and was taking things easily, having just finished the music of his last-produced opera, *The Chieftain*.

After some preliminary conversation on various matters of business, it was my good fortune to be invited to a *tête-à-tête* tea with the great magician of opera in his garden overlooking the Thames. He had only just taken the house and the beautiful grounds. It was, indeed, a sylvan retreat, and the recollection of that hour or so spent in that garden will long remain in my memory.

Before I had got through the second cup of tea our conversation had in some way—perhaps I had something to do with it—found its way round to the question of interviewing. I defended this feature of latter-day journalism on the ground that the interviewer was generally an earnest young man, burdened with a modest desire to get information first-hand, and to write his article in the first person instead of the third, while, sometimes, though not very often, he would put in the actual words of the celebrity interviewed.

Sir Arthur seemed interested, but perhaps a trifle uneasy at the turn our conversation had taken. Then a smile flitted over his face, and as he lit up a cigarette, he settled himself in his big garden chair, and slowly unburdened himself of what would have been his views on a recent *Idler* discussion, as to whether interviewers—to this interviewed—are a "curse or a blessing."

"My own experience of the interviewer," Sir Arthur kindly began, "has resulted in the opinion, if he is fairly exemplified in this particular instance, that he is a very ungrateful person. I had thought him rather a good fellow at first, but my recent experience has set me against him. This particular experience occurred in America. I had taken a company over the water, when, to oblige a certain gentleman who called on me there, and who was, by the way, at the time, out of work, I gave him an interview.

"The interview was very well written, and turned out to be a good piece of work for himself, for, backed up by a letter of recommendation from me, he was immediately given a sub-editorial position on the paper to which he had sent in his interview. We parted good friends, and he was grateful and enthusiastic about what I had done for him, to a degree.

"The next time I went to America, I received a like request from this gentleman, and declined, for the reason that I was exceedingly weary, and did not see why I should be called upon, at short notice, to provide a paper with 'copy.' The very next morning an article appeared in the paper, written by him, which contained some of the grossest insults and cruellest libels that I remember to have read anywhere, about anyone. I was roundly described as an immoral wretch with whom a company of girls was wholly unsafe, and, in short, I was depicted as a blackguard whom no one could trust.

"I presume that the American public does not take its journalism seriously, for, if you'll believe it, this good fellow, on meeting me a short time after in a public place, actually held out his hand! I did the least I could, under the circumstances, and, putting my hands behind my back, told him in the presence of a

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“ Surely never was such a boom as there is now going on in the Cycle Trade. The season is altogether unprecedented, and extraordinary dividends and premiums may be looked for.

“ Still, what a future remains! Half the world is only beginning to take to cycling. Every household has yet to be supplied. New machines must take the place of old ones so soon wearing out. Further supplying has to be done everywhere. There is no industry so safe for a great and prosperous future.

“ The boys must have cycles; the girls want them. Even Duchesses, Dukes and Earls are this year learning to ride! Why fly to foreign investments while home industries are so flourishing?”—*Cycle Trade Journal*.

It is difficult to see where the singular progress of the Cycle Trade is to stop. Every year numbers of new riders are added, and the new generation, even as children, require new machines. The demand must, therefore, continue to increase owing to the number of new riders increasing, while for existing riders nothing wears out more certainly than a cycle. Thus buyers can but remain permanent in millions, and have to be kept constantly supplied.

Besides this, the changing cycling fashions and new patterns also add to the constancy of riders' requirements. Each season renders the last more or less old fashioned, and to be “up to date,” money must continue to be poured in to the manufacturer.

For these reasons cycle companies have become permanent and safe industrial investments for future years, and are unquestionably likely to see higher prices. Those in the end will reap the richer result who were investors in the early days, as other investors did in the case of railways, gas, telephones, electricity, etc., and similar modern inventions once struggling for public favour.

number of onlookers, that I had no idea of shaking hands with a blackguard. Of course, I could do nothing else except to take the law into my own hands and give the fellow the thrashing he richly deserved. The paper, need I say, was not worth powder and shot, and had I taken proceedings, I should merely have spent money in giving it an excellent advertisement."

After this little anecdote it can well be imagined that it was not until after much tea had been drunk, and many cigarettes smoked, that I ventured to reveal myself as one of the interviewing fraternity, but I was able to mention the one weekly paper (not *To-day*) which Sir Arthur regularly reads. I chanced to meet with success. That the result was not so unsatisfactory, seemed clear from the fact that soon after the interview I was given a letter of introduction to one of his friends (Sir Henry Irving), telling him he could rely on this particular interviewer's "discretion and good taste." I merely mention the fact—knowing that nothing can be immodest in an anonymous article—as it formed a very pleasant conclusion to a satisfactory page from the diary of an interviewer.

ROUND THE CARD-TABLE.

BY THE MAJOR.

IN playing a proposal and acceptance in Solo Whist a few evenings ago, two instances illustrating the occasional necessity for reversing orthodox principles of play occurred in one hand. Ten of clubs was turned up, the first three players passed, the dealer proposed, and first hand accepted on king, seven, five, clubs (trumps), queen, Jack, ten, nine, eight, hearts, ace, queen, ten, spades, and two, five, diamonds. The leader saw the necessity of establishing his heart suit, and that if he did not lead it off at the start he was scarcely strong enough to come in the required number of times to establish it later on, so instead of proceeding to draw trumps in the ordinary way, he led the queen of hearts. The next hand, holding five hearts, with the king, passed it, and the proposer, having the ace only, took his partner's trick, and returned the three of clubs. On this the acceptor put the king, which made, and giving back a small trump, his partner took it with the queen, led back the ace, and so drew all the trumps but the turn-up (the ten), which he still retained. He then led the eight of spades.

Here was a promising prospect of a slam! For the first hand saw that, if the eight of spades was his partner's fourth best of the suit, which, by the canons of good play, it ought to be, they held the whole mastery of it between them, and that, should his partner have five spades, correct play would give them the thirteen tricks. First hand must come in twice to establish his hearts, and he took his only chance of doing so by finessing queen of spades against his partner, a second infraction of the ordinary methods, led eight of hearts, which forced the king from second hand—to be trumped by the dealer, who returned a small spade, on which the acceptor put the ace, and played his remaining three hearts, which made tricks, and to which his partner discarded three diamonds. He then led the ten of spades, which the dealer took, and made the remaining two tricks of the same suit.

If the respective hands (which I append as nearly as I can remember them) are played out with a pack of cards, it will be perceived that on the ordinary lines of play it would be extremely unlikely that the slam could have been made, as the opponents must have secured a trick or two in diamonds, and success here was only attained by a judicious evasion of hard and fast principles. The first hand has been given; the second held Jack, six, two, clubs; ace, king, nine, seven, diamonds; six, spades; king, seven, five, three, two, hearts. Third hand, nine, eight, four, clubs; queen, Jack, ten, eight, diamonds; seven, five, four, three, spades; six, four, hearts. Dealer, ace, queen, ten, three, clubs; ace, hearts; king, Jack, nine, eight, two, spades; six, four, three, diamonds.

The misere of Napoleon, although pretty generally adopted now, has a rather elastic personality. At some tables it ranges in order between calls of two and three, at others between three and four, and frequently between four and five. Sometimes the first lead makes a trump suit in the

usual way, and sometimes it is played without trumps, the lack of uniformity being due to the fact that it was introduced by those who played Solo Whist, and perpetuated by those who did not, with the result that it has now attained a state of crystallised confusion. I believe that its correct position is between the three and four calls, and it should unquestionably be played without trumps.

VIENNA Banker is a little novelty, whose acquaintance I made last week for the first time. It is played in the following way: The banker always deals, and starts the bank with an agreed-upon sum—say one shilling. He then serves out the cards, one at a time, to every player except himself, until each has three cards. The player to his left examines his hand, and either backs it for the whole or part of the bank to contain a card of the same suit and superior to that which the banker is about to turn up, or he "passes," and throws his cards in. The banker turns up a fresh card for each player; and the bank goes on accumulating until someone goes for the whole amount and breaks it, when the banker at once loses his deal, which passes to the person on his left. Failing this, however, the banker deals three rounds, and when the third has been played, he appropriates the balance left in the bank. "Vienna Banker" has a strong family resemblance to "Uncle Sam," in which the players, however, do not look at their cards before betting, and, like most games of its class, it always has a tendency to drift from a harmless pastime into a desperate gamble.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERNEST J. SANSOM.—1. You beg the question; for the lead of the ten of diamonds would be quite wrong. A opens with ace of hearts, Y plays nine of hearts, B Jack of hearts, Z three of hearts, A nine of diamonds, Y seven of diamonds, B two of spades, Z six of diamonds. The play of the remaining tricks is fairly obvious. 2. A printer's error, of course. It should have been Joker instead of Poker.

E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.—The Abundance and the open Misere were both over risky, and there were one or two doubtful points in the play. On trick two, for instance, B should have covered with Jack instead of ace of clubs, the king and queen having still to be accounted for. This would have rightly placed the lead with C, who could then have led spades and caught the caller on the fifth round. On trick three C should have led the seven of spades, and not have discarded queen of clubs on trick four, as he wanted to retain a high card to take the lead. Am always obliged for interesting experiences of play.

GORDON.—It would be impossible to make Piquet intelligible to a novice by a brief explanation. You will find a very excellent account of it by "Cavendish," published by De La Rue and Co. Piquet is generally supposed to have no rival as a scientific card game for two persons.

H. J. M.—If during the play of a misere an opponent turns over one of the tricks to examine it, the caller can require him to pay the stakes to the winning side, the game proceeding in the usual way.

PADEREWSKI reads after he has gone to bed, and reads in the morning before he gets up. In this way he can give his body rest while he is employing his mental faculties profitably and for his recreation. When he is *en tour* reading is almost his only amusement. There is, however, one other, more entirely an amusement, for Paderewski's reading is more or less study as well. This is billiards. He is very fond of the game, and handles a cue with a good deal of skill. If he could master ivory, in the shape of billiard balls, as well as he does the same material when it veneers the keys of a piano, there would be a new record established in billiard runs and difficult shots.

FIRST SWEETHING—Is it true that you love Dick Dashleigh? Tell me, dear, in confidence.

Second Sweetthing—Well, then, in confidence, dear, I do love him, devotedly.

First Sweetthing (aside)—That settles it! I'll accept the proposal he made me last night!

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

LOANS granted on Short Term Insurance Policies. Reversions bought, Correspondence invited. Distance no object.—Walker & Son, Midland Chambers, Nottingham.

Tobaccoists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobaccoists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—Sheltered climate. First-rate sport, and only 12 hours from London. CERCLE DES ETRANGERS with Roulette, Trent-et-quarante, &c., always open. Hotel tariff at 10 francs inclusive. For details, address JULES CREHAY, Sec.

CONSUMPTION.—Success of Dr. Alabone's treatment. Read "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," 25th Edition. Price 2s. 6d., post free, by EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D., Phil., U.S.A., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S., Eng., by Exam. 1870. Lynton House, Highbury, London, N.

IN THE CITY.

HALTING CRUSHINGS.

In our last issue we referred to the halting dividends from Westralian gold mining companies, and here it may be useful to note what we may call the halting crushings. As the most disquieting feature of the dividend record is that it shows that the aggregate of dividends is falling away rather than improving, so with the crushings, we find evidence of similar stagnation, if not of actual retrogression. Below will be found the record of the leading mines:—

	End of Oct.	Mid. Dec.	End of Feb.
	oz.	oz.	oz.
Bayley's Reward...	53,726	54,391	54,391
Great Boulder ...	19,328	24,327	30,134
Murchison New Chum	12,071	14,371	16,536
Consolidated Mainland	10,770	11,364	12,167
Star of the East ...	11,879	11,879	11,879
Lake View ...	8,826	9,421	10,723
Londonderry ...	8,000	9,365	9,365
Mainland Consols	8,250	8,253	8,500
Totals ...	132,850	143,368	153,695

Here we find that of the eight leading mines two have produced nothing since the end of October, two more show no increase since mid-December, whilst of the four others, the Murchison New Chum is about to shut down, and the Great Boulder is the one mine that can be said to be turning out steady and good crushings.

If we examine the returns of the other Westralian mines at work we shall find that in many cases the output is diminishing, and that there is nothing like rapid and general expansion. The reports of new crushings for which the market is looking may, of course, put a different appearance upon matters, but it is pretty clear that, however valuable the fields may be, patience and faith will be drawn upon pretty heavily.

AN IMPUDENT PROPOSAL.

The Anglo-French Goldfields of Australasia, Limited, has been before the public during the current week. It is brought out with a capital of half a million sterling, and is one of the most impudent things in the way of company promotion we have seen for some time. It has an Earl—the Earl of Kilmorey, K.P.—for its chairman, and it has been financed by—Dane's Discount Company.

The vendors sell what they have to sell for £300,000. What do they sell? The prospectus tells us. They sell:—

1. Three Government leases of an extensive landed estate situate in the northern territory of South Australia, containing an area of about 3,942 square miles.
2. An exclusive license for a limited period to prospect "over a belt of about 640 square miles, part of the above."
3. A mining property in New Zealand, "which has been favourably reported on by several experts of good standing."
4. A mining property, also in New Zealand, which has been "favourably reported on."
5. A mining property of 24 acres in the White Feather District of Western Australia, "also favourably reported upon."

That is what the public is to get for its money! Whereabouts "in the northern territory of South Australia" the 3,942 square miles may be; why a license to prospect "for a limited period" over a fifth of this ground should be set down as a second asset; where the two mining properties are to be looked for in New Zealand; who has "favourably reported" upon the "mining property of twenty-four acres in the White Feather district of Western Australia"—there is no trace of an answer to any one of these questions in the prospectus before us.

Now, we put it to the Earl of Kilmorey, has he satisfied himself upon these points? Is he in a position to come forward and tell the public that he knows these properties to be the valuable properties the prospectus would have the public believe them to be? He is lending his name to the company—he is, indeed, chairman of it, and as such his responsibility is very direct. What steps has he taken to satisfy himself that £300,000 is a fair price for the leases and the options—such as they are—the company has to sell, that 300,000 shillings would not be too high a price for the whole bag of tricks?

SAFE DEPOSITS.

Upon this subject Mr. Mackay, the manager and secretary of the Leeds Safe Deposit, writes to us, and in the course of his letter says that our correspondent, who said that it would be a very easy matter to provide himself with duplicates of the keys, is quite wrong.

The keys or under-locks are placed in a large safe, specially constructed for the purpose. This safe is only opened in the presence of

the chairman of the company, another director, and myself, and the keys taken out are enclosed separately in a special form of envelope, and sealed in a peculiar manner by the directors at a board meeting. The company's seal is also placed on the envelope and the signatures of two directors. When a renter takes a safe the "Lease Deed" which he is required to sign has printed across it in bold red letters the words, "The renter must receive his key in a sealed envelope bearing signatures of two directors and the seal of the company." You will therefore see that with this system to duplicate the keys is impossible. I send you herewith one of the used envelopes named.

Respecting duplicate keys, Mr. Mackay contends there is no danger.

Any renter may have a duplicate key if he chooses, be he director or not, but he is required to give up this duplicate on giving up the safe, and if the duplicate were not given up the combination of the lock would immediately be altered, thus rendering useless any other key which might exist. A strict record is kept of all the duplicate keys supplied, and when the safe is given up, the duplicate key is destroyed in the presence of the directors, and an entry made in the minute book to that effect.

Suppose, however, that a duplicate key is manufactured without the knowledge of the company; it would be impossible to use such key, because a renter is never allowed to go to his safe except an attendant accompanies him, and even if he got into the safe room he would be prevented by the double lock from tampering with any safe. Again, when a renter wishes to enter his safe, the number is verified by the attendant in charge—a reference to our books showing at a glance what changes have occurred. Safes given up are never relet except after a lapse of at least twelve months.

Mr. A. B. Chatwood, the London manager of Chatwood's Patent Safe and Lock Company, writes to us to say that his company has invented a lock which guards against any danger arising out of the safe key passing through several hands. Here is Mr. Chatwood's description of his lock:—

It is constructed on very much the same lines as the ordinary lever lock for safes, but instead of having a slot or gating in the front of the levers to admit the main stump when the bolt is drawn back, it is provided with a series of discs, one for each lever, in which these slots are cut, and which are connected each to its own lever by toothed gearing.

Under ordinary circumstances the lock works just like an ordinary lock, but if it becomes desirable to change the pattern of the key, so that a copy of the original key shall be useless, it can very simply be done. The key which fits the lock is used to unlock the safe, and a small special key is inserted at the back of the lock, and turned so as to separate the discs—which are carried by an eccentric spindle—from the levers. The principal key is now withdrawn, shooting the bolt, but not so far as to release the discs; the new key (of an entirely different pattern) is put into the lock and turned, as if to unlock, as far as it will go; the small key at the back of the lock is turned back to connect the discs and levers, and thus the lock is fitted to a new key, and the old key rendered useless.

In the application of this lock to safe deposits, Messrs. Chatwood supply any number of keys up to about 40,000 each to a different pattern, and under their seal, so that the renter receives a sealed envelope containing a key, which has not been fingered by any official of the Safe Deposit Company, and the custodian opens the box or safe, and applies his "change" key to the back of the lock, and thus allows the renter himself to fit the lock to his own key.

ON THE "CHAFFEY BRETHREN."

We have received a letter from a well-informed correspondent, from which we take the following:—

I am sure many of those interested in this company must be grateful for the trouble you have taken. No doubt Messrs. Parker and Co. are a most respectable firm, and are acting straightforward, and the same may be said of Mr. Vincent (who has lately written to me) and of the firm of solicitors, Barbe, Sladen and Wing (of 1, Delahay Street, Westminster), who are the London agents for the Trustee, etc., Company, of Melbourne. But they all seem equally in the dark, and the question is whether their respective Australian clients are equally straightforward, and are not *purposely* keeping them in the dark. From pretty good information I do not think that Messrs. Chaffey Bros. personally stand very well in Australia. They are thought both greedy and selfish, and though the Irrigation Colonies as such are thought to have a good future, I think that in Victoria and South Australia they would be glad to get rid of the Chaffey Brethren themselves.

That being so, it is not good news for debenture-holders which you give to-day, and which is news to me—that the receiver whom the trustees have put into possession of all the assets on behalf of the debenture-holders is actually one of these very gentlemen. It looks as if it might be—though, of course, I cannot state that it is so—that the trustees are actually playing into the hands of the Chaffey Brethren. Do not you think so yourself? The debenture security consists of a first charge on some of the uncalled capital to the amount and extent only of the principal sum of the debentures and of conveyance or mortgage of lands (valued at cost price, i.e., at the certified cost of erection of works on them to a like amount; also a general floating charge on all the assets, of which the remainder are very likely otherwise charged up to the hilt. This being so, to one not on the spot the realisable value of one's security is obviously very uncertain.

I may say that I am a solicitor, and have therefore lately been able to arrive at this conclusion from a careful perusal of a print of the Trust Deed.

The time is now very near at hand when we can demand payment of our interest (but not of our principal before 1902) from the two guarantee companies, and the result will show if they are good for anything.

Now, if your paper has the circulation which it deserves, it is possible you may be able to put me into communication with some of the other debenture holders, so that we might, to some extent, consult in a friendly way. As they are "Bearer" Banks there is no register, and no other means of ascertaining who the other debenture holders are. For my own part, I do not know the name of any other than myself.

THE MELBOURNE BREWERY AND DISTILLERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

This company was registered in July, 1894, to acquire the Victoria Brewery, in Melbourne, as from November 30th, 1893. When the company was brought out in August, 1894, we advised our readers (TO DAY, August 4, 1894) to have nothing to do with it, and the record of the company has amply justified our

distrust. Although it has had the business for more than two years, and the public were assured at the time of issue that it was a highly prosperous business, no report has yet been issued, the shareholders are still whistling for dividends, and the debenture holders have had to wait for their interest.

What is the explanation? It was not a small business that was sold to the British public, or perhaps it would be better to say that it was not a small sum that the vendors took from the pockets of the British public. They managed to get £205,000, and of this £180,000 was in coin of the realm. What have shareholders to show for this gigantic sum? And why has Sir John Whittaker Ellis, whose name appeared on the prospectus as one of the Trustees, ceased to act in that capacity?

Next week we shall let in some daylight upon this mysterious concern.

'TO-DAY'S' BLACK LIST.

Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams.—These people say that "the total profits paid to clients during the year 1895 amounted to 92 per cent.," and they go on to say that they "feel warranted in claiming that they offer their clients a form of investment equal to the very best, and superior to most." Equal to the very best! A return of 92 per cent. by means of "a form of investment equal to the very best." We do not know whether any clients of Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Williams have received 92 per cent. during the last twelve months upon investments left in their hands. It is possible. We have heard of a sprat that has been sacrificed to catch a mackerel. But whether some such payments have been made or not, we do not hesitate to describe the statements made by Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Williams, and which we quote above, as untrue and grossly misleading statements, and we hope no reader of TO-DAY will be beguiled by them into remitting money to these people upon the strength of their promise to put it into an investment "equal to the very best," and returning 92 per cent. per annum.

Leopold Gordon.—It may be useful to state that, as we are informed, this person trades under the name of B. Edwards, 144, Bath Street, Glasgow. Leopold Gordon is the name he uses for his promissory notes, bills, etc., and, consequently, the one by which he is known when he seeks the assistance of the law.

T. Boyd.—This person—to whose practices we have referred in previous issues, continues to scatter his "Favourite Combination System" circulars over the country. A day or two ago we received one that had been addressed to a workhouse official.

New Larcombe Slate Quarries, Ltd.—These prospectuses are being sent round again. We hope none of our readers will be bamboozled into applying for any of the debentures now offered.

The report of the Chartered Company is an eminently unsatisfactory document. A good deal is said about claims that have been pegged out, but there is little or nothing to show that they have any commercial value. Much again is made of the sale of stands at Salisbury, but the report is careful not to explain that the £203,095 has, most of it, still to be collected. And what do shareholders say as to the silence of the report upon the Jameson raid, and all it may mean to the Company?

In our issue of February 22nd we said we should make further reference to the formation and the history of the Limerick Brewery Company. There has been unavoidable delay in the fulfilment of that promise, but we hope to deal with the matter at length in our next issue. It is an instructive story.

We observe that the Barnato Consolidated Mines Company has issued a map which is supposed to indicate the position and value of the properties held by the company. It is a grossly misleading production.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that the introduction to the Stock Exchange of two of the Jameson raiders was not generally approved by members of the Stock Exchange. The members of the Stock Exchange are, taking them in the lump, supposed to be ultra jingo, but even jingoes of the saner sort stop short of the disgraceful exhibition at Bow Street.

NEW ISSUES.

The Bird-in-Hand Gold Company, Limited.—There are two statements in this prospectus which we note with pleasure—there is no waiver clause, and the directors pledge themselves not to go to allotment unless a certain specified proportion of the capital is subscribed, which will enable another specified portion to be applied towards working capital. For the rest the company promises well. Three distinct reefs are said to

traverse its property, the capital, as such things go, is not excessive, and the purchase price is moderate.

The Anglo-French Gold Fields of Australasia, Limited.—We have said our say about this concern in another column.

The Kathleen Crown Company.—A New Zealand venture, with a capital of £75,000, of which £50,000 is to go to the vendor, who sells to the company some ninety-two acres in the Hauraki district. This land is said to be very auriferous, and it is in the vicinity of valuable mining properties. The shares represent a highly speculative purchase.

The Gold Consols, Limited.—This is to be an exploration, development, and finance company, and offers 70,000 shares of a capital of £200,000, and, of the 70,000, 40,000 will be available for working capital. The company will not confine its operations to any particular district or country, but practically they will be confined to South Africa and Australia. A member of the Board carries on business at Sydney, and the company will have a director in Johannesburg. The company has already secured valuable options in Westralia, New Zealand, and the Gwelo district, near the Zambesi. There is no doubt that the Financial and Exploration Companies are getting the cream of the profits in Westralia, and with judicious management we see no reason why the Gold Consols, Limited, should not do well. It promises well.

H. S. Persse, Limited.—The proprietor of the Galway Distillery values it at £250,000, and has turned the business into a joint stock company, with a share capital of £150,000, and £100,000 in 4 per cent. debentures. Mr. Persse takes all the share capital, and the £100,000 in cash to come from the issue of debentures. He and his son, too, have "bound themselves to continue the management for a period of ten years," and he and his son, and a Mr. Crozier, make up the Board. It seems to us that Mr. Persse will have a good deal the best of this deal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Home and Colonial Stores. A. S. (Dublin).—The company does a large business, but we should prefer Harrod's. See what we say about "Our Own Investment System" in another column. **A Good Medium.** B. E. (Birmingham).—We have no doubt you would be fairly treated. **Stock Exchange Speculation.** ANOTHER IGNORAMUS. (Sale).—You ask, "Would it be worth while for a person to speculate in stocks and shares with small sums of from £10 to £100?" and you go on to ask, "How shall that person go about it?" If that person takes TO-DAY's advice he will not go about it at all, but be content to leave his money where he is pretty sure to find it when he wants it. **Faith Gold Mining Company.** MAC. (Dalkeith).—No, nothing. **Bayley's Reward.** J. H. W. (Glasgow).—We think you had better hold. The other shares are rubbish. Sell for what you can get. **Jackson Gold Fields.** L. K. (London).—(1) Yes, we think so. Beira Rails are not worth looking at upon their merits, but it is quite possible the quotation will go higher. The other share also represents a very speculative undertaking. **"Our Own Investment System."** O. F. V. (Birmingham).—Have nothing to do with it. **Value of Shares.** PERPLEXED. (Manchester).—The first of the three companies died an unhonoured death some time ago. We never heard of the second. There is no quotation for the third, but we think something could be got for them. **Outside Brokers.** A. L. (Wolverhampton).—Better have no dealings with them. **Salt Union.** NEWPORT (Altham).—We do not see much likelihood of the price improving. **New Zealand Gold Mines.** GRAB HOOK.—The Hauraki has given good results, and on a capital of £40,000 has paid £64,000, or 4s. for 2s. 6d. share, mainly on the sale of a portion of its property. These shares are now quoted at 15s. Royal Oaks are less good. The 4s. share is now quoted at about 3s. The Indian share represents a sound investment. **Robey and Co. H. C.** (Manchester).—We think your debentures quite safe. **Mines and Banking Corporation.** E. A. W. (Newcastle).—(1) Wait a little. (2) Have nothing to do with the Londonderry Extended. **Moore and Burgess.** LARMAN.—We do not answer letters unaccompanied by name and address. **Investment of Capital.** FLOREAT (Lowestoft).—The Bank shares are quite safe, but the other investment is of too speculative a kind for an investor whose position is such as you describe yours to be. **Investment in Shares.** CONSTANT READER (Hull).—It would be a speculative investment. **Rand Investments.** M. H. G. (Thornbury).—Your questions require reference, and will be answered next week, but we may say at once that the securities you name would not be selected by any trustee without gross violation of duty. **Sundry Mining Shares.**—(Sheffield).—We should sell the lot for what they will fetch, but it is possible that Bayley's Reward will be quoted higher by-and-by. **Investment of £70.** A. F. (South Tottenham).—We do not think that East London Railway stock would be suitable for your purpose.

INSURANCE.

MUNGO.—The physical defect you mention would count for but little in the case of an endowment insurance, payable not later than, say, 55; and even in the case of a whole-life policy some offices would consider it a small objection whilst others would rate you up. Half premium systems generally give satisfaction, except when the unpaid half accumulates at compound interest as a debt against the sum assured. We agree with you that No. 1 is the best of your selection; Nos. 3 and 4 are a long way behind it.

J. M. M. (Dumbarton).—Section 54 of 16 and 17 Vict., cap. 34, allows deduction of both life and accident premiums from income, provided such premiums do not exceed one-sixth of income. On what ground was your deduction disallowed?

G. H. G.—See answer to J. W. P.

R. H.—Both offices are beyond question as to stability, and both give the same bonuses, which are good, but the older office of the two you mention charges a less premium.

CONSTANT READER (Inverness).—The shares are not worth having at any price. The investments won't bear investigation.

G. ANDREWS.—The company does not do life business.

G. A.—If the account be made up to 31st December it may be taken that the object is to terminate the official concurrently with the chronological year. If to a more recent date, you may conclude that the object is to practically show eighteen months' premiums against fifteen months' losses and expenses. We are not quite satisfied with the last account. Better, however, to wait until the new account is out.

J. K. J.—1. The Life office you mention is a good one, and well managed.

2. The agent has evidently exaggerated.

J. W. P.—We cannot answer questions about answers. We shall be happy to give you our opinion of any office you name.

H. H.—For a little under £10 a year you can obtain an assurance for £200, payable to yourself when fifty years of age, or for £250, payable at fifty-five. If you died before the age stipulated, the assurance money would be payable to whoever you might name in your will. In addition to the sum assured there would be, in case you go to a good office, bonuses after the rate of from 25s. to 30s. a year for each £100 assured.

B. O.—All are first-class offices, but as you do not state what kind of transaction you propose to enter into, we do not know which to say would serve you best.

CARP.—Some offices would charge an addition to tabular rates, whilst others would accept tabular rates and exclude from the contract the liability of death from certain causes, which you will no doubt correctly surmise.

NOW READY.

PRICE 1/-

"THE IDLER"

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WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.—II. RUTH. A. J. GOODMAN
VENDETTA MARINA ... CLARK RUSSELL

Three Illustrations by T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

"She's in a faint," said the doctor. "See this, captain?"—"That's the old Ramillies."—"We brought the ship to a stand and lowered a boat."

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P. ADDISON BRIGHT

Photographs by Messrs. FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P.—Sir Edward Clarke's house at Staines.—The drive.—Sir Edward Clarke's notes.—A page from Sir Edward Clarke's note-book.—The dining-room.—The study.—Sir Edward Clarke's favourite dog.

A MODEL CRIME ... W. PETT RIDGE

Three Illustrations by HAL HURST.

"Chlorryfom might do it," said James, thoughtfully.—Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside.—James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.—I, II, & III.—JOSEPH HATTON

Four Illustrations by W. H. MARGETSON.

"A day comes when you half wish your rooms had taken fire."—Shirley Brooks.—"Hiding away our properties among the gravestones in the churchyard."—Mrs. Rousby.

MORE BIRDS OF A FEATHER ... ANTHONY HOPE

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

"I was left alone in the hall with the prisoner."—"Came near with the knives."—"The enemy were in full retreat."—"Held a very substantial-looking whip in his hand."

"AU REVOIR" ... HOUNSOM BYLES

THE HORRORS OF LONDON.—II. THE AQUARIUM—ALLEN UPWARD

Illustrations by E. H. GOODWIN.

"The mere presence of a fish seems to arouse their worst passions."—"There is an idea abroad that it is a department of the South Kensington Museum."

A LONG VIEW ... CHAS. PEARS

"THE POETRY OF ART" ... ROY COMPTON

Eleven Illustrations by R. SAUBER, R.B.A.

"The Golden Lure."—A study.—"The Angel of Death bearing away the Soul."—Robert Sauber, R.B.A.—Illustration from "The Rose had been Washed."—"Literature."—"An Afternoon Call."—"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"—"The Three Snake Leaves."—"Sorrow."—"The Trysting Bower."

THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.—II. HERR

DOLLE'S DIAMONDS ... HERBERT KEEN

Four Illustrations by W. DEWAR.

Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office.—There was only one cashier.—"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.—"This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton."

THE HISTORY OF "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Photographs by GEO. HANA and W. D. DOWNEY.

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THE HUSBAND OF THE PRINCESS ... E. S. GREW

Three Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS.

"I should think," remarked one of the roses in bloom, unkindly, "that you've been standing out in the sun."—As we leant over the railings at the side of the stalls.—"My great hit," he added, "was 'The Shabby Gentle.'"

LETTERS TO CLORINDA.—II. JEROME K. JEROME

THE GORGONZOLA UNLOOSED ... ALAN WRIGHT

THE RED ROOM ... H. G. WELLS

ROWING AT OXFORD ... OLIVER S. JONES

Seven Illustrations by GEORGE C. HAITE, R.B.A., and others.

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"THE NANSENS" ... J. ARTHUR BAIN

Eleven Illustrations.

The "Fram." Dr. Nansen's ship.—Dr. Nansen.—Nansen on "Ski."—Nansen and his crew, after crossing Greenland.—Fru Nansen.—The launching of the "Fram."—The "Fram" at anchor.—Viking ship at Christiania.—Nansen's home at Lysaker.—Nansen's study at Lysaker.—Nansen's farewell.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—HUNTING—MAX COWPER AND FRED PEGRAM

THE IDLERS' CLUB:—THE MAN IN LOVE How Does

HE APPEAR TO HIMSELF?

FRANKFORT MOORE, FOSTER FRASER, W. L. ALDEN, and

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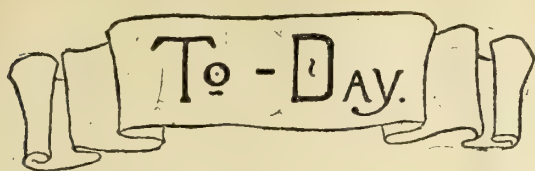
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

LORD SALISBURY'S success as Foreign Secretary must be the wonder of the age. The way he gets out of difficulties that would appal another man, is simply marvellous. When he came into office, the Armenian question had already assumed alarming proportions. In less than a couple of months the whole thing was settled, and England was out of danger. We have simply withdrawn every threat we made on the subject, apologised to Turkey, and assured Europe that there need not be any fear of our resorting to arms, seeing that we were not strong enough to do so. And lo, and behold! peace is ours. Victory No. 1 for Lord Salisbury. Then there came along the Venezuelan difficulty. Lord Salisbury refused to allow England to be controlled by America's Monroe doctrine, refused arbitration, and stated our intention under any circumstances not to withdraw an inch behind the Schomburgk line.

AMERICA replied by threatening war. We are now proposing to submit the matter to arbitration. Lord Salisbury finds that he is an enthusiastic admirer of the Monroe doctrine, and is quite prepared to waive the Schomburgk line. Peace is again secured, and Lord Salisbury can be credited with victory No. 2. Lord Rosebery had found Siam a ticklish matter. Lord Salisbury comes upon the scene, and settles the matter in a week. We give up everything we have previously claimed to France, and so another victory is scored to Lord Salisbury. There was thought of some trouble a little while ago with Russia, owing to that country's interference with Corea. England was not going to see Japan bullied out of her victories, and Russia was not going to be allowed to extend her frontiers to the Pacific. Russia has practically annexed Corea, Lord Salisbury, with admirable diplomacy, having turned his head the other way.

Now Turkey is ordering us out of Egypt. The Tory papers are already preparing the way for our evacuation. Lord Salisbury's only desire was that England should remain there until the country was settled. If the Sultan of Turkey says the country is settled, as Koko said to the Mikado of Japan, then, of course, it is settled. It is clear that in another month or two we shall be out of Egypt, and Lord Salisbury will be able to record another diplomatic victory. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine any diplomatic difficulty that this astute statesman could not bring us through with safety. Russian designs upon India have been our fear for many a year. Under Lord Salisbury's rule we need not alarm ourselves upon that question. I feel sure that if Russia was to suggest the idea, Lord Salisbury would save us all further trouble by handing India over to her.

HE is probably saving up London as a gift to the German Emperor, in case that dreaded potentate should show signs of anger over the Transvaal affair. We can rest in our beds secure so long as Lord Salisbury remains Foreign Minister; of that there is no doubt. But imagine the leaders in the Tory papers had Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery dragged the country in this way through disgrace after disgrace. The *Standard*, *Times*, and *Pall Mall Gazette* would have boiled with patriotic indignation. At present they are chiefly occupied in glossing over our humiliations, and in praising Lord Salisbury for his caution. To augment our army and navy so long as Lord Salisbury is at the head of affairs, is utter waste of money. We could get on just as well without them.

So it appears that Dr. Jameson surrendered on the terms that his life was to be spared. Most of the men I have talked with concerning the Jameson raid have agreed with me in refusing to regard Dr. Jameson's courage as anything abnormal. The few who have enthused over him have supported his claim to heroism on one supposition. They have been bound to admit that his generalship was beneath contempt. It was urged, in extenuation of his prompt surrender to a force very little, if any, superior to his own, after a loss of some twenty troopers, that his ammunition was exhausted. It has since turned out that his ammunition was not exhausted. Then it was said that men and horses were without food. This seems also to have been an exaggerated statement.

But one argument, and one argument only, was clung to: he surrendered to save loss of life to his men, expecting to pay the penalty by his own death. We now know that when he surrendered he knew that this penalty would not be exacted. At the present moment, the subject is a delicate one for a journalist to handle. Public opinion has made up its mind to lionise this man; everyone who raises his voice in opposition to the general shouting is regarded as a calumniator of British character, as a mean and malicious detractor of brave men. It would be pleasanter to shout with the crowd. My natural cussedness, I presume, prevents my doing so. To me the deification of this man and his bragging troopers appears a disgrace to my country.

DR. JAMESON stands for me as a man who has brought his country into universal contempt. I am not saying a word about the legal aspect of the case that is under consideration. I do not care twopence whether he was right or wrong in making the raid—I am merely considering his action in the field. I do not for a moment deny that he is a brave man. No man would have started on such an expedition who was not brave. But is the ordinary bravery of the soldier so unique a thing to discover among the men of these islands that we are to lose our heads with delight at the thought that England can produce a Jameson? To-day, if the mob had its way, the statues of Nelson and of Wellington would be removed, that Jameson's and Sir John Willoughby's might be put in their place.

LET us look at the matter for a moment from another point of view. Imagine that Germany had invaded Australia or Cape Colony with 500 men, that they had been promptly met and defeated by a few hastily-summoned colonial farmers, and that after the loss of twenty men the whole force had surrendered; that we had packed them back to Germany with a polite note to the Kaiser, requesting him to keep his army in order for the future. Why, from Land's End to John o'Groat's, we should be laughing at the whole thing! But for our absurd crying, I should have been the last to say a word on this subject, but I do emphatically say that if Dr. Jameson is the greatest hero that England is capable of producing, then Heaven help us!

AT Warwick, before Ald. G. Maycock (in the chair), Ald. C. J. Hill, and Mr. T. G. Beamish, a carter named James Bosworth was charged with cruelly kicking a mare in the stomach. Ald. Maycock fined him half-a-crown. At North Shields, before Ald. Joseph Elliot and Captain J. Bolt, a lamplighter named Frederick Wood was charged with kicking a cat and breaking its back. Fined by Captain Bolt and Ald. Elliot five shillings. At Maidstone, before the Mayor, J. Barker, Esq. (in the chair), Ald. A. Spencer and W. Day, Esq., a beerhouse keeper, named John Cook, for cruelty to a mare, by working it in an unfit state, was fined ten shillings and costs. The animal was very lame, and in great pain. Defendant had been summoned for the same horse about five weeks ago, and had been let off with a caution.

IT is pleasant to reflect that we have so honest a magistrate as Mr. Harold Wright, stipendiary for the Potteries district. At Hanwell, a carter was brought up before him for cruelly ill-treating a horse by overworking it and beating it. Mr. Wright said it was a callous case of cruelty by as callous a man as ever appeared in the dock. The defendant had often been convicted before, and had always paid the fine. He sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, and his brother, who seems to have been connected with him in the case, to one month's imprisonment, and ordered them to pay the costs of the prosecution. At Stoke, before the same Mr. Wright, a man was charged with assaulting his wife, a poor little creature, not sixteen years old. He struck her continually in the face with his clenched fists, and had to be dragged away from her. This sort of thing was continually happening.

Mr. Wright sentenced the wretch to six months' hard labour. England could do with a few more magistrates of the stamp of Mr. Harold Wright.

THE verdict in the Forwood case is one that makes a newspaper dealing with financial affairs stop and consider its position. Judges and jury seem to have made up their minds that no word of criticism is ever to be passed by a newspaper upon a financier, and really it becomes a question whether journals should not refuse to expose themselves to enormous loss, perhaps ruin, merely with the idea of serving a public, who only laugh at them for their pains. It pays a paper a good deal better to speak well of every financial scheme, and every promoter that may happen to come before the public. A paper that can be relied upon to give kindly reference to every City plan, and to provide new ventures with a little judicious puffing, does very well in the advertisement market; and, upon my word, I do not see why any of us go out of our way, as we do, to protect a pack of ungrateful gulls.

CYNICAL policy will soon be forced upon journals in their own defence. After all, fools were made for wise men to live upon, and if the investing public prefer to be cheated and only seek to punish their friends, why, in the name of common sense, let them be cheated, and more power to the sharps who live upon them. A good many of us strive to play the part of Don Quixote in this world; I have noticed that most men get over it as they grow older. I used to blame them, but I am beginning to sympathise with them. In Rome one must do as Rome does, and in a cheating world it is perhaps simpler to cheat. The Forwood case will cost the *Railway Times* something very near a couple of thousand pounds. If the editor is a wise man, he will put his conscience in his pocket and take care he never has another libel action so long as he lives.

THE disadvantage of writing imaginary stories concerning living people is that the man who comes out at the wrong end of the anecdote has a nasty habit of contradicting it. I can form some opinion of how English history is written in New York by some paragraphs concerning myself, which appear from time to time in the *New York World*. I read a capital story about myself last week. It appears that I came across a drawing of Mr. Phil May's representing a cricket match. Shocked by its technical incorrectness, I telegraphed from the country to Mr. Phil May: "Why does point wear wicket-keeper's gloves?" This was all right so far as it went. At this point of the anecdote, I said to myself, "This is a good joke against Phil May," and I began to wonder if I really had been smart enough to send that telegram. But the *World's* anecdote went on to record how Mr. Phil May wired back to me late at night, and how I was awakened in the middle of my sleep to receive the following wire, "To keep his hands warm." This made the anecdote score to Phil May, and left me rather in the cold. I therefore wish to mention that I never sent Mr. Phil May any telegram of the kind, and that he never sent me one in reply.

THIS week I read in my *New York World* that I once

played cricket against a Norwood club. "On that occasion," the report runs, "Jerome was seen to considerable disadvantage with the bat." If the writer had just left out the "dis" I might not have troubled to contradict his anecdote. I think I remember the occasion referred to. On that occasion I did not bat. I superintended the scoring-sheet, and I think I may claim that I was of some assistance to my side. Mr. Zangwill and Prince Ranhitsinji appear, according to the *New York World*, to have been also present at this famous match, and to have done great things. I hope I am not narrow-minded, but I object to Mr. Zangwill's being put above me as regards cricket. What he might have done with the bat on that occasion, had he been allowed to continue with it, I am not prepared to say; a nervous man, at an early stage of the proceedings, took it away from him. He retaliated by making an epigram which put the next man out. Prince Ranhitsinji's cousin, I gather from the report, sacrificed on this occasion fifty slaves. I am reported as looking uncomfortable on receiving this news. The matter is not of universal interest, but it affords an insight into transatlantic journalism.

THE old argument is raging round Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*. Mr. Purcell has been violently attacked for—telling the truth. Cardinal Manning wished it to be told. His friends are crying that "it was unwise, it was impolitic, it could do no good, it will be misunderstood," etc., etc. We had the same irritating talk years ago concerning Froude's *Life of Carlyle*. Carlyle had said, "If you draw me, draw me as I am. As Cromwell said to the painter, 'Draw me, warts and all.'" Froude, writing of the greatest lover of truth that the century has produced, spoke the truth, and all the silly, flat-headed journalists in England raised their hands in horror. "Would it not have been better for the public never to have known that Carlyle occasionally lost his temper, that Carlyle threw a plate across the room; did this silly thing, and that silly thing, and the other silly thing?"

Of what value is a man's life to the world if the truth is never to be spoken? What lesson can we learn from an artificial word-built thing, constructed of lies and gush? If a man's life is worth the telling, it is worth the telling truthfully. Let the fools be shocked; wise men will be the gainers. We want to know what a man was, not what some journalistic Mrs. Grundy thinks he ought to have been. Let us know of his follies and his failings, that we may understand his virtues and heroisms. Let us understand how a man cursed with this temperament, hampered by that folly, yet managed, on the whole, to do his work worthily. We want to get at a man's real self, at his real inside. As for those admirers of a man, whose belief in him is shattered at the discovery that half of him was a poor thing, they are not worth considering. The man for whom other men's lives are written is the man who can see through the follies into the great heart of his hero, who loves him all the better for knowing that he was human, like the rest of us; that, strong man though he was, even he had to wrestle with weaknesses.

THE penny-plain and twopence coloured lives that so please the majority of readers are an insult to

human intelligence. We know these men were not the buckram saints that their biographers have pictured them. If we are to hear anything of them, let us hear the truth, and not a string of pretty lies, and, what are worse than lies, half truths. No good ever came of lying, no good ever will. Heaven knows the world has had enough experience on the subject; it might have learnt that lesson by this time. From the earliest days of society, the convention-mongers have ever been rushing here and there, holding up their hands and crying, "Hush, hush; of course it is true, but don't mention it. We must keep up appearances. It will never do for this to be known; it is better to let people think that." And a precious lot of good it has been to us. This fear of certain minds ever to face the truth has been the cause of half the evil in the world. Truth is the only thing worth fighting for; good and evil, right and wrong, they are merely relative terms.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

M. J. W.—I evidently misunderstood your former question. We have to talk so guardedly about these matters, that misconception is nearly always the result. I thought you were speaking of bachelors and not of married men. The old Jewish law for adultery was death, and a very just law it was. If you look up any good dictionary, you will see exactly what the word adultery means. I have spoken as much as I care to speak on this subject in the *Idler* for February, and if it interests you, I would refer you to my article there. What is troubling you has troubled a good many wiser heads, but, to paraphrase Tennyson, you didn't make the world, and I don't think you will be held responsible for it.

G. W.—I have seen no advertisements of Messrs. Albert, and I do not know if they advertise as Messrs. Smith and Co. do.

W. J. S.—Whence you have collected your wonderful historical facts I cannot conceive. Your information is entire news to me. I am afraid it is useless our arguing the matter. You appear to me to have thought a little about the matter, but not to have thought enough. Geologists differ as to how many thousands of years the world has been in existence. During the time the laws governing society have ever been the same. Perhaps in the hereafter you may be given a little planet to try your experiments upon, and, if so, I shall take an interest in dropping over to see how you get on.

HENRY WHITWELL, Secretary of the Birmingham Y.M.C.A., writes me with reference to a letter that I published a little while ago from a correspondent calling himself "G. W. P.":—"My own experience, and the experience of my staff, lead me unhesitatingly to say that the statement made by your correspondent as to fellows coming and asking him, never mind what he might be engaged in, whether his 'soul was right with the Lord,' or 'Had he found Jesus,' is quite untrue, and such conduct as he alleges to have occurred would, of course, not be countenanced by our committee or myself. I have made careful inquiries from associates (as distinguished from members), and also among members, and these gentlemen unanimously say that they have never experienced, or seen, or heard of such conduct as is referred to by G. W. P., and after an experience of many years as secretary of this association, I say that, certainly during the last ten years, to the best of my belief, no complaint of any such conduct has been made either to the committee, myself, or staff."

DEFENDO, writing me with reference to the same matter, says, "I was a member of that institution for some time, and knew Mr. Whitwell; though he is not, I believe, secretary now. I have been a member of the Y.M.C.A. in three different towns, and neither at Birmingham nor elsewhere have I known any direct questions put to others by the secretary or anyone else, as stated by G. W. P. My experience, both as a member and committeeman, extending over a similar period to that of G. W. P., is that the Y.M.C.A. provides for all sides of a young man's nature (in reason). Religious meetings are, of course, held as well as others, but there is absolutely no pressure brought to bear on anyone disinclined to attend them. I enclose a proposal form of our Y.M.C.A. You can see what we provide, including smoke-room and refreshment bar. We draw the line at intoxicants."

E. T.—I must differ from you; my observation tells me that women's passions are not as strong as men's.

E. C. B.—Our space is limited, and something must be sacrificed.

F. P.—I must repeat that I make it a rule never to criticise literary efforts in this column.

J. F.—The newspaper devoted to the Autocar is published by

Messrs. Sturmev, of Coventry. The cutting enclosed in your letter is from the *Publishers' Circular*.

C. R. G. also writes me to the same effect. I am glad to publish these disavowals. The Y.M.C.A. might be made an excellent club for young men. With many young fellows who would otherwise join, its title stands against it; not because they object to being Christians, but because they object to seeming to advertise themselves as such. I believe the society would be of more good if it existed under another title.

W. R. J.—The pamphlet on which you require information is "Premature Burial," by Franz Hartmann, published by Swann Sonnenschein.

LARGO.—The Emigration Society, 31, Broadway, Westminster, will give you the information you desire.

J. W. B. R. is full of trouble. He writes me:—"I have a friend who, when at table, makes a very bad noise when eating, and when he is in company with me at an hotel, makes me feel very uncomfortable." My correspondent asks my advice. There are various things he could do. He might feed his friend on dynamite for a week, and then drop lighted matches down him; or he might put his friend under the table, and sit on him, so that he could not make a noise. Or, simpler still, he might keep him without food of any kind for a month or two, and see if that cured him. There are really so many plans open to my correspondent, that the difficulty merely lies in choice.

GYNETH.—I sometimes quote from letters that appear interesting to me, but that does not mean that I agree with the opinions expressed. My argument in this matter has always been that the average woman has little or no passion as compared with the average man, so that with almost every word you say I am in agreement. I have treated this subject in the *Idler* for February, and anything I could say here would only be repeating what I have already written. You have evidently not done me the honour of reading my remarks on the subject at any time, or you would never have run away with the idea that I placed men and women on the same level in this matter.

W. M.—I am bringing your letter under the notice of a member of Parliament, with a view of having some questions asked in the House on the matter.

POLLY W.—I thank you for your letter, which I am sending on to the delinquent.

T. J. M.—Imprisonment would have been better, but the fine of £4 and costs was perhaps, on the whole, a fair punishment.

H. B. H.—I am unable to use your verses. If you will send stamps I will return them.

F. B. draws my attention to the case of a farm labourer found guilty of stealing three pennyworth of onions, the property of a farmer, and who was sentenced at the Rochester Police Court to one month's hard labour. When criticising magistrates for letting brutes off with a paltry fine, I am often told that this is done by the bench out of consideration for the prisoners' families. Here we see how much the magistrates consider that point when it is a case of three pennyworth of onions.

F. G. S.—Thanks for your letter and enclosure. I am seeking what can be done with regard to fresh lists of premium books.

TED (St. Ives).—You do not give me the name of the rabbit dealer you refer to.

JNO. C.—Your letter was not regarded as a contribution. I took it as correspondence.

CONSCRIPT.—Any French friend would supply you with the information you desire.

TAURO.—I do not think the poem has ever been set to music; at any rate, it has not been published by any of the leading houses.

T. J. B.—The letter you propose would be extremely dangerous. It might lead you into an action for heavy damages. It is a thing you should see your solicitor about.

CLUB CHATTER.

ONE hears so many complaints of the poor accommodation afforded to passengers by certain railway companies, and of the excessive prices charged at the refreshment-rooms, that one is apt to forget that, after all, there may be another side of the question. I refer to the common opinion that to cheat a railway company or a refreshment contractor is not dishonest. There are many ways by which it is possible to "do" a railway company, and, at the same time, run scarcely any risk of detection. It seems to me that dishonesty under these circumstances is less sportsmanlike than the deeds of the common burglar, who is never able to labour at his profession without incurring serious personal risks. The man who swindles a railway company cannot, as a rule, benefit himself to the tune of more than a few shillings. I am convinced that, indirectly, the man is also cheating the general public, for, if all these petty thefts were suddenly stopped, the financial result would be immediately felt by the railway companies, who would then be able to give more attention to the comfort of their passengers.

SWINDLING at refreshment-rooms is even more common. For many years the railway ham-sandwich has afforded material for the humour that is cheap. The poor thing has been ridiculed, scoffed at, and quarrelled with, but rarely eaten. It has been abused for being too thin, or too thick, or too small, or because it was mustardless, and even, perchance, butterless. But is it the sandwich's fault? The refreshment contractor does not carry on his business out of sheer pity for the needs of his fellow-brethren. He works for a living, and where is his living to come from when his goods are repeatedly pilfered by people who are old enough and rich enough to know better? It is so easy to eat four sandwiches and pay for three, or transfer a hard-boiled egg—with the shell on—to your pocket, and not pay for it at all, or to leave the luncheon bill uncorrected when the waiter has forgotten to put the potatoes down. These are the things that send up the prices and lower the quality of goods purchased at railway refreshment-rooms, and the sooner these mean little thieves are exposed and punished, the better for all parties concerned.

I SEE from the latest portrait of the Prince of Wales that His Royal Highness saw fit to be taken in a single-breasted waistcoat under his frock-coat. The latter garment has a handkerchief pocket, which is seldom put into a frock-coat by a good tailor without the express wish of the wearer. With regard to his collar, H.R.H. wears a stick-up with turned down points rounded off. I told my readers some months ago that this shape was new, and was likely to become fashionable.

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



BELL'S
SCOTIA
CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.

THE newest thing in coloured waistcoats is a pale fawn with light blue spots. The material is a corded rough cloth—quite a different stuff to corduroy—and the spots are in silk. When this waistcoat is made to fit well, it presents a very smart appearance. There are usually four pockets to it, the two top ones being made with flaps to them.

It is pleasing to note that the most fashionable boot just now is of rational shape, narrow and pointed toes being quite out. The best way of choosing a pair of boots—unless one is having them made to order—is to select a pair that one is only just capable of standing up in. When worn a few times they will fit nearly as closely and well as a pair of bespoke boots. Boots improve by keeping, and it is a good policy to buy several pairs at once, wearing them on different days.

THE gradual growth of cycling must have presented to the thoughtful observer many interesting phases. Five years ago it appeared to be essentially a pursuit merely for the middle classes. A casual glance at our columns will convey some little idea of the sudden development that has taken place. Far from being a plebeian recreation, it now can count among its devotees members of our own Royal Family, prominent members of the English and foreign aristocracy, and names well known in social and political life. Still even this development is still in its infancy, so much so that one of the most prominent, if not the leading, of our cycle houses contemplates an extension which is sure to attract a great deal of interest in the cycling world. This example, it is safe to prophesy, will be in the near future followed by others on similar lines.

MR. BOOTHROYD is so fair and confident that I am able to say it will be possible to test the speed merits of the machine he so ardently favours. This shall be done early in the cycling season. Mr. Boothroyd has made several suggestions. I shall certainly accept one of them, if only for the purpose of interesting those of my elderly readers who prefer comfort to speed. Mr. Boothroyd has made the correspondence interesting, and a want of space alone prevents me from publishing his letters. He has pointed out to me that a very large number of elderly riders move about at a pace of five to six miles an hour on ordinary safeties, and that it would be wrong to conclude that this was the average or best pace of their mounts. This, of course, is obviously true, and the acknowledgment must be candidly made that the same applies to the Bantam. This is an insignificant point. The all-important point is found in my contention that Mr. Boothroyd's machine is not fully equal in speed on the road to the chain safety.

Now, what about the challenge proposals? I hear that Mr. Boothroyd, who is to be ridden against, has ridden 50 miles in 2 hours 47 seconds, or about 18½ miles per hour. He is willing to ride someone—the Major, for instance—"if I happen to be about his own age, and not a man of some racing reputation." Racing reputation!—I should think not, indeed! Only an easy-going rider, who prefers the regulation crawl in the Park to the twenty-mile-an-hour scorch through the country. However, Mr. Boothroyd shall not be disappointed. I shall have the Bantam tested directly the season opens, and the conditions shall not be more satisfactory to myself than to Mr. Boothroyd.

MR. BOOTHROYD will not regret the publication of the following letter, which will show my readers exactly what he is prepared to do:—

I am obliged for your kindly par. in this week's issue. Will you allow me to add that I made my offer in no

THE HUBBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

THE LIST of APPLICATIONS for SHARES OPENED on MONDAY, 2nd March, 1896, and will CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, 4th March, at 4 p.m., for Town and Country.

THE GOLD CONSOLS, LIMITED

(AN EXPLORATION, FINANCE, AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY).

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL £200,000, in Shares of £1 each, of which 100,000 are reserved for future issue.

70,000 SHARES are now OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR, of which 40,000 Shares are available for Working Capital. Payable: 2s. on Application, 3s. on Allotment, and the Balance in Calls not exceeding 2s. 6d. each, as and when required.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Gold Consols (Limited) has been formed to acquire, develop, and re-sell to subsidiary Companies, or otherwise deal with Mining Properties and Interests in South Africa, West Australia, and elsewhere, and to carry on the business of an Exploration, Development, and Finance Corporation, and as such to act in the capacity of Concessionaires, Explorers, Prospectors, and Dealers in Approved Lands and Mines, in the Shares thereof, and to act as Financial Agents and Investors generally.

In acquiring mining properties it will be the policy of the Directors to select only those which have been sufficiently tested to warrant the formation of subsidiary Companies to work them rather than to lock up the capital in enterprises which, however promising in the distant future, do not offer the prospect of an immediate or early return to investors.

In pursuance of this line of action the Company has already secured the following properties, viz. :—

I.—HANNAN'S DISTRICT, KALGOORLIE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Four Mining Leases, numbered respectively 1,511, 1,383, 1,384, and 2,401e, comprising in all 64 acres, partly adjoining Hannan's 100 acres, and in the immediate vicinity of the Bon Accord, Hesperus, Boulder, Ivanhoe, and other celebrated mines.

These properties have been reported on by the well-known mining authority, Mr. Thos. Bibby; by Mr. Robert Nyhan, late Manager of the Clyde Gold Mine; Mr. Stapleton, M.E., Manager of the Ivanhoe; and by Mr. Tinley, M.E., all of whom concur in their opinions as to the exceptional value and richness of the lodes.

II.—RHODESIA.

A gold-mining property in the Gwelo district, on a reef known as the Golden Star, and consisting of forty mining claims.

Mr. Chas. J. Smith, Associate of the Royal School of Mines of London, has reported on this property (19th December, 1895), vide prospectus. Under date, Bulawayo, 13th February, 1896, Mr. Smith cables confirming his Report, and recommending the purchase of the property.

III.—NEW ZEALAND.

The "New Tokatea" and "New Tokatea Extended," consisting of 30 acres, situated in the Hauraki Goldfields, on the famous gold-producing Tokatea range, occupying a central position in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tokatea, Royal Oak, Bismarck, and Harbour-view, and not more than half-a-mile distant from any of them. The property has been reported on and very highly recommended by:—Mr. W. H. Argall, M.I.M.E., London, M.Amer.Inst.M.E., Manager of the Kapanga Gold Mining Company; John Kelly, C.E., Authorised Licensed and Registered Surveyor, Coromandel; and Henry P. Hornibrooke, Certificated Mine Manager, Coromandel.

Applications for shares should be made on, or in accordance with, the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. Should no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if the number of shares allotted is less than applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses with reports and Application Forms may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Office of the Company.

boastful spirit? I daresay there are a hundred men of my age in England who can beat me in a 30-mile race. What I do say most emphatically is, that so far as my observation and experience go, there is very little, if any, difference in speed on the road between the two types of machines—so little that I am not yet quite certain which has the advantage. I see that Lord Queensberry and Mr. Lawes have just ridden a 10-mile race. Failing any other test, I am willing to be timed over the same course and under the same conditions as near as may be. Thus, if they had pace-makers, I would have them, or *vice versa*. They are both rather older than I am, though I fear I rather understated my age; but, *per contra*, they are both men of athletic reputation, while I am by no means a strong man.

I SHALL be glad to interest myself in any speed or strength tests To-DAY readers may arrange. I care nothing about men; I want to be able to speak with perfect freedom and independence about the machines we use.

L. D. S. E., of Blackpool, who is interested in my notes on the dental profession, is inclined to argue with me on several interesting points. Some of my readers will count the following valuable advice—"This calling, though not so crowded as the medical and other professions, ought not to be entered upon without the would-be dentist has sufficient of the root of all evil to either purchase a practice or partnership." He also bewails the fact that "the bonds of professional etiquette and the restrictions of the colleges" are such that success can only be attained by weary waiting and much expense. It is not necessary, however, to point out that success in any of the popular professions is attained only by a certain amount of waiting and expense.

My plain-spoken correspondent gives some sensible advice, which I print for the benefit of young men who are on the look-out for an honourable and not overcrowded profession:—

Advertising is strictly tabooed. Why a man should not insert his professional card and address in the papers is

riddle I cannot answer. It certainly is a great hardship to the young practitioner. I speak from bitter experience, for after having passed a brilliant career as a student, taken several prizes, and held the position of house-surgeon in one of the dental hospitals, I found it exceedingly difficult, when starting in practice for myself, to get the slightest footing, and was scarcely able to make both ends meet. Instead of the quacks being gradually weeded out, as you say, it is a fact that they are more numerous than ever. They advertise themselves as "Artificial Teeth Manufacturers," etc., and skilfully keep themselves out of reach of the law. If they are prosecuted they are fined a paltry £10 or £20, which they cheerfully pay and go on their way rejoicing. It is true they do not harm the old-established hands, but they are a thorn in the side of the young practitioners. I have written this as a warning, having been through the mill myself. Any fairly well educated fellow with a little mechanical ability can easily obtain the dental diploma, but he must have money if he wishes to establish himself.

As to advertising, I venture to disagree with my correspondent. On this subject there seems to be a divergence of opinion even amongst the faculty itself. It is difficult to set any limit to the extent to which a practitioner may advertise himself; and I agree with Dr. Renaud's remarks, in an interesting medical case which has just been tried at Manchester, when he said, "I do not know where lamb ends and mutton begins." A qualified man, by an unwritten law, may not advertise himself personally. A quack, on the other hand, must do so. Herein, I think, lies the safety of the former, for the rule is generally known, and an advertisement, instead of being an attraction, should prove the reverse.

MR. HEATH, one of the Croydon magistrates, gave some very sensible advice to the police at his court on Saturday, in connection with the muzzling of dogs. Mr. Heath hoped that the police would not take an unfair advantage of their authority and capture unmuzzled dogs within two or three steps or yards from their owners' houses. It was Mr. Heath's opinion that if a constable were so mean and contemptible as to try and

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As competition becomes keener and keener, the efforts of business men are becoming more and more concentrated on "Pushing the Trade" and "Making Sales," so much so that only very few devote any considerable time to the technicalities and improvements of the goods which they produce.

Looking back on the long number of years during which we have held the first position in the Shirt Trade, we find that of the many improvements that have been introduced the bulk of them have originated with ourselves. These have not been effected without very great care and attention—care and attention to minute

matters which to others may have seemed at times to be somewhat fruitless, but to which we cannot but attribute our uninterrupted and unqualified success. The "CORONA" is perhaps the best practical example of the truth of these remarks. It is our latest and most perfect form of Shirt, either for Everyday Wear or Evening Dress, and excels in ELEGANCE, COMFORT, and ECONOMY all our previous productions in connection with the Shirt Trade. Prices 30/-, 39/-, 45/- per half dozen.

ALEXANDER RILEY, 42, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.



catch a dog simply to get himself something to do, the matter should be reported to Scotland Yard. And so say all of us.

By the way, talking of muzzled dogs reminds me that the hydrophobia scare is spreading. A copy of the *Behar Times* lies before me, containing an advertisement of a doctor who is anxious to prevent or cure the disease by the method of Dr. Buisson, of Paris. For the benefit of those who don't know, I may say that Behar is a province of Bengal, where the tigers come from.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

W. R. S. (Harrogate).—You would be able to get the brown patent boots I spoke of by ordering through any good boot-maker. Thanks for the interesting cutting.

W. H. B. tells me that quarter bottles of wine have been sold in Birmingham for a very considerable time, and invites me to "come and have one with him." I am glad to hear that Birmingham is such a go-ahead place, and I thank W. H. B. for his kind suggestion, of which I will certainly avail myself when in the neighbourhood.

J. B.—Dry and powder your face thoroughly after shaving. You are quite right; there is a close relationship between red noses and ale-drinking, and I am sure you will not be annoyed by a discolouration of your nose if you act on the advice you have received.

IGNORANT.—Make a little study of the Duchess. A navy blue serge coat and vest, with trousers of Scotch tweed, could have been improved upon; but propriety in the matter of dress cannot be secured even in the castle when your wardrobe is miles away. I think you should effect an improvement upon a blue serge jacket next time you breakfast with the Duchess, and nothing would justify you in acting up to your conviction that you are as good in one suit as another. Don't, for goodness sake, however, play the dandy.

E. L. S.—(1) If, as you say, your figure is not all it ought to be, I should recommend you to have an ordinary three-button coat with whole sack back. (2) Knickerbockers are usually finished off with box cloth ends, which should fit tightly immediately below the knee. The rest of the knickerbockers may be as baggy as possible, provided your walking powers are not inconvenienced thereby. (3) By a "double" collar I presume you mean the stand-up turn-down-all-the-way-round collar. (A

clumsy description, but I assure you it is the only possible one.) This shape is very fashionable just now, and you may wear with it either a self-tied bow or a sailor's knot with fairly large ends.

C. R.—My correspondent, who is one of Pharaoh's lean kine, writes:—"As I am a cyclist, it is rather hard to be deprived of the comfort and pleasure of wearing knickerbockers for fear of

The gay and guileless laugh
Of children with their nusses;
The loud uneducated chaff
Of clerks on omnibuses."

Is it permissible to assist nature in the way of padding? I should say, not more than to the extent of wearing a pair of thick heather stockings. Movable and, indeed, artificial padding of any kind would be risky and uncomfortable. Dark gaiters over the trousers is not an arrangement to be despised by the callous cyclist.

G. A. F.—Your questions are simple enough, and I don't fancy they would bother an experienced smoker. (1) The difference between a light and heavy tobacco is the same as that between a mild and strong tobacco. Any tobacconist will show you samples of both kinds. (2) The smoke from a pipe will not burn the mouth if the bore of the stem is large enough. I expect you have been smoking a very mild tobacco in a pipe with a bore about the size of a pin's head; if you have, this will account for the burning. (3) There is no necessity for you to "pickle" your pipes; surely your own common sense must tell you how often they want cleaning. Yet, some patent pipes answer very well, though of course, there is nothing so simple as an ordinary briar. (4) A pipe is said to "burn" when the wood smoulders while one is smoking it. This is very nasty, and you'll soon find it out when a pipe behaves in that way with you. When a meerschaum "burns," the outside surface becomes hard and non-porous. The "burnt" spot refuses to colour in consequence, and the meerschaum is left with a white patch in it. (5) The price of a pipe is no criterion of its quality, though you are much more likely to get good wood if you pay a good price. You may give anything for a plain briar pipe, from sixpence to ten and sixpence. A pipe with a long stem will smoke cooler than a short pipe. A curved stem has no particular advantage over a straight one, except that some men find a pipe with a curved stem is easier to hold in the mouth. (6) Yes, there is no need to expectorate. Make up your mind that you won't do it, and the habit will leave you. (7) The moisture in the bowl, if a curved pipe, comes from the mouth. (8) Inhaling smoke consists in drawing it into the lungs, and sending it out again. It is a very common practice with cigarette smokers, but if you have never done it, take my advice and don't learn. Now I have answered all your questions. If there is anything else you want to know with regard to smoking, by all means write again, and I shall be most happy to answer any questions.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

AM stocking Mr. Francis Gribble's "The Things that Matter" (A. D. Innes and Co., 6s.), Mr. Frank Mathew's "The Wood of the Brambles" (John Lane, 6s.), and a book of my own, which my characteristic modesty prevents me from mentioning though not from selling. The reason that I take two of these three works collectively is that Mr. Gribble and Mr. Mathew are personal friends of mine, and I was wondering whether a man couldn't criticise his friends' books as honestly as if they were written by strangers. Let us see.

* * * *

Mr. Gribble is of a somewhat cold and cynical temperament; Mr. Frank Mathew, beneath an impassive exterior, has the fire and glow and chivalry of his Irish ancestors; and, united to all this, the saving grace of humour. I can remember, more than two years ago, dragging a little of Frank Mathew's book out of him by fits and starts. He was reluctant to talk about it. Then he went away to France, thence to Algiers, and worked and wrote and re-wrote. Mr. Gribble once told me about his own book, when we were walking home in a fog from a dinner. "It is really," he said, as we came to that dangerous crossing opposite The Criterion, "the Sim—" I made a bolt for the haven in the middle of the road, narrowly escaped being knocked down by a cab, and looked in the dim light for Gribble—"plication of Eleanor," he added, as the head of a horse suddenly appeared over his shoulder.

* * * *

The way Eleanor became simplified in Mr. Gribble's book is not very complex. Her father dies, and she has to take a situation. The artist friend of her youth marries her without being in love. Eleanor writes books, joins the Pioneer Club, goes to Doug—I mean Stornoway's—"At Homes," finally falls in love with her husband, and becomes simplified. More of the plot it would be unfair to Mr. Gribble to reveal. Suffice it to say that in this, his first long book, he has developed an altogether surprisingly close power of observation and caustic irony. He has been a little unfair towards the Pioneer Club, a place where one spends the most delightful evenings in London and meets with all sorts of temperaments; and he has also closely identified several authors who are known to me in the flesh. I hope some of my friends at the Pioneer Club will tell me what they think of the following:—

The Pioneer Club is a society of gentlewomen which exists for the purpose of giving a collective support to a bundle of incongruous opinions of which all its members individually disapprove.

* * * *

Everyone will recognise the source of this inspiration:—

Stornoway was engaged in earnest converse with a popular archdeacon. "You'll come to my place next Thursday, won't you?" he was saying. "I've got Corkoran, the Secularist lecturer, coming. You ought to meet him. You'll be surprised to find what a thoroughly good fellow he is when you know him well."

* * * *

Stornoway, who "Has a theory that all the celebrities ought to know each other, so he collects them, and introduces them," is a bit of very harmless chaff. The book itself is a serious one, and, though artistic, has the moral that husband and wife, before they marry, ought to recognise the things that matter. Any one who is given to studying the appearance of some of our minor and minimus bards, will recognise the *décadent* poet.

A pale young man, with long black hair, and an addiction to absinthe, who liked to drape himself like an art fabric over the back of an armchair, and recite verses full of veiled improprieties in a plaintive, murmuring monotone.

I once heard this same individual recite, and when he

had finished he swept back his hair from his marble brow and faintly murmured; "No applause, please; no applause."

* * * *

To return to Mr. Mathew's "The Wood of the Brambles." This historical novel deals with Vinegar Hill, and explains for the first time a great deal which has hitherto been inexplicable to students of Irish history. It is a book of some 460 pages, and I have read it from cover to cover, feeling, as I went on, that, powerful as were Mr. Mathew's short stories, he has been somewhat needlessly diffusive in this his most ambitious book. But the author has so saturated himself with Irish spirit and Irish feeling that one ends by thoroughly accepting his picture and murmurs a somewhat hopeless "God save Ireland" at the end of the book, with the full assurance that the Irish people themselves are the greatest obstacle to such a consummation. But the wit, the drollery, the inconsequence of the Irish character live in this remarkable book. It has enough humour to stock half-a-dozen ordinary novelists and is the work of an artist who will cover a very wide range indeed. I should like to go into the story, but prefer to give you just one paragraph of it instead. Read this, and judge for yourselves.

Sir Tim was lonely because he had killed most of his friends. He had formed the habit of killing them in youth, and he could never get rid of it. "I hate to dirty my sword with the blood of an enemy," he would say, "for ill-will takes half the pleasure from fightin'." One of his dearest victims was Hercules Slaughter. Hercules was so red that he always seemed to be blushing, and that got him the reputation of innocence. Good women wanted to cherish him from the snares of the world; the others did not like to be seen with him, for he looked as if their talk was improper. People liked him, because they said when a man's face was so warm, there was no danger of his heart being cold. Once, in a rare moment of wealth, he foolishly lent money to Sir Tim; and long afterwards, when bailiffs were hunting him, demanded it back. "I pocketed your gold," said Sir Tim, "but, Slaughter, I cannot pocket an insult," and challenged him, and went to the lawyers' and made a will in his favour. "If I perish," said he, with tears in his eyes, "this will must be coals of fire on the bald head of Hercules Slaughter; he may be sorry he stabbed the loving heart of a friend." "Tim, dear," said Slaughter, stretching out his hand as he lay gasping on the turf of the Phoenix, "we will cry quits and part friends. It is but a matter of coinage; you borrowed gold, and you have paid me in lead."

* * * *

My comments about the Laureateship have been bearing fruit. Some time ago, the "Books Sub-Committee" of the Public Libraries Committee at Hull (I believe the Book Committee is presided over by my friend Sir James Reckitt), declared a boycott against the works of Mr. Alfred Austin! The idiocy of "Jameson's Ride" was the reason advanced—if any reason was advanced—for this step. The collective price of Mr. Austin's books is 30s. Why not buy six 5s. copies of Tennyson instead? I am proud of Hull.

* * * *

In "Dr. Koomadhi of Ashantee" (Acme Library, 1s.) Mr. Frankfort Moore has made a new departure, the grimness and horror of which are calculated, like the fat boy in "Pickwick," to "make yer flesh creep." The story turns on the wild *diablerie* of a certain Dr. Koomadhi, an African as black as one's hat, and who is rejected by a white girl on that account. How he transforms her husband into a baboon, one must follow the story closely to discover. "I tell you, sir," says one of the characters:—

I saw things in the Ashantee country that made me feel certain that the arch-fiend made that region his headquarters many years ago, and that he has devoted himself ever since to the training of the inhabitants.

They are his chosen people. If you had seen the unspeakable things that I saw during my six months in Ashantee, you would hold to my belief that the people have been taught by Satan himself, and that they have gone one better than their instructor.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

At the end of February, 1808, the King and Queen of Spain with their Court were about to leave the Capital after a sojourn of two months, and to take up their residence at Aranjuez for the spring. In the interval, popular feeling in Madrid had undergone no real change. The people had been surprised, but not effectually deceived, by the parade of friendship between the Prince of the Asturias and Manuel Godoy, to which the former had lent himself. They quickly perceived that they had been tricked. The mock reconciliation had merely achieved the practical suppression of the Heir Apparent, and consolidated the power of the favourite.

The humiliation of Ferdinand de Bourbon was indeed complete. Notwithstanding his urgent and repeated entreaties on behalf of his accomplices—for his conscience had spoken very sharply to him in his own recovered security, and he was eager to atone for his fault, and, so far as might be, redeem his tarnished honour—had been totally disregarded. The friends whom he had so basely betrayed were still expiating the crime of devotion to his cause.

The Royal clemency had been extended to Borodisti only. On a certain morning, without his being informed to whom he owed the exceptional favour, the doors of his prison were set open, and he was ordered to return to his own house, but with due warning that he would henceforth be under the eyes of the police, and liable to immediate reimprisonment if he should associate himself with any seditious movement. Don Antonio was at first disposed to refuse liberty on such terms, but he soon decided on accepting them, urged by his strong desire to rejoin his daughter, who needed his protection against the designs of Juan Morera, and feeling that as a free man he could work for the deliverance of his friends.

From that day, although he was apparently engrossed in his business, he was on the watch for an opportunity of taking up arms again.

The opportunity, however, did not arise, and the victims of Ferdinand's denunciation were still under the ban of the Court. The Duque de San Carlos and Canon Escoiquez were apparently doomed to exile for life, and the Conde d'Osorio was worse off still. The unlucky Rafael was confined in the fortress of Villavieusa, and threatened with being tried in his military capacity by a court-martial. His mother had come to Madrid, on learning that he had been arrested, accompanied by the three agents to whom Rafael had confided the conduct of the cause of the Heir-Apparent in Cordova and the Provinces, as he related to Ferdinand on his return from the perilous mission that had been so ill-rewarded. These were General Lagnardia, José Benillo, the lawyer, and Francesque, the friar. The Condesa was accompanied also by her old friend the exiled Marquis d'Esparbès, and she had immediately applied for an audience of the King, in the hope of appeasing his wrath. But Charles had refused to receive the Condesa, notwithstanding the name she bore, the glorious services to King and Country of the House of Osorio, and the fact that she had appealed to Juan Morera to use his influence on her behalf.

Morera's conduct was consistent with his nature and his policy. He hastened to make the strongest protestations of his sympathy, and his desire to serve his old friend, and his regret for the position in which her son, whom he had endeavoured to advance and advise, in so far as his own unimportant position permitted, had

been placed by his own rashness and the weakness of the Prince, and to declare with every mark of grief and deprecation that in the matter in question he was absolutely powerless. After a short time, during which the unfortunate Condesa was deluded by his acting, Juan Morera was completely unmasked in her eyes, for Borodisti and Doña Beatrix Nebral made it plain to her that the doctor was her son's worst enemy, and that, if he should not be restored to liberty, it was because Morera would not permit him to be free.

From that moment the Condesa understood him, and, although she still secretly laboured under the oppressive dread in connection with this sinister individual which had almost revealed itself to Rafael on his latest visit to Cordova, and might have been fully acknowledged had he been older, more observant, and less occupied with matters of great pith and moment outside of his own affairs, there was, too, a subtle sense of relief in her secure knowledge of his enmity to the young Conde, and the rivalry in love that existed between them.

Rafael's mother was not a woman of high intellect or of great refinement; but she had a good deal of perception and could reason well on occasion. The dark and terrible recollection of an episode in her early life, when she had become acquainted with the occult powers of Juan Morera by falling a victim to them, was rarely absent from her, and was the source of the curious mingling of subservience and dislike which Rafael had dimly discerned in his mother's manner of speaking of Morera and urging the claims of their formidable patron to the obedience of the restive youth. To no human being was this episode in her life known, except to her confessor, the Franciscan prior, Don Francisque; to him alone had she confided also the haunting fear, the uncertainty, ever hopeless of solution, that abode with her continually; to him, on fitting occasions, would she confide the secret sense of relief that had come to her, notwithstanding the new and deadlier danger which it added to the situation, with the knowledge that Juan Morera had compassed the ruin of her son. After her enlightenment by the Armourer and his daughter, the Condesa quietly and without remonstrance ceased from making appeal to the doctor, but she was not to be turned from her purpose. Indomitable hope inspired her, and she remained at Madrid, occupying the house of her absent son, with her faithful Esparbès.

Each day beheld the valiant mother at her task. She beset the doors of the Court people, aided by her friends, and unweariably pressed her petitions, undeterred by ambiguous answers, excuses for not receiving her, more or less disguised refusals, and promises unfulfilled.

After her daily task was completed the wretched mother would resort to Beatrix Nebral and her father for consolation, courage, and hope. The young widow had confessed her love for Rafael and their betrothal to the Condesa, who had given her unhesitating consent to the union, which was indeed singularly pleasing to her romantic fancy and unconventional notions. But the marriage was a distant vision—the bridegroom to be a prisoner, with a court-martial hanging over his head! It was not precisely a time for sentimental effusions. Nevertheless, the older and the younger women, both widows, but with such widely different life-histories, indulged and found consolation in many a long talk all about their common hero and idol.

The situation had been going from bad to worse for the past four months. The French troops, having entered Spain in the third week of October, had marched on Portugal according to promise. The Portuguese Royal family, fleeing before them, had set sail for Brazil, leaving them to confront the English. The country might then have been supposed to be rid of them; but a few weeks later two new armies—one commanded by General Dupont, the other by Marshal Momey—had crossed the frontier, and, under the pretext of going to defend Cadiz against a British fleet, had spread themselves over the Provinces. Then other

troops had followed them, so that now over one hundred thousand French soldiers occupied Spain, without any explanation of the Emperor's designs having been given.

The people regarded this invasion with anger and uneasiness, and it frightened Carlos as much as it irritated them. In Madrid it had been necessary to resort to a display of military force in order to keep down the mob, which was always ready and prepared to rise.

In vain were the people told that these things were taking place by the good pleasure of the King, in accord with that of the Emperor Napoleon. They refused to believe in such an understanding between the two sovereigns, and were convinced that the French were in Spain against the will of Carlos IV., for inimical purposes, of which His Majesty was ignorant.

And this was true.

In vain had the King written letter after letter to the Emperor, endeavouring to ascertain the causes and the aim of the invasion. No reply was returned, although in one of these letters he had solicited the hand of Lucien Bonaparte's daughter for his son. To none of his questions did Napoleon vouchsafe a reply, and his troops still came pouring into the country, to the great discontent of the Spaniards, who once more laid the blame of the position on the schemes and the ambition of Godoy, the complicity of the Queen, his partner in iniquity, and the fatal weakness of the King.

Such were the causes of irritation, which hardly hid themselves under the guise of mocking deference, in the crowd which assembled about the Royal Palace to witness the departure of the Court.

At ten o'clock, a movement among the groups of dignitaries at the top of the broad marble steps in front of the Palace occurred. They broke up, fell back, and formed a long line on either side, leaving a wide space free. A murmur arose among the people massed in the great square opposite. The Royal family were coming out. Acclamations mingled with insulting cries were raised, and the general attention was concentrated on the spectacle. But it was speedily diverted, for the shouts raised at the King's approach were answered by other cries which proceeded from behind the serried ranks of the crowd, and made the people turn and see what was happening on that side.

A group composed of several persons for whom the crowd respectfully made way, had entered the square from one of the side streets. In front walked a short,

slight woman, elegantly attired in widow's weeds, and with the bearing of a person of distinction. The lace mantilla that covered her grey hair made a frame for a face lighted up by its vivacious expression, and still preserving its pure lines beneath the wrinkles that marked it with the sign manual of age.

"Who is she? Who is she?" was the general inquiry. Someone who knew her answered, and the name of the Condesa d'Osorio flew from mouth to mouth. Rafael's mother leaned lightly on the arm of Beatrix Nebral. On the right was General Lagnardia, very upright and imposing in his uniform; on the left, came Don Antonio Borodisti. These four were followed in good order by José Benillo—the recent prior of the Franciscans of Cordova Don Francisque, a few monks

well known in the city for their resentment against Godoy, the Marquis of d'Esparbès, and, lastly, Stéphanie Defodon, under the escort of Chevalier de Fontaine, to whom she had been united in a lawful matrimony a few weeks previously.

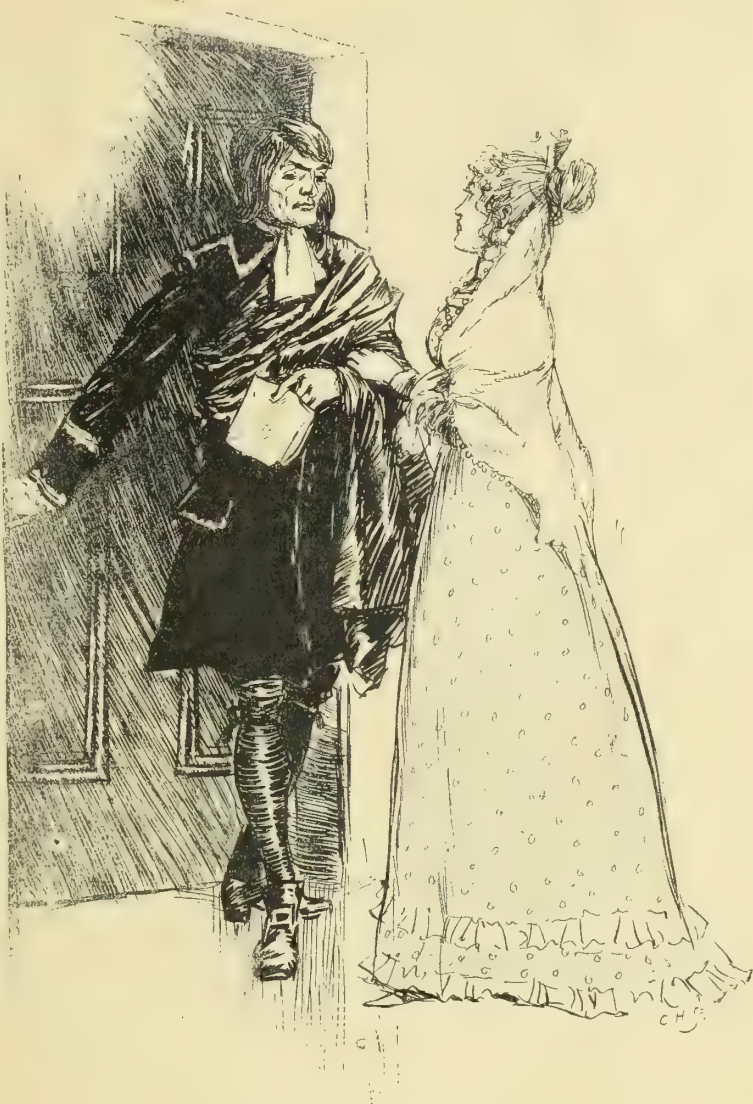
In profound silence this imposing party proceeded along the lane formed by the crowd, to let them pass, and reached the line of troops that kept the approach to the palace clear. At this point they would naturally have been stopped by the guard, more especially as the King and Queen and their suite were at that moment getting into their carriages. But a deep and hollow voice cried in a tone of command—

"Make way there, Grenadiers!"

It was Lagnardia who gave this order, and in so imperious a tone that the soldiers, already impressed by the sight of his uniform, drew aside, before the officers could have prevented them. But indeed the officers themselves

were, at heart, with the people, who demanded passage for the Condesa d'Osorio, and themselves imitated their men, instinctively rather than intentionally. The Condesa and her party passed through the line into the open space and approached the palace gates, reaching them just as the first carriage in which the King and Queen were seated, with Godoy facing them.

At the sight of these women in mourning, accompanied by a general, several monks, the King's Armourer, and others, whose bearing indicated that they were persons of quality, the officer in command of the Royal escort stopped, not daring to pass on. Following his example, the coachman checked his mules, awaiting an order to proceed.



SHE BESET THE DOORS OF THE COURT PEOPLE.

Then the Condesa d'Osorio knelt down upon the stones of the courtyard, and held up her hands in supplication—

"Pardon, sire, pardon and justice!"

"Pardon and justice!" repeated her companions, with her.

The King put his head out of the window of the coach in surprise.

"What is all this?" he asked. "Who are you?"

"I am the mother of the Conde Rafael d'Osorio. I implore your Majesty on my son's behalf."

Perhaps the King, touched by pity, was about to yield to the mother's prayer. But the Queen had exchanged a look with the Prince of the Peace. She seized her husband's hand, and said—

"Remember, Charles, that Rafael d'Osorio has been Ferdinand's evil genius."

The King appeared to check himself, and said harshly—

"I cannot grant a pardon!" And then upon a sign from him, the carriage and the escort moved on again, leaving the suppliants kneeling in the dust.

The King's pitiless rejection of the Condesa's prayer had been seen by the crowd, and it excited their warmest indignation. The course of the Royal procession was followed by hissing and hooting. The police vainly endeavoured to suppress these manifestations, and even laid hands on some of the offenders; but they could not prevent the King and Queen from hearing the threats and insults addressed to them.

Carlos and Marie Louise sat far back in the coach. Their faces were pale, and their eyes were angry.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser to grant pardon," said the King.

"That is just like you!" exclaimed his wife. "You are always the same—always weak and undecided! If I had not been there you would have let yourself be touched by that piece of acting, and you would have yielded. You must be mad not to see that if we begin to make concessions we shall be lost!"

"Shall we not be lost, whether or not? Look out? See!"

And he showed Marie Louise the mass of people, driven back into the great square, shouting and gesticulating.

"Well, what of that? They are rebels!" replied the Queen. "Give the order to charge them. You will see them scatter in all directions!"

The King kept silence; his sole care was to avoid being seen by the mutinous crowd. The Queen continued to reproach him for his weakness in bitter, mocking words; but soon, perceiving that she was merely wasting time, she turned to Godoy and said—

"And you—are you going to do nothing for our protection? Will you let them tear us to pieces? All this rage is much more on your account than on ours!"

The Prince of the Peace was perfectly cool.

"It is not very formidable!" he said scornfully, and signed to the officer in command of the escort who rode on the King's right to approach the door of the coach more closely.

"Ride down those wretches!"

The officer bowed, but was in no haste to execute the order.

"Your Highness surely would not think of exposing the King to such a risk!" he observed. "Honour me with your confidence; we shall get out of this affair without fighting."

"He is right," said the King. "We have only to quicken our pace; we shall soon leave these brawlers behind."

The carriages then advanced rapidly, protected by the squadron of guards who closed up around them. For a few minutes the cries of "Down with Godoy!" "Death to the oppressors!" "Long live the Prince of the Asturias!" were audible; but when the procession reached the road to Aranjuez it was

out of hearing of the tumult.

During this time the Condesa d'Osorio was returning to her home accompanied by her friends. As she passed along the streets the people made way for her, saluting her respectfully, in compassion for her ill-fortune, which was universally known.

(To be continued.)

The March number of *The Idler* will contain an amusing causerie on "The Man in Love. How does he appear to himself?" by Frankfort Moore, W. L. Alden, G. B. Burgin, and others.

For the article on Mr. Robert Sauber, magnificently illustrated, and entitled "The Poetry of Art," see the March number of *The Idler*.



THE WRETCHED MOTHER WOULD RESORT TO BEATRIX NEBRAL.

MY OBJECTION TO CALLINSON.

BY BARRY PAIN.

CALLINSON is a mournful, respectable, hard-working, disapproving man; he is punctual in business, excellent in his domestic relations, and has not a grain of affectation about him; but it is not for any of these reasons that I object to Callinson. My grievance against him is a purely personal one. It is as here follows:—

Callinson has a friend (or says he has) whom he always speaks of as "poor Tom." He believes (or says he believes) that poor Tom is exactly like myself. He is so impressed (or professes to be so impressed) by the likeness between poor Tom and myself, that he never meets me without alluding to it. Now I do not know what poor Tom's other name is, or where he lives, or anything about him, except what Callinson has told me. I may add that for many years past I have never committed suicide, and am on principle opposed to the habit, but if I thought that I was exactly like the "poor Tom" that Callinson describes I would revise my principles and take my unhappy life.

My first intimation of the resemblance came long ago. Callinson met me in the street one day and asked me where I was going. I said that I was going to the post-office. He at once began to smile; it was a melancholy, offensive smile. I asked him if he was concealing anything amusing about him to produce it at once.

"No," he said. "But whenever I meet you, I always feel tempted to smile. You're so like a friend of mine—poor Tom. His face—his voice—his character—his little unfortunate ways and mannerisms—everything—you've got them all."

It annoyed me. I had never disposed of the copyright in my own personality, and it looked like an act of bare-faced piracy. I told Callinson, a little rudely, perhaps—that I was very sorry to resemble any friend of his.

"Ah!" he replied, "that's exactly what poor Tom said when I told him about you. Tom's irritable, nasty temper makes him enemies. I'll go with you as far as the Post-office."

I already hated Callinson, and did not want him to come with me, but he insisted. It happened that I tore off the paper at the edge of the sheet of stamps that I had bought, and threw it away. Callinson's sad, green eye noted this trivial incident.

"That's Tom all over," he said. "I knew he wanted me to ask in what way it was Tom all over, and so I carefully abstained from doing anything of the kind or showing the least interest in his remark. But that did not stop Callinson. "One of these days," he added, "you'll be wanting a bit of stamp-paper, and then you won't have it."

"That's better than always having it when I don't want it," I said.

"Ah! Poor Tom never saves it either. Thriftless—careless—unmethodical—that's the way he goes on. He's been bankrupt once already."

"And I'm not thriftless—nor careless—nor unmethodical—neither have I ever been bankrupt. So there are a few slight differences between your friend and myself. Go away and think about them."

Callinson smiled. "So like Tom—the way you said that. You know he protests, too, that —"

Here, my patience being exhausted, I turned away and left him. Next day he met me in the street, came up to me and grasped my hand, saying, "Well, Tom, what will you have to pay to hush up that—why it's not Tom."

"No, I'm not Tom, and I'm not paying anything to hush up anything."

"Oh, he won't actually pay either. Mere promises—they'll never see the colour of his money."

"And I'm not hushing up, or wanting to hush up. Good morning."

As I went away I heard him murmur, "Tom's temper all over!"

By some scandalous oversight on the part of the committee, Callinson got himself elected to a club of which I am a member. He comes there, I believe, simply to find me and tell me that I am just like his pestilential friend.

One hot morning in summer, he discovered me there. I was drinking a lemon-squash, when he came in. I endeavoured to conceal myself behind the *Times* newspaper. It was no good. He walked up, tapped the glass, and said in his penetrating unpleasant voice, "Gin in the morning, that's what's ruining poor Tom. I've just left him at it."

"It's nothing to do with you," I replied. "But this happens to be a lemon-squash."

"Ah!" he sighed, "that's what poor Tom said."

Callinson once saw me knock over a glass. In the course of a laborious and useful career, extending over many years, I have knocked over three—and only three—glasses. Callinson bent over me.

"Tom's always doing that, too—clumsy with his hands."

I think it will be owned that I have strong grounds for my objection to Callinson. I thought, the other night, that I had stopped him. He suggested that I ought to meet Tom—that it would be so funny to see the two of us together.

"I refuse," I said. "According to your own account, your friend's a dirty, ill-conditioned, disreputable black-guard, and I won't meet him—even for the exquisite pleasure of amusing you."

Callinson smiled. "Funny," he said, "that you should both have refused."

WHAT WILL HE GROW UP TO?



LITTLE SAM: Oh! ow! ow! Mamma, see what Tommy Hopcraft did! (Mamma promptly faints).



LITTLE SAM: Jimmy! If I'd know'd she took on so, I wouldn't a' done it.

CONSCRIPTION IN GERMANY.

COMPULSORY military service has been so long in vogue in Germany that the German "man in the street" is generally taken by surprise when told that it does not exist in England, and not unfrequently inquires where we get our training from. Himself, if he be not physically incapacitated, has spent three of the most important years of his life in the rank and file of one of the greatest armies in the world, and knowing the benefits he has derived therefrom, wonders why, more than how, others dispense with conscription.

Education is closely connected with conscription in Germany; that is to say, on a man's education depends the length of time he shall serve. Conscripts are divided into two broad classes, viz., those who serve three years, and those whose period of active soldiering only lasts one. The division is thus arrived at: If the boy only attend the free school, or *Volkschule*, as it is called, until his fourteenth year (the youngest age at which the youth of Germany is permitted to leave school), and then enter upon his apprenticeship or calling, he will belong to the class which serves three years. If, on the other hand, his education be conducted at a *Gymnasium*, or High school, then on reaching the upper second form (Prima or First being the highest), he receives a certificate entitling him to forego the other two years, and to serve only one, unless specially called upon for the whole period. This certificate carries with it many advantages beyond the important consideration of years. For instance, the one-year man has the option of Cavalry, Infantry, or Artillery service, though generally advised to take that branch that has to do with his civil profession. He may also choose in what year he will serve, under the prescribed limit; and where circumstances permit, select the district he would prefer.

On leaving school, which would not take place much before his seventeenth year in the case of a one-year soldier, the young man, should he be intended for commercial pursuits, immediately enters an office. In Germany it is customary for a young man to give two to three years' service in a house of business, as "*volontaire*," or unpaid assistant, during which time, he will be given ample opportunity to gather the knowledge that will be necessary to him in his commercial career; and at the end of that period, he will usually report himself to the military authorities. Then, having got through his service satisfactorily, he will return again either to the same house, if there be still a vacancy, or will find himself further employment. On the other hand, those who have the intention to take up a profession do not, as a rule, leave the high school until the age of eighteen or nineteen, for it is at school that the matriculation examination, for admission as a student of the University, is conducted. After having passed this "*Abiturient*," as it has come to be called, the student proceeds to the University, and devotes two or three years to the study of the faculty he has adopted, before entering the army. Thus it is seen that very little time is wasted between leaving school and completing the enforced military training.

The expense incurred by the parents of the soldier are very small; indeed, they hardly need exist at all, though there are many little matters that are made easier for the soldier by his being supplied with a modest sum of cash. Though there is no actual regulation to provide for it, the one-year men easily obtain permission to absent themselves from the barrack mess, and not unusually form a sort of social club among themselves, meeting at the restaurant where they take their meals. The three-years' men have seldom such needs, or the means to gratify them if they are there; the barrack food, if plain, is very wholesome and good, and the army pay leaves ample room for as much beer as is good for

them. Rich and poor mingle so intimately together, that the corners are soon knocked off the touchy man, and the snob finds that snobbery is a mistake, and had better be shelved till he doffs the soldier's coat.

It is one of the principles of the German army to make the greatest possible use of a man's trade or knowledge, with a view as much to "keeping his hand in" as to economising in expenses. Thus, among those men who join for three years, a tailor may find that one-half of his duties will be connected with his trade, such as the repairing of uniforms; the saddler will find that knowledge is power, as will the farrier; and the shoemaker may stick to his last—half of his time. The other half will be spent in the open air, side by side with his comrades, in learning his part in the art of war. Skilled mechanics, as a rule, are received into the Pioneer Corps (corresponding to our Royal Engineers), where they continue to work at their respective trades, and thus gain in experience what they lose in time. The many departments of military works, the building of barracks and fortifications, give plenty of scope for their talents. And such as have learnt no trade now learn to make themselves useful.

Regarding those who serve but one year, the same principle is followed, and every endeavour is made to utilise such knowledge as the men may have acquired, while developing them into serviceable soldiers. Students of medicine and pharmacy are given positions as early as possible in the hospitals and dispensaries attached to the various depôts and barracks; architects and students of engineering become "foremen sergeants" of the many works in operation. These one-year men are excellently drilled and trained, and this coming at such a period of their lives straightens their backs and squares their shoulders, when they would otherwise be bending and rounding them over office desks, dissecting tables, or laboratories.

The period of service completed, the men return once more to civilian life; no longer the undeveloped boys and raw country lads that they were when they joined, they have become fine, well-formed men, who have learnt the lesson that discipline teaches. They have learnt to hold up their heads and to throw out their chests into the position that nature intended them to grow. The slouching gait is gone, and toes turn out where they once turned in. In fine, the whole man has undergone a metamorphosis from a lout to a soldier.

But they have not left military life entirely behind them. They now belong to the reserve, in many instances with non-commissioned rank and chance of promotion. In the following eight or ten years they are liable to be called upon for a month's training or manœuvring with the regiment they belong to, these calls coming about every two years, and becoming gradually fewer until they cease, when the soldier is supposed to be thoroughly efficient.

Only three classes are exempted from compulsory military service in the German army. These comprise such as are the sole support of poor parents, as well as those who are physically unfit for the life that a soldier leads—that of healthy exercise. The latter class have come to be regarded somewhat contemptuously by their stronger fellows—a proof of the estimation held by the masses for physical fitness. The other class is that of naval officers.

The Germans for the most part do not regard this period of military training in the light of a hardship or a nuisance, and it is probable that if the question of abolition were put to vote, the "Noes" would have it. Though young men are taken from their callings and professions, yet a more favourable time could hardly be chosen, coming, as it does, between studentship or apprenticeship and the practical adoption of a profession. And, as to those who are engaged in commercial pursuits, the best evidence is the state of trade in Germany, which was never in a more flourishing condition than it is at the present day.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I LIKES ter see mye 'bus full-up—no man more so—but I do wish as those gents as gits thei'selves into a stite when they ought ter be took 'ome in kebs 'ud 'ave 'em'selves took 'ome in kebs. Fur on a 'bus they're nutthink short of a noosance. It was on'y the other night as one of 'em come a lurchin' an' a staggerin' hup ter me, set down on the step o' the 'bus, and says, "Yer go ter Wes' Kensington?" "No," I says, "we don't, and yer git horf o' that step." "Ho," says 'e, "then as yer do go ter Wes' Kensington, I'll climb up." "I tell yer we don't," I says agin. But theer, 'e wouldn't tike no notice o' me, pushes pawst, goes up the steps—like ter break 'is neck all the time—drops 'isself darn in a seat, an' goes horf ter sleep like a child in its mother's harms with 'is 'at on crooked and a pipe 'anging art o' one corner of his marth. Presently I wikes 'im up. "Nar then," says I. "'Ow much ter Wes' Kensington?" 'e says, still 'alf-asleep. "I tell yer agin," I says, "we don't go theer, nor nowhere near it." "Ho," says 'e, as if 'e were thinkin' very deep ter 'isself, "then 'ow much would it be if you *was* ter go ter Wes' Kensington?" "Oh, blimey!" says I, "cawn't yer hunderstand Hinglish? We don't go theer, and we never do go theer. Whort yer want to do is to git horf o' this 'bus?" "No, I don't," says 'e, "I wants ter go ter Wes' Kensington. Give us two-pennorth." With that 'e 'olds art 'is two coppers. Well, whort was I ter do? It warn't no good my speakin'. I punched a ticket fur 'im, an' let 'im be. As I was goin' awye 'e calls arter me, "You'll stop the bus when we gits ter Wes' Kensington." I didn't awnser 'im, bein' clean art o' psychunee. 'Arrever the 'bus goes on, and arter a bit 'is two-penn'uth runs art. 'E comes staggerin' darn the steps, and I stops the bus fur 'im. "Mind yer," I says, "this ain't Wes' Kensington," just by wye of a warnin' like. "Then I'll compline of yer fur fraud," says 'e. "Wheer's a perleeceman?" Horf 'e goes, bang's inter a lamp-post, and sets darn in the road smilin'. We leaves 'im theer. Oh, it's a trile, 'avin' ter do with that kind o' man! I've mide it a simple rool nar, that if a man's too bad ter understand Hinglish 'e's too bad ter ride on my 'bus. Yer must draw the line somewheer. But I've horftun wondered ter myself whort 'appened ter that gint—whether 'e ever gort 'ome to Wes' Kensington, and if 'e did whort they said to 'im when 'e come. It's these 'ere 'ollerdiess an' festivuls as pyles the dickens with folks. Arter a Chris'mus-dye, or Hash Wensd'y, or Heaster, we gin'rally gits a sample or two o' thet kind. 'Ow few theer is as 'as the blessed gift of joodishusness!

DENTISTRY: A COMING PROFESSION.

CONVERSING with a dental authority, a To-DAY representative learned that if a youth registers as a medical student at a general hospital, and at a future time should wish to qualify as a medical practitioner, this year would be allowed to count, so saving time and expense. The time spent here should be chiefly occupied in studying anatomy and physiology, in the dissecting room, and in practical general surgery. After producing various certificates of having attended different classes, and of his being twenty-one years of age, the student will be allowed to sit for his L.D.S., and when he has obtained that, to set up in practice for himself if he so pleases. The fees, including premium, hospital, examination and registration fees will amount to about £220 or £230. Private expenses depend so very much on the individual that it is hard to estimate them, but they may be roughly stated at £100 a year, during the time he is living by himself.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MANNERS
CONTRASTED.

ENGLISH shyness is not incurable, for it cannot be said that the wider social intercourse of the upper classes should make for such hopeless gaucherie. It leads, however, when indulged in, to an extraordinary insularity of conduct which it is certainly the duty of the natural leaders to throw off. Let us mention one curious theory propounded as an excuse for bad manners. I refer to the belief inborn in Englishmen that their manners are as good as those of any foreigner, that because they are not as impulsive, they are therefore more genuine. A Frenchman, to take a common instance, remains uncovered before a woman until he has been asked to replace his hat. This applies to every woman, without considering her social position at all. The Englishman just takes his hat off and replaces it as rapidly as possible, and he never condescends even to do this to a woman if she be in a serving position. We may flatter ourselves that the slighter demonstration is the more genuine one, but I cannot see what proof there is of this. On the contrary, it surely appears that respect for womanhood, a cardinal point in chivalry, is better exemplified by the universal homage paid by the Frenchman, than the partial and somewhat snobbish homage of the Englishman. But at any rate it is important that our countrymen abroad should adapt themselves to the local customs, for the foreign criticism, if he refrains from so doing, is not that he means more by his less cordial action, but that he knows less about manners.—*Senate.*

IN THE LONG AGO.

Have we met before? So familiar seems
The glance of your eyes, where love now sleeps,
And methinks that your lips, half arch, half coy,
Some lover's vow of a sweet past keeps.

What? Where? Sweetheart, ah! bid memory go,
Back o'er the path where our spirits came,
Ere they met to-day in this great, new world,
Back, and what answer does memory frame?

Do you not see in the years that are gone
A princess fair with your beautiful eyes
And brighter far than the jewelled crown
Her curl-crowned head where the sunshine lies?

And close beside her a knight, love-crowned,
Who resembles me, ah, love, do not start,
Tho' our portrait's the same, he is, methinks,
The most like me in the love of his heart.

For he gave it all to the princess fair,
Who bade him claim her when won the fray;
But nought came back save his dying cry—
"I fight for honour and love away."

For honour and love, sweetheart, at last
Does your fond heart echo a faint regret
For some vanished love of that olden time?
Ah! princess and knight once more have met.

But funeral music no longer grieves
The heart of the princess; all is well,
And his lips touch hers in the olden way,
As they list to the sound of a wedding bell.

MISS MABEL—I should think it would be dreadful for a girl to be engaged to a man who has a twin brother.

Tom Slasher—Why?

Miss Mabel—Because she might embrace the other one by mistake.

Tom Slasher—Ah! but how would she know? He wouldn't be fool enough to tell!

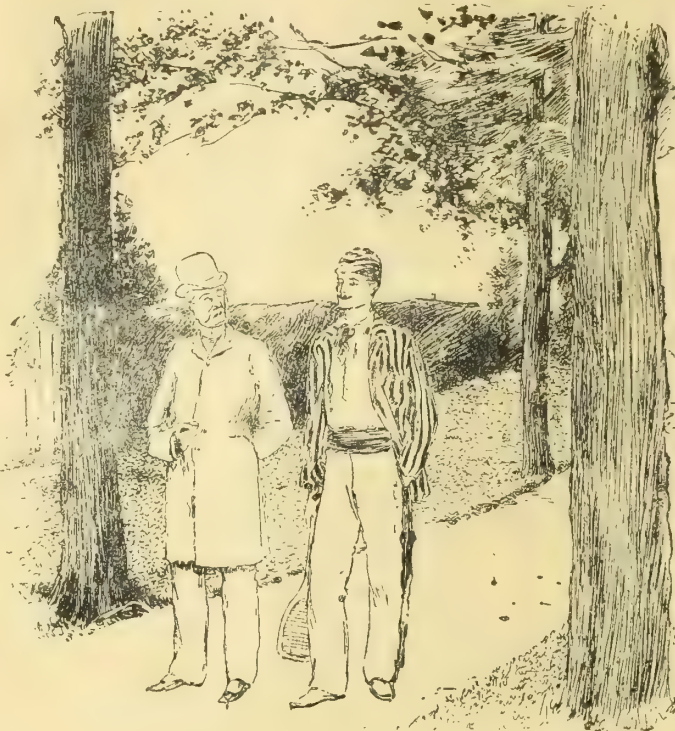
The Idler for March will contain Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's second "Letter to Clorinda."

THE IDLER

FOR
MARCH

Will contain an interesting interview with Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., tracing the great lawyer's early career, and giving some strikingly interesting details of the manner in which he conducted his share of the defence in the great "Penge Case." Sir Edward is very emphatic on the subject of the practical study of oratory. "They blunder along without it, in the Church, at the Bar; and the very last thing a man seems to consider, when he has something to say, is how he is going to say it."

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.



"I HOPE you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter, you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."
"I do, sir (with emotion), and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

TO-DAY.

A cycling story is one of the new attractions arranged for in To-DAY. The Major, in the column headed "Round the Card Table," will, in future, devote attention to all the popular card games. Additional features and more illustrations.

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AN INGENIOUS PAIR.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by ALAN WRIGHT.

THE *Lucania* was within a few hours of bumping against the tender at Liverpool. Folk were on deck who had not been on deck since the start, and were guessing the time still to be occupied with some want of luck. Certain people are altogether at sea when they are on board ship.

"I must finish packing up," said Miss Carr.

"There is no hurry," urged Mr. Moorgate.

"There will be if I don't begin at once. Madame Welby—she's the contralto, you know, in our concert party—she began to pack up soon after we left New York. I thought that was a little *too* previous."

"I want to say something to you before we say good-bye at Liverpool."

"You Members of Parliament are always anxious to deliver addresses," said Miss Carr sedately.

"I haven't much to say. I only want——"

Two ladies were coming near. Miss Carr sprang up from her deck chair with the quickness that youth—and alas! only youth—enjoys.

"Write," she said in a half whisper. The two American ladies were very near.

"Perhaps I shall do it better that way," confessed young Mr. Moorgate, M.P. "It's a subject which I have not hitherto treated."

"Be sure to be very careful then," she said brightly.

"I will."

Miss Carr went quickly down the gangway, and Moorgate walked away to smoke, and to think out the wording of his letter. He was—so the newspapers said—a Member of much ability, but this task was one that tested his capabilities. He selected from his case the pleasantest-looking cigar that it contained.

"She don't seem to give him too much encouragement, Trixy," said Mrs. Penbether to her daughter.

Miss Trixy Penbether was a flat young lady with pince-nez that gripped her nose in a way that made everybody else's eyes water.

"I don't know that that ain't the best plan," said Miss Penbether thoughtfully. "I'm a bit afraid I've overdone the encouragement racket. Seems to me it ain't a bad idea to play a little 'stand your distance' sort of tune."

"All depends on the man, Trixy."

"That's true." Miss Penbether sighed, and took a

piece of gum from her pocket. "Pity so much should depend on the man, but it *is* so, and it's no use dodgin' the fact. Where did you say his country place was, ma?"

Ma repeated the information.

"If there was anything else now that we could think of," went on Miss Penbether, "any way of crabb'n' the



"WHO IS YOUR LETTER FROM, DEAR?"

dea. of this Carr girl, I'd like to give it a chance. Can you think of anything, ma?"

"Not jest for the moment, my girl."

"I wonder now——"

"You've done your best, Trixy," said her mother soothingly, "you can't do more'n your best."

"Some other girl can, p'raps. She'll go right away to her mother, I reckon, won't she? Mr. Moorgate's going to London, because he's due at the House."

"That's how it's going to pan out, my girl. If we

can only keep 'em apart till we get on the cars so much the better for our little game."

Mr. Moorgate strolled back, and sat down in his deck chair. He had hummed thoughtfully a line or two of a gavotte before he noticed his American friends.

"Glad to be at your journey's end, Mrs. Penbether?"

"We're sorry to say good-bye to our friends," answered Miss Penbether for her mother. "It's been a great time this last six days," she sighed. "I don't seem like the same girl."

"I can assure you that you are," said Mr. Moorgate

"We'll come and hear one of your debates at the House of Repre——mean to say the House of Commons."

"I thought you were over for pleasure?"

"And business combined," interposed Mrs. Penbether.

"I suppose this Carr girl goes home to her mother from Liverpool, Mr. Moorgate?"

"I am sorry to say that I know nothing definite of Miss Carr's future action. She is an independent young person, and she generally performs just as she likes."

Miss Trixy Penbether looked at her mother, and her left eyelid moved.



"I MUST FINISH PACKING UP," SAID MISS CARR.

reassuringly. "I have watched you carefully, and I should have been the first to notice any change."

"Should have thought you'd been too much engaged with that girl in the concert company. What's her name, ma? Carr, ain't it?"

"I like Miss Carr very much," said Moorgate.

"So do a lot of people I reckon. I s'pose these girls lose count of their sweethearts. There's so many of 'em. Which way do you go from Liverpool, Mr. Moorgate?"

"I go on to London, after I——" He stopped. "I'm not quite sure whether I shall go by the special or not."

"Only met her on this voyage, have you, Mr. Moorgate?"

"Only on this voyage."

"Ah!"

"What do you mean by 'ah'?" demanded Moorgate, M.P., hotly. The ejaculations of ladies are sometimes marvellously effective.

"Nothin' much, Mr. Moorgate. By-the-bye, I want you to write your name in this book you gave me coming across on the—— Got a pencil?"

Moorgate almost snatched the book from Miss Penbether. He also took the proffered pencil.

"Write 'sincerely yours' or 'affectionately yours,' Mr. Moorgate. You're the first English senator we've ever struck, you know."

He wrote his name without any endearing preface, and walked away.

"Reckon he's mad about somethin'," said Trixy Penbether.

"There's no counting for these high-bred men," explained her mother.

"If I don't have him," said Miss Penbether, "I'll bet my last nickel that she shan't."

"Taint likely," said her mother, "we'll see to that."

The concert party was so busily engaged in packing up that Moorgate was unable to get within speaking distance of Miss Carr. Words of admiration cannot with convenience be shouted into a cabin occupied by (in addition to one's heart's desire) a matronly contralto and a number of bags and things. All that young Mr. Moorgate could do was to give the deck steward a letter.

Which he did.

"I'll call for the answer in ten minutes' time, miss," said the deck steward.

"Make it twenty minutes," said Miss Carr.

Her hand trembled as she opened the envelope. She opened it very carefully, as folks do who are dealing with a communication which they desire to preserve all their life.

"With great pleasure, miss."

The civility of deck stewards is always great when the ship is within a few hours of Liverpool—it absolutely knows no bounds.

"Who is your letter from, dear?" asked Miss Welby. Miss Welby, not to be denied the pleasure of packing up, was unpacking a trunk. "What do you think of this lace trimming? Looks neat and rather smart, don't you think?"

"Charming."

"You didn't say who your letter was from, dear?"

"Didn't I, Miss Welby? It's about an engagement."

"What shall you sing?"

"I think I shall wait and see."

"Have you got an accompanist?"

"Yes. I think the accompanist is pretty safe. What did you wear when you were married, Welby?"

"Haven't I ever told you?" asked the delighted contralto.

"I daresay. But I've forgotten. Tell me all over again."

"Well, dear" (with infinite relish), "I'll tell you all about it from beginning to end. I met Mr. Welby at a dance given at——"

"I know that part. Tell me what you wore."

"Why, you know, that rather delicate shade of grey, don't you, that was so fashionable a few——"

Mrs. Penbether and her daughter having seen the letter delivered, and having interrogated the steward, hurriedly completed the details of their scheme. Miss Penbether went to her cabin and wrote this note:—

"My dear Mr. Moorgate,—I am in receipt of your

note. I feel deeply flattered by your kind offer, but it is quite impossible for me to accept it. I am pledged to someone else.

"Please do not refer to the subject again. Leave the tender at Liverpool, and do not speak to me.—Yours faithfully,

"ALICE CARR."

There was some writing of Miss Carr's on a portrait which had been sold on the night a concert was given on deck in aid of the Sailors' Home. Miss Penbether contrived to get a very fair imitation of the style.



"MOSES AND AARON!" CRIED MISS TRIXY PENBETHER.

"Now I'll address it," she said.

She did so.

"And now to catch that man," said Miss Penbether, "and then to watch the fun."

"That's the ticket," said her mother agreeably. "We'd better not keep together, though. It'll want smart handling, this job. Your pa'll laugh like anything when we tell him about it."

"This is jest about pa's size," agreed Miss Penbether. She licked the envelope carefully and stuck it down and gave it a decisive dab. "It's a bit rough on the singing girl, but bless my stars, if we was to consider everybody's feelings in this world where should we be?"

"That's what your pa often says, Trixy."

There was the usual bustle at Liverpool. Nearly everybody very much hurried, and hot and confused, nearly everybody complaining of nearly everybody else for getting so persistently in their way. The train

left Lime Street at six for Euston, and Mrs. and Miss Penbether settled down in the saloon with an air of satisfaction.

"That's all right, Trixy, my girl."

"Yes, ma. Dried pretty straight, didn't it?"

"I asked him to call on us at the First Avenue Hotel, and he said he would."

"Bully," said Miss Penbether. "Didn't come by this train, did he?"

"No. Said he had something to see to at Liverpool."

"If he don't call soon, we'll ring him up on the tel'phone from the hotel. It don't do to lose time in matters of this kind."

"That's true."

"The whole business looks pretty prosperous, I fancy. Looks like a successful deal. Course, it's one thing to have shunted her and another thing to get myself on the track. But if it all pans out well it'll be jest lovely to be Mrs. Moorgate, M.P."

"It'd make one or two of the back number girls at home sit up."

"I'm thinking specially about Abby Furnleaf."

They both laughed with great good humour. Mrs. Penbether, when she had wiped her eyes, turned to her daughter with an air of seriousness.

"You'll never forget, I hope, Trixy, that you owe a great deal to your parents."

"Can't do without parents," acknowledged Miss Penbether.

"It's a real satisfaction to me," said Miss Penbether's ma, "and it will be to your pa when I'm able to send him a cable that I've never stopped at doing anything that'd get you on in the world. Some parents are different."

"Oh, I ain't complained about you," said the daughter tolerantly.

"And if I hadn't managed to catch the steward at the last moment, just as he was about to go up to Mr. Moorgate—seeing you hadn't had a chance of changing it—and if I hadn't destroyed it for you, why——"

"Moses and Aaron!" cried Miss Trixy Penbether, starting up excitedly. "What do you mean about destroying the letter? I *changed* the letter, and—— Surely you didn't destroy it? 'Cause, if you did——"

Mrs. Penbether took from her small bag with a trembling hand several fragments of note-paper. She placed them together, and Miss Penbether read aloud in her nasal tones—

"My dear Mr. Moorgate,—I am in receipt of your note. I feel deeply flattered by your kind offer, but——"

"Trixy, my girl," said her mother solemnly, "we've run too fast. We must try again somewhere else, and next time we must go slow."

THE VICTIM OF APPARATUS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

ALBERT CHIPPEL was fairly well off, and unmarried. It is so seldom that facts are just as they should be, that I think it worth while to mention this. If Albert Chippel had not been well off, he would have been unable to procure for himself the vast amount of mechanical apparatus which his soul loved, which to the last he fully believed saved him trouble, and without which he would have pined and died. If he had been married, he would either have driven his wife mad, or she would have obtained a judicial separation. He nearly drove his friends mad.

You went into Chippel's rooms, and he offered you a cigar. You consented, and then Chippel's face brightened, for it gave him a chance to use apparatus.

"I don't keep my cigars in an ordinary box," he'd say, "This box is a patent, and saves you a lot of trouble. You just press the button, and a single cigar rolls out. No confusion or anything."

Then he would press the button, and nothing would happen. He would press it again and again, oil the machinery, stamp, swear, tell you this was the first time the thing had gone wrong, and finally something inside that patent box would seem to snap, and half a machine-smashed cigar would go whizzing across the room like a stone from a catapult. After that, he would explain that the cigars were probably a little too large, and unscrew the back of the box and get them out that way.

But his faith in apparatus was never for a moment shaken. He would be offended because you would not cut your cigar with his patent cigar-cutter, which every now and then worked quite nicely. He would not even let you light that cigar simply. He struck a match and lit a methylated-spirit lamp, when you lit your cigar from the lamp. If you suggested that you might just as well have lit the cigar from the match, he would tell you with a smile that he liked to do things comfortably.

When the ordinary man wants to read a book, he takes the book, sits down, and reads. That was not nearly complicated enough for Chippel. He first of all had to arrange his reading-lamp—a beautiful little silver thing, that threw a disc of bright light the size of a penny, surrounded by a circle of shade. This lamp burned a special wick, and the speciality of the wick was that it would never light the first time you tried. You had to

pull it about, and get oil on your fingers, and then it would feel happier and start. After dealing with the reading-lamp, Chippel naturally had to go and wash his hands. That refreshed him for a further struggle with the reading-chair. The reading-chair was in theory the most luxurious thing in the world. You could sit in any position, have your reading-desk in any position, and a little table at the side in any position. By half-an-hour's patient work at sixty-two different screws, Chippel would bring that chair to just the condition he required. Then he would place his ash-tray, match-box, and paper-knife on the side-table, sit down to read, and discover that he had remembered everything except the book.

His dressing-room bristled with apparatus. He shaved himself with a special apparatus, something like a mowing-machine, the blades of which were sharpened by another special apparatus. He put on his boots by one patent, and took them off by another, and neither of the patents worked. He had a looking-glass so arranged that Chippel could see the back of his own head, which he never by any chance wanted to do. His hair-brushes were electric, his comb was magnetic, and his life must have been a misery. At least, I feel sure myself that it must have been a misery, but I confess that Chippel seemed to enjoy it.

He particularly liked travelling. He at first had a travelling-bag, which contained everything that one could possibly want on a railway journey. But this did not satisfy him. He had another travelling-bag made after his own design. It not only contained everything that one could possibly want when travelling, but also almost everything that one could not possibly want. Chippel took that travelling-bag everywhere. If he had had to go from Blackfriars to the Temple I believe he would have taken that travelling-bag with him, and used as much of the apparatus on the way as he had time for. The one reason why he loved travelling was for the chances it gave him of using apparatus. He also tried to foist his apparatus on fellow-travellers, and got himself much disliked.

He will carry his passion with him to the grave. Only the other day I found him inquiring about wicker-work coffins, and also about the technical business of cremation. He told me that he was divided in his mind between burial and cremation. I am sure that he will choose whichever system involves the use of the most apparatus. I am sometimes tempted to hope that he will have to make the choice soon.

SOME CURIOUS CYCLING FEATS.

EVER since the commencement of the world's history man has endeavoured to out-do his fellows in some fashion of his own, to accomplish something that has not hitherto been achieved, or that others will not dare to attempt. Boys at school exhibit the greatest delight in doing each other's "dags," and in the highly moral and intellectual game of "Follow-my-Leader" the leader is always on the alert to devise some feat which shall deter his followers and yet avoid police attention—matters in which he differs very considerably from the modern maid-servant. If tradition be credited, Eve set the fashion to her sex by following man; and this is true even in the wheel world, where modern woman is doing her best to imitate man's rational attire—not that there is any really valid objection to this, save on the score of novelty; but when once the barrier of costume is broken down, she may perhaps prove so apt a follower as to imitate even some of his curious feats awheel, possibly such as are recounted hereunder.

There is some slight difficulty in obtaining adequate information as to the curious feats that have been accomplished on bicycles, because such obtain no permanent recording. The National Cyclists' Union (which has been not unjustly styled the Jockey Club of the cycling world) has a Records Committee, which carefully sifts the evidence of any "best on record" alleged to have been ridden upon the race-path, requires the most absolute proof, and then passes the claim as correct if in its opinion the proofs submitted are conclusive. But there is no body formed to take what may be termed "freak feats" under its wing, and consequently authentication is in many respects absent; so it may well be that in course of time, and by virtue of frequent recountal, some quite moderate achievements may have been magnified into daring performances by their doers.

The first feat of which the writer possesses any cognisance was rather foolhardy than curious, the curious part simply consisting in the marvellous escape of the rider. It must be fully fifteen years ago since I was wearily toiling up the long rise from Keston to the top of Westerham Hill. On the way thither I overtook the rider of what appeared to be a somewhat shaky ordinary bicycle, the front forks very vertical, and the saddle close to the head, as was the custom in those days; in fact, the machine was one very much easier to fall off than to keep on. Dismounting, we trudged along together, and I found my companion was a stranger to the road. Evening was coming on apace, so I warned him to beware of Westerham Hill, which has a fall not far short of five hundred feet in a mile, and two very sharp turns. He boasted that he had never yet encountered a hill that he could not descend with legs over the handles. It may not be amiss to remark that though this used to appear somewhat reckless in character, it was in reality the safest way to descend ordinary hills, because if any accident should happen the rider fell clear of the machine, and his feet took the contact with the ground instead of his face. This was frequently economical, as it economised both cuticle and sticking-plaster. At the top of the hill my friend mounted, promptly got into position, and disappeared round the first bend. It seemed absolutely impossible for him to escape fearful injury, and perhaps even death, and I hurried after him with all speed, keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of a fall having taken place. There being nothing to attract attention, I went on and reached the town. Here was the adventurous rider, sitting on a kerbstone, white as a sheet, and trembling in every limb. "I rode down, old fellow," said he; "but never again!" And he meant it.

In the year 1884 D. J. Canary, probably one of the cleverest of trick-riders, attempted to ride down the steps of the main entrance on the east side of the Capitol, Washington. His first essay was to attempt the descent upon an ordinary bicycle, and this was accomplished with comparative ease. Next, he detached the saddle,

backbone, and rear wheel, preparing to ride down upon the front wheel only. This, however, was a trick that had been the subject of no previous practice, and Canary commenced by taking the steps in sections. He had ridden down the last two sections, and was about to essay the complete descent from top to bottom, when he was stopped by the Capitol police. An enormous crowd had assembled to watch this feat, and, being disappointed, they had nothing left but to howl at the police for having interrupted the sport. American police can, however, stand a good deal of this sort of thing. Some years afterwards—namely, in October, 1891—Canary rode down the full length of the same steps on a solid-tired safety bicycle, the pioneer of which was the Rover, and this is practically the only pattern of bicycle in use to-day. These were the only times the Capitol steps have been descended upon bicycles, so far as I am able to ascertain.

Another freak feat was accomplished for a small bet, and might easily have cost the rider his life. During October, 1887, W. S. Maltby, a member of an American team of bicyclists then making a tour of this country, rode the front wheel of his bicycle along the wall of the North Pier, Aberdeen. This wall was twenty-five feet in height and twenty inches in breadth. The feat was one of exceptional daring and skill, and was certainly of a character to endanger the life of the adventurous rider. There was a boat in attendance below ready to render any assistance in case of need. Luckily, however, there was no hitch of any kind, and the adventurous feat was accomplished in a very short space of time. On the following day the same rider repeated the performance in the presence of about three hundred people. Evidently Maltby was prepared for failure, because he dressed himself in light racing costume, which would have incommoded him but little had he obtained an involuntary immersion. This daring freak had its origin in a wager of five pounds, and, considering its hazardous nature, Maltby must have either held his life very cheaply, or else possessed considerable confidence in his own ability. The same rider adopted a similar method of progression across the sea-wall near Melbourne, and with equally satisfactory results.

In the year 1887 Messrs. C. W. Brown and F. Wimbush, two members of the North Road Club, rode their bicycles down to Deal, and then, taking boat across the intervening water, they disembarked upon the Goodwin Sands at low tide; they then proceeded to ride round the sands as close to the sea as occasion would permit, and, having been satisfied with their achievements on a portion of the earth's surface where no bicyclist had ever been before, or has been since, they returned to the mainland and prosaically indulged in tea.

In the early days of the wheel, the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer made two or three rides upon a 96-in. bicycle, which was constructed by a firm that has ceased to exist for a good many years now. But a Coventry cyclist, named Samuel Brown, has of late eclipsed this by riding a machine that is, roughly, about 12 ft. in height. He has been literally a prominent figure at many Midland meets—so much so, in fact, that people have grown rather tired of both Brown and his "Eiffel," and are desirous of a change, the novelty of the thing having worn off long ago, and the practical utility being absolutely *nil*.

Among other curious feats accomplished on cycles was the ride of Mr. Macintosh about the year 1884. He had had the misfortune to lose both his legs, but his arms remained, and through the agency of these he covered the distance between Edinburgh and London on a manumotive tricycle, a feat which so appealed to the editor of one of the cycling newspapers at that time that he subscribed other people's money to get Macintosh a pair of timber toes.

Some little time ago England was horrified with the details of an explosion of gunpowder at Waltham Abbey, whereby several poor fellows lost their lives. It was recorded that a cyclist who was proceeding peacefully,

along the road near to the scene of the accident was blown completely off his machine, over the hedge, and into the field beyond, a distance of some twenty feet. Luckily he was not injured in any way, save by sustaining a bruise or two; and, when he had gathered himself together, proceeded upon his way, not taking very much credit to himself for his remarkable but involuntary achievement.

During last year a trick-rider named Herbert was stated to have ridden a bicycle backwards from London to Brighton. This feat, however, was not properly verified, although it is certain that he did cover a good part of the distance in the style indicated. He does not ride the machine itself backwards, but while the cycle goes forward he sits astride facing the rear, the handle-bars being accordingly behind him. It no doubt requires a good deal of practice to ride a cycle in such a very awkward fashion, and the style is scarcely likely to be imitated by those who place comfort among the desirable adjuncts to cycling. Herbert undoubtedly rode in this way up Westerham Hill, an exceedingly steep rise about a score of miles to the southward of London. This feat was accomplished on the day of the annual hill-climb promoted by the Catford Cycling Club, at the end of last June. Herbert rode up backwards in 7 min. 12 2-5 secs., and it is interesting to note that the winner of the competition, F. W. Crewe, occupied 4 min. 49 4-5 secs.

These are some of the curious feats accomplished by riders of bicycles. There are not very many, it is true, which perhaps suggests a kind of sidelight corollary that cycle-riders are, as a rule, cast in too sensible a mould to risk their lives in the performance of fool tricks which, when all is said and done, is merely an evidence of the lengths to which mankind will go when prompted by vanity.

A CERTAIN Scottish professor was not more remarkable for his writings on political economy than for his frequent unconsciousness of what passed before him. His absence of mind was so remarkable that his wife once wagered that she would accost him in the street, inquire after the health of herself and family, and that he would not recognise her. She actually won the wager. The professor was once taking a solitary walk on the banks of a canal, into which, in his abstraction, he walked. When within a yard of the centre, an honest woman, washing clothes behind him, bawled out: "Come oot, come oot, fule body, or ye'll be droon't!" These warning sounds invading the tympanum of the professional ear, had the effect of making him turn right about and forthwith recover the dry land. The good woman, concluding him to be an idiot, sympathetically exclaimed: "Puir body! atweel they hae muckle to answer for that lets ye gang yer lane!"

ECONOMICAL GUNNING.



HAMMERLOCKS: "Gom, Ikey, bay addentions!"

Ikey: "Vat you vand?"

Hammerlocks: "Go pick der shot oud ohf dot partridge, unt ve loat up fer anudder."

A ROGUE'S DAUGHTER.*

THE hero and heroine of this interesting and healthy story are brother and sister, and one gets a very fair clue to their characters by the author's description of their personal appearance:—

"The thing most usually said about Delia Vansittart was that she was 'a pretty little girl.' She was nearly twenty, and considered herself a grown and mature woman, quite capable of managing her father's household, and sitting at the head of his table; but although not very small, she had a caressing, kittenish way with her, which made her seem younger than her age. She was slim, with graceful rounded outlines, and a soft, childish face, which was irresistibly attractive; her eyes were large and innocent-looking, deep grey in colour, with long curved eyelashes, and the bloom of her complexion was that of a lovely child. Not that she was particularly rosy; indeed, some people called her pale; but the colour of her cheeks was exactly that of the inside of a seashell or a wild rose-leaf, fine and delicate and beautiful, but not striking by reason of any brilliance. The modelling of her features was finished and tender, without any pretence at absolute perfection; and her brown hair was characteristically wavy and pliant, lying over her forehead in soft, silken tendrils, which were blown about by every passing breeze. All that had ever been said against Delia by her women friends—who dwelt for the most part in villas and stucco mansions round about Clapham Park—might be summed up in their darkly-hinted saying, that 'she had no style.' She was always fresh and sweet, and prettily dressed; but she had no dignity—no 'proper pride'—'no style.' She was only a pretty little girl."

The hero is of an entirely different type—

"There are some men who seem born to be unlucky. Not exactly through any fault of their own, so far as one can see, but, through some adverse fate, they are constantly involving themselves in difficulties and getting into scrapes. Dick Vansittart was one of these men. It had always been so, ever since his childhood. He was always in hot water—always doing the wrong thing, or blamed for the right one. And yet he was not vicious—not bad at heart—and he was as winning and attractive in his way as Delia was in hers. Perhaps the worst that could be said of him was that he was weak."

"As he lounged across the lawn towards his sister, she said to herself that she had seldom seen a handsomer man. He was not like his father, however, who was generally considered good-looking, but who was big, and stout, and florid, with a rolling eye, and 'a presence.' Dick was slight and not very tall, with a sensitive, fine-featured face, like his sister's, but darker, and more determined than hers. The smiling eyes were peculiarly gentle, and the slight irresolution manifest in his lips was hidden by a small dark moustache, to the great improvement of his countenance. It would have made a question for physiognomists, however, whether the weakness of the mouth might not be counteracted by the good development of brow and chin. In fact, it was a face of opposites, a face full of contradictions, but one which few people failed to like, and even to admire."

At the commencement of the story, the father of these two young people gets into difficulties, and bolts, leaving his children to face the consequences. The event proves to be the making of the son, who develops a remarkably fine character, though not too fine to be more than human. The daughter finds happiness in a different way, and the conclusion of this very readable book is entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned.

ELISE—That was a slanderous article in the papers about Bessie, who married the Count. She will never be able to hold her head up in society again.

Madge—What did she do so awful?

Elise—Confessed that she married for love.

* "A Rogue's Daughter," by Adeline Sergeant (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol).

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I 'as a suttun amarnt o' pity fur them pore chaps as sends theer money ter metrimon'al igencies, and especs ter marry a forchoon on the follerin' Toosd'y, so ter speak. Blimey, it's as sure as torsin' a two-headed 'ipen'y that if a woman's got the brass she don't wornt no metrimon'al igency ter find 'er a 'usband. Why, I knows one gel as 'ull come inter a small 'ouse in the Walworth Road when 'er fawther dies, and she's nutthink ter look at, but she could tike 'er pick of seven of 'em termorrer if she wornted it; I shud 'ave thought as theer warn't a man in the world such a ignerunt, 'alf-biked idjut as not ter know that. But I dessay I shud pity 'em a sight more if they gort the gel they wornted; which reminds me o' Bill.

There was two of 'em, brothers, Bill and Jim. Bill allus 'ad the best luck that's mide—couldn't do nutthink wrong—if 'e put a shillin' as an artsider, that 'orse wun—if anybody dropped a 'alf thick-'un on 'Ampstid 'Eath, and Bill walked acrorst it a week

arterwards, 'e farnd thet 'alf thick-'un. Jim, contrerriwise, never 'ad no luck at all, couldn't do nutthink right. Well, they was both on 'em arter the sime gel—Jine her nime was. It were all done in a frien'ly sort o' wye, and they agreed ter leave it ter the gel ter settle it. In course, she picked Bill. Jim, 'e took it pretty easy. "It's Bill's luck," he said, "and theer's no stan'nin' aginst it." Bill was as pleased as Punch, and a fortnit arter 'e merried the gel, an' they went off ter Mawgit. I met 'im when 'e came back from 'is 'oneymoon. "'Ullo, Bill!" I says, "'Ow are yer goin' on?" "Oh, narcely!" says 'e, but 'e didn't look it. "So nar you're a merried man," says I. "That is so," says 'e, but nort with no enthoosiasm. "I understan's," says I, "as Jim were arter the sime gel, but yer cut 'im art. You 'as your luck, Bill."

"Yuss," says 'e, "but, speakin' in confidance, I wish to 'eaven I'd 'ad Jim's."

Ah, she were a 'wrong 'un—a reg'lar right-darn wrong 'un! I sometimes think ter myself that a man don't 'ave exper'unce enough nor knowledge enough ter choose a wife fur 'isself, or buy a 'orse, until 'e's too old fur anythink egsep' dyin'. I'm a joodishus man myself, but I don't mind ownin' that it was more through luck nor joodishusness as I struck it right.

H—EALING.



Drawn by J. Hassell.

LADY PASSENGER (referring to name of Station), to man with a black eye: "Is it Ealing?"

Male Passenger (referring to the injury): "It ought to, mum; I kep' a bit o' steak on it all last night."

LONDON'S FOOD SUPPLY.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

I AM fain to confess to absolute ignorance about prices in the provinces, so can deal only with those in London and a few of its suburbs, my only experience of the country being that of seaside resorts where the charges for food are at the same rate as those in town. It is well known that prices in London and its vicinity vary according to the style of the surrounding houses. In Mayfair and Belgravia—nay, even in Pimlico—butchers, bakers and grocers indulge in high figures for their wares; so that the first thing any new-comer with limited means must do is to find out where first-class articles are to be had at second-rate prices. Landladies, charwomen, and even servants are full of such lore; but I must observe that servants, as a rule, have an innate dislike to economy, and are consequently unwilling to impart information on the subject. They like to know that the meat they are eating cost the full price. They can then eat plenty of it with a clear mind. They enjoy the certainty that the coals they lavish upon the various fires cost as much per ton as any supplied to the other houses in the neighbourhood. They have, then, no scruple in abundantly feeding the fires with them. If a mistress wants her servant to co-operate with her in this matter, she must either enlist her sympathies in the cause, or else make it to her interest to keep down expenses. I know which is the easier method, as a rule, but sometimes servants are to be met with who are really willing to avoid waste in every shape or form, and honestly assist their employer to economise.

The best food is in the end the cheapest; but my experience of London goes to show that the very best can be had at moderate prices if one only knows where to go for it. Price lists of various firms must be examined and compared, and lists drawn out of the things that are cheaper in one than in the other. Take the matter of tea. At one grocer's the customer will be asked to pay 2s. 6d. per lb. for coarse-flavoured rubbish that tastes rough and disagreeable, while at another shop, in the very next street perhaps, there will be excellent tea at 1s. 8d. or 1s. 10d. In the same way, one grocer will charge 3d. per pound for loaf sugar, with far less sweetening power than that obtainable from another at 2½d.

It is a curious thing, but it has been verified over and over again, that at small shops in rather poor neighbourhoods, the very best tea, sugar, bacon, butter, cheese, and eggs can be had at moderate prices. The wives of artisans, small shopkeepers, and men employed in the humbler walks of business life cannot afford to spend their money on indifferent articles. They insist on the best, and "the small shop round the corner" cannot flourish unless these customers can find there what they want. Consequently, the proprietor takes care to keep a stock of what he knows is in demand.

With regard to beef and mutton, joints of either can be had first-class at tenpence per pound. I refer to prime Scotch and English meat; Welsh mutton is dearer. Butchers charge elevenpence, naturally enough, to customers who make no demur; but if a protest is put in, very few of them will refuse to supply the protestor at the rate mentioned.

"Only a penny a pound difference!" remarks some inexperienced young housekeeper. "Why! It is not worth talking about!" Oh, yes; it is! It tells up surprisingly at the end of a month, as the novice will find; and the difference, when multiplied by twelve at the end of the year, means a tidy little sum for Christmas boxes.

On one morning in last week I visited three different shops not very far apart, and priced some vegetables. At one of these there were no Brussels sprouts under

2d. per lb.; at the second the price was 1½d., and at the third 1d. There was not much to choose in the quality of the three. This shows what may be done, in this one direction, in reducing expenditure. And there are many others, to which I shall refer in future papers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KITTY CLIVE.—The peeled tomatoes, at 5½d. per large tin, are Italian. I cannot always get them at West-end shops, but have never failed to do so at Serjeant's, whose shop is at the corner of Wardour Street and Coventry Street. "Blanching" means putting in boiling water for a few minutes. The peaches can be skinned quite easily after having been blanched. Try it. The process is the same as that of blanching almonds. The nuts that are left over from dessert—whether Spanish or Brazil—can be blanched and chopped, and used in puddings instead of ground almonds.

NINA.—The following is the best answer I can give you:—There is no beautifier of complexion or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—R. W. EMERSON.

MISS MISCHIEF.—I disapprove of tight lacing, but approve of the corset. You do not seem to think that any middle course is possible between cursing and blessing, to use the language of Balaam. The corset is an admirable device for enabling us to wear skirts without inconvenience. If people are so idiotic as to misuse it by squeezing themselves tightly into it, that is no reason why others should deprive themselves of it. Don't you agree?

MIN'S MOTHER.—The income-tax on houses is as follows:—3d. in the pound if the rent is not over £40; 6d. in the pound if it is not over £60; and 9d. in the pound if £80 or over. Yes, it is a pleasure to save and economise for the young ones; but it sometimes presses hardly, does it not? And after all, the money we scrape together for them may be anything but a blessing, so don't overdo it! Remember the Babes in the Wood. Their woes all came from money. Picturesque woes, but very disagreeable.

A. P.—Out of an income of £170, you should not allow your rent to exceed £20, or one-eighth of the whole. To manage this, you must live, as you say, twenty minutes or half an hour from town by rail. Your place of business is close to the terminus of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and about twenty minutes out there are small houses to be had. As the firm pays your railway season ticket, you have only the mere rent to consider. If you can get a house under £20 per annum you escape almost all taxes. Sharing houses, or letting off half, rarely answers for any length of time. You might be able to get a small flat, but it is pleasanter to have your own house and a bit of garden, is it not? Your midday meal in town will cost from 10d. to 1s. The rest of the food for your wife and yourself should not be allowed to cost more than 25s. a week. Dress, light, fuel, and life assurance will make a large hole in the remainder.

On the day of a concert Paderewski eats nothing until it is concluded except one soft-boiled egg. When it is over he takes a hearty meal, which he enjoys thoroughly, as his appetite is excellent, though he is so abstemious. During a concert he drinks a soda lemonade made without sugar. It need hardly be said that this is not intended as a stimulant. Nobody would detect the presence of that weak little drink in his system from his playing after the intermission at his concerts. After the concert he permits himself a draught of some malt beverage.

"I HOPE you enjoyed your bridal tour," said Spudds to Huggins.

"Yes, in a way; but I should advise other couples to patronise another line of railway."

"Why?"

"Well, the one we travelled on doesn't cater to the bridal traffic."

"How's that?"

"There isn't a tunnel on the entire line!"

PROOF POSITIVE.

WIFE (next morning)—You were terribly drunk when you came home last night!

Husband (looking around)—I really did come home, didn't I?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—Then I must have been drunk!

THE LAST OF THE VILLAGE FIDDLERS.

THE old man and his belongings were displayed on a mossy bank by the roadside. The little lot comprised—as the auctioneers say—one old man, weather-beaten, but tough-looking; a small bag of tools, and a few tin pots and kettles tied together; a thick stick, with a business-looking knob at one end of it; and, lastly, a fiddle and bow, partially concealed by a covering composed of a portion of an old shirt.

It was raining slightly at the time, so I suggested to the old man that he and his portable luggage had better be removed to the nearest shelter.

"Thankee, sir!" was the reply. "I've just come from there, and I want to be movin' on. The rain won't 'urt me; I'm used to wet."

"Inside and out?"

"No more till the next village," said the old man, picking up his traps and moving off.

I offered my assistance, and was permitted to carry the fiddle and the thick stick.

"Fond of music?" I asked.

"Yes," said the old man, with a grave wag of his head; "I am, but the business ain't what it used ter be in the old times."

"You remember the old times?"

"Ah! do I not? Many and many's the time I've played on our old village green, and the boys and gals come dancin' round, dancin' round, as though there warn't no work in th' world. But, lor' bless yer, that's all past! Folks is so solemn nowadays."

"But you still carry on your profession?"

"Well, in part I do; but the old fiddle won't keep me now. I do a bit o' tinkerin'—mendin' pots and pans—the fiddle 'ud be a poor business without that."

"Done much playing lately?"

"Last night I was at Southwold, where the circus was, but there weren't many folks about. I only got eighteen-pence and my night's lodgin'. At the last pub. a man asked me for a tune, and offered me a penny for it."

"Did you oblige him with a pennyworth of your best music?"

"Yes; I never refuse money. I just gave him a jig or two before he went back to his work."

"I suppose, in the old days, prices weren't so bad?"

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AWARDED 75 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

"Oh, no! At the fairs I've often earned three pounds in a week; but then the public-houses didn't close early, and that made a difference. If I was playin' in a pub. I had to go on till the last man went to bed—very often five or six in the mornin'."

"How do you like the early closing?"

"I like it for some things—you know just 'ow long you've got to work for. But folks don't seem to want so much music as they used to when I was a boy. I've known a fair kep' up for a fortnight, and some of th' men 'ud be dancin' all the time, but yer never 'ear nutthink o' th' sort now."

"Been playing ever since you were a boy?"

"I didn't begin until I was fourteen, and then I only 'ad a few lessons. I never learn any new tunes now, but if I 'ear one I can play it."

"Did you ever play in church?"

"Only once, only once. I can't tell rightly 'ow it 'appened, but some'ow or other, when they come to the hymns somethin' in the music seemed to remind me of one of my old jigs, and I set off the line a bit. They never let me bring my fiddle to church agen."

"I suppose you play a good bit for your own amusement now?"

"Yes, it passes the time when yer got nuthin' ter do. Lots of times when I've been playin'—in the early mornin'—about three o'clock on a summer's day—I've watched the rabbits come out o' their 'oles to listen. Mice, too, they're fond of music; so are stoats."

"How about snakes?"

"Don't like snakes. Nearly got bitten once by a viper. I've seen a snake come close to me when I've been playin' to myself—nearly all wild animals like the music."

"What's your opinion of your rivals, the German bands?"

"Some of 'em play well, but I don't fancy them sort of men much. They live on nuthin' at all, a little coffee and rice; I can't do that. I like to feel happy like before I begin to play. Old beer's the stuff if you're going to play. I've been in a band once, and if I'm asked now I can join in with the rest as are playin'. No, I never want no music, never did get on well with notes."

"And what's your favourite music?"

"The old dances and jigs that I played when I was a boy. When we come to the next pub, I'll show you a few."

The old man kept his word after he had primed himself with old beer. His only complaint was that there was nobody to dance. When I left him, he was playing a hornpipe to a small but appreciative audience. His style of performance was more vigorous than correct, whether owing to his musical genius or an unusual quantity of old beer, it would be difficult to say. W. P.

HE KNOWS IT IS LEAP-YEAR.

ETHEL.—Mr. Staylate doesn't bother me any more by remaining nearly all night.

MAY.—How do you get rid of him?

ETHEL.—About 10 o'clock I look very sentimental and say: "Mr. Staylate, there is something I have been wanting to say to you for a long time." Before I can get ready to say it, he goes.

REGGY.—Sweet Arline, will you be mine?

Sweet Arline.—Before I answer your question let me ask you one. Do you swear when you lose your collar button?

Reggy.—Never!

Sweet Arline.—Then it cannot be; I cannot marry a man who has no spirit.

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

LOANS granted on Short Term Insurance Policies. Reversions bought. Correspondence invited. Distance no object.—Walker & Son, Midland Chambers, Nottingham.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—The run of *A Woman's Reason* will terminate at the Shaftesbury on Saturday. You will probably be very much astonished to receive this information; indeed, the announcement of the "last nights" took everybody by surprise. The play was brilliantly written, excellently noticed, liked by almost everybody who saw it, but—it was produced on a Friday!

Now, if there is one superstition stronger than another in the theatrical profession, it is that concerning the bad luck connected with Fridays. Why Waller and Morell flew in the face of fate, I never could understand. I don't suppose they will ever attempt the desperate feat again. A secondary cause for the failure of the play was the size of the theatre in which it was acted. The workmanship of the play was delicate and polished, and the last act, especially, dealt with a display of suppressed and subtle emotion. At the Criterion, every word and every look would have gone right home to the audience. At the Shaftesbury, the quietness and intensity of the acting, instead of being impressive, was occasionally ineffective. Some day I think it will be recognised that the Shaftesbury is really a melodrama house, and, with a strong popular actor like Wilson-Barrett to run it, would take the place formerly occupied by the Princess's at the time when Barrett's management was at the height of its prosperity. Waller and Morell apparently hold this view themselves, for they are going to put up a new spectacular costume play by Mr. Ogilvie, whose first play, *Hypatia*, showed so much promise at the Haymarket. It is curious what a run there is on costume just now. The other night at the Opera Comique everybody seemed quite delighted to meet again their old friends, the English captain, the devoted and patriotic Irish rebel, the informer, and the bewitching Colleen, all disporting themselves in the comic opera, *Shamus O'Brien*. The difficulty in a show such as this is, that it wants a lot of bold, picturesque acting, and somehow good singers are not very good actors as a rule. In *Shamus O'Brien* they all sang excellently, but their acting did not stir me much. Still, the whole thing is, at the moment, novel; it is full of colour, the music is good, and sometimes catching, though I am bound to confess it could with advantage bear an infusion of "go" and sparkle. The orchestra is a particularly good one. The theatre, however, is, to my thinking, against the success of the production. Miss Nelly Farren was, no doubt, actuated by the best of motives when she swept away the dress circle to make room for a pit, but she overlooked the fact that by so doing she banished the patrons of the dress circle to what was formerly the upper circle, the back seats of which are on a level with the proscenium border. These would be very good seats for two shillings or half a crown, but I doubt whether many people will care to pay five shillings or seven-and-sixpence for them. I have always held that the arrangement of the auditoriums of the American theatres is far superior to ours. The Americans, being a practical people, say that to draw an arbitrary line across the floor of your house, and say that the man who sits on one side of it shall pay two-and-six, and the man who sits a couple of feet in front of him shall pay ten-and-six, is ridiculous and absurd. The American prefers to equalise things. He begins with seats at two prices for the floor of the house, but he charges eight shillings for one lot, and four shillings, or six shillings, for the other. With his first circle he does the same thing. He begins with six shillings, or four shillings, and works back to two shillings. And so on all over the house. Whether it is the result of this system I do not know, but American theatres hold more money than ours, and they are certainly more comfortable. That the system can be worked in England

has been proved at the Haymarket. Many indefatigable pitites have told me that in the pit circle seats at the Haymarket they get better value for their money than at any other London theatre. It will be interesting to note what course Tree will pursue with regard to his new "Her Majesty's" Theatre. I hope that he will make it an improved Haymarket.

I also hope that tribulation and a sense of injustice will do something towards bringing theatrical managers more actively together. We had an unedifying example of their lack of cohesion over the Battenberg closing. They should be more united when their pockets are touched, and they should practically support the endeavour of Mr. Smith, M.P. for the Strand, to reduce the rating of theatres when they are closed. The argument of Mr. Smith comes to this: A theatre is a place of business *when it is open*; it is merely an unoccupied building when closed. It is in no sense a *dwelling-place*, and should not be taxed as such.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, replying to Mr. Smith in the House of Commons, admitted the absurdity, but suggested no remedy, though he said that he was prepared to consider any proposal that Mr. Smith might bring forward. Now is the moment for managers to combine and submit their proposal through Mr. Smith. What they ought to ask for is some modification of the French system, which provides for a nightly percentage towards the maintenance of the local poor. This would be in every way a justice tax. Any tax based on rental is unjust, for nine London theatres out of ten are preposterously rack-rented, and many are mortgaged far in excess of their possible selling value. This is one of the most fruitful causes of theatrical disaster, and it reacts on the public, out of whom speculative tenants have to squeeze the uttermost farthing—witness the absolutely ridiculous prices charged for refreshments at the bars of half-a-dozen places of entertainment I could name. It is by no means uncommon to be asked sixpence for a cup of black coffee, worth about one farthing; a shilling for a liqueur of brandy, worth, on the most extravagant estimate, fivepence; and a shilling for a whisky-and-soda, worth fourpence. These charges are made because the "bars" are sublet to a contractor for from thirty to fifty pounds per week. The large sum thus netted enables the speculative manager to pay the absurd rent, which gives a profit to possibly half-a-dozen sub-lessees, each of whom makes his little bit out of the lease. When the weather is fine, of course you can walk outside to the nearest pub. for a drink; but in winter time you must either be robbed, or go thirsty. Which, as the late lamented Mr. Euclid observed, is absurd.

There has been a great deal of talk about the appearance of the Beautiful Statue, Mdle. Degaby, at the Palace, and her show is well worth seeing. I witnessed it at Brighton last week, when she was the star turn at the Alhambra, sharing the honours of the evening with Mr. Sims Reeves. She has a handsome and expressive face, and, from a sculptor's point of view, a perfectly-modelled figure. Her various poses are singularly graceful, and are absolutely free from anything even faintly approaching suggestiveness. You may say that she is absolutely nude, and, in a sense, she is. But here again she avoids all offence. Her tights are of very thick, dead white silk, and they fit from the neck to the heel. The arms terminate in gloves, and the feet are made with places for the toes. They form a skin-tight garment which is laced up the back, and fits without a crease or wrinkle. The effect is as though she were enamelled in white from head to foot, or literally turned into one of the various marble statues she represents. The fact that she is clothed in her strange garment is heightened by the abrupt demarcation at the neck, where the warm colouring of her skin contrasts with the severe whiteness of her silk covering. She is a Parisian, and travels absolutely alone, with no one to work her show, or arrange her poses. She cannot speak a word of English. Off the stage she is a very modest, quiet, simple, and retiring woman.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

THE ROMANCE OF LOVE-MAKING.

THE man in love must feel ridiculous. If there be heights of ecstasy where a man, under any circumstances whatsoever, can feel sublime, all I can say is that I haven't been there. I admit, judging from novels on the question, that if anything could bear one up to the regions referred to, it would be the wings of love; but one is inclined to think that, just as the best mountaineering stories are said to be told by those who cannot climb a hassock without suffering from vertigo, so these romances of rapture are invented by those who have never loved at all. Their work, to use the simple language of the day, does not palpitate with actuality. One comes to the end of most love-stories with the feeling of Huckleberry Finn, who, when he had finished the reading of "Pilgrim's Progress," remarked that "the statements was interesting, but tough." It is probably only the human boy who is really admirable in affairs of the heart, and this because he observes a dignified reticence. He, being in the fifth form, and in love with Miss Priscilla Barnes (large mature clerk at the village post-office), confesses it to himself alone, and writes, and then tears up, furtive poetry in the Silas Wegg style, inserting "Priscilla" in the place of "Poll" and the other Christian names of the original scrip. And Miss Barnes

"Goes on her maiden way and does not hear

The awakened loves around her whispering."

Happy, happy maid, to be loved thus covertly; to know that hearts beat the more quickly at the thought of you! But between loving as the shy schoolboy does, and loving as the grown man is apt to do, comes a line definitely marked. For love declared suggests proposals, and it seems to me that the cases where a formal proposal offered to a maid is adroitly managed are rare indeed. The scheme, it is true, can sometimes be arranged by correspondence; but, judging from those specimens which are given publicly in the Law Courts, this lacks something of sublimity. In the *viva voce* manner, there is perhaps some medium between the style of the lover in "Lorna Doone," who makes to the lady a neat, full, and appropriate speech, and that of the Bethnal Green Road, which is generally to the effect that, "if you go and get married to anyone but me, Dor'thy Jine, I'll punch your adjective 'ead 'arf off"; but it is not easy to think of one which bears the test of calm reflection, or one which does not divert the lady. The only way to prevent her from laughing in her sleeve is to make the offer when she is in full evening dress. The time is coming when men will give up the suffrage and insist upon being wooed. Long enough have we endured the ridiculous position—long enough have we left the sublime to the luckier sex. A strong Government is now in power, and the moment seems opportune. For it must be pointed out that, under the present conditions, many become wedded to their art, to their hobbies; some of us are wedded even to the pen, which can be bought by the box and changed the moment it begins to splutter.

FOOTLITE—I hear there was a row over the tableaux last night, and that the girl who posed as "Peace" attempted to call "Virtue" down. How did the trouble end?

Drapery—We patched up "Peace" as best we could.

It is a wise lender of books who writes her name on the inner margin of the forty-seventh page as well as on the fly-leaf. She has in this way been enabled to identify her own books in friends' houses when the fly-leaves have mysteriously disappeared.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for Cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars) from 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

ROUND THE CARD-TABLE.

BY THE MAJOR.

Justice is usually depicted as blindfolded, but when she is busying herself in gaming matters she is, as a rule, only blind of one eye. An instance of her inconsistency in this respect is afforded by the tabooing of Solo Whist, as a gambling game, at one or two clubs, not a hundred miles from Piccadilly, where Whist is permitted at five shilling points, and a sovereign on the rubber. Of course, the gentlemen who so virtuously regulate these little matters are Whist players, good old conservative adherents of the classic game, with a cast-iron casing of prejudice against everything else—more especially Solo Whist, of which they know little or nothing.

As a matter of fact, Solo Whist was threatening to become a dangerous rival to Whist, from whose tables it drew many who found in it a pleasing relief from the strain and concentration demanded by the higher science of Whist, while the younger members supported it to a man. In one instance a member of the committee made a report to the effect that he had seen a *Misère* caller lose, and double a heavy pool, and Solo Whist was at once interdicted, under the club rules against gaming. But Short Whist, at five shillings and a sovereign, still went on!

In this connection it should not be forgotten that Short Whist, as now played, was modified from Long Whist to suit the gambling instincts of its leading votaries. Lord Peterborough, it is believed, first introduced it. He found the ten-trick score too slow as a medium for winning or losing money. At half-crown points, and five shillings the rubber, the stakes at which Short Whist is very commonly played, it is no unusual occurrence for a player, with a persistent run of bad cards, to lose six, seven, or even eight pounds at a sitting, whereas at Solo Whist, at a one, two, three shilling game, it would be difficult, even with the most adverse luck, to lose more than two pounds. Of course, this does not apply to the greedy individual who plunges for a heavy "Kitty" on an inadequate hand, or the fatuous being with an unhappy passion for *Misères*.

"What is the penalty for a revoke against an Abundance Déclarée call?" asks "Perplexed," a correspondent hailing from Newport (Mon.).—Nothing, if the caller makes the thirteen tricks, for the offence cannot possibly have injured him; but if he fails in making his call he still receives the stakes, because of the revoke, and the offender must pay them, for his partners as well as for himself.

Apropos of the Abundance Déclarée, a friend of mine narrates a rather interesting experience. The Ace of Hearts was turned up. First hand passed. Second hand called an open *Misère*. Third hand held six Spades, in sequence, from the Ace; six Clubs, in sequence, from the Ace; and King of Hearts bare, and, without a moment's hesitation, he called an Abundance Déclarée. This was, of course, a daring bluff; but, in the face of the exposed Ace of Hearts, he reckoned that he would never be suspected of holding a Heart, and that when, towards the end of the hand, the dealer was driven in a corner to know what to discard, he would throw away the Ace, to hold, probably, a long medium suit, which, in such cases, is mostly the only likely chance. He happened, however, to hold four Spades, which the caller led first, and five Hearts, including the Ace. On the third round first hand discarded Ace of Diamonds, showing that he held the King, and the dealer, in consequence, renounced Diamonds on the fifth and sixth rounds, and, finding Clubs was the caller's second suit, necessarily held up the Ace of Hearts, the only remaining suit, and defeated the declaration. It was, however, one of those snatch calls that might very well come off, for had the first hand held Ace of Diamonds, without the King, he would have been unable to show the state of affairs in the suit, and the dealer, in difficulties over what to save, might not unreasonably have renounced the Ace.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ABERDEEN.—There is no inflexible rule for leading against a *Misère*. You must be governed by the character of your hand, the turn-up card, the preceding calls, etc. Generally speaking, you should open a low, intermediate card, such as a four or five, from your shortest suit (not one containing a deuce) from almost any position. If with, say, King and another only, you are desirous of discarding, or avoiding a second lead, play your King first. Read the chapter on *Misères* in "How to Play Solo Whist," by Wilks and Pardon (Chatto and Windus).

X. X.—(1) I am not aware that knowingly permitting your opponent to cribbage to peg too many, with a view to putting him back, and adding the excess to your own score, is considered sharp practice. It is a very necessary penalty. (2) If a player displaces his foremost peg, even by accident, he must place it behind the other.

J. H. (Scarboro').—The latest and most complete code of

Solo Whist laws are published in "The Whist Table" (John Hogg), issued at half-a-guinea. The next best are the rules of Wilks and Pardon, in "How to Play Solo Whist" (Chatto and Windus), at two shillings.

PLUNGER.—German Whist is a game for two players, and bears no resemblance to either Solo or ordinary Whist. I will take an early opportunity of briefly explaining it. Thank you for your complimentary remarks.

POR.—(1) The first bet rests with the player on the left-hand of the last raise. (2) The hand containing the joker is the better in either instance. (3) The card next in value to the pair of Aces determines the result; but, should the remainder of each hand be identical, the two natural Aces take precedence of Ace and the joker. (4) The joker is seldom used in playing Poker in London clubs. (5) It is most difficult to give advice, as the situation would be largely influenced by the action of the opposing players and the position at the table of the joker hand. As a general principle, it is good to hold up any Court card with the joker. (6) The same considerations apply to this as to the preceding case, but it is not advisable to hold up for a sequence, although in certain cases it might be well to go for a flush.

P. D. H.—Second hand, under the impression that he was first caller, "passed"; the mistake was pointed out, and on first hand "passing," he amended his "pass" to a proposal. Is he at liberty to do so?—He is, if neither of the players following him have spoken. Otherwise he would have to be held to his original "pass."

CONCERNING A CURE FOR EPILEPSY.

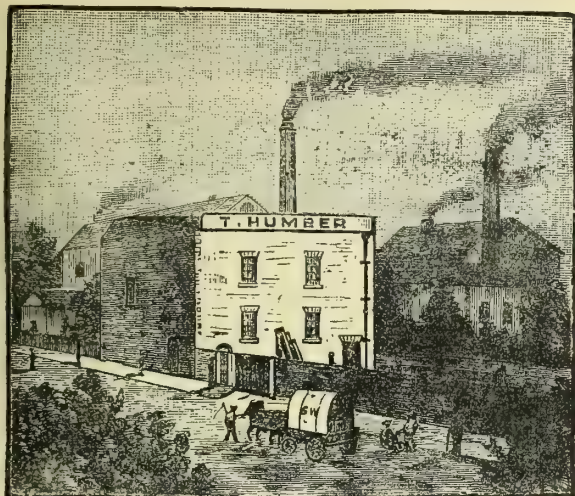
CERTAINLY Mr. J. Townsend Trench is worth knowing. He has an interesting history, and in several ways may be set down as a public benefactor and a remarkable man. At the outset it is not uninteresting to know that he is a cyclist of some repute, a swimmer who has secured the Royal Humane Society's medal, and a skilful shot. To his credit it is also known that he is the senior chairman of the Poor Law Guardians in Ireland, and one of the army of J.P.'s who assist in the dispensation of justice across the Channel. Nothing that he has done, however, equals in merit or has brought him more honour than his wonderful discoveries in connection with the cure of the mysterious disease of Epilepsy. Mr. Trench is at present in London. We have given some attention to his work and reputation, and have found both to be perfectly reliable. In some respects they are creditable to one who for many years unostentatiously employed his abilities for the benefit of the poor who lived near the place where he performed the duties of land agent. He first of all made a name for kindness, generosity, and attention to the poor. To-day, the names of many influential men, attached to excellent testimonials, attest that, out of the goodness of his heart, he worked countless cures amongst poor people who suffered from the fearful disease of which he has made almost a life-long study. Fame came to him at last. He was found to be a man with a new and correct system capable of being employed in the absolute eradication of Epilepsy. He came into conflict with many persons when he declared Epilepsy to be a disease of the nerves. It was, he said, in his younger days—and he says the same in London to-day—caused by injury done to the nerves. He was influenced to come out of his sphere of comparative obscurity by some well-to-do and perfectly disinterested gentleman who discovered in him a specialist with abilities and knowledge capable of benefiting mankind. Now he is known in many countries as a specialist who has a system of cure acknowledged by thousands to be reliable and, some say, unrivalled. His system has been carefully studied by men of different professions, friendly and otherwise. The newspapers have paid attention to it. The clergy and ministers of all denominations have bestowed praise upon it, generally because of their knowledge of individual cures effected by Mr. Trench. His plan, he says, is systematic and simple. He believes in individual home treatment. He keeps in touch with his patients, and carefully watches and records the progress made. Of his credentials and testimonials it must be said that they are formidable in number signed as they are by many well-known gentlemen. He is certainly influentially backed. It remains for the people of London to test his judgment and ability to grapple effectively with this hitherto almost irresistible scourge, and he will have a great opportunity for becoming known both as a healer and a benefactor of mankind. Mr. Trench is the only surviving son of the late William Stewart Trench, the well-known author of "Realist of Irish Life," who was a first cousin of Dr. Trench, the distinguished Archbishop of Dublin.

THE BURGLARY SENSATIONS.

The many Sensational Burglaries which have recently taken place ought to direct additional attention to the

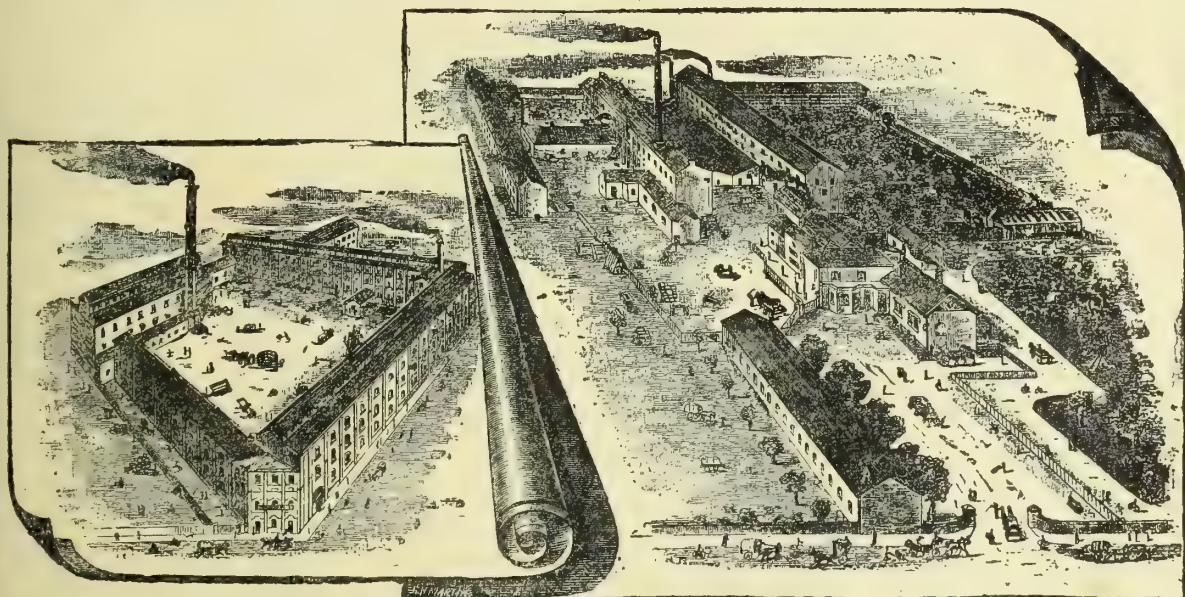
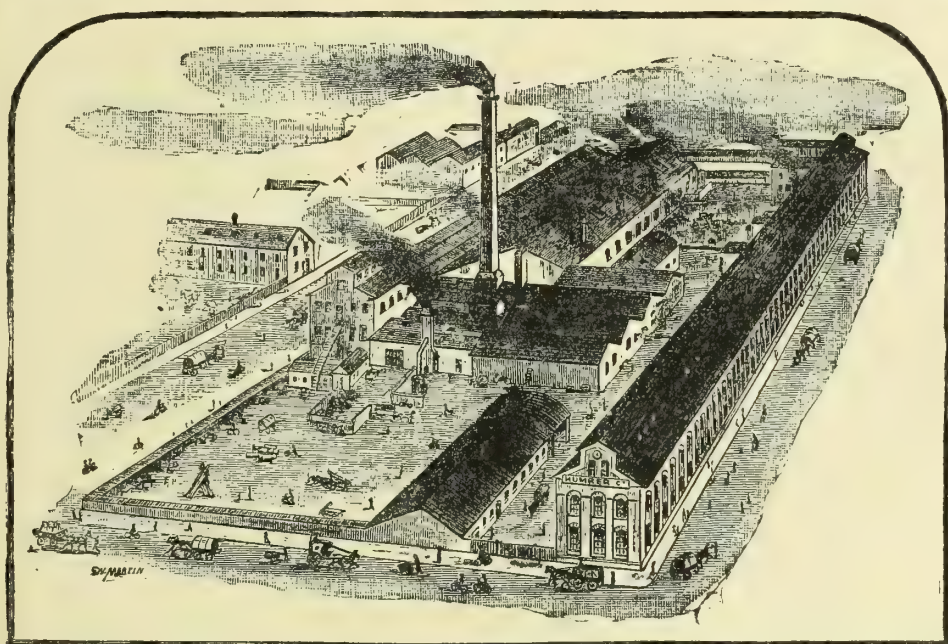
"TO-DAY" BURGLARY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

by which Special Numbered Policies are issued to Annual Subscribers. (For particulars see page 192.)



HUMBER'S
20
YEARS AGO!

HUMBER'S NOW.



THREE ENORMOUS FACTORIES

IN THE CITY.

WESTRALIAN PROMOTIONS.

In recent issues we have dealt with the dividends and crushings of Westralian mining companies, showing how the one and the other are very disappointing. But neither the fewness of the dividends, the irregular character of the crushings, nor the depressed condition of the markets, has much apparent effect upon the new issues. There are scores of Westralian mining companies ready for flotation, and though the response is feeble, the number of new ventures continues to increase.

Thus the nominal capital of the Westralian Mining and Exploring Companies floated last month amounted to the enormous sum of £7,432,500, as compared with £1,736,000 in the corresponding month of last year. We do not find February's figures equalled in any month since West Australian promotions began, the nearest approach to them being last September, when forty-six companies were floated, with an aggregate capital of £6,066,000. The growth in the number of the companies put upon the market, and their capital, is shown in the following figures, which give the flotations in the month of February, 1894-6:—

	Companies Promoted.	Total Capitals.	Average per Company.
February, 1894 ...	1 ...	£ 100,000 ...	£100,000
February, 1895 ...	17 ...	1,736,000 ...	102,000
February, 1896 ...	41 ...	7,432,500 ...	181,000

We cannot too earnestly advise our readers to be slow in applying for shares in these Westralian issues. Some of them are moderately capitalised, have taken over promising properties, and have adequate working capital; but these are the exceptions. In the vast majority of cases little or no development work has been done, the purchase price is enormously in excess of what it ought to be, and the working capital is utterly inadequate. There is plenty of gold in Western Australia, but, speaking generally, the mines cannot be adequately and profitably worked until the water difficulty has been overcome. The experts believe it can be overcome, and quickly. It remains to be seen whether they are right, but, right or wrong, until water is got in sufficient quantities, or science can devise some means of doing without water for mining purposes, most of the Westralian mining companies will be but poor dividend-payers.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The growth and magnitude of this company has become such a recognised chapter in the history of our country that to enter into a lengthy statement respecting it is quite superfluous. All that is called for on the present occasion is to record the new business of the past year, the claims paid, and the addition to the funds. In the ordinary branch 61,450 policies have been issued for sums assured of £6,285,260. The average, it will be seen, is a little over £100 each policy, rather small, but none the less satisfactory in its quality, and as the experience of the company has proved, none the less satisfactory in its results. An increase in the premium income has taken place to the tune of £226,000, bringing up the total amount to £2,304,000; whilst nearly a third of a million has been received in interest from investments, and more than half a million—£572,290 in exact figures—has been paid under 4,697 policies which have become claims. The work in this branch has been done—as usual—at ten per cent. of the premium income. According to what are accepted as orthodox principles, the amount spent upon new and renewal premiums would have been about equal to 25 per cent. of the total premiums received. The limitation of the actual expenses to 10 per cent., therefore, prepares us for the discovery that an enormous sum has been added to the assurance fund. The amount is £1,652,030, and the figures of the fund are £11,150,948.

The Industrial Branch is not less wonderful. The number of industrial policy holders is 11,682,748, and the average time during which they have been in force is seven years and three-quarters. This, surely, is conclusive evidence of the permanence of the assurances, and, at the same time, pretty strong presumptive evidence that there is no foundation for the ridiculous statement sometimes made that the lapses are so numerous that it is they which make the company pay to conduct the business. The claims paid to policy holders during 1895

amounted to £1,797,688, whilst the total premiums received in the branch were £4,352,625. Nearly a million was added to the funds, which now stand at £11,866,745.

For magnitude nothing British comes near the Prudential, and for stability and sound enterprise no company, either British or foreign, surpasses it.

BREAD UNION REDIVIVUS.

We have before us a prospectus of the Consolidated Exploration and Finance Company, formed with a capital of £100,000, of which £90,000 is offered to the public in £10 shares. The company, it is said, was formed in 1893, but we can find no record of any such company. As a matter of fact, no such company was formed; but the United Share and Debenture Trust, Limited, was registered in April of that year, and the United Share and Debenture Trust is now to become the Consolidated Exploration and Finance Company.

The United Share and Debenture Trust has been accustomed to flooding the country with circulars, urging investors to put their money into various companies, and mainly the following:—

The New Larcombe Slate Quarries, Ltd.	The Tivoli, Leicester.
The Ramsgate Pier Marina Co.	Hotel Métropole, Scarborough, Ltd.
The East Kent Brickworks, Ltd.	Huggins' Soap Works, Ltd.

We hope none of our readers have been induced to put money into any one of these companies, and that they will not be persuaded to apply for any of the shares of the Consolidated Exploration Company. The man behind this concern was the promoter of the Bread Union swindle.

"AN IMPUDENT PROPOSAL."

In our last issue we referred to the issue of the Anglo-French Gold Fields of Australasia, Limited, as "one of the most impudent things in the way of company formation we have seen for some time," and we put some questions to the chairman of the company, the Earl of Kilmorey, K.P., which remain unanswered.

The company asks the public to pay £300,000 for a twenty-four acre lease in Westralia, two mining claims in New Zealand, unnamed, and 3,942 square miles of "highly auriferous" ground in the Northern Territory of South Australia. We take it the public is desired to assume that the last-named asset is the most valuable.

Nearly four thousand square miles of land, much of it "highly auriferous" land! Four thousand square miles! Two million five hundred thousand acres of land, mostly gold producing! Ground enough for scores of companies subsidiary to that parent company which is offered all this wealth of opportunity for a paltry—paltry in this connection—£300,000!

But is the territory "highly auriferous"? There is a lengthy report from a Mr. North to that effect, but then Mr. North is a vendor. Our information is that the country has been prospected time and again, and that gold in payable quantities is not to be found there.

The prospectus makes much of the right to prospect over the territory. Anyone can prospect who is over seventeen, and has paid a guinea for a miner's right. For the rest, the country is worthless, without fuel, without minerals, without water.

We understand that the same promoters are bringing out another company this week, the May Queen Gold Mining Company.

"OUR OWN INVESTMENT SYSTEM."

We have received the following from a Belfast correspondent, who describes himself as a working man:—

Please let me know, through TO-DAY, your opinion of the enclosed "Manual" and circular which I received by replying to an advertisement. I am only a working man with 28s. per week, out of which I have managed to save a few pounds; which I would like to invest safely and to the best advantage, but I am afraid to part with my hard-earned money without the advice of an experienced person, and, therefore, I have taken the liberty of asking your advice.

The manual is a cunningly got-up production, and on its front page there is what is described as "An Interesting Calculation." This professes to show profits that would come to the man who leaves £100 with Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams, "supposing the profits to be at the rate of £5 per month, the smallest ever made." In one year the £100 would have grown to £179 11s. 3d., in three years to £578 18s. 6d., in six years to £3,352 2s. With commendable caution, Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams add that they "do not say this can be done, for it might not be possible to place such sums

to advantage, but we present it as an interesting possibility." Interesting possibility! It is pernicious humbug, which dupes crowds of poor men unprotected by the caution of our Belfast correspondent.

CHAFFEY BROS : THE VALUE OF THE GUARANTEES.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent who is a debenture holder in this unfortunate concern. It gives official confirmation to the general belief that the guarantee societies concerned will be of no help to debenture holders or others. Our correspondent writes:—

As a holder of Chaffey Brothers' debentures I have read with interest your remarks, headed "Lawyers Explain," as also the letter from a well-informed correspondent in your yesterday's issue. I have already communicated with the two guarantee companies, with the following results:—

The first (I refer to the order on the debenture bonds) reply that they are advised they have no option but to regard their guarantee as void, owing to the bonds not having been sent in for endorsement, in terms of a reconstruction scheme which appears to have been carried out, and of which they send me a copy. The second state that they were placed in compulsory liquidation on December 4th, 1895, that the claim is noted, and will have to be proved.

I shall be glad to join any meeting, if one can be arranged, of my fellow debenture holders, having for its object the friendly discussion of the best means of protecting our interests.

I thank you very heartily for the trouble you have taken, and the space you have given in your esteemed columns for the ventilation of this otherwise obscure business.

By the way, we shall be obliged to our Bournemouth correspondent if he will send us his present address, that we may put him in communication with other debenture holders.

"TRUTH" AND THE BARNATO CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED.

In its last issue, *Truth*, referring to the issue of the map of the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited, says:—

There cannot be any doubt with regard to the importance of the company's properties, which should justify a much higher price for the shares than 3 3-16ths, and I herewith again draw attention to some of the most important of the claims, the schedule of which was published in November last.

And first amongst "the most important of the claims" *Truth* puts the *Chimes Mines*, already turned into a company. There are 508 claims on the Chimes Mines, but as to their value—the value that *Truth* rates so highly—they have no value from the mining point of view. The Chimes reef goes in a perpendicular direction.

Truth's touching confidence in the value of the Barnato map is only equalled by its faith in the Anglo-French Gold-fields of Australia, Limited. Of this company—the company with so many miles of desert, where prospectors have looked so often, and so vainly, for gold in paying quantities—*Truth* says:—

It is proposed to form subsidiary companies. There appear to be considerable possibilities for this venture.

No, not for the venture, if by that is meant the shareholders, but for the promoters, yes.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

"Many bigoted writers," says the author of a pamphlet before us, one Henry Miller, of 14, Holborn, E.C., "make a practice of sneering at systematical plans of making money at racing." Well, that is true. *TO-DAY*, anyway, has no belief in "systematical" plans of the Miller kind, which promise "an average clear profit of £2 to £3 weekly for each investment of £20," and this by "a method which, being so safeguarded by clear and prudent rules, renders the operations quite distinct from gambling." We say that an undertaking of this kind, promising enormous profits without gambling, is a fraud on the face of it. The man Miller calls his system the "Perfection Investment System." A shorter title would better describe it, but, whatever it is called, we hope none of our readers will be beguiled into risking their money in it.

We have reason to believe that the Colonial Finance Corporation is about to pay a dividend of 100 per cent. upon its ordinary shares, and of £12 10s. each upon its founder's shares, both in cash.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the letter from a Perth (Western Australia) correspondent, who sends us particulars of the proposed water scheme for Coolgardie.

We are glad to notice, from the balance-sheet and report which has been sent to us, that the Economic Bank, of 57½, Old Broad Street, E.C., is making steady progress. The bank meets a want, and, under careful management, which it appears to have, should thrive.

NEW ISSUES.

We have seldom read a prospectus fuller of assumptions than "Holograph," Limited. Holograph, as the prospectus is obliging enough to inform us, is "from the Greek—wholly luminous," and is also a globe. Assuming that the Holograph globe is used, upon one-fourth of the gas-burners in the United Kingdom, the net profit to the company will be sufficient to pay a dividend of over 33 per cent.; or, assuming that the sale of the Holograph globes increases even as the profits of the various gas companies; or, assuming even yet again, that the continental rights of the company are disposed of in a particular way, well then, a certain profit will accrue. "If it's" and "and's" there, pets and pans, why, then, we should see many wonderful things. And so with "Holograph," Limited, which, out of a capital of £100,000, is to pay £80,000 for the patent; the vendor generously paying the costs of the promotion of the company "other than legal, registration, and stamps." A pretty big sum this for a globe!

The Raleigh Cycle Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £200,000 for the purpose of acquiring and working the business of the Raleigh Cycle Company, of Nottingham. The figures given in the prospectus show that the business of the Nottingham concern, first started in January, 1888, has rapidly increased during the past year or two. The price to be paid for it is £180,000, which leaves £20,000 for new working capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Crisp and Co. W. R. T. (Norwood).—(1) This company was brought out in November, 1894. The accounts are made up annually to February 19th, so that if you bought in November you would not, as yet, have received dividend or balance-sheet. (2) We know nothing against the first of the two companies to which you refer. The statements of the paper of which you speak should be accepted with much reserve. **Jumpers Extended, A.L. (Newcastle).**—The office of the company is at Broad Street House, E.C. It is a very speculative holding. (3) The same may be said of the other two shares you name. **Union Bank of Australia, F. W. E. C. (Bowes Park).**—We strongly advise you to hold. We do not understand your statement as to dividends. The dividend has not fallen below five per cent. per annum. **Hannan's Brownhill, C. C. (Windsor).**—Hold. The company has a very sound property. Sell the Caratals for what you can get. **The General Credit Company, Limited, MOSELEY, (Birmingham).**—We will make inquiries and let you know. **Joseph Hepworth and Son, Limited, J. C. (Durham).**—Since replying to your question respecting this company, the managing director has been good enough to favour us with the particulars you require. The business of J. Hepworth and Son has been in existence for over a quarter of a century as a firm of wholesale manufacturing clothiers. Some years ago the idea was conceived of opening branches all over the kingdom for supplying the public direct from the wholesale factory instead of selling their manufactures, as previously, to the shopkeepers. This was carried into effect with success, and in August, 1891, the firm was converted into a Limited Liability Company with a nominal capital of £360,000. Of this £100,000 is in preference shares, which were offered to the public at par, and all applied for, allotted, and fully paid up, the remaining £260,000 being ordinary shares, which are still in the hands of the founders, never having been offered to the public at all. The preference shares bear interest (cumulative) at the rate of six per cent. per annum payable in March and September, and during the four complete years of the company's existence, after paying this six per cent. per annum on the preference shares, and placing £1,500 per annum to the reserve fund (which now stands at £6,000), the ordinary shareholders have received dividends varying with the general condition of trade from eight per cent. to three and half per cent. per annum, the dividend last year being four per cent. on the ordinaries. The company has now eighty-four retail branches open in the United Kingdom, and are at the present moment negotiating for a considerable increase in the home section of the business, which will bring the number of branches up to something over one hundred. It has also trading agreements with affiliated companies in the Australasian and South African colonies, both of which are selling goods of the company's manufacture in those markets.

Harvey Steel Company, PENGUIN (Edinburgh).—(1) We agree with the opinion you quote. Most of the shares (£10) are fully paid, but some have only £8 10s. per share called up. (2) **Klerksdorp.**—Shares are £1 each and fully paid. **Cheque Bank, M. T. (Bristol).**—We cannot undertake to give a description of the bank and its objects, but we will willingly answer any particular question or questions you may ask us. **South Nigel, J. G. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).**—It is very doubtful. **Douglas, Hungerford and Williams, J. R. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).**—If you read *TO-DAY*, you must know that we have repeatedly warned our readers to have nothing to do with this firm. **Six Shares, A. E. M. (Woolton).**—We never advise purchase of highly speculative shares, such as those in the list you send us. We cannot recommend you to apply for shares in the new issue you name. **New Chimes, HEWITSON (Birmingham).**—We think them very dear, not at the price you gave, but at the lower price at which they stand. We have no faith whatever in the future of the concern. **Jackson Brothers, Limited.**—The dividend of fifteen per cent. on the ordinary shares does not amount to much, having regard to the very small amount of the called-up capital. Without wishing to disparage the business in any way, we are of the opinion that you might find a more suitable investment.

The Virgil Practice Clavier (British) Company, Limited, F. A. C. E. (Birmingham).—Without expressing an opinion upon the value of the property, we are not able to recommend the shares of this company to you as an investment. **Chaffey Bros., D. S. (Glasgow).**—We have sent on your letter to the gentleman to whom you refer. **Purchase of Shares, F. G. S. (Birmingham).**—All companies resting upon a patent are, in a sense, weak. **Universal Corporation of Western Australia, R. R. (Middleton-in-Teesdale).**—The prospectus is too vague to enable us to recommend you to take an interest in the company.

Provident Association of London, J. C. F. (Liverpool).—You could only get surrender value, which works out about one-third of what you have paid in. We think the Association quite sound. **Hannan's Consolidated, E. G. (London).**—Yes, we think so. The liability is limited to the amount of the share. **Chaffey Bros. C.H.H. (Bradford).**—We will send you the address in the course of a day or two. **George Newnos, Limited, HAMMER (Worrit).**—(1) A company that pays very handsome dividends, but we think the price of the shares quite high enough. (2) **West Australian Gold Fields and Hannan's Proprietary, Sundry Mining Shares, DOUBTFUL (Dumbar).**—We do not like any of them. **Outside Brokers A. L. (Wolverhampton).**—The firm you name are quite respectable. **The East Hauraki Gold Mines, J. E. (Burnley).**—Fairly so. **Seven Shares, CAREY SCOTT (Edinburgh).**—No, we do not think your list offers "great possibilities of a huge rise," but we do think that you will make a fool of yourself if you dabble in speculative mining shares.

Stanhope Gold Mining Company, STANHOPE (Thetford).—We think them a good speculative purchase. **Gold Fields of Colombia, ANXIOUS.**—We have no information.

INSURANCE.

C. H.—For both kinds of policies, No. 1 first, No. 5 second.

J. W. F.—The company cannot be considered shady; but the great expense at which its business is conducted neutralises the advantages of the higher rate of interest earned by its investments. Hence it can do no better for policy holders than British companies.

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ticulars see daily papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

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Sensational Rifle Shots.—Early Varieties, 11.0 a.m.—Swimming and
Rod v. Man, 5.0 and 10.0.—Great Fisheries Exhibition.—See the Indian
Fakir Miracle.—See Cluquet, the Human Wonder of the Age, 4.0 and 9.0.—
The Bohem Minstrels in the Imperial Theatre twice daily.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—**ST. JAMES'S**
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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

Chief Office—**HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.**

Summary of the Report presented at the Forty-seventh
Annual Meeting, held on 5th March, 1896.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued
during the year was 61,450, assuring the sum of £6,285,260
and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £342,478.

The Premiums received during the year were £2,304,013,
being an increase of £226,057 over the year 1894.

The Claims of the year amounted to £572,289. The number
of Deaths was 4,479, and 218 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year was
414,137.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during
the year were £4,352,625, being an increase of £108,401.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,797,688. The
number of Deaths was 196,507, and 1,418 Endowment
Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those
Policyholders of five years standing, who desired to discontinue
their payments, was 59,352, the number in force being
448,816. The number of Free Policies which became Claims
during the year was 8,956.

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year
was 11,682,748: their average duration is nearly seven and
three-quarter years.

The Directors have made more than one attempt to deal with
the difficult question of old age pensions for the Industrial
classes, and they are happy to inform the Shareholders that the
special tables combining assurance with a provision for old age,
which they issued in September last have met with considerable
success. At the end of the year the number of Policies in force
under these tables as the result of three months working was
169,791, producing an Annual Premium Income of £62,974.

The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in
the Balance Sheet, are £23,915,890, being an increase of
£2,702,085 over those of 1894.

Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co. have examined the
Securities and their certificate is appended to the Balance Sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY,
WILLIAM HUGHES, } *Managers.*
W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon
application to the Secretary.

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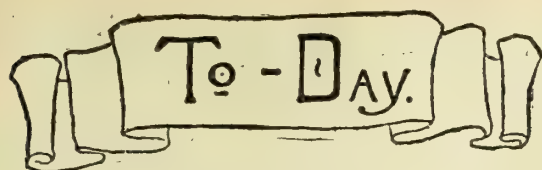
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

THE Italian character does not seem to have greatly strengthened with the ages. Italian statesmen must be content to see their country take its place among the second or third-rate Powers in the future. The Abyssinian disaster would have been a small matter to a manly nation. Mistakes are made by all countries, unwise enterprises undertaken, and defeat and disaster invited and suffered. The test of a nation, as of an individual, is not how it comport itself under victory, but under defeat. The Italian nation seems to have lost its head and to be clamouring for what can be nothing else than a disgraceful peace that will rob it of its position in Europe. The Italians have been overtaxed, the business of governing has been gravely mismanaged. An army and navy have been maintained out of proportion to the national resources. All these matters need rectification, but the time for crying out for home reforms is not in the face of a victorious foe. The only possible thing for Italy would have been for her to stand firm, ready to face anything and everything that could possibly come to her; to present against her enemy a solid phalanx of national determination; to retrieve her position in the field at any cost and at any sacrifice, and that done, to withdraw from the impossible position, and commence to set her house in order.

THE troubling about internal affairs with the enemy at the gates has caused the downfall of many nations. The Italians have never been remarkable for pluck, and their present attitude in the face of what is, after all, an easily retrieved disaster, proves that the national backbone is still weak as ever. When, in face of such a disgrace as Italy has suffered, the young men of a nation are the first to clamour for peace at any price, there is little hope. Italy was the only country that completely collapsed

before Napoleon. After Jena, it was the Prussian Court that cried for mercy. The Prussian nation sternly resolved on its own regeneration. The spirit of France was not broken at Sedan, or France would not be with us to-day. It was hoped that Italy had risen on the stepping-stones of her dead self, but the Italian character appears to be as flabby as in the past.

MEANWHILE, the victory of Menelik looks like the birth of a new era. Europe in the future will have to reckon with the so-called savage that she has hitherto despised. A few more Adowas, and the Asiatic and African savage will not sit still to be mowed down in his thousands by the machines of civilisation. Europe is growing old, and his time is not yet come. He has the courage, he has the love of fighting, and—history reversing itself—Northern Europe may have to fight for its life against a savage inroad from Africa. It would look as if the world were not quite so settled as for the last century we have imagined. There may come a time when colonisation will proceed from the south towards the north, and the descendants of the ancient civilisation of Africa return the inroads of the Goths.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has done good service in publishing a letter from a working woman, a housekeeper employed by an English family at Johannesburg. In simple Saxon, this woman of the people, with her strong common sense, criticises mercilessly the folly of the Jameson raid, and she goes on to give English public opinion a lesson in courage that our mob just now appears to be in need of. "Had I been Jameson," writes this woman, "I would have bared my breast, and been shot a thousand times over before I would have surrendered." I have been misunderstood by some of my friends over this question. If the Jameson raid had ended by his struggling into Johannesburg with fifty troopers at his back, whatever the right or the wrong of the question, one would have felt inclined to say that he had served his country well. He would have afforded to our enemies another of those magnificent examples of English pluck that have in the past done more than our Army and Navy combined in maintaining the position of Britain as a leading Power.

WHEN (all the circumstances of the raid considered) he surrendered to the Boers after the loss of twenty troopers, he placed a smirch upon the reputation of Englishmen that our history will not recover for many a long year. But a greater blow to our prestige has been inflicted by our own people and our own Press. To deify such a man as the greatest hero that England is capable of producing is another way of branding the nation as a collection of weaklings. Jameson possessed the average amount of bravery; that I give him every credit for. He did a foolish act, and he got out of it; there was nothing more to be said. When we lift him shoulder high we practically tell Europe that in the eyes of Englishmen bravery of the most ordinary type appears something superhuman. The memory of England's dead in every quarter of the globe calls out in protest. By all means let us stand by an Englishman when he is in trouble; let us think the best we can of him; let us respect him for his virtues, and forgive him for his failures. But the cheers of a nation are a great prize, not to be thoughtlessly bestowed.

I ONCE knew an old lady, a most estimable old lady, but on one subject she suffered from delusions. She never by any chance went out for a walk without being chased by a mad bull. It was always a bull, and it was always mad. Cows and sane bulls, you would imagine, had been crowded out of existence. Sometimes a pack of mad bulls would chase the poor old soul right up to her own gate. In those days I was young, and my favourite literature was "Pirate Jim and the Outlaws of Bloody Gulch." A course of this reading had made me bold and reckless; and now and then, as my dear friend came screaming into the garden, with the usual mad bull explanation, I would tear out to face these savage beasts.

I GENERALLY discovered a lone-looking cow aimlessly chewing the cud in the middle of the road. I would chivvy it away, and return to my friend with the explanation. "Cow!" she would retort, indignantly, "don't tell me! D'you think I don't know a mad bull when I see one?" So, it is at present with the dogs. The number of mad dogs that always suddenly appear whenever a newspaper or County Councillor wishes to get up a rabies scare is quite extraordinary. The dogs apparently save it up until the muzzling order is issued, and then come out in their thousands as mad as March hares. In the eastern counties two terrible cases were discovered. It leaked out incidentally afterwards that neither of the dogs had been mad, but had been poisoned with strychnine. But this is only a detail.

At Redhill, the other day, another mad dog was discovered. This raging maniac was detected by two gallant persons on Wray Common; it was playing with a twig. These two gallant persons enticed the dog to come to them, which is the sort of thing people do when they see a mad dog. They lured it to the police station, a distance of about a mile and a half, the mad dog trotting after them into the yard. The Surrey police were called out, arms were distributed, and, after the battle, the dog was discovered dead. Were it not for the irritation one naturally feels at seeing needless pain inflicted upon the dogs, one would almost welcome these periodical rabies scares for the amusement they cause. It is only in times such as the present that one quite grasps how many hopeless fools there are in the world. A mad dog scare can always be relied upon to give the local idiot his opportunity, and the local idiot can always be relied upon to promptly take it.

OUR scientific friends will hardly venture to call Mr. Justice Hawkins a sentimentalist. I reproduce the words he has written on the subject of vivisection:—"I hate the notion of vivisection, and should be very glad to see it absolutely and entirely prohibited, unless, indeed, the love of science and the essence of philanthropy should induce some hardy human creatures to offer themselves for experiments, instead of allowing poor helpless creatures to be forcibly or treacherously sacrificed for objects in which they are not concerned." His lordship's suggestion is an admirable one, and it should appeal to those worthy scientific gentlemen who are for ever assuring us that they are actuated only by enthusiasm for humanity. No vivisectionist, by any number of experiments, could ever hope to benefit the

human race and the cause of science to one-hundredth part the extent he could accomplish by submitting himself to the knife.

THE difference between the structure of man and the animals is, although subtle, so tremendous, that experiments upon brute creation are proved to be utterly useless for any other purpose except that of getting surgeons accustomed to the knife. A living, conscious man, on the dissecting table, able to answer questions put to him during the course of the experiments, is the one thing that is wanted. We are told by the vivisectionists that no humane or moral consideration must be allowed to stand in the way of science. Our vivisectionists are aghast at the suggestion that they should be asked to stay their hand because their experiments inflict torture. They rise superior to such trivial considerations. Mr. Justice Hawkins proposes a plan by which they could prove their much-boasted devotion to humanity.

THEY tell us also that personally it grieves them to inflict pain, but they sacrifice their feelings for the good of humanity. Very well—here is an opportunity for them to bear pain for the good of humanity. What do the gentlemen say? Let a few of them come forward and offer to bear the pain they are so very eager to inflict upon other animals, and we will believe that their sentimental talk is not cant. Let one of them, in the cause of his beloved science, let one of these enthusiasts for humanity, as they say they are, submit himself to the experiment. One may be pretty confident of the answer. Not one man of science living but would prefer to let the whole of humanity rot on a dust-heap rather than suffer himself one-millionth fraction of the torture he is so very ready to inflict.

At Sproatley, before Mr. W. C. Jalland and Colonel Hobart, a coal dealer named Robert Nicholson was charged with cruelly working a lame mare. Joint oil was running from the animal's legs down to the ground. The animal was in great pain. She could not be got out of the stable, so great was her pain. The magistrates were told that the defendant had had several previous convictions against him. Messrs. Jalland and Hobart proved their utter unfitness for the magisterial bench, and their disgraceful leniency towards cruelty, by fining this man five shillings only. It makes one's blood boil to think that English justice is entrusted into the hands of such men as Jalland and Hobart.

CRUELTY to animals has so long been recognised as a legitimate pastime at Southport that the idea of anybody being punished, however slightly, for this crime, appears to stagger the local Press. I see a paragraph in a Liverpool paper, headed "Heavy Penalties at Southport." These heavy penalties turned out to be fines of ten and twenty shillings inflicted upon owners and drivers for brutal working of horses suffering from severe wounds. That the men were fined at all in such a place as Southport is, perhaps, remarkable. In future this town may, perhaps, come into line with the rest of civilisation, and its magistrates in another generation will, perhaps, lose their sneaking sympathy with cruelty.

AT Liverpool, before Mr. T. E. Sampson, one man was fined 2s. 6d., and another 7s. 6d., including costs, for working horses in an unfit state. A driver in the employ of the Princess Laundry was fined 12s., including costs, for working a horse in an unfit state. I suppose it pays this laundry company to send out unfit horses and to pay the fine. I am told that Mr. Sampson is a gentleman trying to discharge his magisterial duties justly and fearlessly. I should believe more in his justice if I saw a little more severity from him towards cruelty.

THE Handsworth magistrates are another disgraceful bench. Two lads were charged before them with cruelty to a sheep. They rolled the animal down a bank, and then proceeded to bludgeon it about the head and legs, and to throw stones at it and jump upon it. They then commenced to cover it with ashes, preparatory, I suppose, to setting it on fire, which is just the sort of thing that boys would delight in doing. The animal had to be slaughtered. The Handsworth magistrates—Messrs. R. Farley, D. Rose, S. Smith, and A. L. Wells—calmly let these boys off without a word, without a fine even. It is difficult to believe that England tolerates such men upon the Bench. Their action is an insult to justice, and a disgrace to the district. A boy is naturally the cruellest thing that God has ever made. Well brought up, they control themselves until the devil of cruelty dies out of them, or, at least, falls to sleep. When they allow their instincts to come to the surface, the only thing that can check them is a vigorous application of the birch. The Handsworth magistrates seem to regard cruelty of this type as a mere joke.

MR. STEWART, of Liverpool, sets a better example. I see he has fined a Liverpool hotel proprietor £5 and costs for cruelly thrashing a cob, that he has sent one man to prison for four months for cruelty to his children, and given a woman one month for being drunk and exposing her child. Severity is the only thing that brutes understand.

THERE is a little book published, "Advice to Young Authors." It very wisely recommends writers to take into account the tone or character of the paper before they submit their contributions. "Do not send a story of Turf life to *Good Words*," the book suggests, "and do not post off an essay on Bimetallism to *Pick-Me-Up*." That this sort of advice is needed, is brought home to me by a contribution I have just received on the subject of the "Drink Curse." It is an earnest, not to say vehement, little paper. It urges people to form themselves into societies to quell the Drink Plague. Drink, it continues, is the cause of all the crime and misery in the world—at least, not quite all. I quote the exact words:—"Drink is the cause of ninety-nine crimes out of a hundred." "The bestial drink," the writer urges, "must be strictly prohibited," and so on. I am not laughing at the article, but there seems something comical about the idea of sending it to *To-Day*. Had the author set to work to select the one paper where his chances of success were least, he could hardly have chosen better. If he will kindly send stamps, I shall be happy to return it to him.

THE PLUCK FUND.—Four sworn friends at Canterbury have united in sending me 2s. 6d. for the Pluck Fund.

COR RESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

MR. FRED. E. PURKIS, Hon. Treasurer of the National Canine Defence League, writes me as follows with regard to the mad dog farce at Redhill, upon which I have commented in another column:—"My own impression, and that of others in this neighbourhood, is that the poor animal was suffering not from rabies, but from toothache, a very frequent canine complaint, but one which in these days of hydrophobia scare no dog is supposed to suffer from. No; he must be either in perfect health or else rabid! Or it might have been that the poor retriever, while hunting for rabbits among the gorse, got a thorn into its gums—also a matter of frequent occurrence with retrievers—and snapped now here, now there, in its efforts to get rid of it. It is a thousand pities that vets., when they make their autopsy, do not thoroughly examine a dog's teeth and gums before writing their certificates of rabies. London vets. are now pretty well agreed that it is not possible to detect signs of rabies in a dog after death with any degree of certainty, and have largely given up the autopsy in favour of the inoculation test upon rabbits. But even this test, let me add, is far from being a final one, since Professor Spitzka has declared that he can produce all the symptoms of rabies in any animal by injecting any foreign matter direct upon its brain, so that necessarily the brain matter of a healthy dog thus injected would be as likely to produce symptoms of rabies in the rabbit experimented upon as would the brain matter of a rabid animal. In these circumstances would it not be well to think twice before raising the cry of 'mad dog,' and throwing all the hysterical people in a district into a state of panic that is far more easily fanned than quenched?"

E. G. A.—To copyright your music, write to the Registrar, Copyright Office, Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill, E.C., when he will send you a printed form which you must fill up and return to him together with a postal order for five shillings, and five copies of the music. One of these copies will be retained and the other four distributed amongst the museums and universities.

W. F. B.—I am not at all sure that Turkey or Russia is at heart desirous that the massacres in Armenia should cease. If the extermination of these creatures suited the policy of these empires, I feel confident that the massacres would continue until the desired end were obtained. If the rest of Europe will not interfere, it is kinder to let the Armenians die off. I would certainly rather see those near and dear to me die by starvation than by torture.

J. S.—Thank you for your pleasant letter and enclosure. I will communicate your kind remarks to the conductor.

C. R.—The author of the original Phil May cricket story which I quoted from the *New York World* tells me the real history of the joke. C. R. writes:—"It was told me by May, at a Vagabonds' dinner, about three months ago, and recounted by me in *Vanity Fair*, exactly as you quote it from the American paper. Only the man who sent the telegram was in the country, and May was at the *Punch* dinner, in Bouverie Street. And the man's name was W. G. Grace. The story was lifted into the evening papers, where they keep a lift on the premises, and I got a whiff of it from India. I expect some American journalist sat down late at night and determined to tell a story about somebody, and fixed on you, and then spotted that story."

F. R. (Johannesburg).—Thanks for your letter and enclosure. I fear we shall never agree over the Jameson affair. Perhaps you were too near to the events to judge justly. To many of us over here in England the whole thing seems madness.

F. R. M.—Your best plan would be to take the pictures to any well-known dealer, such as Messrs. Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, or, McLean, Haymarket; Christie's is an auction mart.

J. M. writes in favour of wire cubicles for enclosing children in hospitals, schools, etc. "The doors open a dozen at a time, so that the children can be let out in an orderly manner, which is a great boon in case of panic." I daresay that the cubicles are all that can be desired in their way, but I don't quite see the need of shutting up the children at all. A nurse in each ward would keep order, and the children would not feel imprisoned.

E. J. W.—His knowledge of Eastern languages might easily serve him in India, but I am afraid it would bring him little gain in England. There must be many Eastern houses doing business with those districts. Would it not be better for him to make inquiries out there? To the Indian Government, for military or civil purposes, his knowledge should prove useful. It would certainly be easier for him to obtain a good berth out there than at home. I am glad that you like *To-Day* and the *Idler*, and am delighted to hear that the papers are spoken well of in your friend's mess-room.

TO-MORROW.—Ceylon, I am told, is a good place for a capitalist, and a bad one for a mere worker. In South Africa, I believe, there are plenty of openings, but you would have to rough

it. The Emigration Society, 31, Broadway, Westminster, would give you further information.

F. S.—I believe a divorce ought to be allowed to the husband of a drunken wife, or the wife of a drunken husband. In some respects you are fortunately placed in being a sailor; you can get away from your home. If you had children you would certainly be justified in putting them under the charge of someone other than your wife, and you might try doling out money to her through a solicitor in small amounts.

UITLANDER.—I think we shall get on better if we do not discuss the conduct of your friends, the Reform Committee. You naturally side with them, and you naturally attach importance to the many and various excuses put forward on their behalf. I have my own opinion on the whole business, and my own opinion concerning the courage and straightforwardness and generalship exhibited by your amateur army.

E. R. L. (Oxford).—I thank you for your interesting and temperate letter on the subject of hydrophobia, but doctors disagree on this point. The gentleman I had my information from is well known to you, and he has certainly given many years' attention to his subject. It is also an undoubted fact that inexperienced practitioners are apt to confound many diseases with hydrophobia. It is also a certain fact that fear brings more harm than the actual disease itself can ever accomplish. Of course, hydrophobia—we will presume for the moment that the disease does exist, and is not the result of fright—is a terrible evil; but are we all to go off our heads with funk at the contemplation of the dangers we have to face in this world? I believe there is a disease—I forget its name—that women with child are subject to, that is even more terrible in all its symptoms than this hydrophobia. If the human race is to permit itself cowardice, might we not think it advisable to prohibit child-bearing? What was the proportion of hydrophobia in the world before the introduction of the Pasteur Institute compared with its proportions now? Has it at all decreased? Can any of the defenders of Pasteur prove this? The tendency of science is to make cowards of us; we are frightened with tales of this disease, with graphic accounts of the horrors of this death and of that. Does science serve us in this matter? Were we not better men and women in the old days, when we had no science to molly-coddle us, and make children of us? We stood up, and faced life or death, as the gods sent it. I would rather that fifty men and women died of hydrophobia every year than that the whole race should live in daily terror. If all that science can do is to teach us to be afraid to live, lest one day we may die, then it is a curse, and not a blessing, to mankind. Let us presume that a man were dying of hydrophobia. A little morphia that a courageous doctor might administer would save all trouble on the matter. But in these days we talk and think as though the greatest blessing were to die a dotard. You put the personal argument to me; is not this rather weak? We none of us know our own strength, and it is easy enough to imagine oneself brave. I should trust that when the time came the gods would give me strength. Meanwhile I am prepared to take my chance of life or death without troubling myself.

"IDLER" CORRESPONDENTS.—I have received many letters of congratulation respecting the new *Idler*, and I take this opportunity of thanking my correspondents for their kind appreciation.

RAYONNE.—There is no free school of dramatic training; it would cost you about forty or fifty pounds at least, and then you would have to face a great deal of difficulty in finding engagements.

J. H. S. (Liverpool).—Have nothing to do with this so-called medical company. Their advertisement is misleading, and the whole thing looks like a swindle. I am going to inquire into the matter with a view of exposing it.

P. G. E., W. R., and B. B. are thanked for their letters.

B. B.—Thanks for letter and enclosure.

J. A. M. L. writes me as follows:—"One word of appreciation of the enlarged *IDLER*. I have taken the magazine for some time, and marked its progress with interest. When the first enlarged number came out, my friends were somewhat dubious, but this month's has set all doubts at rest, and I and my Birmingham friends offer you our sincerest congratulations."

S. P.—You can find plenty of praise for Lord Salisbury's foreign policy by reading the Tory papers. There will be small harm done if one or two of us say what we think about this matter. To me, the man appears to be dragging England through the mud. He talks big and promptly climbs down at the first threat. From a peace Minister of the Gladstone type we know what to expect. Mr. Gladstone's language was always rather milder than his actions. I could think better of Lord Salisbury's attempts if he did not do so much trumpet blowing as a preparation for running away. Britain is a great nation, I think with you, "the greatest and noblest the world has ever known." Is it just, is it right, to make it ridiculous? If Lord Salisbury is determined on peace at any price, then let him give up bluster. If he wishes to persist in fine speeches, he should be prepared to stand by his words.

R. Y.—Your verses are not suitable for *TO-DAY*. If you will send stamps I will return them.

E. A. N.—I cannot reprint old matter.

LETTERS received from C. H. N., W. J. B., S. G., J. H., A. G., M. B. C., T. A. I., D. L. C., H. D., H. J. H., 355L, L. S. A., and will be replied to next week, owing to want of space.

DR. S. A. BROWN is anxious for me to explain that what she said at the temperance meeting was that she wished us all to become total abstainers *before* we were known to the world as a nation of drunken women. For what the correction is worth I insert it. Dr. Sarah Brown, from her letter, appears very sensitive to criticism. She might have considered the pain she was likely to inflict upon her fellow Englishwomen before saying the wild thing that she did.

J. M.—I did not say that Sherborne was in Somerset. The manager assures me that he sent your friend W. A. W. two copies, the first one apparently having miscarried.

A. H.—I am agreed that if conscription became general here, rich and poor should serve alike, side by side, and I do not think that in England you would find the middle classes or the wealthy young men at all wishful to shirk their share of the work and danger.

P. G. S.—The labour master appears to have got somewhat careless. The mistakes you point out were printer's errors. Your financial question will be answered in the City page.

T. P. draws my attention to the unnecessary punishment inflicted by the rider upon a horse called Father O'Flynn some little time ago at Colwick. Commenting upon this matter, the *Referee*, by no means a journal handed over to the sentimentalists, says that the horse after the race presented a pitiable spectacle, with spur marks almost from neck to crupper. My correspondent tells me that the rider was Mr. C. Grenfell.

E. N. B.—It would be impossible to give you the correct pronunciation of a French sentence through this column. There are evening classes held at the Birkbeck Institution.

C. J. K., writing from Irkutsk, Siberia, says: "Young Englishmen must learn foreign languages. The German now pushes ahead into all the openings through which English trade should make its way. His goods are sometimes inferior, but he knows the language, and studies the wants of his customers. The Englishman expects them to buy what he has, rather than what they want." There is a good deal of truth in what my correspondent says, and we shall have to look to the matter.

J. E.—I thank you for your letter, but the criticism of the Edinburgh School Board appears to be in good hands. I am delighted that your magazine club was strongly in favour of the new *Idler*, and that you like Clorinda's letters.

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CLUB CHATTER.

HERE are a couple of dog stories that I am pretty certain have never been in print. Sir Henry Hawkins carries round his neck the medallion of a pet dog that he was much attached to, but which paid the inevitable debt. On another occasion Sir Henry, who was on circuit, had his dog on the bench. Suddenly the dog barked. Without emotion Sir Henry rose and said: "You, officers, should not allow dogs in my Court. Turn it out!" At the same moment he flicked his dog into silence, and the case proceeded, the officers being left to find the mysterious barker.

A PARIS correspondent writes:—I noticed in "Randolph's" letter last week that you are going to have the *Hôtel de Libre Exchange* at the Vaudeville. I saw the play here last summer, and I will defy the most adroit of adaptors to give the English public any idea of the original without bringing Press and censor down on them. The hotel—well, the London vestries would ponder over an hotel of the same description. I shall read with interest "Randolph's" criticism.

THE Continental waiters have decided to enter into a campaign against the tipping system. Judging from my experience of these men, I can quite imagine that they will invite subscriptions from the public to carry on the crusade. I don't wish to say anything offensive to a class of men who are largely placed in their cadging position by the action of their employers; but I have sometimes thought of the inequality of the law that gives some poor, half-starved devil seven days' hard labour, and allows a well-fed, well-clothed man to beg for coppers in a more covert, but certainly more emphatic way. I have felt the happier when I have given a beggar a copper, but it is only in a country hotel that I have freely handed out money to the waiter without regret, and I have often despised myself for giving money to the polyglot waiter of London.

Is there any one of my readers who wants a fortune—a huge fortune—and a world-famous name? If such an average man exists, all that he has to do is to sit down and quietly think out a scheme to provide the Paris Exhibition Committee with the attraction for 1900. In 1878 it was the Montgolfier, in 1889 the Eiffel Tower, in 1900 it will be—Heaven only knows what! No one can suggest anything worthy of a second thought, and every new proposal is slightly more ridiculous than any previous one.

THE first scheme was to serve up the moon by means of a great telescope. This died a very natural death. Then someone suggested that, as long as the attractions for the two previous exhibitions had been to go up higher, it would be a change to go down as far as it was possible, and, in order to do this, to dig a pit sufficiently deep to find where the fire was. For a long time this was considered seriously, and then it withered and died of Irony.

SINCE then the possibility of inventing anything original seems to have been abandoned, and everyone is suggesting such weird ideas as "Temples of Love" (no details given), and the importation of African villages, with native industries in progress. I will publish any suggestion that is sent in, and will at the same time guarantee that anything reasonable is submitted to the Paris Committee.

If any reader is wanting an exceptionally pretty pair of socks for evening wear, he will find nothing better than the new socks made of silk and wool. When you get a pair of these socks in your hand, they seem to be quite black, but on stretching them the other colour

appears. These socks can be bought in every imaginable shade, but the prettiest are in red and black, and pale blue and black.

It is a little early yet to think of summer waistcoats, but my readers may like to know that the most fashionable light waistcoat this season will be in mohair. The colour is to be a pale blue grey. Mohair has this advantage over other materials for waistcoats, that it can be worn for a longer time without appearing soiled. It also looks as well after cleaning as before. The same material in white is being used for evening waistcoats. They are certainly very stylish, and so far they have not been imitated in cheaper materials. Perhaps this is impossible; I sincerely trust it is.

It is intended that this season's frock-coat shall give the wearer a smart, military appearance. In place of the long, narrow opening at the neck which was fashionable last season, the coat will be cut squarer, leaving only a small part of the shirt visible. A new frock-coat should always be worn buttoned up for the first few days, to get it to fit to the figure. Otherwise, although your tailor may be perfect, your appearance will be dowdyish. It is not advisable to have a handkerchief pocket on the outside of a frock-coat. Two inside breast-pockets will carry most of the things necessary to one, including a handkerchief, and a pocket on the outside of a frock-coat is apt to detract from its smart appearance, unless it is made exceedingly well.

SOME time ago I prophesied that a mixture of green and fawn would be a fashionable shade for country suitings this season, and that green would be found in nearly all the new cloths. I must say I hardly expected to see my prediction so literally fulfilled as it has been. Tailors seem to be mad on green just now. The other day I came across a suiting of bright green, on which was a large, indistinct check in thin black lines. There was a fearful and wonderful waistcoat near this suiting—intended, I suppose, for wearing with it. The colour was a pale apple green, with large white spots. The effect was decidedly startling, but only a very smart man could wear such a garment.

THE Simpson Lever Chain match will take place on the Catford track in Derby week.

HAPPY Holborn! It is there where you can best feel the pulse of the cycling trade. That is the place where cyclists are clamouring for their 1896 machines. The bargain-hunter, who used to haggle so long over the price of a machine, is not wanted in Holborn now. Busy and all-important managers, struggling to cope with a surfeit of orders, have no room for him, either on their books or in the shops. They are too busy dictating to suppliant buyers conditions both as to price and times of delivery. This will be remembered as the spring when prices were high and times of delivery late—the time when it was a good thing to be an agent in happy Holborn, the hub of the cycle-selling world.

In cycling circles, large and small, it will be some time before anything eclipses the important matter of the Humber Extension. It is a great project. I have always admired the Humber people for their enterprise. They have won their popularity and premier position by the honourable lead they have frequently given the trade. Who has not admired them for courageously sweeping away from their doors a crowd of engagement-seeking wheelmen? They stand almost alone in the non-employment of men who ride for advertising purposes. From what I can see they will this year earn that full measure of popularity to which they are entitled on account of the independence they have dis-

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

played and the fair manner in which they have encouraged criticism of their machines.

WHEN last I pencilled my weekly impressions of current events, I thought fit to refer to the growth and development of cycling and the cycle industry. The time which has elapsed since those prophetic words has brought us one week nearer the issue of the long promised Humber Extension. It is tolerably safe to surmise that a rush will ensue when this issue is made. A retrospect of twenty years takes us to the time when the name of Thomas Humber was known to but few, and when the works which bore that name were small and comparatively insignificant. The effect of the industry in towns where it is carried on to any extent is no less than remarkable. For instance, Beeston, near Nottingham, where one of the immense Humber factories is located, was twenty years ago a pretty rustic village with 900 inhabitants. The population now number as many thousands as there were previously hundreds. In Coventry, where the Humber factory holds a premier position, a similar change has come to pass. Nearly one hundred factories are busily engaged in catering for the "world's health," and over three-quarters of a million sterling is distributed weekly as wages in this city alone. So far from being a sleepy market town, it is now a manufacturing centre, with powerful influence. Humber's also find habitations and employment for several thousands at Wolverhampton.

The last dividend paid by this concern was 48 per cent. The turn-out of the company's factories up to Jan. 31st is understood to be over 100 per cent. in excess of that of last year, so that the price the shares

will eventually reach becomes a matter for conjecture and wonderment. The new undertaking, with the comparatively small capital of £200,000, will take over the retail and wholesale business of the Humber Co.—in fine, they propose to buy up the whole turnout of the works. The issue will be made by a well-known City house, with the shares at a small premium. It is more than probable, therefore, that fancy prices will be realized.

THE extension project makes Humber news more interesting than usual. I wonder how many of my readers have seen the Beeston Featherweight machines for ladies. They are perfect pictures, delightfully designed, and quite classy. I examined three of them the other day. In colour they are French grey, salmon pink, and pale green. As a matter of fact, there are upwards of twenty colours to select from. In weight they are 28½, 30, and 31 lbs., and I think I never saw anything more calculated to please the ladies than the three little machines to which I am referring. I haven't space to devote to a description of the new three-quarter gear case, the splendid rake secured by the designer, the up-to-date dress guards, and the useful character of the accessories. There is everything about the machines to charm and satisfy lady cyclists.

HAVE you seen a case of enamelled monograms? Those of my readers who wheel should ask a Humber assistant to let them see a few specimens. They are truly artistic and useful. When you become possessed of a good machine, have your initials and your crest, if you have one, fixed upon it. Many of you, with pardonable pride, adorn your carriage-doors with heraldic designs and artistically worked monograms. There is nothing really

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rain or pedantic about it—in most cases, at any rate. A year hence it will be customary to fix these little things on cycles, and I think nothing will lead to the popularity of the idea more than the varied assortment of artistic designs prepared by the Humber artists.

A LEAKY or unworkable valve is as exasperating as a puncture. Valve-leaks and tyre-punctures are twin evils. I have been shown a Bagott valve—quite a sensible and simple little contrivance when worked in the

fingers. Any of my readers who have commenced to use it this season can do no harm by saying how far it does away with the annoying valve difficulties so common even as late as last year.

THERE has been a dramatic recital in Bournemouth. The patronage was very meagre, and a disgrace to the fashionable place. Bournemouth correspondents have expressed themselves with freedom in the matter. The recital was given by Miss Romola Tynte and Mr. Her-

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man Vezin. A fair correspondent sends me the following particulars:—

"The programme included several very interesting items, notably Snellley's 'Fugitives,' rendered by Mr. Hermann Vezin, with a musical accompaniment cleverly played by Madame Steiner. In this connection it may be mentioned that the veteran reciter, on the previous day, was presented with a portrait of the poet, by Lady Shelley, of Boscombe Manor. Miss Romola Tynte's exquisite grace and refinement, her power of passion and pathos, and her tragic intensity, were all displayed to advantage in a recital called 'No Actress' (dramatic sketch in four scenes), by E. J. Goodman. Miss Tynte's gown was a wonderful confection in the Greek style—long, loose, flowing draperies, of cream-white cashmere, silk, and chiffon, with large, hanging sleeves of the chiffon, a costume which emphasised and enhanced the performer's fragile beauty to a remarkable degree. In the scenes from *Macbeth*, which were powerfully rendered by Miss Tynte and Mr. Hermann Vezin, a son of the latter, Mr. Arthur Vezin, also took a small part."

My correspondent is wroth with the people of Bournemouth for their neglect of the *matinée*. She says:—

"Bournemouth is such an ultra goody-goody place that even the 'legitimate' is not good enough to go down, at any rate in Lent. If I wanted to line my pockets well, I should not dream of engaging a Bournemouth theatre for my performance. No; the Shaftesbury Hall, or any Young Men's Christian Association kind of place, where tea, toast, and temperance squashes, missionary meetings, and gay and giddy functions of similar character are held, would be good enough for me, and I should have nothing so wildly exciting as a recitation. My subject might be 'Kodaks for the Cannibal Islands,' or 'A Benevolent Society for providing Bath chairs and nail-brushes to benighted Boers.' I might lecture on 'How to introduce ginger-pop and penny ice-creams to the denizens of the North Pole.' You never know your luck. They might 'freeze on' to the idea. On the other hand, it might be a decided 'frost' altogether; however, anybody with 'a mission,' and who possessed sufficient *nous* to advertise that a collection would be made at the close of the meeting, would be likely to do well in Bournemouth—for the 'unco-guid' predominate, and they don't care a penny for anything that is not Exeter-hall-marked to their satisfaction."

For a good all-round everyday pipe tobacco it would be difficult to find better brands than those manufactured by Carreras, of Wardour Street. The most popular mixture of this celebrated firm is the "Craven," a nice mild tobacco, which figures in "My Lady Nicotine" as "The Arcadia" mixture. Then there is the "Hankey" mixture, of medium strength, and the "Guards" mixture, a full-flavoured tobacco. For those who like a strong tobacco and wish to have it of first-rate quality, there is nothing to beat the "Guards."

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALUMINIUM.—I have received from the Aluminium Company a little volume in which they describe the peculiar characteristics of the metal.

SCOTCH LADY.—Your husband being deceased, don't give your daughter away at the altar, but have the task performed by a brother, brother-in-law, or the nearest relative you have.

G. L.—A suit of black and white pattern, commonly called Scotch plaid, would only be likely to look well if you are a tall man, and even then your friends might think it rather loud.

P. G. (Leeds).—I regret that I cannot reply to correspondents who do not give me their full names. If you will send yours, the query shall be answered.

IGNORANT.—Visitors to country houses follow no strict rule as to dressing for breakfast. It is the meal for which they dress with least care. However, if you think the lady of the house is particular, you had better act upon the advice of a friend who is in the know.

A. M. B.—The legend is that in the fifteenth century the Gordons were repulsed in an encounter with the Earl of Moray. This repulse was checked by Jock Gordon calling out, "Bide and —," the word to be supplied being "fecht." This seems to be a childish interpretation, and a more sensible one has been suggested to me, that it is a menace to enemies and a lasting memory for future vengeance, equivalent to "Wait ye," or, as street boys say, "Just you wait."

O. T.—(1) It is simply a matter of personal taste; but the double-breasted are more usual. (2) The white waistcoat, pure and simple, is not worn now. In the winter you can

wear a waistcoat in one of the many shades of brown and fawn; in the summer, a delicate French grey is the most fashionable colour. (3) The silk hat as now worn is bell-shaped, with rather a heavy brim. (4) Just now, you can wear anything in the way of gloves, and not be wrong. If it is a cold day, and you are wearing an overcoat, nothing is better than a doeskin glove. In finer weather you could wear a well-fitting tan kid glove; but, when it is very hot, all gloves will be in suede.

C. R. W.—I conclude that your moustache is in a very bad way. Try an application of Pomade Hongroise. This is a solid sticky substance. To use it, take out a little piece about half the size of a pea; press it out with your thumb and forefinger, then smear your moustache with it. Be careful to see that you don't put it all on in one place, and that there are no little lumps visible. If you wish, you can fix your moustache with this—that is, bring it out into two hard points. The best way, however, is to brush the moustache away from the mouth after using the Pomade Hongroise. You will then have a neat, tidy moustache, and it will always keep in its proper place. Pay a good price for the Pomade, as the cheap qualities are practically useless for your purpose.

T. B. (Ashbourne).—There are many ways of keeping trousers nicely pressed. One of the simplest is to fold them properly—only a tailor can show you the way if you don't know—and place them under the mattress of your bed. Keep them there for two or three nights, and you will find on taking them out that they are pressed very well. The objections to this method are (1) that it is rather a nuisance; (2) that the trousers are apt to get moved slightly when the bed is made, in which case they would not be creased in the proper place. This difficulty is sometimes got over by using the wire trouser-stretchers—the kind I mean are those that go inside the trousers; they are simple in their working, and cheap. Another way of keeping your trousers pressed is to place them between two boards—after having made sure that they are folded properly and then put very heavy weights on the board. This, I believe, is the method frequently adopted by actors. I knew a man who had an old linen press altered to his requirements, and that made a very good trouser wardrobe. There is something of the kind patented and sold now; but I have not seen the machine at work. After all, perhaps the simplest way of keeping your trousers nicely is to make a point of never wearing one pair for two days consecutively. Keep a pair for every day in the week, and you will find that they will keep in very good shape. With regard to your second query, I should recommend you to have your coat made to fit fairly loosely, and with two little slits on each side of the back. Any good tailor will know what I mean.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Mr. Alfred Austin is among the latest additions to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. "The punishment fits the crime."

* * * *

Have just been dipping into Mr. J. St. Lo Strachey's "Dog Stories from the Spectator" (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.), and very interesting most of them are. The author classifies them under different heads, so that you can settle yourself in your arm-chair, light your pipe, pick up the book, and choose the particular branch of canine intelligence in which you are interested. Naturally, the desire this extremely interesting book will evoke in you will be to "go one better." For instance, when you see the heading, "Reasoning Power of Dogs," it makes you think of the dogs who don't reason.

* * * *

I once bought an alleged Maltese dog at Malta. He was washed and pink-ribboned, and looked as if he had come out of a toyshop. Directly I got him on board ship, he began to grow into a queer pig-snouted animal, which experts ultimately decided to be three parts French poodle, remainder "job lots." He was the most intelligent dog I ever saw, except in one respect. Whenever he did wrong, such as eating a blacking-brush, or anything of that kind, he would go into a corner and begin to howl dismally. No one ever thought of inquiring what he had done. The mere fact of that dismal howling was quite sufficient evidence of his guilt, and he suffered accordingly. But nothing could make him see how he was "giving himself away." Often the proofs of his guilt did not transpire for days, and he might have gone scot-free. But no; he would howl. And this was a dog with so good a mouth that he could carry eggs and tennis balls without injuring them. Perhaps my readers can tell me of any idiosyncrasies of the same sort which they may have noticed in their own dogs.

* * * *

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has done nothing so good for some time past as "My Laughing Philosopher" (A. D. Innes and Co., 6s.). The philosopher is a bronze bust some thirteen inches high, picked up in Wardour Street for a guinea. Once every five hundred years the philosopher is permitted to talk to his owner for fifty nights. On this quaint conceit Mr. Phillpotts has hung a series of chats embracing every conceivable subject, from "Wardour Street" to "A World Flower." Here is a little story which shows how everything depends upon the point of view:—

I once saw a bantam cock down Devonshire way, in the dim grey dawn of a summer's morning, now far past. He looked round at the sleeping world, the sky above, the mists below, from beneath which murmured a river. Then his bright eye took in the silent farmyard; he mounted a wheelbarrow, stretched his little neck, flapped his little wings, and crowed in a piping falsetto. "Bless my life! How the whole wide world keeps quiet, straining its ears to catch my clarion notes!" he said. "Yes, and here's the Sun himself, getting up over the hilltop to listen too. I'll crow again. He shan't have his trouble for nothing." So he crowed again with all his might, and Mother Nature rose, and the good Sun kissed the dew out of her eyes, and scattered her misty night-robe, and adorned her in a glorious morning-gown of azure and gold. At sight of it birdssang and lambs frolicked, and bells jangled on the wild hillside, and long answering crows, all much louder than those of the bantam, saluted the morning from divers corners of the awakened homestead. The bantam hopped down to his hens. "There now," he said, "blest if I haven't woke the whole world up. Now we'll go to breakfast."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. C., Africa.—I think it is the House of Commons. A. G. R.—The book is out of print. I cannot remember the name of the publisher. 3254. Private D. C. BARTER.—I know of no publication containing Chatham's speech, but you would most probably find it in "The Treasury of British Eloquence," in

Nimmo's Standard Library. G. HIRD.—I do not understand prints; you had better apply to a dealer. WALTER M. HALES.—(1) All at present, but no doubt others will be translated. (2) I do not think there is a complete French edition. THOMAS GRINDLEY.—They are worthless from a bookseller's point of view. J.—The books are of no value, unless they are in the original boards, and uncut. H. W. P.—Apply to Mr. Davey, autograph dealer, Great Russell Street, London, W.C. CARE.—"Love Songs of English Poets," with notes by Ralph H. Caine, 3s. 6d., published by Heinemann. M. C. E.—The Ovid is worth about 5s. to a bookseller; the others are of no value. STOCKHOLM.—Ingram's edition contained all the works then known (and all that are worth knowing), but others have been discovered since.

S. P. writes: "Appropos of Miss Blinde's 'tired feeling,' I most ungallantly scribbled the following, which took me exactly one minute and a half. I was reading your column at midnight, and that may account for my cheerfulness:—

So, Miss Blinde, you are tired, you and your heart,
And you long for a rest? Very well. For my part
I'd give the repose you so mournfully crave—
Give all you ask for—a lough six-foot grave.
If you can't brace us up, then don't hurl us down—
Down on our darkest bed, wearing a frown.
You really must brighten the paths as you go,
Or else, when you slip out, I shall not say no.

A. D.—Stormonth's Dictionary, published by Blackwood and Sons, price 7s. 6d. A. E. L. W. (Leeds).—The book, if in good condition, is worth about 21s. R. D.—A bookseller would price it, if it is in good condition, at about 42s. O. P. Q.—Constable and Co., Parliament Street, are the publishers. You had better apply to them for further information. C. H. JERVIS.—The two vols. sell at 6s.; one would be valueless. H. W. CARPENTER.—I do not know. Why not ask Mr. Charles Fry? J. SCOTT LYON.—I do not know the author, but it is *not* Lord Lytton.—A. C. H.—Sorry I cannot tell you. ED. O. HOUSEMAN.—The book is very common, and sells at 5s. THISTLE.—They are worth about £2 2s. The only way to find a purchaser would be to advertise in a literary paper, say the *Athenæum*. OXALIS ACETOCELLA.—There is no cheap edition; Putnam's Sons, Bedford Street, Strand, published a complete edition of poetry and prose, limited to 600 copies. Apply to them for the price.

E. D. writes: "Your criticism of Mr. Alfred Austin's poetry induced me to pen the following lines:—

What price the rhyme? If you're a poet,
You've got your licence; why not show it?"

"LYCIDAS" wants to know, "Would you recommend me to write verse? I am told, apart from the glory, that there is money in it." No, Lycidas, I would not recommend you to write verse; unless you are a budding Swinburne or a Kipling, there is not much money in it. Still, if you do write verse, there is always the degradation to look forward to of becoming poet laureate. Model yourself carefully on "Jameson's Ride," and you will, doubtless, "get there" in time.

ANGELA CLYME.—I don't think you will get a thousand pounds for your first novel, unless it is exceptionally good. You might ask for twenty pounds. Don't pay for cost of production under any circumstances.

BETSY JANE.—No; I don't "attack" Mr. Austin. I only want him to resign the Laureateship, and give place to a better man. Anyone can write "verse." Look here:—

If you were Alfred Austin instead of Betsy Jane,
You'd find it quite exhaustin' to "Jameson's Ride" in vain;
But when a "Laureatus" can't keep his mouthpiece shut,
Such extremely "small potatoes" becomes a public butt.

G. S.—Should have much pleasure in mentioning the name of the book, only I can't "puff" myself. I hate reviewing books unless I can have "the noble pleasure of praising." Conscience and inclination rend one different ways. I am sorry about her crying over it; but, surely, she will write more purely in her next book, and honour her own womanhood by so doing. These "successes of indecency" never last. Tell her so, with an old man's compliments.

MARY D.—You had better join the "Writers' Club" if you wish to become a working journalist. A great many of the "Pioneers" are the butterflies of literature; the "Writers" are the industrious ants. Tea at four every Friday. Each member gives the tea in turn. Nice clean-faced little boy in buttons to show you the way downstairs, and a smiling secretary at the door to see you don't get in by mistake. They are particularly attentive to venerable beings like myself. "Pioneer" special evenings are what a young friend of mine calls "doosid swagger"—lovely rooms, supper, good music, handsomewomen, pretty toilets, and witty talk. There are a few what Artemus Ward calls "he-looking females" about, but, like olives, they give a zest to everything else.

NOTE.—In correspondence of 29th February the printers made me say "Lord Salisbury in his speech of the 12th inst." Of course, it should have read "Lord Rosebery." In the samples of mistakes given from "And the World Saith" they also put in a sentence, which had been deleted, as being perfectly correct, and left out the right passage.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.—(continued.)

ON reaching Rafael's house the little company separated, only those persons with whom she was in the habit of taking counsel remaining with the Condesa d'Osorio. These were the prior, the lawyer, the armourer, the General, Beatriz Nebral, the Chevalier, and Stéphanie his wife. A conference upon the next steps to be taken ensued immediately. The Condesa did not waste time in bemoaning the failure of her petition to the King; nor did she condemn Carlos, as the people had done.

"The King would have pardoned my son," she said mildly, "if he dared. Godoy and Morera are the real obstacles."

General Lagnardia was for an appeal to the Confederates and a march in force upon the fortress of Villavieiosa, and this proposal was applauded by Benillo and Esparbès. Borodisti, however, quenched their ardour effectually by remarking—

"There are cannon at Villavieiosa. You would be swept away before you reached the walls. Would it not be better to send a deputation to Aranjuez?"

"A deputation composed of the most important of the inhabitants of Madrid," added the Prior, "and joined by the most illustrious of the clergy. Will the King refuse a pardon to Rafael if it be solicited by such advocates as these?"

"The deputation would not be allowed to reach His Majesty," replied Lagnardia.

"Then we will make the people rise," said Borodisti. "But not until we have tried every peaceable resource."

Lagnardia rubbed his hands.

"I like that," he said. "To rouse the people will be the thing."

At this point of the discussion, Stéphanie, who had been listening to each of the speakers in turn with a dubious expression of countenance, stepped forward and spoke, with a previous glance at the Chevalier for his approbation.

"There is no use in trying such means," she said. "Either a rising or a deputation is certain to fail. You will get nothing out of this accursed Court, where your enemies are all-powerful, either by violence or persuasion."

"Are we then to leave my son to his fate?" asked the Condesa.

"No, Señora Condesa. God forbid! Only it is by cunning and not by strength that we might effect his deliverance. Have you tried to secure his escape? Is it impossible to gain access to him? Are his gaolers incorruptible? Money is the best of keys."

"Escape! Yes, it might be done perhaps," said Borodisti.

"It would not be the first time that a prisoner has escaped. There are memorable examples."

Lagnardia protested by his attitude.

"To scheme when we might fight. Rather disgraceful, eh?"

But Stéphanie did not flinch.

"A la guerre comme à la guerre, General," she said boldly. "One does what one can."

"But who is to undertake the task?" asked Borodisti.

"I will undertake it, Don Antonio, if you will consent. And you, Gaston, will second me, will you not?"

"I am yours in life and death," replied the Chevalier.

"Grant us confidence and credit, all you here pre-

sent," resumed Stéphanie. "I ask one week to bring our enterprise to a successful close, not a day longer."

"She is wonderful!" whispered the Marquis to the Prior, "but I think she is just the woman to do as she says."

And he advanced to where Stéphanie stood, and kissed her hand.

"I have faith in you, my fair countrywoman," said the old noble, solemnly, "and if the power to decide were mine, you should be given leave to act according to your own judgment from this moment."

"I, too, have faith in her," said the Condesa, with some agitation. "Act as you think best, Señora, and may God inspire and guide you."

* * * * *

"Do you know that you are simply heroic, my divinity?" said the Chevalier to his wife, when they were safely in the street (having ascertained that there were no alguazils on the watch), and proceeding homeward arm-in-arm, after an agitated parting between Stéphanie and the mother and betrothed of Rafael d'Osorio. "Yes, heroic, and I am proud of you."

"Love has transformed me," she answered, as she hung more closely on her husband's arm. "I have told you that already. Besides, I think I was made for emotions and fights of this kind. I think I must have conspirator's blood in my veins."

"For all that, you have pledged yourself to a difficult task. How are we, reduced to our own resources only, to deliver Don Rafael? Observe, I am not saying this to cool your zeal. The wine is drawn, and must be drunk."

"We will drink it, my Chevalier. We will set out at once for Villavieiosa, and once there you will be astonished, I can tell you, at my cleverness. To begin with, I mean to direct the whole expedition myself, and whatever I do, whatever I say, you are not to contradict me."

"I promise you that."

"Then all will be well. Trust me, Gaston, we shall succeed."

There was an instantaneous silence. Borodisti, advancing, saluted Rafael and said gravely—

"We are listening, Don Rafael."

"I make an urgent appeal to your good sense—to your reason!" proceeded the Conde. "Your presence here, señores, and the tumult that proclaims it, are imprudent. This formidable gathering on the Puerta del Sol, which you have provoked and are encouraging, is also an imprudence. You could not have gone a better way to work if you had desired to attract the vengeance of Godoy and to put yourselves into his hands. Do you not see that this insurrection, which nothing has led to, reveals your plans prematurely and makes his victory sure? What would become of you if he were to send a single regiment against the people at this moment? Have you arms for resistance? Have you chiefs to take command? What are your plans? You are going straight to irreparable defeat!"

"Your words are golden, Don Rafael," cried Borodisti. "I agree with you. But what do you advise us to do?"

"I advise you, in the first place, to call on this crowd to disperse. Let the people go home quietly and wait until we call on them. It may be to-morrow or to-night that we shall have need of them. Then we will muster them, supply them with arms, and appoint their leaders. Do you now set them the example of discipline in your own persons, señores, by leaving it to us, who possess your confidence, to decide on what ought to be done."

Rafael's discourse impressed his hearers deeply. Not one among them raised a protest. The attitude of all was submissive, and the incident seemed to be closed, when a monk—an old Capuchin of venerable aspect, with strong features and bold, piercing eyes—stepped out of the ranks. He carried a heavy musket, which he brandished as he spoke, and a well-stored cartridge-pouch hung from his girdle.

"What has your reverence to say?" asked Rafael.

"I have to say that we are ready and willing to obey you; but can you positively assure us that while you are deliberating the life of our lord, the Prince of the Asturias, will be respected?"

"It is in no danger. He is a prisoner, but not ~~and~~, still less condemned."

"Could not that be done unknown to you?"

"Not before to-morrow, and to-morrow he will be free, or we shall all have perished in defending him."

"May God hear you!" said the monk. "As for us, if, as I believe, it is His Spirit that dwells in you, we are bound to abide by your orders. Let us go to speak to the people, my friends; to preach patience to them."

With these words he left the gallery hurriedly, taking with him the greater number of those who were present at this scene, leaving only a few of those whose notoriety designated them as leaders, and who formed the Council of the Insurrection, to confer with Borodisti and Rafael.

At a little distance from this group, Doña Beatrix waited in sickening impatience until it should be possible for Rafael to come and speak to her. No less ardent was his desire to join her, after three days of absence immediately succeeding their betrothal; but it had been impossible upon his entrance, assailed as he was by the questions of the confederates, and now again his way to Beatrix was barred by his friends questioning him with equal eagerness. He could only cast a long look towards his betrothed. But what a look it was! How heavily charged with love and regret!

"Speak to us, Don Rafael," said a voice. "We are alone, and we are eager to learn the news you bring us from the Escorial."

"But we are not alone!" exclaimed Borodisti, as he pointed suspiciously to Stéphanie and the Chevalier de Fontaine, who had remained unnoticed in a corner, trying to hide themselves, and much discomfited by having become involuntarily acquainted with the secrets of the plot in the course of concoction.

"The Chevalier de Fontaine," said Don Rafael, "is friendly to the cause of the Spanish patriots. It is not he who will betray us, and no doubt he will pledge his word for the discretion of his charming friend."

"She is my betrothed," said the Chevalier. "I answer for her as for myself. That we are here, señores, is due to Don Rafael himself, for he offered us a shelter from the crowd when we were all but smothered."

The suspicions of Borodisti and his friends vanished before this frank statement and Rafael's words; but these were not sufficient for Stéphanie. She made three steps forward and, assuming the dignified air demanded by the situation, she said, in surprisingly good Spanish—

"Do you not recognise me, Don Antonio? I had the honour some months ago to present myself here."

"I do recognise you, señora," replied Borodisti with a bow.

"Then," she continued, "permit me to explain the motive of my presence here. Having returned to Madrid to be married to the Chevalier de Fontaine, and to establish a branch of the house of Defodon Sisters, of Paris, Court milliners, of which I am a partner, I thought of asking you to act as a witness to my marriage. I was coming to make that request when we—that is to say, the Chevalier and myself—were caught in the crowd of insurgents on the Puerta del Sol, and must inevitably have perished had not the Conde d'Osorio rescued us."

Rafael attempted to check her torrent of eloquence.

"This explanation is quite unnecessary, señora," he said. "No one here has suspected you."

But Stéphanie was not to be checked.

"If ever I have regretted that I am but a foreigner in Spain it is to-day. Carried away by your example, I would fain possess the right to embrace the same cause as you—and if I could but serve you."

She finished by a superb gesture which suggested to the imagination of her hearers this valorous daughter of France charging Manuel Godoy and his clique, like

a second Joan of Arc, a standard in one hand and a sword in the other.

This gesture won all hearts for Stéphanie, especially that of Beatrix, who came forward and added her thanks to those offered by the gentlemen for her generous enthusiasm.

"I had only seen you once, Doña Beatrix," sighed Stéphanie, "but I already loved you."

"Remain with us, señora," said Borodisti. "The loyalty of the Chevalier de Fontaine is well-known to us, and henceforth we have equal confidence in you. As for myself, I shall consider it a high honour to be a witness to your marriage at any time you name."

"I thank you, Don Antonio. I will remind you of your promise when the Prince of the Asturias has been set free, and Manuel Godoy overthrown. I am one of you now, and the happiness of others must take precedence of mine."

With these words Stéphanie took the arm of Doña Beatrix Nebral, and retired to some distance from the gentlemen with her.

"You have done splendidly," whispered the Chevalier as Stéphanie passed him.

"All the credit is due to my love for you, Gaston."

During this time, Rafael and his friends had resumed their consultation. In a low voice, he explained the plan which he had formed on quitting the Escorial that same morning, immediately after he had learned of the arrest of Don Ferdinand. His proposal was that a thousand valiant and trustworthy men should be recruited in Madrid during the evening in the greatest secrecy, and armed by those who were to select them. This troop, commanded by himself, should be led, in good order, to the Escorial, to demand the deliverance of the prince and the recognition of his rights. Such a manifestation would no doubt be sufficient to impose the will of his subjects upon the King. A call to arms of a larger mass of the people would be made only in the case of the King's resistance.

"Our friends in the provinces must also be informed," added Rafael, "and instructed to hold themselves in readiness. At Cordova, my birthplace, the patriots have brave and resolute leaders, General Lagnardia, José Benillo, the lawyer, the Prior of the Franciscans, Don Francisque. They only await a signal to raise Andalusia. Send messengers to them without delay, Don Antonio. Send them there and elsewhere, and see that they are men of invulnerable fidelity, incapable of betraying the Cause."

He had raised his voice at these last words, and Stéphanie Defodon overheard them. She turned quickly to the Chevalier.

"A good opportunity for us to visit Andalusia," she said. "Would you not be glad to make this journey with me?"

"With you I would go to the end of the world," was the gallant response of the Chevalier.

Stéphanie took him at his word, and addressed Rafael eagerly—

"I claim the honour of bearing your orders to Cordova, Don Rafael. You will be sure of their not being stepped on the way. No one would dream of suspecting a woman of acting as your agent, especially when that woman is a foreigner."

Rafael consulted his friends by a look, and was about to accept the offer of the intrepid Stéphanie with their full assent, when a great clamour arose outside, among the crowd on the Puerta del Sol. At the same time the door of the shop was pushed with violence, and flung wide open, giving ingress to a stream of people.

"Hola! Don Antonio!" they cried. "Take care of yourself. The soldiers are here!"

Rafael understood. He whispered rapidly to Stéphanie—

"Fly from hence, señora, your liberty is in danger. Set out for Cordova. Inform our friends of what is happening. My mother, the Condesa d'Osorio, will put you in communication with them. This jewel will prove

to her that you are sent by me," he added, drawing a ring from his finger. She took the ring, saying—

"Count on us, Don Rafael," and vanished into the workshop, followed by the Chevalier.

She was just in time. Bayonets were shining at the shop door.

CHAPTER II.

A THREAT, A TRICK, AND A TRIUMPH.

DONA BEATRIX NEBRAL was by this time completely worn out by the agonising emotions of the morning, and now sought the solitude and silence of her own rooms, leaving her father to resume his customary occupations. She remained in seclusion all the afternoon, but in the evening she left the house quietly and unattended, having spoken a word in passing to Don Antonio.

"I am going to church, father," she said, "to pray to God for His help. We never needed it more sorely!"

The church was at no great distance. Beatrix had been accustomed from her childhood to go there almost every morning, and often in the evening also. The sacred building was eloquent of the past to her. Her favourite resort was a chapel consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, a dim devotional corner of the edifice, propitious to meditation, and on entering it she experienced the relief of entire freedom and isolation.

A few women were kneeling on the shining marble floor of the chapel; she knelt also, and, like them, was soon absorbed in prayer. Thus she remained for a long time, and when at length she raised her head, only two of the women were still in the chapel. One was near her, the other some way off. Both were crouching rather than kneeling, their arms stretched along their bodies and their hands clasped, in an attitude of fatigue and listlessness that told of a long station at the foot of the altar.

Beatrix turned her head towards the figure nearest to her, rather by an involuntary movement than from curiosity. The head was covered with the invariable mantilla, but through the lace she recognised a face which she had frequently seen in the same spot—a pale face framed in silken fair hair, wearing a severe and even haughty expression, softened, however, by the deep, luminous, sweet eyes. A name sprang to the young widow's lips. It was that of Margarita de Castrogeriz.

These two had met side by side in the House of God times out of number, yet had they never spoken. Although the Conde de Castrogeriz, Margarita's father, was a frequent visitor to the workshop of Don Antonio Borodisti, and prided himself on being one of the Armourer's friends, his daughter, a Maid of Honour to the Queen, occupied a social rank too far above that of Beatrix to admit of association between them.

Beatrix was aware of the devotion of the Doña Margarita to the Prince of the Asturias—that was, indeed, known to all Madrid—and had heard of her departure from the palace after the arrest of the Infante, and her voluntary retirement since that event. Beatrix was reminded of all this by the sight of the pale face, and might perhaps have addressed Doña Margarita on the impulse of the moment, but the latter spoke first.

"I am happy to see you here, Doña Beatrix," she said. "You have come, I think, to pray to God for Don Rafael."

"As you have come, doubtless, to pray for the Prince of the Asturias, Doña Margarita."

The Señorita de Castrogeriz replied by a scornful denial.

"The Prince of the Asturias is no longer worthy of our prayers. I have prayed for Don Rafael, your betrothed, whom Ferdinand has traitorously delivered into the hands of his enemies."

"What are you saying, señorita?" said Beatrix, in horror. "You accuse the Infante?"

"Do you not know, then, that if his partisans have been discovered it is because he has denounced them, buying his own pardon at that infamous price?"

"How should I know this? I hear him accused of so great a crime for the first time!"

"Nobody could accuse him except myself, who was the witness to it, and those who extracted the dastardly denunciation from him, and would be the last to reveal his cowardice. They had promised silence, and, as for me, I have been at death's door since this thing was done. The doctors sent me away from Madrid, to pass the winter in Andalusia. I returned only a few days ago. I have not been able to relate what I know to anybody, and I now seize the chance that has thrown you in my way in order that you may inform and warn Don Rafael."

"But how? How, Doña Margarita? How can I warn him? He is a close prisoner!"

"Yes, and treated more harshly than his accomplices, because more deeply hated than they! Exile was punishment enough for them! Your father was set at liberty; I have been spared. Why is Don Rafael kept in prison? What is he charged with?"

Beatrix held her head up proudly as she answered—
"He is charged with loving me and being loved by me. If he would have renounced me, or I would have renounced him, he would be free."

"Then it must be that he stands in the way of another. Who is this disloyal rival?"

"Juan Morera—a wretch whose Spanish countrymen detest his name; the creature of Manuel Godoy!"

"Juan Morera?"

"Yes, Juan Morera. It is he who has had Rafael imprisoned, in order to force me to marry him. He hopes that I will sacrifice myself to rescue his prey from his clutches."

"But you will not realise that vile hope?"

"Never! Even were Rafael to perish, and I too! I have sworn fidelity to him in life and in death. I will keep my oath!"

"Drive away those dark thoughts, Doña Beatrix. If Heaven aids me, Juan Morera will no more be able to harm you in the future than he has been in the past."

"Do you suppose, then, that he will disarm?"

"No, but he will be disarmed, and that soon, señora, before he can aim any fresh blow at you!"

"Disarmed!"

"Yes; his days are numbered."

"Do you know the secret of his destiny?"

Margarita was now standing upright, and she held out her little hand—so fine, so white, so delicate—to Beatrix.

"This hand that you see will execute the decree of God!" she said, with a kind of fierce exasperation.

"You would dare to kill him?"

"Charlotte Corday dared to kill Marat!"

"But she was condemned and executed!"

"The prospect of such a fate could not stop me. Juan Morera will be punished, because he has offended Heaven; he shall be punished by my hand because he has offended me."

"By what right would you do justice yourself, Doña Margarita?"

"By the right of the offence inflicted on me."

"Heaven forbids us to inflict vengeance."

Doña Margarita touched the young widow's arm with her finger-tips, and said in a cold voice—

"Do not try to rescue this man from his destiny. He is condemned; he will perish."

"Nothing happens but by the will of God," said Beatrix, with a deep sigh.

"We shall meet again soon, señora," was the only reply of Doña Margarita. "Adieu, my sister; pray for me."

She turned away and left the church, followed by her dueña. Beatrix, who was much agitated by this brief interview, remained for some time in the kneeling attitude she had preserved throughout, until she had recovered composure, and then regained the street. She had pulled the hood of her mantle over her head, and wrapped its folds closely around her—for the night air was chilly—and walked on without observing the

passers-by. Thus she did not observe a man who was coming towards her, and stopped suddenly at the moment when the light of a street lamp revealed her to him. He turned after she had passed him and followed her, at first without seeming to wish to approach her, and at a sufficient distance to enable him to remain undetected. But as she turned out of the Calle Mayor into the Puerta del Sol, not far from the Armoury, where the windows were lighted by the fires in the workshop, he came up with her in a few strides and addressed her.

"God keep you, Doña Beatriz!"

Oh, that voice! She shuddered from head to foot at the sound of it.

"Juan Morera!" she said under her breath; then, aloud: "Leave me, señor! There is nothing to be said between us. Leave me at once, or, if you do not, I will call to the passers-by and name you!"

(To be continued.)

INTERVIEW WITH MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

"PERHAPS," said Miss Lamb, "my career has been an encouraging one to young actresses, but one

thing I can truly aver, and that is, success is only obtained by very hard work. I have had little rest since I made my *début* at the Comedy Theatre as a 'super' in *The Red Lamp*."

"I may add," she continued, "that I was very fortunate in my friends. Mr. Millard, who taught me elocution, took unlimited pains with me, and even taught me two years for nothing."

"And how did your first chance of success come to you?"

"That is a difficult question to answer. It was my fate to be often called upon to take parts held by well-known actresses at very short notice. Thus my performance of Miss Marion Terry's part in *The Ballad Monger* introduced me to Mr. Hare's notice, and obtained me an engagement in *The Profligate*. Some time after I was asked to replace Miss Julia Neilson in *The*

Dancing Girl, having never seen her, he it observed, in the part. I worked hard, and in something like thirty-six hours had mastered the rôle. I played *The Dancing Girl* for three weeks, and I think the experience on the whole was beneficial to me."

"I suppose you have never formed part of a real stock company?"

"Indeed, I have!" she answered brightly. "I spent four months with Miss Sarah Thorne, receiving £1 a week salary. She was more than kind to me, as she

always is to all beginners, and when with her I played every kind of rôle from Juliet to Lady Macbeth."

"I suppose you always had a strong leaning to comedy?"

"Well," replied Miss Lamb, "I will tell you the truth about myself. I am a serious actress, with a strong sense

of humour. I have always felt quite sure that my audiences laugh because I say funny things with such a serious face and manner. I myself rarely care to see a large woman playing a wholly humorous part."

"And how do you find your audiences?"

"I think they generally know good work when they see it, and are instinctively aware of what kind of rôle suits an actress best. I myself, in common with most actresses, would rather play before a professional audience than any other, for they note every point and appreciate it as the public can hardly be expected to do. You see, the management of your audience is in itself a great art, especially in these modern days. When I first played comedy parts I found it exceedingly difficult to manage either the applause or the laughs; now, of course, I have



From a Photo]

MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

[by Hana.

become quite an adept at it."

"If it is not an impertinent question, in what way do you think an actress ought to spend her leisure?"

"In any fashion that gives her plenty of fresh air and healthy exercise. I used to ride a great deal, but now I have taken to a bicycle, with the most excellent effect, and I recommend all women who can afford it to indulge in a bike, for it does one an incalculable deal of good. But I confess I should not care for solitary spins; I believe in the formation of bicycling parties and tours."

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE.

BY MRS. B. M. CROKER.

MAJOR BLEWE, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, hated all manner of men and loved all blends of whisky; the result of this idiosyncrasy was that, after suffering many things from him for many years, the officers of the South Nellore Regiment revolted *en masse*. Endurance has its limits. If a comrade is a smart soldier and a good fellow, much is overlooked; but Major Blewe was neither, and, after an outrageous scene at an inspection dinner, he received a strong official hint to go.

He left, with a substantial pension. He was not "broke"—and he carried away with him the detestation of a large body of men, an unparalleled grievance, and a deathless thirst for strong waters. The Major did not return to his native land, but settled down on a hill station in Madras—whether it was on the Nilgherries, the Pulneys, the Shevaroyes, or elsewhere, is immaterial. Suffice it to say that he rented a four-roomed bungalow near a large station. It was cheap, it was small, out of the way, and solitary—standing on a bare hillside, almost surrounded and concealed by rows of funereal pines, and known by the name of "Jack Straw's Castle." Here Major Blewe took up his abode, and made, as was his custom, life a purgatory to his miserable retainers. He had joined the Service in the days when cursing and beating one's servants was a fashionable and laudable action, and he prided himself that he was conservative, had never discarded old habits, and that every domestic in his employment had been conscientiously and soundly thrashed. He failed, however, to mention the one grand occasion on which, having dragged an able-bodied Chokra into his bath-room—there to belabour him privately and at ease—that too vigorous young man had administered to his employer such a drubbing that he was unable to leave his bed for weeks, and meanwhile the delinquent had decamped with the major's gold watch, silver spoons, and his pet cane!

This had *not* been a lesson, and was an old story now. Major Blewe was a notoriously bad master; his name was well noted in various bazaars. Why, then, did Hassan, his butler, and Ahmed, his cook (brothers), remain with him year after year? It was true that the wages were considerable, but what wages can repay a man for blows, kicks, curses, and insults? Major Blewe had the gift of tongues, and his invectives were as glib and as coarse as those of any old Tamil grass-cutter. The water-man and Dhoby had a better time than the indoor domestics, not being so constantly *en evidence*, but no horsekeeper born of woman would remain two days, and the major kept no pony—fortunately for that quadruped.

He invariably began the day with a hoarse, savage roar when his early morning peg was first introduced to him. As the hours went by these roars increased and multiplied, accompanied by kicks and blows. Attendance on him was almost as dangerous as waiting on a wild beast. In fact, he was worse than some, for he threw bottles with a deadly aim—also lamps, and scalding water. Rash, indeed, the bill collector who ventured within his reach. To be brief, Major Blewe was a degraded old savage, and yet some people declared "that he could be a gentleman when he chose." Now and then he appeared in the local reading-room and at church—red-faced, beetle-browed, blustering—but clothed, not to say dressed, and dapper, and in his right mind. But what about those other—alas! too frequent—occasions when he was to be met, singing and staggering along the high-road, with the top button of his coat fastened in the lowest button-hole of the said garment, and a guilty black bottle protruding from his pocket?

He had no occupation; he made no attempt at gardening, beyond cultivating some red chilis; and his reading was confined to the *Madras Mail*, which often accumulated unopened for weeks. He spent his days in swallowing strong pegs, smoking rank "Trichys," and harrying his staff by night and day. Foolhardy, indeed, the man who dared to call his soul his own!

The owner of Jack Straw's Castle was a slender, narrow-chested Eurasian, named Ezra Pedro. He collected his rents monthly, and in person. Occasionally he arrived at Major Blewe's at some desperate domestic crisis; and once, when he found his tenant tearing off the butler's turban and coat, he ventured to expostulate, and privately asked the major "if he was not afraid of appearing before the cantonment magistrate—not afraid of law proceedings?"

"Law action? I'd like to see them try to bully old Joe Blewe! I am in my own house, where I do as I please! My house is my castle—Joe Blewe's Castle!"

"If I were you, my honoured sir, I would send away your cook and butler, and the water-man. I have heard things"—lowering his voice—"in the bazaar—hints, whispers—"

"That they rob me? Of course they do!"

"If I may humbly venture to suggest, I would counsel more gentle and polite treatment, honourable sir; and I implore you to get rid of your present servants at once. You may be sorry if you keep them—and—so may I. I do not wish to lose an excellent tenant, now you have been here thirteen years."

"Who the devil said I was going to leave?" bawled the major. "Wait till I give you notice! Keep your opinions to yourself, you snivelling, meddling, pudding-faced black brute! Here! get out of the place at once, or I'll help you!"

And poor, timid, well-meaning Mr. Ezra Pedro was fain to retire with undignified celerity.

After a short time, there were whispers and vague rumours that Major Blewe—Blue Devil, as he was called—had been worse than usual with respect to violence, language, and liquor. He had broken the water-man's head, kicked the cook's wife's mother, and drowned the butler's beloved and only dog. Of late, he had not been encountered slanting about the highways, and his absence was a relief; nor had he appeared in church or reading-room. The individual most interested in his welfare was his landlord, who arrived punctually on the first day of the month, receipt in hand.

He rapped timidly—no answer. Then he hammered boldly. After all, there was a month's rent due, and it was *his* house. Still dead silence. He called to a passing acquaintance, and together they peeped around, listened, whispered, wondered, and finally climbed in through an ill-secured window.

The bungalow proved to be as neat as a new pin, and in apple-pie order (it was let furnished, as are all hill houses). The major's bedroom was beautifully tidy; long double rows of empty bottles stood as if "dressed" on parade; his clothes were folded up, his topee and cap hung below his sword-scarbald; his shaving apparatus (razor included) was arranged in tempting order; and a clock was briskly ticking on the chimney-piece. The tiny sitting-room was chiefly filled by a long chair, a teapoy, pipes, and peg tumblers. It was vacant. The little dining-room—ah! here was a good sign. The cloth was laid in preparation for a meal. There were appointments for two, a cruet-stand and well-filled decanter were set by the major's seat, and a good-sized covered dish was placed before it. The flies were swarming around this, and some rash impulse of curiosity tempted Pedro to raise the electro-plated lid. He gave a shrill, wild scream as he let it fall with a frightful clang; for, grinning at him, on the dish, was Major Blewe's head!

The landlord and his companion tore out of the bungalow, and, in the language of old story-books, they ran, and they ran, and they ran. They ultimately brought the police, and a vast and excited crowd, to inspect that ghastly dinner-table. The police looked wise—as usual—asked questions, examined the premises, and made copious entries. But from that day to this—a matter of thirty years and more—no trace has ever been found of Major Blewe's servants, or of Major Blewe's body.

Jack Straw's Castle was to let, a bargain, for many seasons; and for many seasons it "has stood, a roofless ruin."

POETIC JUSTICE.



FRED MILLER

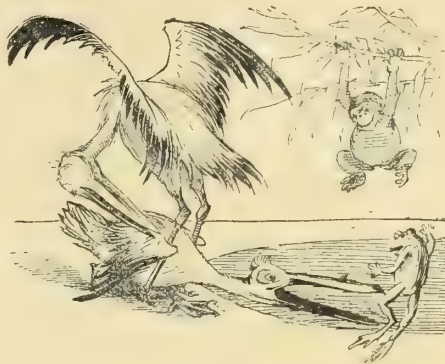
The Ape, in a fit of good humour, puts the Pelican up to a good thing, in which the Frog is to share.



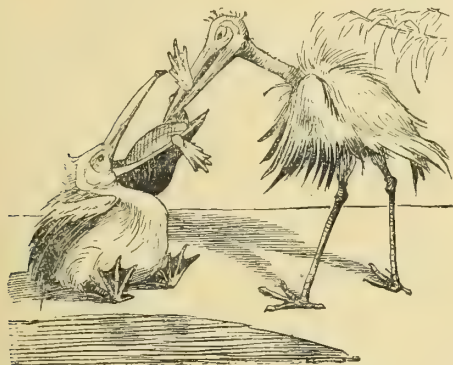
Pulls Frog out of Pelican's mouth, to both their discomfiture, and delight of Frog.



The Pelican finds it more than a *bonne bouche*.



Not to be done, Pelican goes for Frog, and knocks over Stork.



While attempting to get outside Frog, the Stork comes along, and—



Then the two become friends, and go for Ape, who gets a ducking and a drubbing.

[By Fred. Miller.

STEALING TENNYSON'S BLACKBERRIES.

THE day before I had gone with a young lady of fourteen summers to pick blackberries for tea, and coming to a field, surrounded by a hedge, we saw illimitable blackberries glittering in the setting sunlight, and longed to enter. Finding a gap filled by a dead thornbush, I removed the latter, and, going in, we soon picked a quantity of the fruit. On leaving we were met by the farmer, who charged us with trespassing; finally, we pacified him by a shilling. Next day, while I walked on the downs, with Tennyson, I pointed to a field below, and said, "I went into that field yesterday to pick your blackberries, and the farmer caught us and made me pay a shilling for trespassing." And he gravely replied, though evidently delighted, "Served you right. What business had you to come over my hedge into my field to steal my blackberries?" "Mea culpa," I answered. "Mea maxima culpa." "Mr. Leland," pursued Tennyson, "you have no idea how tourists trespass here to get at me. They climb over my gates and look in at my windows. It is a fact, one did so only last week. But I declare you are the very first poet and man of letters who ever came here to steal blackberries!" Here he paused, and added forcibly, "I do believe you are a gipsy, after all."

HOW A PERSIAN SPENDS HIS DAY.

THE usual way in which a Persian of the upper classes spends his day is as follows:—He rises early, often before sunrise (which, indeed, he must do, if pious, for the morning prayer), and, after drinking a glass or two of tea, without milk, and smoking a kalyan, sets about the business of the day, whatever it may be. About noon, or a little earlier, he has his breakfast, which differs only slightly from his supper as regards its material. After this, especially if it be summer, he lies down and sleeps until about three p.m. From this time till sunset is the time for paying calls, so he either goes out to see a friend, or else remains at home to receive visitors. In either case, tea and kalyans constitute an important feature of the afternoon's entertainment. Casual visitors do not generally remain long after sunset, and on their departure the evening is quietly passed at home till the time for supper and bed arrives. In the case of Government employés, shopkeepers, and others, a considerable portion of the time may have to be spent in business, but in some cases this rarely lasts after four or five p.m. Calls may also be paid in the early morning, before the day's work commences.

THE IDLER

FOR

MARCH

Contains a strikingly written and beautifully illustrated article on Mr. Wilson Barrett's great play, "The Sign of the Cross," together with interviews with all the leading performers. The *Idler* also contains a very fully illustrated article on the great explorer, Dr. Nansen, and gives many interesting details, never before published, about the preparations for his last expedition. The report that Nansen has discovered the North Pole makes this article all the more interesting and timely.

The *Idler* for March is now on Sale.

TICKED OFF.



DR. CARDIAC: "This man has the most distinct and peculiar heart-beat I have ever noted."

Tom Seton (the subject): "Hit her a little up, Doc., I've jest wound my Atterbury watch."

TO-DAY.

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To-Day

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BEL'S LETTER.

BY
JOHN OXENHAM.

Illustrated by E. EVELYN.

If it had not been for Maximilian, Bel would have been very lonely at times. Of necessity she was a good deal left to herself, for her father and mother were not very well off, and her mother did most of the housework her-

siderably, toddling after the little mother, hanging on to her skirts, fussing around with a duster, and holding one corner of the sheets when she made the beds. And wherever Bel went, Maximilian went. But often and often her mother had to say to her, "Now, Bel, run into the garden and help father," just to get rid of the help which hindered, without wounding the sensitive baby feelings.

Then Bel would say, "Iss, Bel help farver! Tum, Maximilium!" and the two would trot off into the garden and 'help farver' until he was nearly out of his mind



THE TWO WOULD TROT OFF INTO THE GARDEN.

self. Bel could not help much in that, for she was only three years old.

Bel herself, however, thought she helped very con-

Maximilian was a long-haired puppy. He had very wise and wistful eyes. He wore one ear always drooping down, and the other always cocked straight up, all



BEL'S FATHER TURNED UP THE SPOT, BUT FOUND NO LETTER.

but the tip, which hung down, and this gave him a quaint air of dejected hopefulness, as of one who had seen much trouble and yet retained a modicum of faith in humanity, and strove, in spite of all, to look on the bright side of things.

Bel's father was a writer, and was going to be an author of repute some day. At present, however, he was merely a writer. He stuck to his desk all the morning, and often late into the night, but in the afternoons he worked hard in his garden, which was a large one compared with the cottage, which was a small one, though cosy withal.

If the editors and publishers had accepted, and printed, and paid for, one-half of what Bel's father wrote, he would have been a rich man. As it was, he was not well off, and so he spent his afternoons in the garden, because he found the sweat of his brow a good counter-irritant to the sweat of his brain, and because it is good for a man to give his brain a rest sometimes, and to use his hands instead; and because a man cannot live by writing alone—that is, not at first—and, again, because the fruits and vegetables he raised were distinct factors in the domestic economy of the household.

He had developed a really fine talent in beans of all kinds; potatoes and cabbages he knocked off with a facility that surprised even himself; while in his higher moments he had even attempted mushrooms and melons with the most brilliant results. His wife said they were perfectly lovely. She said the same of most of the things he wrote.

Bel's father, as I say, wrote a great deal, and he sent what he wrote to a great many editors. But most of them politely returned his writings, not because they were not good—Bel's father and mother knew they were good, for they, at all events, had read them, and so were able to judge—but because Bel's father was as yet unknown to fame. So rolls of manuscript were constantly travelling to and fro. As soon as one editor returned a story or an article, Bel's father clothed it in a nice new wrapper and sent it off to another editor, always with the hope that in time it would find its proper place, and form one peg in the ladder by which he was to climb to fame and fortune, so that Bel's mother could have

someone to help her in her housework, and so that he himself could have someone to grow his potatoes and cabbages for him, although (though he did not know it) none would ever taste so sweet as those he grew now.

One day Bel's father had gone to the village to despatch a flying squadron of his nice white rolls, and Bel's mother had sent Bel and Maximilian to work off their superfluous energy in the garden.

It was a very hot day. The postman, white with dust, came tramping along the road from the next village. He saw Bel in the garden, and handed her a letter over the gate, to save himself coming in.

"Give that to your daddie, little woman."

"Iss!" said Bel with a grave nod, and grabbed the letter in her pudgy hand, while Maximilian, squatting on the walk, surrendered his countenance to melancholy by drooping out his tongue.

Then Bel went on with her gardening operations, transferring the letter from place to place, and laying it on the ground by her side, while she worked hard planting pebbles in holes.

Then an idea struck her—a brilliant idea. She had seen her father plant potatoes, cutting them up and putting a little piece in each hole. She would plant "farver's" letter, and then it would grow, and he would have lots of letters. So she set to work and carefully tore the letter in pieces, dug neat little holes in various parts of the garden, and proceeded gravely to plant a piece of letter in each hole—and Maximilian of the melancholy countenance looked on dubiously. In the whole of his experience he had never seen letters treated in this way before.

Bel's father met the postman on his way home, and learned that there was a letter waiting for him at the house.

When he got home he asked for it, but Bel's mother had not seen it, and careful search failed to discover it. At length Bel's conscience moved her to speech.

"Bel dot farver's letter."

"Where is it, dear? You should have brought it to mother at once."

"Bel planted it."

"Planted it?" echoed both. "Planted it? Where, dear?"

"In darden."

"Show father."

Bel was quite ready, and led the way to the potato patch, marched straight to a certain spot, and said, with an emphatic stamp, "Here!"

Bel's father turned up the soil, but found no letter, and Maximilian looked on lugubriously.

"You must have made a mistake, dear."

Bel led the procession to the other end of the garden, and said, with another emphatic stamp, "Here!"

Again the soil was turned up, but yielded no treasure. Bel's father began to get angry. Bel's mouth drooped. She began to cry, and Maximilian drooped at every point. Search as they might, no trace of the letter could be found. Night was falling; it was long past Bel's bedtime, and, pale and tired and tearful, she was at last being carried off to bed, when Maximilian of the rueful countenance suddenly appeared with a piece of white paper in his soil-stained mouth.

Bel's father sprang upon it. It was a bit of the letter, and this is what he read on it—

"... now make ... following offer ... I'll print the ... an early issue of ... accept the offer ... from you ... at once ..."

That was all. But it was more than enough. It showed the importance of the letter, and made Bel's father want to tear his hair. Here was his chance, and it looked like slipping past through Bel's stupid act. He could not help showing how put out he was, and he would not give Bel her good-night kiss.

"Bel was a very naughty girl," he said, and Bel went away weeping.

He tried to induce Maximilian to go and root up some more letters, but Maximilian was satisfied with his literary labours for one day, and retired despondently

Bel's father sat and smoked, and felt as if his little daughter had used him badly.

After supper, when Bel's father went out on to the verandah for a last breath of air, away down the garden he heard Maximilian's sharp bark. He barked again—and again.

"What's taken the dog?" said Bel's father crossly.

"He's perhaps found the letter," said Bel's mother, for she felt just a little sore at her husband's treatment of his little daughter. Maximilian continued barking, and Bel's father strolled down the garden to see what was the matter with him. In the potato patch he saw a little white figure on its knees, scratching up the mould and groping; groping with baby fingers. He sprang forward with an exclamation, and snatched up Baby Bel, her little bare feet and white nightgown all stained with earth.

"Oh, Bel, Bel, what are you doing here?"

"Bel find farver's letter, then farver tiss Bel."

He ran with her into the house, and handed her over to the amazed mother, kissing her again and again.

They bathed her in hot water, and rubbed and chafed the little feet and hands, and got her into her bed again. But in the middle of the night they were awakened with a start, both at the same moment, by a hoarse croak from Bel's little bed.

"Oh, the doctor, quick! It is croup," cried the mother, and Bel's father hastily flung on some things and ran as he had not run for years, for he was running for life, and his heart was sick and heavy because he had refused to kiss Baby Bel good-night.

Bel's father will not forget that night. His thoughts are not to be put into words. He positively dragged the little doctor by main force out of his bed and along the road, and deposited him by Bel's bedside. And the doctor, panting and all broken up with such an



THEY BATHED HER IN HOT WATER.

to his mistress's bedside, where he licked the tears off the baby cheeks till she fell asleep.

"I fear she will have a bad night," said her mother, when she came downstairs, "she seems feverish and restless. I wish that letter had never come"

wanted exertion, was grateful, for a few minutes later his coming would have been useless.

Baby Bel was moaning and croaking still, with an occasional gasping invocation to Maximilian to "find farver's letter." However, the doctor was in time, and

he soon reduced Baby Bel's breathing to something like its normal state, but she still rambled on about "farver's letter," and she would keep trying to get out of bed to go and look for it.

"You must quiet her somehow," said the doctor, and Bel's father quietly left the room. He came back with a letter, and put it into Bel's hand, and gave her a hearty kiss, and said, "Here's father's letter, Bel," and Baby Bel grasped it eagerly, and gave a sigh of content, and sank back and went to sleep with it in her hand.

It was a weak, white, washed-out Baby Bel that lay in her mother's bed in the morning; but it was a live Baby Bel, and her father and mother were grateful, and the dishevelled little doctor was happy.

Bel's father never said another word to her about the letter, though, of course, he worried about it. It was from some publisher or editor, making an offer for one of his stories. And as he could not answer it, the writer would set him down as a discourteous boor, and

would simply return the story. It was tantalising enough, but Baby Bel was still with them, and that was something to be thankful for.

But ten days later, when Bel was quite well again and dancing about, attended by Maximilian, "helping farver and muvver" with all her accustomed vivacity, there came this letter to Bel's father, and this time he secured it himself:—

"Dear Sir,—Our former letter *re* your story having remained unanswered, we understand that you decline the offer we then made you. We had intended returning you the MS., but, on the urgent representation of our reader, who is much impressed by the story, we now increase our offer for same (serial rights only) to £30, which is the utmost we can give. We would like to hear from you *at once* if you accept our offer.—Yours truly,

So Bel's planting after all bore fruit.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

BY BARRY PAIN.

My eyes are very blue, my complexion is very fresh, my fair moustache and hair are adorable, my clothes are entirely new, and all this season's goods. But I am not happy.

I am a tailor's dummy, and I am not happy, though I am undoubtedly handsome. Is it pleasant for one who, like myself, is of a reserved and retiring nature, to stand in a shop window and be stared at by a crowd of passers-by, many of them persons of defective education, low parentage, and abominable manners? They do not only stare at me, they make remarks, personal and objectionable remarks, intended to be funny. I need hardly say that I take no notice whatever; there is nothing in my face, not even the movement of an eyelash, to show that I have overheard them. But it is unpleasant. It is unpleasant, too, to wear a large label round one's neck, inscribed, "Our 45s. suit defies the world." It is unpleasant to have absolutely no society except that of the other dummy, a boy in a sailor-suit, marked "Very gentlemanly," with occasional visits from the shop-assistant, who acts as my valet.

But if this were all, I could bear it. I am strongly made, and I am patient. However, this is not all. I love, and entirely without hope.

The shop opposite, on the other side of the street, is a ladies' hairdresser's. In that window lives Evangeline. I do not know if that is her name, but I love her and like to think of her as Evangeline. She is a barber's dummy. Her complexion is even more exquisite than mine; her smile is ravishing; her teeth are pearly; her beautiful eyes are turned away from the vulgar crowd that stares in at her; her hair is miraculous. Almost every day her hair is done in a different manner, and it always suits her. She wears lace round her neck, and she wears nothing else. But that is because she has nothing else to wear anything on. She has only that head and neck—nothing more. The dummy-boy in the sailor-suit says that she ought to be labelled, "To be continued in our next." And that is the boy whom my proprietors think it right to mark, "Very gentlemanly!" Comment is superfluous. I threatened to fall on him and crush him, and he retorted that I needn't get waxy. How can I help being waxy? I am made that way.

As I have said, my love is hopeless. I cannot leave my shop-window, and she cannot leave hers; this prevents our meeting. She is so near, and yet so far. For years she has been on one side of the street, and I on the other; inevitable cabs and inexorable omnibuses roll between us. Often I cannot even see her face. I do not know if she has read in my eyes the passion with which I adore her. But I think it improbable.

Suppose that these barriers could be removed, suppose I could hold that lovely head pressed close against my white india-rubber shirt-collar, and fling one arm around the place where her waist would be if she had any waist—even then I know that I could never win her love. Why? Because she has no heart. How do I know she has no heart? Because she has absolutely nowhere to put it. One does not wear one's heart on one's coat-sleeve; it is equally true that one does not wear it in one's head or neck. The boy in the sailor-suit has suggested that perhaps her heart is kept in the back-shop, like fish in the hot weather. But that is no consolation—if her heart has passed out of her own keeping, it is in vain for me to sue for it. And further, I do not believe the suggestion. She is heartless, cold, unyielding. The one thing which makes me think she could ever melt is the care they take not to stand her in the sun.

To go on loving, without hope, and with the object of one's adoration daily before one's eyes—it is enough to drive one to suicide. I have thought of that. I have thought that one night I would fall over and break my beautiful waxen nose. Of what use is it to me to have a beautiful nose, if it can never win her love? But even then there would be no release—they would send me away and have me repaired. I should come back to see once more that mocking smile, that beautifully waved hair.

Sometimes I think my own horse-hair heart will break.

A BREATH OF SPRING.

THERE stole into my room to-day
A little breath of spring,
A premonition of the May
And sweets that May will bring.

It was a burst of woman's song,
Eight little blithesome bars—
A song that speeds the world along
Its pathway in the stars.

It bade my heart be brave and gay,
It made my soul serene;
It spurred me on by labour's way—
This spring song by my queen.

"TROUBLED with insomnia, are you?" said Dr. Paresis, after listening to his patient's tale of woe. "Tried all the usual remedies, have you? Well, now, suppose you try to read 'The Impressions of a Bohemian.' It's a new book, just out. I tried to read it last night, and was asleep in three minutes."

"Sir!" replied the patient, with freezing dignity; "I am the author of that book, and I have the honour to wish you a very good evening!"

THE NEW HUNGARIAN PRIMA DONNA AT THE SAVOY.

MADAME PALMAY IN "THE GRAND DUKE."

ILKA VON PALMAY, Countess Kinsky, has come, has been seen, and has conquered. In her rôle in the new comic opera, at the Savoy Theatre, she has made such a hit that theatrical London is asking, "Who is she? and whence does she come?" Being a compatriot of hers, I can easily answer these questions.

Ilka Palmay is well known on the continental stage, and is fairly worshipped in her native country, where she is the brightest star in the comic opera firmament. She comes of a good Hungarian family, and is a typical Magyar. Very early in life she exhibited an intense love of acting, and, despite the protests of her friends, went on the stage at the age of sixteen. Her success was immediate and complete. This is not to be so much wondered at when it is remembered that she has all the requirements for histrionic success—a beautiful face, a fine figure, native talent, a charming voice, and great dramatic force. Having won the hearts of her own countrymen, Madame Palmay essayed her fortune on the German stage. Here her success was also great and lasting. Her next step was to come to England, and those who saw and heard her in

The Birdcatcher at Drury Lane last summer will not be surprised at the success she has achieved at the Savoy. Among the leading parts played by Countess Kinsky are those of Yum Yum in *The Mikado*, the chief rôle in *Patience*, and in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. She is therefore by no means unfamiliar with the works of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. She has also played the chief parts in *Nitouche*, *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, and in most of Offenbach's operas.

Personally, Madame von Palmay is exceedingly kind and good-hearted. Indeed, it is hard to say which she is most liked for in Hungary—her clever acting or her good nature. She is kind to beginners, and generous to the poor; and many are the tales told of her good

deeds and charities to all sorts and conditions of people. After her appearance at Drury Lane she was offered, and accepted, a three years' engagement at the Savoy. Although very pleased with England and the English people, she knew but little of the English tongue; she withdrew to her husband's estate in Hungary to study

the language, to rest, and to prepare herself for her forthcoming work in London. Her husband, Count Kinsky, is a relation of the Count of that ilk so well known in this country as a race-horse owner, and is himself a keen lover of sport. The Countess shares her husband's love of dogs and horses. Though very fond of riding, she does not disdain the homely bicycle. But space would fail me to tell of all her doings in the land of her birth, and I must pass on to her rôle on the Savoy stage. There is no need in an article of this kind to devote space to the plot. I have to deal with the principal lady.

The palm of merit among the lady artistes must certainly be awarded to the newcomer, Madame Palmay, whose very unfamiliarity with the English tongue is turned to humorous account. She represents Miss Julia Jelli-

coe, an English comedienne, in the Speisesaal Company. As the other artistes, despite their fluent English, are supposed to be German, Madame's pretty accent and occasional difficulties of pronunciation of what is supposed to be her native tongue are exceedingly quaint and productive of much fun. But it is in her scenes with her former and latter lovers that Mme. Palmay's gifts are seen. Her witchery, archness, coquetry, winsomeness, and knowledge of stage technique are simply masterly, and she does not appear to act—she seems to live the part. In the second act, when the spouse of the reigning Duke, she shows her husband her idea of how she would like to play the rôle of Grand Duchess. Her imitation of the varying passions of love, jealousy, hatred



revenge, and remorse are simply thrilling, so vivid, so realistic, so artistically conceived and executed are they. The *scena* culminates in a fit of mock-madness, which was one of the cleverest bits of acting I have ever seen, and which aroused on Saturday night a perfect storm of applause. Of course, a great deal of the success of the Countess is due to her beautiful voice and her exquisite singing. Pure, rich, full, and melodious it is; strong, yet ever sweet; powerful, but tender; even her slight accent could not detract from the charm of it. As its sweet, full tone rang through the house, and as I saw every face of that packed audience intently gazing on the singer, drinking in the music of her voice, I felt proud of her, and proud of our common country. Truly, Art is international, and beautiful music beautifully rendered is a touchstone that sets all hearts—English and Hungarian—ringing in response.

And now let me say what I think of the music. All Magyars are musicians born, and I have heard most of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas. The only fault I can think of is that it is like his previous operas. And yet, as they were masterly and popular, this very blame partakes of the nature of praise. Scholarly and workman-like is Sir Arthur's music; always appropriate, never slovenly, frequently humorous. Is not the composer of the Savoy operas the very king of humorous instrumentation? Not a point of the libretto is missed; words and music fit each other like hand and glove; they seem like a happy, well-matched couple—each imperfect without the other, and each the complement of the other. This, perhaps, accounts for the occasional feeling of sameness, as if one had heard the score before. But the opera is full of pretty songs, quaint refrains, harmonious glees, and stirring choruses. And here, lest I forget it, let me speak a word of praise for the excellent singing and intelligent acting of the chorus. Not a slip was made, nor a beat lost; all went the first night as merry as a marriage bell. This highly-trained chorus is one of the distinctive features of the Savoy Theatre, and great praise is due to the management and all concerned. The orchestra, too, is just as near perfection as it well could be—despite a little trick some of the members have of talking when they have nothing better to do. Perhaps some of the best things in

the score are the opening chorus of the second act, with mock-Greek refrain, the herald's song, the mock-tragic *scena* already referred to, the chamberlain's march, the sneezing song, the ailment song, with realistic accompaniment, the roulette song and chorus, and the reception chorus in the second act, with the can-can-like movement. But where all is so good it would be invidious to make further selections. Sir Arthur Sullivan has scored another success with his tuneful, melodic, appropriate music; and once again the merits of the happy triumvirate of the Savoy have been exemplified.

When I went behind the scenes to get more details for To-DAY, Madame von Palmay had just received numberless telegrams from members of the Hungarian nobility, and, amongst others, an offer of 2,000 florins to appear at a few concerts during one of her holiday months—either August or September. Madame von Palmay told me she is most proud and happy to gain success with the cold, conservative English people, for although she is a foreigner she is very fond of England. No success in any other foreign State has made her so proud, and she will do her best and try to improve her accent as time goes on.

On Tuesday morning, the British papers having reached Hungary, and news of the success of Countess Kinsky having been received in her native land, numbers of congratulatory telegrams from the leading artistes, literary men, and the press in Budapest, were received by her. But, pleasant as were these congratulations, they were exceeded, so the Countess told me, by the pleasure of knowing that she had succeeded in pleasing the critical, fastidious British public, and overcoming their native dislike of foreigners. Her accent will—nay, shall—improve. She only wants a little patience. There will soon be nothing to complain of on that head. She tells me she is very fond of England, and is charmed with her fellow artistes. In conclusion, I can only hope that Madame Ilka von Palmay will, by her vivacious acting, her beautiful singing, and her charming personality, favourably impress English people, and show them that something good besides flour and hides can come from Hungary.

K. G.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I DUNNO 'ow it is, but ricin' in any shipe or form is a thing as I've alwise bin a bit gone on. I mind once when I were a boy, I gort inter a bit o' trouble thet wye. I'd bin sent art with a jug fur the supper-beer, and I 'appened on a boy by the nime of Willyim Walker, as were never no good at nutthink. "U'lo, Willyim," says I, "I'll give yer a yawd stawt and rice yer tu the end o' the street fur tupp'unce." I 'adn't gort no bloomin' tupp'unce, barrin' whort I 'ad give me fur the beer, but I didn't tike much accarnt o' thet, because I knowed as I cud run Willyim's 'ead off any dye o' the week. Well, Willyim was on, and we gort another boy ter stawt us. Yer wouldn't believe it, I 'adn't 'awdly gort off afore I slipped up and came darn 'eavy on the kerb. I broke thet jug, and pretty nigh bust my crust. So I said as it were no rice. "Ho, yus," says Willyim, "nobody awst yer tu fall. Feer plye, and pye up." The other boy 'e said the sime thing. If it 'ad on'y bin Willyim I might 'ave argied it art, but the other boy were bigger nor me. Besides, Willyim 'ad promised 'im a penny art o' the tupp'unce. So I guv in. I was barnd ter git strap when I gort 'ome fur breakin' the jug, and the little extry fur the missin' tupp'unce didn't sim

nutthink. So 'ome I went, and strap was whort I gort too. But, blimey, thet didn't knock it art o' me. I dessay it were in the blood, my fawther bein' pawshul ter ricin' afore me. I don't rice myself nar-a-dyes, my figger not bein' whort it was, but I tikes whort the noos-pipers wud call a hintelligent hinterest in it. Thet is ter sye that when I knows of a good thing, and feels as it really is a good thing, and 'as a spare 'alf-dollar by me, I planks it on. 'Orse-ricin', dog-ricin', boat-ricin', any kind o' ricin' 'as its chawm. I 'ave knowed a bit o' 'bus-ricin', too; but that ain't the thing ter do, with all them coppers so 'andy with their note-books, though I dunno as it ain't better nor 'avin' your 'bus nussed by a bloomin' pirit hall the wye darn the road.

But as fur the boat-rice whort's comin' on, it's alwise bin a rum thing ter my mind the wye the public goes fur it. Tike an or'nary crard at a rice-meetin', and you'll find as most of 'em knows sutthink, or thinks they knows sutthink. But the crard at the Hoxfud and Kimebridge boat-rice mostly knows no more abart rowin' nor my 'at; nor there ain't goin' ter be a shillin' chynge 'ands when the rice is over, neither. They ain't theer so much fur the sike o' the rice as fur the sike o' bein' theer—that's the wye as I eggsplines it, if you kin call it a eggsplernition. No, I shawnt be theer myself this year, owin' ter succumstances, but I'd be theer if I cud. As it is, I'm tikin' of a hintelligent hinterest in it, and I've backed the right colour, too. Put yer money on the sime, and yer won't lose it.

MR. G. B. BURGINS' NEW BOOK.*

IN "The Judge of the Four Corners" Mr. G. B. Burgin once more displays his liking for a homely, sentimental story, relieved by the occasional introduction of humorous scenes. The prologue of the book takes us to Four Corners, a little Canadian village, the time being about sixty years ago. The author evidently knows his ground thoroughly; the descriptions of the scenery are undoubtedly accurate, and serve to make the story additionally lifelike and interesting.

With regard to the plot, the principal motive consists in the love of two men for one woman, the novelty of the situation being that the two men are not rivals, in the ordinary sense of the word. By profession they are loafers—men who have apparently made enough money to satisfy their simple wants, and who are content to while away their time in the easiest possible manner. They are known in the village by the names of "Old Man" and "Ikey," and the lady who receives their united affection is a Miss Wilks, a buxom and vigorous woman of uncertain years and temper. It is not until we get to the last chapter in the book that the outcome of this novel situation is reached. This chapter is the best thing Mr. Burgin has ever done. The pathos is strong, because it is simple. The humour tells, because it is unforced. The title of this chapter is "David and Jonathan," and it opens as follows:—

Three months later, Ikey and Old Man sat in their cabin eating the last evening meal which they were destined to share together for some time. Ikey had made superhuman efforts to do justice to the occasion; but it was evident that his soul was not in the work, for he allowed the meat to burn; and the coffee—on the perfection of which he was wont to pride himself—was so weak that Old Man had to reverse their usual rôles, and attend to the making of it himself.

"If you think, Ikey, 'cause you're goin' to git married to-morrow, as I'm to put up with this yer sort of thing, you're mistaken," he said blandly. "Arter bringin' you up all these years, I don't want to have my spirit broke by bad food. You jest sit down an' wade in for all you're worth. Most likely it's the last meal you'll ever eat in peace an' quietness this side of the grave; don't throw away such a chance, or you'll sit on the ash-barrel of affliction an' be sorry for it."

Ikey grinned sheepishly. All his gibes about matrimony were steadily recoiling on his own devoted head.

Old Man made some fresh coffee. "Thar, that ain't hog-wash. Now give me that steak. I'll show you how to cook."

Ikey handed him the meat in silence.

"You can't give your mind to it—that's what's the matter with you," declared Old Man. "I knew what 'twould be when you took to sweepin' out the place every day, an' layin' in all that soap. You're transmogrifyin' yourself, Ikey—that's what you're doin'; an' it won't wash. You ain't bin partik'larly fond of washin' yourself ever since I've known you, and you never will be."

Ikey sheepishly held out his plate for more food. He found it easier to make a pretence of eating than to talk.

And so it happens that Old Man sacrifices himself for his friend, but it is not until the last moment that Ikey realises that this will entail Old Man's departure from the little hut they have shared so many years. When Old Man announces his intention of going away, Ikey almost wants to break off his engagement to Miss Wilks and come too. He tells Old Man this:

"I've bin a-lookin' arter you an' takin' care of you all my life. You'd be lost 'thout me, precious quick. I'll jest go an' saddle my old mare, an' we'll git away cumferably afore mornin'."

The stupendous nature of Ikey's delusion that Old Man was a helpless infant, who required incessant watchfulness to prevent his devious feet from straying, so completely nonplussed Old Man that he allowed Ikey to move towards the door with the avowed intention of saddling his own mare. Then he reached out a long arm, caught Ikey by the collar of his coat, and replaced him on the stool. "D'you think?" he inquired—"D'you think if you was under the yearth or in the heavens above the yearth, or in the air atween the heavens an' the yearth, as you could hide your

trail from her? Brace up, Ikey! Brace up! You might travel to the Great Lone Lands, an' she'd be be thar, sittin' on a stump, waitin' for you; you might git a month's start for California, an' she'd be the first person to meet you when you got thar. She's a wonderful woman, Ikey; you orter be proud of her—dum proud."

He flung his arm round Ikey's neck in a careless, haphazard kind of way. Ikey gripped and held it hard.

"When you've quite done pawin' me about," Old Man presently resumed, in his customary cheerful manner—"When you've quite done makin' a partik'ler fool of yourself, Mr. Isaac Marston, I'll trouble you to have the kindness to bring round that thar mule, an' help me load up. I'll be back agin in a year or two."

Without a word, Ikey walked, as if in a dream, towards the door, went round to the shanty at the back, and presently returned with the mule.

Old Man sprang lightly into the saddle. "You pesky idegot, what are you a-howlin' about?" he asked, affecting to busy himself with the reins.

Ikey suddenly reached up, caught Old Man in his arms, and gave him a convulsive hug.

The mule slowly started off as if reluctant to depart.

Ikey stood staring blindly after Old Man's retreating form as long as it was in sight; then went back to the hut and sat down by his desolate hearth. The night was very grey.

Apart from the main story, there are several other smaller plots which serve to strengthen the leading theme. Mr. Burgin writes easily and gracefully. He knows how to keep one's interest alive from the opening to the final chapter, and yet his story unfolds itself perfectly naturally. The result is a pleasant and interesting book, which can be heartily recommended to all who like a healthy, manly story.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The following manuscripts are lying at our office, and will be returned to the respective owners on receipt of stamps:—Scottish Dialect, Dilemma, A Woman's Reason, Are You still Smiling on Me? The Broken Pipe, Nature's Queen, I Sat Where Lovers Sit, Life and three other poems by same author, The Hobbledehoy, The Zero at Monte Carlo, A Paris Marriage Broker, The Study of a Game, Seven Weeks on a Cattle Steamer, A Canadian Sketch, A Word for the "Penny Dreadful," For Six Pieces of Silver and others, The Rangatonga Boom, The Wisdom of Abu-Uawas, Beggar's Ghost Third Brother, The New Woman, Commercial Traveller's Lamentation, Story of John Brandt, Decease of His Wife's Sister, Victims of Antithesis, Bad Brand of Cigars, A Suicide Manqué, Grub Street Up-to-Date, Alone, Interview with the Devil, Punishment of Drometheus, Paris Notes, Eaves-dropping from the Theatre, How to be a Poet, To Adam's Peak at Sunrise, Why Shouldn't Married Women Flirt? How to Sup for Nothing, An Awakening, Marion Gray, The Damphne, Late Mrs. Brown, The Old Woman, Only a Clown, Wise Sayings of Diogenes, Street Musicians, Diamond Cut Diamond, A Courageous Alarm, Beyond Recall, The Other Side of "The Ride," How David was Done. Addresses Wanted—"Dear Me." Stamps, Addresses, and Name Wanted—The True Story of a New Woman, and a Rail Walk.

WANT OF PERSPICUITY.



PARSHLEY (who has lunched at the same restaurant with Gayler without seeing him): "Some infernal rascal stole my hat in there just now!"

GAYLER: "That's funny! I lost mine there, too!" And they part, resolving never to visit the place again

* "The Judge of the Four Corners," by G. B. Burgin. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.

HOW TO MARKET.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

IF the inexperienced young wife does her marketing with an air of blithe and happy unconcern, taking it for granted that she is being given exactly what she asked for, she will be likely to have some rueful moments. The shabbiest and frowziest of the spinach will be picked out for her as she hovers about at the fruit end of the counter. Crushed and elderly plums will be poked out from the back of the heap whose frontage is formed of the fine and tempting specimens that engaged her choice. The driest of lemons will be put up for her in the paper bag that hides so many defects, and her Ribston Pippin apples, when she gets them home, will be found to have aged considerably in the transit. Those she chose were full and round, without a wrinkle or a fold. These that emerge from the dunduckity mud-coloured paper bag are wrinkled and weazened, and so soft that the surface can be pressed by the finger in any direction. She must be watchful and intent on the business in hand, or numbers of these small frauds will be perpetrated upon her.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

I heard a colloquy once between a West-end fruit vendor and a lady who was in her shop. The latter had indicated some fine apples, and asked for 2 lbs. of them. The elderly woman in the (well-known) shop proceeded to weigh out the 2 lbs., taking them from a heap of small, dry, and unattractive ones reared up in a corner, though actually forming a part of the same heap. "No! no!" said the purchaser. "I don't want those; I want these," pointing to the beautiful, ruddy, large, and smoothly polished apples, marked 3d. per lb., that she had previously indicated. "Oh, madam, if you want me to pick them out for you, I must charge you 4d. a pound," said the woman. "I don't want you to pick them out," said the lady. "Any taken from the heap marked 3d. will do for me." "Can't do it, madam," was the reply, and the customer walked out of the shop, never to enter it again. Here was penny wisdom and pound folly, to say nothing of dishonesty, and this sort of thing is done every day. Ask for Jaffa oranges, and if you turn your head away, there will be two Jaffas put in your bag and four common oranges. Price of the latter, four a penny; of the former, twopence each. It is hateful! And it is also detestable to have to warn people to be suspicious, and examine into everything they purchase. The young and inexperienced are full of trustfulness and belief in humanity, and it would be far more agreeable to leave them undisturbed in such belief. But, unfortunately, it is just because the majority of customers are credulous and careless that tradesmen go on in these practices. Was not I, too, once in Arcadia? Was not I as full of trust and confidence in the whole world as any of my readers can be? Did I not resent the kindly-meant warnings of others as the outcome of unwarranted suspicions, and of a disbelief in humanity that could not possibly be justified by facts? But now—now that Plancus is no longer consul—experience has taught me what to expect, and, in a degree, how to guard against it. And, after all, there are really honest—scrupulously honest—tradesmen to be found, who will give good value for good money. They are in a minority, and likely to continue to be so, for they are placed at a considerable disadvantage by the practices of the majority. When one of the former is found, not only make a note of him, kind readers, but grapple him to your hearts with hooks of steel. Give him both custom and encouragement. He will need them both!

HOW USEFUL DISCOVERIES ARE MADE.

To do one's marketing in person is the only way to do justice to one's outlay; and when one's body is in a shop see that the mind is there too. Look round at everything, and if you live in London you will nearly

always see something new. I hardly ever enter a shop without making useful discoveries. One day it is preserved herrings and tomatoes at 6½d. a tin, containing four or five. Excellent they are, somewhat resembling sardines, but not so fishy. Another day it will be English-made toffy, a 1 lb. tin for 6d. That discovery proved a most popular one with young and old. That toffy is so good! It is made with good butter and good sugar, and in small rounds that are just of a convenient size. One day in autumn I noticed a tin of pears, marked 10½d., inquired about it, found that it came from California, bought it, and found that it contained six large and delicious pears, uncooked, and just at the proper ripeness for eating raw. A year ago, I made acquaintance for the first time with Sweet Marrow peas, put up in bottles by a Yorkshire firm, and never since have I wasted any money on the small French ones, too tiny to be properly flavoured. Another agreeable discovery consisted of sixpenny tins of *royans à la Bordelaise*, just large enough for breakfast toast for two persons; and at the same shop large tins of Italian tomatoes, ready peeled, for 5½d. The delicious smell of these, when the tin is opened, proves that they were put up when fresh, and have in no way deteriorated since. American sweets at 1s. per lb. were a much appreciated find. We had been accustomed to pay double that amount for vanilla-flavoured sugar almonds, but we have never done so since. Why should we? And then, those who shop in person can find out for themselves the days on which certain forms of food are cheap. Sometimes there has been a fine catch of mackerel, and this fish is then as fresh as it is inexpensive. Salmon has its fluctuations in the same way, while turbot, brill, and halibut have their ups and downs. There are days when turkeys are very low-priced, and others when geese are equally moderate. Sitting at home, one knows nothing of these things, and cannot profit by them. The only way is to go out and about, money in hand, and see for oneself.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EARS.—I am incompetent to advise on the subject of piercing the ears. You had better let an expert do it.

LEARNER.—I inquired about the chafing dishes, and find that they are to be had at 119, New Bond Street, price 22s. 6d. The size is about eight or nine inches in diameter. Besides the stand in which the spirit lamp reposes, there are two dishes, one for hot water, the other for cooking in. The top is ornamental. Only this one size is kept. London ladies are beginning to follow the example of their American sisters, and cook things on the dinner table on these. The following is one of the chafing dish recipes:—Scrambled eggs and bacon. Cut into pieces one half an inch long, eight thin slices of bacon. Put them in a chafing dish and cook them until not too well done. If the bacon is very rich, pour off some of the fat, then put in the dish eight eggs, with four tablespoonfuls of cream. Cook them to the proper consistency. Serve them on thin slices of toast.

READY MONEY REENIE.—There is more economy in three pairs of shoes than there is in one. Three pairs last more than three times as long, they are three times as comfortable, three times as healthy, and three times as attractive. Every woman should have two pairs of stout walking shoes, so that she will never be obliged to wear damp shoes, or to hasten the drying process so that the leather will be cracked. In addition to these, she should have one pair of finer shoes, which she should keep for pretty gowns and festive occasions. Even old shoes last a long time if you can give them a two-days' rest after each time of wearing them.

ANXIOUS.—Rule 76 of the Birkbeck Building Society appears to be entirely in favour of borrowers, allowing them to suspend their repayments entirely for a "period not exceeding twelve months"; but you must open your mind to the fact that if at the end of the period of suspension you do not pay up all arrears, you will be charged interest at from 5 to 14 per cent. on the amount you would have had to pay during the months in question. And this interest is charged during the whole period of repayment of the loan. For instance, if you apply for permission to suspend your payments for six months, and are allowed to do so, you will be called upon at the end of the six months to pay up all arrears: viz., the entire amount of instalments due during the six months. If you fail to do this, the Birkbeck will "re arrange" the loan, and will add on to the amount of it a sum representing interest for the full term of repayment on the six months' instalments.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

UNBELIEVER.—Yes; I have seen and handled stewpans made of aluminium. You would be astonished at their lightness. An idea seems to prevail that the food cooked in them absorbs in some way the metal itself, or, rather, portions of it. This notion arose from the fact that when the joins in the saucepans were soldered up, the solder melted away, and in this way affected the food; but now aluminium cooking articles are made out of one piece, with no join, and are thoroughly recommendable. There seems no limit to its future in this direction; for cooking utensils its lightness and cleanliness peculiarly adapt it. The cost at present stands at about the same as copper, but its durability makes it eventually much cheaper. There is no expense for re-tinning, such as constantly recurs with copper vessels, and the danger of poison from verdigris that accompanies the latter disappears in the case of non-corrosive aluminium. Another advantage connected with its use in cooking is its great conductivity for heat. The iron, tin, or copper stewpan gets very hot at the base long before the heat becomes high in degree at the top; but with aluminium the temperature throughout the whole vessel quickly becomes great. This conduces very sensibly to the rapidity of the processes, and, besides, the whole of the contents of the stewpans become equally cooked throughout, with consequent less liability to burn. Another result of this conductivity for heat is that much less fuel is needed for the preparation of food than that required with utensils of the ordinary kind. With the conductivity is combined a remarkable power of retaining heat. Let anyone experiment with a dish-cover of the usual Britannia metal, and one composed of aluminium, heating them in exactly similar circumstances, and then placing them on the dinner-table. Long after the former has become quite cold, the latter will be comfortably hot. The exertion of lifting heavy pots and pans off the range and on it is felt severely by many whose business it is to be constantly handling them. The lightness of aluminium obviates this. For this and other reasons, cooking vessels made of it are highly appreciated on Atlantic Liners. One of these is entirely fitted with utensils of the new metal, and the others are adopting them by degrees, replacing the old ones with them as fast as they wear out. The brightness of the metal adds much to the agreeable appearance of the kitchen, but, unfortunately, it is very difficult to dissuade servants from using soda to clean them. This is indispensable with ordinary culinary utensils, but it is fatal to the brilliant gloss of aluminium. Electricity has been adapted to aluminium cooking vessels with the most satisfactory results, owing to their great receptivity of heat and their retentive power. Dish-covers made of this metal are so much lighter than those made of silver, and look almost as well. Entrée dishes, usually so heavy to hand about when filled with food, are of comparatively trifling weight in aluminium; and the same may be said of cake or fruit baskets, trays, salvers, tea-kettles, coffee-pots, and pocket flasks. When it was found that solder did not safely combine with aluminium, this was remedied by making drinking-cups, flasks, and other vessels in one piece, the metal being so ductile as to lend itself readily to this kind of treatment. Coal-scuttles made of it reduce the weight very perceptibly. Butter-dishes and table refrigerators are among the useful articles produced in it, and there is little doubt that when the metal becomes cheaper, as it undoubtedly will, plates and dishes made of it will, to a very large extent, replace those of china and crockery, which are so easily broken, cracked, or chipped. It would be impossible to enumerate even a tenth of the various articles already manufactured in this metal, which promises to create an agreeable revolution in many ways, and the housewife will have much reason for gratitude when it comes into more general use.

SMOKERS SHOULD USE CALVERT'S DENTO-PHENOLENE.

A DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE.

A few drops in a wineglass of water make a delicious mouth wash, for sweetening the breath and leaving a pleasant taste and refreshing coolness in the mouth.

Editor of *Health* says:—"Most effectual for strengthening the gums in case of tenderness and ridding the mouth of the aroma of tobacco."

1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1 lb. 7s. 6d. Bottles, at Chemists, &c., or Post Free for Value.

A MIRACULOUS OINTMENT.

"Having a very sensitive skin, much affected by cold winds, it made me a victim to great suffering, although having tried numerous remedies. A friend insisted on my trying your Ointment, and gave me proof of its efficacy. I applied it also for a very bad burn on my hand, which, after a few applications, it entirely relieved, and having used it beneficially for other purposes, I can only describe it as a miraculous Ointment."—From W. J. WARE, Esq., Nunhead, London.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

Is unequalled as a Remedy for a Chafed Skin, Chapped Hands, Piles, Scalds, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Sore Eyes, Ear-ache, Cuts, Throats, Colds, and Skin Ailments.

Large Pots, 13d. each, at Chemists, &c., or Post Free for Value.

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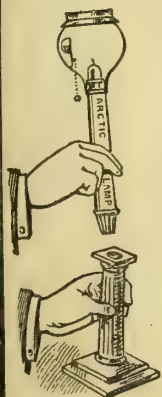
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An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome tooth powder for smokers. Known for 60 years to be the best Dentifrice.

Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO, 2s. 9d. per box.



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When in use exactly resembles a Wax Candle, which remains the same height, however long it has been burning. It will fit in any Candlestick, and has a Support for Ordinary Candle Shades, which cannot take Fire.

SAFE, ARTISTIC, AND ECONOMICAL.
A MOST USEFUL AND LASTING PRESENT.

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6 inch, size of 6's Candle, Brass Fittings	8/-	Plated,	9/6 per pair
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The Arctic Lamp fixed in ordinary Candlestick.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—Why didn't I mention the *Grand Duke* last week? For a variety of very excellent reasons. To begin with, I was not present on the first night, being unavoidably prevented, much to my regret, as I have not missed a Savoy production for a long time. But even if I had seen the show, what could I say about it nearly a week after the event? I can thoroughly understand the daily papers giving up columns to a new "Gilbert and Sullivan." Everybody wants to know, if possible beforehand, what it's all about. By the Monday morning, you had read acres of description, telling you everything that could be told of the plot, the book, the music, the dresses, and the scenery. I had neither time, space, nor inclination to repeat such things. I could only say I like it, or I don't.

And at the Savoy I always like it. To me, the difference between one Gilbert and Sullivan show and another is merely the difference between your old friend, Tweedle-dum, and your new friend, Tweedle-dee! Remember, when some rare and remarkable freak crops up in vegetable or animal life, and is sent for public exhibition, the judges don't put it into competition with the common crop or herd. It is invariably marked "Special class," and is shown by itself.

It is even so with a Gilbert and Sullivan "opera." Not only is the thing delightful, but it stands entirely alone. It has nothing to do with French Comic Opera, and it is removed by many miles from British Burlesque, Ancient or Modern. Vicars can take their curates to see it with impunity. It is not only a delightful form of entertainment, but enjoys the advantage of always succeeding. Sometimes it makes a little more or a little less money than at others. Sometimes it runs a little longer, or a little less long, than formerly. But these are only relative considerations. Directly a new Gilbert and Sullivan is completed, the fortunate and brilliant collaborators can count on putting so many thousand pounds into their pockets within a given space of time.

Of the entire series, I personally like the *Pirates of Penzance* best. I could sit it out once a week with pleasure. But I believe that the *Mikado* was rather more successful. I imagine that *Utopia* was rather less successful—but what of it? You don't stop to look at the programme before taking the children to the Christy Minstrels or the Crystal Palace. You don't stop to look at the programme before going to the Savoy. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas are intensely national, and are also a national institution. As such, they flourish, and are supported. I should no more dream of writing a long review of one of them—at this period of their history—than I should of telling you in two columns that a new gorilla had arrived at the Zoo. When you come to town, you go to the Zoo, as the Zoo, not to the gorilla in particular. Similarly, you will go to the Savoy.

Just one thing more. Everything humorous that Mr. Gilbert has written has afforded me such a vast amount of pleasure, and I have such a high appreciation of his talent, that I should regard it as both ungrateful and impertinent to go through his book with a microscope, trying to discover and publish an accidental bad rhyme, or the ghost of a false quantity.

Lent, and the eccentricity of the weather—spring, sunshine, tempered by Arctic winds—have together set the business at many of the theatres wobbling a good deal.

Gossip finished up at the Comedy last week. There was some talk of it being immediately followed by a play belonging to Herbert Standing, and written by a Mr. Frances. To run this, somewhere, a syndicate,

subscribing £2,000, has been formed. But they have not come to terms with Carr, who has arranged with another syndicate, headed by William Greet, for the production, on April 4th, of a new comedy by Miss Clo Graves. Charles Hawtrey has consented to stage-manage it, and if it does not run very long, I think you may look for another new comedy, written by Hawtrey himself, about August. This is Hawtrey's favourite "lucky" month for production. He will appear in his own piece himself, as a good-natured caricature of a gentleman very well known in certain fashionable circles. At present, of course, he is entirely unable to leave the Court, where, with Mrs. John Wood and Miss Lottie Venne, he is drawing crowded houses for *Mrs. Ponderbury*, now one of the most amusing farces to be seen in London.

Talking of Syndicates, one has just been registered of £30,000, and amongst the directors are the Hon. G. F. M. Hogg and Mr. Gotto—but whether any relation of Parkins, I know not. The object of these gentlemen is to lease the Garrick, and carry it on under the management of Mr. Cyril Maude and his wife, Miss Winifred Emery. They will not commence operations before the autumn.

Meantime, Willard is taking a short holiday, and preparations are going on for the production of the new play by Henry Arthur Jones. This is not quite finished, and is being worked on night and day. Jones is taking great pains with the cast, as he entertains strong views on the duties and rights of authors in this connection, his experience having led him to the conclusion that it is fatal for an author to let his wishes and judgment be overridden in this matter. I am rather sorry to hear that he can find no place for sweet Miss Annie Hughes, who played so delightfully in the *Professor's Love Story*. You will be glad to hear that her husband, that excellent actor, Edmund Maurice, has entirely recovered from the very painful operation he recently underwent, and is now back again at the Haymarket, playing his original part of Taffy in *Tribby*.

The revival of *On 'Change* has not resulted satisfactorily. After a brief career, it has been withdrawn, and the Strand is now closed. I hear it will reopen shortly, but I don't know what with.

Charles Wyndham is at length compelled to take the rest that I told you he wanted weeks ago. He is engaging people for his next play, *Rosemary*, by Parker and Carson, but I believe that he has not definitely determined on a date for production. It is not unlikely that he will prefer to exhaust the drawing power of *A Squire of Dames* before he puts up anything fresh.

A number of American authors are making a big effort to get the copyright laws of their country put on something like a sane basis. At present, these enactments are everything that they ought not to be. It was because of them that George Alexander recently gave a stealthy performance of *The Price of Empire*, a dramatisation of Anthony Hope's novel, "The God in the Car," which Dan Frohman will, I believe, put up at the Lyceum, New York, early in September. Alexander also may have wished to have something ready as a measure of precaution, in case anything unforeseen suddenly happened to *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

Such a contingency is very remote, however, for *Zenda* is playing to magnificent business, and will probably run well into the summer, when it will go out as the strong card of Alexander's annual tour. On his return, his first important production will be Claude Carton's new play. This contains a very fine woman's part, for which some time since Alexander tried to get Mrs. Tree. Now, I presume, it will fall to Miss Millard.

Carton's play will, in its turn, be succeeded by a work from the pen of Pinero. But an eager public will have to restrain their curiosity concerning it for some time, for Carton's play is due about October, and if, as there is every reason to suppose, it should run, Pinero's turn would not come much before Easter, 1897.

The new drama by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley

went into rehearsal at the Princess's on Monday. Miss Hetty Chattell, a young actress of much promise, but new to London, has been engaged for the lead. The Princess's, I see by the advertisements, is now under the "sole management of Mr. Albert Augustus Gilmer." I have known, and liked, Gilmer for a long time, but I never for a moment suspected him of possessing so many magnificent names. Now I do know, I can't help feeling that they look a little lonely without a title in front of them. The only person I can think of worthy to go in double harness with him is Sir Albert Abdallah Sassoon.

Several correspondents have recently written to me, pointing out that what they call the "Fee System" is creeping back into the London theatres, and they ask me to raise up my voice and protest. I should like to point out that between a charge for programmes and the "Harpy System" there is a great gulf fixed. The "Harpy System" was a definite swindle. You paid for a seat, but when you got to the theatre you were not allowed to take, say, your umbrella in with you. For minding your umbrella you were charged sixpence and so on. You were generally made so uncomfortable that you complained, and you were told that better seats could be provided for you by paying a little more, and as a rule you did pay.

Payment for a programme is another matter, and has been established by long custom and usage ever since Nell Gwynne sold Oranges and Bills of the Play to the Pittites in the days of King Charles. The charge was never knocked off as a concession to justice. It was put forward as an attraction, just as one manager provided footstools gratis, as another contemplated free afternoon tea at matinées, as certain pushing salesmen announce that with every article they sell they will give away half a pound of tea.

Personally, I dislike paying for a programme. But ninety-nine people out of a hundred, when shown to their seats by a civil and obliging usher, are sure to give that usher a tip. The theatrical manager's argument is that if there are tips about, he may as well have them, so he systematized them by charging for programmes.

Tipping, remember, is a custom in every civilised community. If you go to a restaurant, you will see "attendance" charged for on the bill, but you tip the waiter just the same. From the Turkish Pasha, who gets you a concession, to the link man who opens your cab door, you give uncomplainingly a tip of some sort. Even the Oriental potentates who come to visit the Queen tip the Royal domestics right and left, and lay gratuitous presents, that are practically tips, on the steps of the throne. I know that programmes are a very fruitful source of income to managers who very often have much difficulty in making both ends meet. If the charge for programmes helps to support an industry—well, let it. After all, the whole question is one of simple economy. If a charge for programmes kept people away from theatres in considerable numbers, it would soon be abolished. But so long as people will pay for programmes, managers are not likely to forego a certain profit for the sake of an abstract sentiment. After all, in those abnormally prosperous places of amusement, the Music Halls, programmes are always charged for, and nobody complains. Why worry, in a theatre, about something that you accept with cheerful resignation elsewhere?—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for Cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars) from 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

THE BURGLARY SENSATIONS.

The many Sensational Burglaries which have recently taken place ought to direct additional attention to the

"TO-DAY" BURGLARY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

by which Special Numbered Policies are issued to Annual Subscribers. (For particulars see page 224.)

CLEARING UP A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

"IN the case of an accident," said an official of the Great Northern Railway Company, "the first thing to be done is to stop all traffic on the line up to the block section on each side of the place where the mishap occurred. Supposing that it was an up train that had come to grief, and the down line had not been injured in any way, we should have the down line thoroughly inspected by an expert, and when passed by him as being fit for use, we should then run all trains on the one line. This, of course, only applies to just the place where the accident occurred. The trains would run in the ordinary way in both directions until they reached the 'cross-over road' nearest the scene of the accident. By the 'cross-over road' I mean, of course, the part of the line where an engine can pass from one set of rails to the other."

"But does not the running of all trains on one line involve a tremendous amount of extra signalling?"

"No, it is generally managed by one man—a pilot man. In such cases, the rule is that no train is allowed on the single line without the permission of the pilot man. Only a man of long experience is permitted to act as pilot, though the work is comparatively simple."

"With regard to the clearing away of the results of an accident, how is this always managed in such a marvellously short time?"

"Simply by getting as many men as possible up to the scene of the accident as fast as a special train will carry them. You must know that as soon as an accident occurs, the news is telegraphed all over the line. The leading officials here would know it at once. Every signalman can put himself in communication with any other signalman, and with head quarters, if necessary. Usually this is done with telegraph, but in some cases a telephone is added."

"And how long does it take to clear up the effects of an accident?"

"It depends entirely upon the extent of the damage done, whether the carriages and engine have left the rails, and, if so, in what position they are lying. The men who repair the line are thoroughly used to the business; they all know exactly what to do."

"How many men are employed, as a rule, after a slight accident?"

"Well, in an accident like the recent one at Bytham, I suppose about two hundred men would be necessary. The names and addresses of these men are all known to the station-masters along the line, and they can be summoned at any minute. The time taken in getting the men to the scene of the accident depends very much upon the time at which the mishap took place; if it is in the middle of the night the men can't be reached so easily, of course. There are several 'centres' along the line, and it is near these places that most of the men live."

"With regard to medical assistance, the company has its own doctors, I believe?"

"Yes, but we generally find that local men are on the scent first."

"Do you consider that a train running round a curve is more likely to meet with an accident than a train travelling in a straight line?"

"No—not now. The natural tendency of a train is, as you know, to run in a straight line. Well, to cope with this difficulty, in a curved section of the line we put an extra rail inside the usual rail on the inner edge of the curve. A flange on the locomotive runs between the ordinary rail and this inner extra rail, and so checks the impetus of the train to run in a straight line."

"I suppose you are always prepared for an accident?"

"Well—we don't exactly look forward to them, but everybody on the line knows exactly what to do in case of accident, and, after all, the clearing of one is quite a simple matter."

A Dividend of 6 per cent. per annum for the next three years has been guaranteed on the paid-up capital of the Company. The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE on or before SATURDAY, the 21st MARCH, 1896, for both Town and Country.

THE HOLYHEAD & NORTH WALES GAS & WATER CORPORATION, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL £100,000.

Divided into 100,000 shares of £1 each, upon which it is proposed at present to call up the sum of 15s. per share. 20,000 shares will be reserved for issue, at par, to the present shareholders in the several concerns, and others interested.

Issue of the balance, 80,000 £1 Shares at 10 per cent. premium, payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per share on application, 5s. per share (and premium) on allotment, 7s. 6d. per share one month after allotment, and the balance (with not less than 30 days' notice) as and when required.

DIRECTORS.

Richard Thomas, J.P., C.C., Mayor of Carnarvon.
William Griffith, Chairman of the Holyhead Gas Company, and Chairman Holyhead Waterworks Company.
William Jackson, Chairman Gas Committee of the Tadmorden District Council.

O. Isgoed Jones, J.P., C.C., Chairman of the Llanrwst Gas Company.
The vendor reserves the right to nominate two other directors.

BANKERS.—The Union Bank of Manchester, Limited, Manchester, and branches and their London Agents: Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.; The Metropolitan Bank of England and Wales, Limited, Bangor and branches.

SOLICITORS.—Walker and Rowe, 8, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.; Carter, Vincent, and Douglas-Jones, Bangor, North Wales.
Engineer and General Manager—George E. Saville.

BROKERS.—Staveacre and Walton, Haworth's Buildings and Stock Exchange, Manchester.

AUDITOR.—James Duff, Chartered Accountant, Halifax and Bradford.
Registered Office: 9, 10, and 11, Examiner Buildings, Manchester.

SECRETARY.—W. H. Sinclair.

This Corporation has been formed for the purpose (amongst others) of acquiring and working the following Gasworks and undertakings in Wales, and has entered into agreements to acquire the same as going concerns:—
Holyhead Gasworks, Menai Bridge Gasworks,
Llanrwst Gasworks, Llanberis Gasworks,
Bettws-y-Coed Gasworks, Pwllheli Gasworks,
Penmaenmawr Gasworks, Nantlle Gasworks,
Llanfairfechan and Aber Gasworks, Llanberis Waterworks.

(a) To carry on the business of gas manufacture and distribution, and also the manufacture and manipulation of the various chemical products in connection therewith, to deal in coal, coke, and to carry on all or any business incidental to the manufacture before-named.

(b) To acquire Waterworks undertakings in the districts referred to, to extend and develop same, to build and maintain reservoirs, works, plant, etc.

The undertakings are well established, and the gas consumption shows a substantial annual increase.

The Directors have selected towns which (independent of the natural increase of consumption in the past) are capable of immediate extension and development by the introduction of the prepayment penny-in-the-slot meters, which have proved such a success and an added source of income to the various companies, private gas undertakings, and the numerous municipal and other corporations by whom they have been adopted.

The Corporation propose to fit up, free of cost, in each district, a selected number of artisans', workmen's, and quarrymen's cottages with the prepayment meters. This will no doubt lead to a very general adoption of them.

The Directors intend to make arrangements for hiring out gas cookers of a class to suit their various customers, at a merely nominal rental, and they propose to pay special attention to the supply of gas for motive power.

Another source of profit, in addition to that made in the past, would be found in adopting the most recent system of carbonising by means of regenerative furnaces, whereby, at most of the works, a saving would be effected, producing considerably more gas per ton of coal than at present, in addition to one-third more coke for sale to the public. For this latter a high price is obtained in the district.

The combination of works should enable purchases to be made on more favourable terms, estimated on the coal alone at a saving of at least 1s. per ton, and from this source a very considerable item of additional profit may be anticipated.

The tar and ammoniacal liquor produced at the various works will command a much better price than heretofore. Up to the present the comparatively small quantity available in each individual case precluded the arrangement of favourable terms and practically bound the producers to sell to chemical manufacturers at a very low price. Moreover, they had not the appliances to themselves treat these residuals.

The combination will admit of an efficient engineer being engaged to superintend the management, which in the past has been chiefly in the hands of private owners.

Recognising the importance of securing the best expert assistance, the directors have engaged Mr. George E. Saville as engineer and general manager.

Mr. Saville has been for the past 14 years engineer and manager of the Tadmorden Gasworks, which were transferred a short time since to the local authority. During Mr. Saville's management for the Company it ranked as one of the most successful in the kingdom. The maximum dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid annually (in addition to arrears of dividend amounting to 25 per cent.), the price of gas has been reduced to 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet, and eventually the local authority, on taking over the property, paid £250 for each £100 of the Company's stock. These facts testify to sound and economical management.

Mr. Saville is an expert in the treatment of residual products and the erection and maintenance of gas plant. In this connection he has been repeatedly engaged by various Corporations and gas companies, and his wide practical experience and general knowledge of the requirements of gas companies' properties cannot fail to produce satisfactory results.

The following table shows, approximately, the properties to be acquired:—

Town	Sq. Yds.	Tenure.	Mileage of mains.
Penmaenmawr	4,235	Freehold	5
Llanfairfechan and Aber	2,110	Freehold	5
Menai Bridge	1,810	Freehold	1½
Llanberis	1,671	Freehold	1½
Nantlle	3,050	Freehold	8
Llanrwst	754	Freehold	8
Bettws-y-Coed	1,602	Leasehold	1½
Pwllheli	2,740	Freehold	2
Holyhead	2,650	Freehold	6
Llanberis Waterworks (storage reservoir and mains supplying the town)	—	Partly leasehold and freehold	3
			—33½

The Holyhead Gas Company has for the past twenty years paid dividends and bonuses equal to 10 per cent per annum, and the other concerns have shown satisfactory working results. These facts alone show the advantage to be derived from the proposed amalgamation, and the directors confidently anticipate that the shareholders' property will very shortly rank amongst the best-paying gas industries in the country.

The vendor feels so satisfied with the past results and is so confident of the future success of the undertaking that he has entered into an agreement with the Company that he will, upon completion of the purchase, set aside a sum which shall be sufficient to pay a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum for the first three years upon the paid-up capital of the Company. The amount required for payment of said dividend will, upon the completion of purchase, be deposited in the names of two trustees in the Union Bank of Manchester, and shall be held in trust for the payment of the said dividend.

That gas undertakings and their allied industries offer an exceptionally remunerative and sound investment is conclusively proved by the appended recently published particulars of other gas companies:—

Company.	Nominal value of shares.	Dividend paid p.c.	Present market value of shares.
British Gas Light, Ltd.	£20 shares	11½	£ s. d. 54 10 to 51 10
Continental Union, Limited	£100 stock	13	270 0 to 275 0
Imperial Continental	£100 stock	12	250 0 to 255 0
South Metropolitan	£100 stock	15½	380 0 to 385 0
Croydon Commercial Gas and Coke Co.	£100 stock	14	280 0 to 285 0
The Gas Light and Coke Co.	£100 stock	12½	302 0 to 317 0
Brentwood (Essex) Gas Co.	£100 stock	12	278 0 to 281 0
Richmond (Surrey) Gas Co.	£100 stock	10	215 0 to 220 0
Liverpool United Gas Light Co.	£100 stock	10	258 0 —
Elland (Yorks) Gas Co.	£10 shares	12	28 0 to 30 0

The price to be paid to the vendor for the whole of the undertakings is fixed at £75,000, plus the premium on the present issue of shares.

The following contracts have been entered into:—(1) Agreement dated the 3rd day of February, 1896, made between O. Isgoed Jones of the one part and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (2) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between the Llanrwst Gas Light, Coal, and Coke Company, Limited, of the one part, and David Charles Davies of the other part; (3) agreement dated the 2nd day of March, 1896, made between Messrs. Jones and Evans of the one part and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (4) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between Messrs. Owen Isgoed Jones and another of the one part and David Charles Davies of the other part; (5) agreement dated the 18th day of February, 1896, made between Robert Dempster of the one part and Commerce Limited of the other part; (6) agreement dated the 10th day of March, 1896, made between Robert Dempster of the one part and David Charles Davies of the other part; (7) agreement dated the 20th day of February, 1896, made between A. Dew, acting as agent to Colonel Platt, of the one part, and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (8) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between Colonel Henry Platt of the one part and David Charles Davies of the other part; (9) agreement dated the 14th day of February, 1896, made between Robert Aigeo of the one part and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (10) agreement dated the 10th day of March, 1896, between Robert Aigeo of the one part and David Charles Davies of the other part; (11) agreement dated the 29th day of February, 1896, made between Carter Vincent and Douglas Jones, as agents for the Llanberis Water and Gas Company Limited, of the one part, and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (12) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between the Llanberis Gas and Water Company, Limited, of the one part and David Charles Davies of the other part; (13) agreement dated the 6th day of February, 1896, made between T. Lloyd Ellis of the one part and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (14) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between Robert Owen Jones, Thomas Lloyd, and John Williams of the one part and David Charles Davies of the other part; (15) agreement dated the 30th day of January, 1896, made between Edward Jones of the one part and Alexander Dempster of the other part; (16) agreement dated the 26th day of February, 1896, made between the Holyhead Gas Company of the one part and Commerce Limited of the other part; (17) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between David Charles Davies of the one part and Commerce Limited of the other part; (18) agreement dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between Commerce Limited of the one part and the Holyhead and North Wales Gas and Water Corporation, Limited, of the other part; (19) two agreements dated the 11th day of March, 1896, made between David Charles Davies of the one part and of the Holyhead and North Wales Gas and Water Corporation, Limited, of the other part.

These contracts, or copies thereof, may be inspected by applicants for shares at the offices of the Company's solicitors, Messrs. Walker and Rowe, 8, Bucklersbury, London, E.C., or of Messrs. Carter, Vincent, and Douglas-Jones, Wellfield Offices, Bangor, North Wales.

There are various trade and other contracts and agreements, all of which may constitute contracts within the meaning of the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867, or contracts to the disclosure of which applicants for shares may be held to be entitled, and every applicant shall be deemed to have had full notice thereof and to have waived all further compliance with section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, with reference thereto or otherwise.

Application will be made in due course for a Stock Exchange settlement and quotation.

The vendor will pay the usual fees and expenses incidental to the formation of the Company up to the first allotment of shares.

Applications for shares should be made to the Union Bank of Manchester, Limited, Manchester, and branches, or to their London agents—Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., Lombard Street, E.C., or to the Metropolitan Bank of England and Wales, Bangor, and branches, accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the deposit.

Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers.

CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.

"EVERY Frenchman owes service to the State, in return for the protection it affords his person, his rights, and his property." This principle is the foundation of the military administration of our neighbours, the French, whose army is one of the greatest of modern times, and whose military discipline is said to approach as near to perfection as is considered possible in so great an organisation. Formerly the period of active military service was five years, but recently the Chamber passed a Bill reducing it to three, at the same time lengthening the periods spent with the various stages of the Reserve force. As in Germany, it is possible to get a reduction of this term provided the young man can produce proof of a certain standard of education. The degree of *Bachelier*, the *Certificate d'Etude*, or the passing of a special examination set for the purpose, enables, though it does not entitle, the recruit to get his period of service reduced to one year. This commutation is only granted where there is sufficient ground for believing the men are adequately trained and up to the required standard.

Once out of the active army, the men pass into the Reserve for six years, where they undergo a short annual

period of training until thoroughly efficient soldiers. The next six years is spent with the Reserve, after which they are drafted into the Territorial Army, or Third Line of Defence, for another six years, frequently rising in rank to the position of lieutenant, but not higher. Thence they are put on the reserve territorial list. This system gives France a peace army of over half a million, which in time of war can be augmented to two and a half million men, or even more.

Partly as a result of the Republican nature of the Frenchman and the administrative government, there is hardly ever a trace of class feeling in the ranks. The man of good blood receives no better and no worse treatment at the hands of his fellows and his superior officers than does the recruited farm hand, and rich and poor share equally and good-naturedly the pleasant duties and the dirty work. Of course, there, as everywhere, a well-lined purse is a passport to a certain degree of comfort and exemption from the distasteful; but the unfortunate individual who is foolish enough to give demonstration of too much love for clean fingers and whiteness of skin will find that money will not buy him free of the jobs he tries to steer clear of, and that the orderly will take a delight in putting him on to all the dirty work he can find—and in seeing that he does it.

The LIST will CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, 18th March, for London, and on THURSDAY, 19th March, for the Country and the Continent.

THE WESTRALIAN, LONDON, & JOHANNESBURG COMPLY., LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

Capital £100,000, in 100,000 shares of £1 each, of which 35,000 Shares are reserved for future issue as further working capital as and when required. PRESENT ISSUE, 65,000 SHARES, of which 25,000 are taken by the Vendor Syndicate in part payment of the purchase price, the balance, viz., 40,000 Shares, being now offered for public subscription, payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, 5s. one month after allotment, and the balance in calls not exceeding 5s. per Share, at not less than 30 days' notice.

DIRECTORS.

J. D. Alexander, Esq. (Messrs. Alexander, Fletcher, and Co.), Director of the African Banking Corporation, Ltd., 2, St. Helen's Place, London, E.C. James Henry, Esq. (Director of the Hainault Gold Mines, Limited), 5, Clydeford Drive, Tollcross, Glasgow. Henry McDowell, Esq. (Director Champion Reef—Nannine, W.A.—Gold Mining Company, Limited), Oatlands Park, Weybridge, and 31, Aldford Street, Park Lane, London, W. Douglas A. Onslow, Esq., J.P., A.M.I.C.E. (Chairman Cassidy Hill—Coolgardie—Gold Mines, Limited), 5, Upper Richmond Road, London, S.E. Herbert Palmer, Esq. (Director Roodeport Deep Level Gold Mining Company, Limited), 4, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.

MANAGING DIRECTORS.

*Gilbert Bowick, Esq., 7, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C. *H. C. M. Daniel, Esq., 7, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C. *(Being Directors of the London and Johannesburg Syndicate, Limited, will join the Board after allotment.) Consulting Engineers in Western Australia.—Messrs. Bowes, Scott and Co., Coolgardie, and 81, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Representative in South Africa.—John B. Bowick, Esq., Director of the London and Johannesburg Syndicate, Limited, Heidelberg, Transvaal. BANKERS.—Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Co., 32, Abchurch Lane, E.C.; The African Banking Corporation, Ltd., 43-46, Threadneedle Street, E.C. SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Goodchild and Hammond, 1, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. BROKERS.—Messrs. Severs and Thomas, Founders' Court, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.; Messrs. James Kirkwood and Son, 62, Buchanan Street, and Stock Exchange, Glasgow; Monsieur Charles Hennebert, 17, Rue Saint Marc, Paris. AUDITORS.—Messrs. Carnaby, Harrower, and Co., College Hill Chambers, London, E.C. SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—Mr. K. Knowles, 7, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C., and 182, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and extending the established and successful business of the London and Johannesburg Syndicate, Limited.

The Syndicate was incorporated in March, 1895, with the object of making public issues of shares and conducting a general financial business.

The capital of the Vendor Syndicate is £10,000, in 10,000 shares of £1 each, all of which have been issued. The shares are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, and are quoted at £7 5s.

Interim Cash dividends have been paid monthly, since March 29th, 1895, amounting in all to 250 per cent.

The Vendor Syndicate is possessed of assets in the form of mining claims, property, and shares in public companies of a total estimated value of four times its issued capital (or equivalent to a further dividend of 400 per cent.)

The assets of the Syndicate include a two-third share in the Roodekoppes Mynpacht, which has been favourably reported upon by well-known mining engineers. It also owns 52 mining claims in the Transvaal, blocks of shares in public companies having a marketable value, and options for the purchase of properties in the Transvaal and West Australia. The Syndicate is at present sinking a prospecting shaft (under arrangements with the owners of the Farm Tweekfontein) with the object of striking coal. This latter work is, it is believed, almost completed, and from the last reports received from their resident director in South Africa, shows every indication of success. Should coal be struck this business will become a valuable asset of the Company.

The whole of the above-mentioned business and assets of the London and Johannesburg Syndicate, Limited, will be transferred to this Company, the Vendor Syndicate satisfying all liabilities connected therewith up to date of transfer.

Apart from the satisfactory returns which have been obtained by the operations of the Syndicate, the results obtained by other public com-

panies carrying on similar operations in West Australia and South Africa, and the premiums which their shares command on the market, are evidence of the exceptionally profitable nature of such enterprises, as will be seen from the following table:

Name of Company.	Paid up on Ordinary Shares.	Quotations Mar. 12, 1896.
West Australian and General Association	18s.	4½—4¾
Colonial Finance Corporation	10s.	4—4½ p.m.
West Australian Gold Fields	£1	6¾—7
Gold Estates of Australia	£1	2½—2½
West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation	£1	3—3½
West Australian Pioneers	15s.	2—2½ p.m.
Gold Discovery Company	15s.	4½—5
London and Johannesburg Syndicate	£1	7½—7¾
Anglo-French Exploration Company	£1	4½—4¾
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company	£1	3¾—3¾ ex div.
South African Gold Trust	£1	8½—8½ ex div.
Bechuanaland Exploration Company	£1	1½—2
Oceana Company	£1	1½—2
Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa	Deferred £1 paid up	12¾—13

Of the present issue 25,000 shares are available for working capital. Any future issues will be offered first to the shareholders in the Company before being offered to the general public.

The contract for sale is between the London and Johannesburg Syndicate, Limited, and the Company, and dated 12th March, 1896. The Vendor Syndicate has fixed the purchase price at £40,000, payable as to £15,000 in cash, and the balance, viz., £25,000, in fully-paid shares of the Company. There is also a contract, dated 12th March, 1896, between the Company of the one part and Messrs. Bowick and Daniel of the other part, whereby Messrs. Bowick and Daniel agree to act as Managing Directors.

The business being taken over as a going concern, there are numerous contracts existing. These have reference to the ordinary business of the Syndicate. The Vendor Syndicate will pay all expenses incidental to the formation of the Company and the issue of its capital up to the first allotment of shares, and reserves the right to enter into, and has entered into, certain contracts with third parties with reference to underwriting, to none of which the Company is a party. Every applicant for shares shall be deemed to have had full notice of all the contracts or arrangements as aforesaid, and to have waived all right to further notice or particulars thereof, whether under Section 33 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

The whole of the statements made in this prospectus are based upon reports and documents, which are deposited with, and may be inspected (together with the above-mentioned contracts and the Memorandum and Articles of Association) at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus and forwarded to the Bankers, together with a remittance of 2s. 6d. per share.

If the whole of the amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted the surplus of the amount paid on application will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment, and where no allotment is made the amount paid on application will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from their Solicitors, Brokers, Auditor, and Bankers.

IN THE CITY.

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, AND WILLIAMS AND "TO-DAY."

ON March 12th we received the following letter from a Glasgow correspondent :—

11th March, 1896.

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, AND WILLIAMS.

I once, through the advertisements of these people, put some money into their hands. Of course, I asked them to refute your statements, and here is their reply. It does not seem quite satisfactory. Would you recommend me to lift my investment?

The "statements" referred to are in our issue of March 7th, when we wrote :—"We do not hesitate to describe the statement made by Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Williams—the statement being that they offer their clients 'a form of investment equal to the very best,' and which gave last year ninety-two per cent. interest on the money invested—as an untrue and grossly misleading statement"—an opinion we had expressed in many previous issues of *TO-DAY*. The answer of Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Williams, as sent to our correspondent, is as follows :—

DEAR SIR,—Your favour received. We credit ourselves that we can advertise that we have not a dissatisfied customer, but about the paper of which you sent us a cutting. Some time back they asked for an advertisement, and as we were full up for advertising, we did not give them any. These people are like most others; if you do not advertise with them, they blackmail you. While we have been here we defy anybody to bring a proof that we have not paid out one cheque. The best thing we can do with such paragraphs as this is to take no notice, as we find on the whole they benefit us, as we get a lot of inquiries about them, and can always give a truthful answer about them.

Yours respectfully,

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD AND WILLIAMS.

It will be observed that Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams make two statements with respect to *TO-DAY*—the first, that its canvasser applied to them for an advertisement, which he did not get; the other, that we have attacked them because we did not get the advertisement. Now for the facts.

The advertisement of Douglas, Hungerford and Williams was not sought by *TO-DAY*. It was sent to our advertisement manager by a respectable advertisement agent, and, as it was running in the *Times*, it was inserted in *TO-DAY*. Here is the order :—

From Charles Tayler and Co.,
Advertisement Agents and Contractors,
154 to 157, Fleet Street, London, E.C., Established 1874.
Date, November 11th, 1895.

Name of Paper, *TO-DAY*.
Advertisement, Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams.
No. of Insertions, Thirteen. Space, Two inches, Cover.
Price, Twenty Shillings each. Commencing at once.
Voucher copy required each date of insertion.

Memo. of charge to be sent by return of post.
No. of order to be quoted on Invoice.
Signed G. Tayler and Co.,
E. F. D.

Accordingly, in our issues of December 7th, 14th, and 21st the advertisement appeared. Between these dates correspondents wrote to Mr. Jerome. Here is his answer to one of them (*TO-DAY*, December 21st, 1895, page 211, column 2, paragraph 3) :—

R. F. E.—If you knew a little more about newspaper business, you would know the difficulty an editor has in keeping his eye on all departments. I see no objection to a Stock Exchange gamble, provided that the transaction is understood as a gamble, but of course it is absurd to advertise as though the business were a mere investment without risk. As soon as the contract has expired, the advertisement will either be altered so as to make its real nature perfectly plain, or be stopped altogether.

Meantime, the fact that Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams advertised in *TO-DAY* did not affect in any way the answers in this page to questions as to what we thought of their statements. On December 7th—the issue in which the first advertisement appeared—in reply to a Plymouth correspondent, we wrote (page 141) :—

You must take their statements as to profits *cum grano salis*.

On December 14th—the issue in which the second advertisement appeared—in reply to a Newcastle correspondent, we wrote (page 175) :—

What do we think of the circular—the circular letter sent out by Douglas, Hungerford and Williams? We think it misleading rubbish. When the firm in question promise you profit at the rate of "from £5 to £8 per month" with "practically little risk," and when they tell you that they "have never made any losses" whilst working the system that gives these astonishing results, they go in the teeth of all experience.

After dictating the answer to R. F. E. we have quoted, Mr. Jerome consulted the City Editor of *TO-DAY* as to whether, in his opinion, it would be better not to wait for the termination of the contract in ordinary course, but to stop the advertisement at once. The result of the consultation was an intimation to Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams that *TO-DAY* declined to complete the contract, and the advertisement was forthwith taken out of our advertisement columns, and has never since appeared in them.

THE WESTRALIAN MINING INDUSTRY.

In February the number of companies registered with intention to carry on mining, or cognate operations in Western Australia numbered forty-one, with a capital of £4,591,509. In the corresponding month of last year the number was twenty-five, and the aggregate capital £1,448,700. In the twelve months of last year the aggregate capital of new Westralian companies registered at Somerset House was £37,453,915, or a monthly average of £3,121,159; in the two months of the present year for which we have the figures, the aggregate capital was £8,841,009, or a monthly average of £4,420,504.

Whilst crushings continue to come in but slowly, disquieting incidents increase. Take two of the most recent. The Murchison New Chum Gold Mine was formed in May of last year, with a capital of £160,000, to work a property situated at Mount Magnet, and for a time all went well. It is one of the five Westralian mining properties that has paid a dividend, having declared one of 5 per cent. in November. Since then some 3,350 ounces of gold have been got out, but suddenly we are told that the mine is to be shut down, that the reef has pinched out, and that further capital must be got if the company is to go on—with the result that the shares were made up last week at 7s. 6d.

Then we have the Great Dundas, a company brought out in October, 1894, with an authorised capital of £80,000. Here there have been no crushings, and, after a time, the news came that the property had been "jumped." The company appealed from the Warden's decision, and now we learn by mail that the Minister of Mines has upheld it. Here we have a company, which has got from the public in hard coin £68,000, losing the property upon which this large sum was raised because it has not complied with the labour conditions. The shareholders are simply "out of it." The not very onerous conditions as to work to be done on the land to make occupation effective were not observed, and the ground has been taken over by the stranger.

It is not surprising that incidents such as we have described—and others like the Darlot affair—should create a feeling of uneasiness and distrust. It may be that the crushings from new mines now looked for will equal expectation, and in that case confidence may be restored. But even so, what with "patchy" properties, scarcity of water, and transit difficulties, it is certain that, for the present at any rate, mining operations in Western Australia must be of an exceptionally speculative character. The poverty of the results hitherto obtained is not a conclusive proof of the folly of bringing out the many new companies we have indicated above, for the auriferous area of Western Australia is immense, and there is room for a very large number of companies. But the drawbacks we have mentioned do prove to demonstration the folly of going to allotment upon the small working capital available in the majority of companies. Speaking broadly, the promoters usually take from three-fourths to four-fifths of the capital of the company. But these proportions are altogether in excess of what they ought to be. What can be more absurd than to bring out a mining company with a capital of, say, £100,000 to carry on operations in Western Australia, and to hand over, as is often done, £70,000 or £80,000 of this capital to the vendors?

A GLASGOW DEAL.

They say that familiarity breeds contempt, and, apparently, Glasgow men are less impressed by the shrewdness of Glasgow folk than outsiders. Anyway, Mr. Stuart Cranston must have a low opinion of the intelligence of his fellow-townsmen if he expects them to give him £70,000, of which £30,000 is to be in cash, for the good-will of his Tea Rooms. The prospectus says that these tea rooms are "at 26 and 28, Burnham Street; 43, Argyll Arcade; 5, Morrison's Court; 76, Argyle Street; 2, Queen Street; and 46, Queen Street, Glasgow," from which it will be inferred that there are six places. We understand, however, that there are only three—two small and indilient, and one large and very nice.

Be that as it may, £70,000 is a tremendous price to pay for a business about whose profits we are only given figures for two years, these figures showing a profit of £4,239 for 1894, and of £5,138 for 1895. But it is admitted that no allowance is made for depreciation, and though Messrs. Rathay Bros. and Cairney are given as the authority for the profits, their certificate is not disclosed. Why?

But granting that the concern is at present making a profit

of between £4,000 and £5,000 a year—and that is granting a good deal—£70,000 is a preposterous price to pay for the good-will, even though Mr. Cranston undertakes to hold for some years ordinary shares to the extent of £40,000. Mr. Cranston is not only to get £30,000 in cash and £40,000 in shares, he is to receive “such further sum as shall be shown by the books at the date of the transfer to be the value of the stock-in-trade, and the actual amount of the outstanding true book debts.” Even the rent of the shops is not thrown in. As we have said, Mr. Cranston must have a poor opinion of the intelligence of his fellow townsmen if he thinks they will subscribe this issue. But maybe it is intended for the special behoof of the Southerner.

CHAFFEY BROTHERS.

A correspondent writes to us to say: “Only recently I received a letter from Chaffey’s London office, stating that they were constantly disposing of the debentures at the price of issue, viz., £97 per £100 bond.” Upon the general position of affairs the correspondent, whose letters we have quoted in earlier issues, and to whom we have sent, at their request, the letters of several debenture holders, writes to us as below:—

I may say that as regards the guarantee companies, I have recently had the same experience as your correspondent in your issue of this week.

As regards the guarantee of the “National Insurance, etc., Corporation,” my opinion, which is confirmed by that of the London Secretary of Chaffey Bros., is that their contention is absolutely untenable, since we had absolutely no proper notice of either the fact of the reconstruction of this guarantee company, or of the terms of such reconstruction when approved by the Court. “Equity” is, after all, based, as a rule, upon common sense notions, and I think no Court of Equity would uphold such a dishonest plea.

The reconstruction of the other guarantee company was carried out on precisely similar lines, and though they did give us information of their reconstruction, with power to vote thereon so far as they were able to communicate at all with holders of bearer bonds, they nevertheless admitted that no registration or endorsement of such bonds was necessary, though their scheme for reconstruction contained a similar clause to that contained in the other company’s reconstruction scheme. I communicated at the time with Mr. Vincent, and he informed me that this was the opinion both of his own Board and of that of the manager of the Securities Insurance Company.

When the interest has been three months in arrear (that is, on the 1st April next) we are, by the terms of the guarantee, allowed three weeks in which to give notice of our claim upon them, and, of course, it is necessary to provide that such notice should be a thoroughly valid one. This question of the guarantees, which is imminent, now makes it all the more necessary that a meeting of debenture holders should speedily be held, and I have written to the London agents of the debenture trustees to urge the desirability of the trustees calling such meeting of their own free will. If, however, they fail to do so, and the Official Receiver fails to obtain such a meeting (as I understand he intends to do, on behalf of the Securities Insurance Company), ten per cent. in value of the debenture holders can compel the trustees to call a meeting in London, under the terms of the trust deed.

I submit, therefore, that it is most desirable that as many debenture holders as possible should at once communicate with each other, and take steps to ascertain the names and addresses of others for the purpose of taking united action. We must, I presume, be a somewhat small body, and I consider that we should do something without further delay.

Our correspondent hopes that any debenture holders who may see the above letter will communicate with him direct. They should address: Guy Heaton, Esq., 1, Boscombe Chambers, Boscombe, Bournemouth.

THE PROFITS OF MARGARINE.

We have received the following letter from a well-informed Glasgow correspondent:—

The recently-published balance-sheet of Messrs. Van Den Bergh’s Margarine Company may lead many to form the idea that “Margarine” shares are a much-to-be-desired investment. True, this company, and others in the same line, have done well this year, but there have been very important reasons. From various causes the raw materials used in the manufacture of margarine have fallen to unprecedentedly low prices, and the price obtained for the manufactured article has not fallen in proportion. Butter has not militated against the sale of margarine this season the way it did last. Through a severe drought in Australia and New Zealand, nothing like the quantity we had last season has been received this, and it must be remembered that last season was the first one of any importance in the importing of butter from our colonies. Given a good year in our colonies for dairying, we shall have a hitherto unheard of quantity of butter coming into our markets. The facilities now being greater, an increased trade is to be expected. Other parts of the world are trying hard to follow the suit of these two colonies.

Canada, up till now not much of a success here, is gradually doing better, and, ere many seasons are gone, will have to be reckoned with. And the Cape is the latest part of the world to demand consideration.

Let your readers who are contemplating investing in “Margarine” shares be careful. It is, after all, only a substitute, and a good season’s dairy produce in the colonies will send the real article down so far that the demands for the substitute will be seriously discounted.

Last year, in a letter to you, I prophesied that butter would fall to 8d. per lb. retail, and though you were sceptical at the time, you afterwards published a copy of a circular which bore out my prediction.

Our correspondent is quite right. Butter was quoted somewhere near the price he names. But it was a passing incident. Where is the householder who has been getting his butter at 8d. per lb.?

COTTONWOOD COMPANY, LIMITED.

We shall have some remarks to make about this company next week.

NEW ISSUES.

The Westralian, London, and Johannesburg Company, Limited, is formed with a capital of £100,000, to take over and extend what is described as the established and successful business of the London and Johannesburg Syndicate, incorporated in March of last year for the purpose of making public issues of shares, and conducting a general financial business. The vendor syndicate is said to be possessed of assets in the form of mining claims of great value—of a value estimated at four times the amount of its issued capital—and its shares are quoted at a big premium. With additional working capital, it is intended to enlarge operations, and to do business in Westralian mining properties. The vendor syndicate have fixed the purchase price at £40,000, of which £15,000 is to be in cash.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Safe Investment. G. C. (Sunderland).—All are good, but of the four we should select the six p.c. debentures of the Gas Light and Coke, **Salmon and Gluckstein**, J. H. (Nottingham).—(1) The office is at 41, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. (2) There is 19s. called up on Palace Theatre shares. (3) The Eastleigh Deep Mine is in the Klerksdorp district of the Transvaal. The other two shares are very speculative, but we think well of the first of them. **Chaffey Brothers**, J. D. C. (Brighton), F. W. B. (Carlisle), C. H. H. (Bradford).—We have sent on your letters to our correspondent, who will, no doubt, communicate with you. **South Australian Petroleum Company**, W. L. W. (Huddersfield).—There are no dealings in these shares. **Press Recommendations.** EBENOS (Bolton).—We content ourselves with saying that we differ from the *Civil Service Gazette*. **Minervas**, N. F. R. (Aberdeen).—No. **Two Mining Shares**, TOUT-A-JOUR (Broughty Ferry).—We should hold Bayley’s Reward for a time, and sell Murchison New Chinas. **Sheba Queen**, J. E. R. (Glasgow).—We should not hold. **Mount Lyell Mining Company**, R. T. S. (Leek).—Your friend may be right, but the transaction will show a handsome profit if you sell, and we should be content with it. **P. and O. Steam Navigation Company**, A. W. (London).—At Somerset House, but it would be expensive, and of little service to you. **Three Shares**, SUBSCRIBER (Weston-super-Mare).—We do not recommend any of the three shares. **Assets Realisation Company**, C. L. (Edinburgh).—We should prefer another selection. **Nitrate Rails**, C. T. C. (Chertsey).—No, we do not expect to see them at over 20 this year. **Chartered**, ENGINEER (Ashbourne).—We think this company’s outlook is much too unsettled to make its shares a very desirable investment, even at their present price. **Empress of Coolgardie**, H. A. W. (Glasgow).—All told, sixty-two tons have been crushed, which yielded seventy-eight ounces of gold. The shares are £1, fully paid. No, we do not recommend purchase at 12s. or 13s. As we write the quotation is 11s. 3d. **Six Mining Shares**, DOUBTFUL (Durbur).—All the shares you have may be best described by the word you have selected as your *nom de plume*. **Investment of £200**, T. E. (Barnes).—We should prefer the Bank. **J. B. Watkins’ Land Mortgage Company**, BEACON (Penrith).—We think not. **Australasian Gold Trust**, J. (Felling-on-Tyne).—(1) It is a very speculative investment. (2) No, they cannot “compel the shareholders to take the unissued capital of the company.” **Safe Investments**, C. E. H. (Northwich).—Sound home investment securities. **Purchase of Mining Shares**, G. K. (Manchester).—All the shares you mention are very speculative. We cannot advise you to touch them. **Pleiades**, BENGAL (London).—(1) You are quite right. We did say that we were “glad to agree with *Truth* for once” in recommending a share, and we are heartily sorry for it. We recommended Pleiades when we should have asked ourselves, “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” No; we cannot take the risk of advising you to buy more for averaging. (2) Yes, it would be divided among shareholders, and we certainly think the shares cheap at their present quotation. The report is of a very satisfactory character, and the permanent prospects of the company have been improved by the recent purchase of two additional blocks of property. In our opinion there is not sufficient evidence to support the unfavourable views of the future of the property recently put forward. **Standing of Company**, SUBSCRIBER No. 3551. (Uddington).—The people you mention are not trustworthy. For the rest, you have been good enough to write us ten pages of closely written matter as to how the proprietors of TO-DAY should conduct their business. Suppose these gentlemen sent a similar letter to you as to how you should carry on your business. Don’t you think you would be tempted to use strong language? Stick to your business, friend, and we will look after ours.

INSURANCE.

G.G.H. (Glasgow).—The big returns stated to be probable are merely estimates made by sanguine and very often ignorant and inexperienced agents. We have not heard of a single instance where the company has paid amounts even approaching original estimates. The other companies you mention make quite as good a use of premiums as the one you are in, and therefore, taking policy holders all round, do quite as well for them, and at the same time effect a more equitable administration of the funds. You would save yourself much anxiety by carrying out your proposition.

SUBSCRIBER.—Both the companies you mention are quite reliable; the second named has a very large capital.

E. C. (Birmingham).—We have not seen recent figures of the London society, but understand it is small. We doubt whether it is not too small for a safe average. The Edinburgh company is on a broader basis, and is managed with great care and success.

GEO. C.—We do not care to select offices for inquirers, but are willing to express opinions on offices named. The society you mention is one of a number of very good ones.

LEATHER.—It is thoroughly safe, well managed, and yields good results to policy holders.

DICK OF DUBLIN.—The office is safe, and the bonus is not a bad one, but there are offices where you can for the same kind of assurance pay a less premium and get more bonus.

T. G. T.—We think you have come to a wise decision, as well as to age, as to kind of assurance and office.

J. D. (Forest Gate).—It is not, in our opinion, safe. The figures must be taken with a big grain of salt.

INSURANCE.—The reduction in the amount of contracts was made some years ago, and notice was given at the time to the policy holders. In view of the terms on which the liabilities were taken over, a surrender value is not to be expected. It is unfortunate that nothing can be done to improve matters.

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CONTENTS—MARCH, 1896.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.—II. RUTH. A. J. GOODMAN
VENDETTA MARINA ... CLARK RUSSELL

Three Illustrations by T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

"I was in a faint," said the doctor. "See this, captain?"—"That's the old Ramillies."—"We brought the ship to a stand and lowered a boat."

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P. ADDISON BRIGHT
Photographs by Messrs. FRADELLE and YOUNG.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P.—Sir Edward Clarke's house at Staines.—The drive.—Sir Edward Clarke's notes.—A page from Sir Edward Clarke's note-book.—The dining-room.—The study.—Sir Edward Clarke's favourite dog.

A MODEL CRIME ... W. PETT RIDGE

Three Illustrations by H. L. HURST.

"Chloroform might do it," said James, thoughtfully.—Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside.—James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.—I, II, & III.—
JOSEPH HATTON

Four Illustrations by W. H. MARGETSON.

"A day comes when you half wish your rooms had taken fire."—Shirley Brooks.—"Hiding away our properties among the gravestones in the churchyard."—Mrs. Rousby.

MORE BIRDS OF A FEATHER ...

PHROSOS: A ROMANCE. CHAPTERS III. & IV.—
ANTHONY HOPE

Four Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.

"I was left alone in the hall with the prisoner."—"Came near with the knives."—"The enemy were in full retreat."—"Held a very substantial-looking whip in his hand."

"AU REVOIR" ... HOUNSOM BYLES

THE HORRORS OF LONDON.—II. THE AQUARIUM—
ALLEN UPWARD

Illustrations by E. H. GOODWIN.

"The mere presence of a fish seems to arouse their worst passions."—"There is an idea abroad that it is a department of the South Kensington Museum."

A LONG VIEW ... CHAS. PEARS

"THE POETRY OF ART" ... ROY COMPTON

Eleven Illustrations by R. SAUBER, R.B.A.

"The Golden Lure."—A study.—"The Angel of Death bearing away the Soul."—Robert Sauber, R.B.A.—Illustration from "The Rose had been Washed."—"Literature."—"An Afternoon Call."—"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"—"The Three Snake Leaves."—"Sorrow."—"The Trysting Bower."

THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.—II. HERR
DOLLE'S DIAMONDS ... HERBERT KEEN

Four Illustrations by W. DEWAR.

Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office.—There was only one cashier.—"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.—"This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton."

THE HISTORY OF "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Photographs by GEO. HANA and W. D. DOWNEY.

Miss Maud Jeffries as "Mercia."—Miss Grace Warner as "The Empress Poppa."—Mr. Franklin McLeay as "Nero."—Mr. Wilson Barrett as "Marcus, Prefect of Rome."—Mr. Franklin McLeay as "Nero."—Group of Patrician Ladies.—Miss Maud Hoffman as the original "Berenis."—Miss Gertie Boswell as "Cyrene."—Miss Maud Hoffman as the original "Berenis."—Mr. Alfred Brydone and Miss Haidee Wright as "Favus" and "Stephanus."—Miss Alida Cortelyou as "Ancaria."—Miss Daisy Belmore as "Dacia."—Miss Haidee Wright as "Stephanus."

THE HUSBAND OF THE PRINCESS ... E. S. GREW

Three Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS.

"I should think," remarked one of the roses in bloom, unkindly, "that you've been standin' out in the sun."—"As we leant over the railings at the side of the stalls."—"My great hit," he added, "was 'The Shabby Genteel.'"

LETTERS TO CLORINDA.—II. JEROME K. JEROME

THE GORGONZOLA UNLOOSED ALAN WRIGHT

THE RED ROOM ... H. G. WELLS

ROWING AT OXFORD ... OLIVER S. JONES

Seven Illustrations by GEORGE C. HAITE, R.B.A., and others.

The Clunker Fours. Waiting for the gun.—The Race.—Coaching in the Boat-house.—The summer eight oar races at Oxford. A bump imminent.—Bumping race at Oxford. First two boats starting. A view from the meadows.—Tubbing at Oxford.

"THE NANSENS" ... J. ARTHUR BAIN

Eleven Illustrations.

The "Fram," Dr. Nansen's ship.—Dr. Nansen.—Nansen on "Ski."—Nansen and his crew, after crossing Greenland.—Fru Nansen.—The launching of the "Fram."—The "Fram" at anchor.—Viking ship at Christiania.—Nansen's home at Lysaker.—Nansen's study at Lysaker.—Nansen's farewell.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—

J. F. NISBET

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—HUNTING—

MAX COWPER and FRED PEGRAM

THE IDLERS' CLUB:—THE MAN IN LOVE. How Does HE APPEAR TO HIMSELF?

F. FRANKFORT MOORE, FOSTER FRASER, W. L. ALDEN, and G. B. BURGIN.

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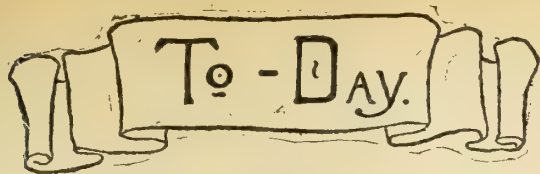
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

It really looks as though Lord Salisbury were plucking up a little spirit. Perhaps it has been conveyed to his Lordship's ears that the country is not quite so proud of his wonderful diplomacy as his own particular press organs may have led him to suppose. To shout threats of defiance, and immediately to scuttle off the moment the other boy turns round, may be good schoolboy tactics, but is hardly dignified policy for a nation. Left to himself, the probabilities are that Lord Salisbury would have cut from Egypt the moment Turkey ordered him out. But fortunately there are one or two men in the Cabinet with some pretence to backbone, and they have probably checked his Lordship's impetuous tendency towards running away.

He has been fortunate also in the matter of Adowa. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the Italian disaster has come as a little godsend to us, for had not an excuse for our remaining in Egypt been provided by Providence, we should have been under the painful necessity of inventing one. The England that leaves Egypt will be a second-rate Power. Every statesman knows that our clearing out would give a blow to our prestige and position that we should never recover from. We have gone too far in the matter of Egypt ever to go back with credit. Eventually Egypt will have to be incorporated into our Empire. In more honest times there would have been no necessity for subterfuge. We should simply have said, "We are here; we are going to take possession of the land, unless anybody can turn us out of it."

But that would be immoral, so we have to pretend

that we are there for the benefit of the Egyptians, that we are dying to evacuate, and are only waiting for the first opportunity of doing so. As nobody believes us, not even our own Little Englanders, a plain man finds it difficult to understand the object of the pretence. Every foreign statesman, every Nonconformist in the land, knows that we are going to stick there till we are turned out by superior force, or until some flabby politician of our own does his country the irreparable harm of allowing himself to be frightened out. Egypt is a magnificent position; it is the key to both Africa and Asia. It is necessary to the maintenance of our Indian Empire; from it we should extend our possessions in Africa, and it would afford us a commanding position in case of a European war. England cannot afford to give it up. It is only our enemies, external and internal, who are anxious that we should do so.

THE report of the Head Constable for Liverpool for 1895 is deserving of careful consideration by our purity fanatics. "The number of houses of ill-fame," says the report, "has considerably decreased, but, on the other hand, the number of women of ill-repute shows a marked increase." It may be remembered that the Liverpool busy-bodies were so satisfied with their work in that city, that they came to London with a view of improving the metropolis to the same high level. A well-known Liverpool busy-body stated that his party had succeeded in reforming Liverpool, and that they would now look after London. As some of us tried to impress upon these foolish people at the time, the turning of vice loose into the street does not mean its abolition. You might as well block up your drains, and then claim to have made a sanitary city. Vice is as much a part of the world's scheme as virtue. An idiot might as well announce his intention to commence a crusade against mud and dust. A wise man knows that these things are, and seeks to confine them in as narrow limits as possible. It is far better to let vice have its haunts, and to keep it to them. To scatter evil loose through the streets is to multiply it, not to stifle it.

At last the railway companies are coming to their senses in the matter of first and second class fares. The directors are growing tired of looking at their empty first and second class carriages. There is no reason that these should not be at least half-filled. No one but a fool will pay double and, in some cases, treble a third-class fare for the privilege of a first-class carriage. It is not the luxury that the first-class passenger seeks, but less crowding. To sit with nine other people in a small compartment for five or six hours is extremely exhausting. If first and second class fares were made reasonable, third-class carriages would be relieved of thirty per cent. of their passengers, and this thirty per cent. would scatter themselves among the other two classes. Passengers would be benefited by greater comfort, and railway shareholders would receive larger dividends. The difference at present between third and first class fares is ridiculous. A man feels he is wasting money by travelling anything but third. A few extra shillings he would pay willingly; but when on a long journey and the difference has to be calculated in pounds, he puts up with the discomfort. Eighteen months ago I urged railway companies to consider this point, and

I am glad to hear that at last they are beginning to turn their attention to it.

A HIDEOUS case of cruelty by boys comes to me from Portsmouth. Two Hardway boys, named William James Eden and William Henry Cornelius, got hold of a little dog. Passing a noose round its neck, they pulled the rope on either side until the animal's eyes protruded from its head, after which they kicked it and pelted it with stones. These two little devils were fined by the Gosport magistrates 16s. 6d., including costs. A more flagrant case of magisterial imbecility and wickedness I have not come across. It is a pity that the report does not give the names of the magistrates; they are men who ought to be held up to the contempt they deserve.

OF Alderman Faudel Phillips I expected better things. A horse sent out by Messrs. Fardell and Co., Cartwright Street, Upper East Smithfield, was proved to be in a terrible condition, lame, and worn out. This blackguardly firm of Fardell and Co. has been summoned fourteen times for similar cruelty. Alderman Phillips very properly denounced such cruelty as a disgrace to humanity and to the City, but he only fined the carman and horsekeeper 20s. and £5 respectively. The money, of course, was cheerfully paid by this firm of horse torturers, whose licence ought to be immediately taken away from them, and with whom, after this exposure, no decent man would have business. Had Alderman Phillips imprisoned the men, it would have made it extremely difficult for their brutal masters.

It is not difficult to maintain the reputation of a humorist in these days. If a man once write a book that makes people laugh, the public, for ever afterwards—or, at all events, a certain portion of them—will go into fits of merriment over his every utterance. As a young man, I occasionally made remarks that were supposed to be witty. I remember one friend of mine greatly appreciated them; but my difficulty was that he thought everything I said was funny. If I said it was going to be a fine day, he exploded with laughter. If I came and told him that my favourite cat was dead, he would fall into paroxysms of enjoyment. I often found it difficult to refrain from observations that might have weakened our friendship. Possibly I might have done so with impunity. Had I called him a blithering ass, the chances are that he would have regarded it as a gem of humour, and have repeated it to everybody he came across.

So it is to this day. I have written one or two books that were intended to amuse, and that did amuse, a certain number of people, while greatly grieving a certain number of other people, who complained with much bitterness that the humour in them was new. Because of this, a certain class of idiot is under the impression that I am always meaning to be funny. If I mention a sad incident, they write to me apologising for their weak sense of humour, and asking me to point out the joke. If I denounce a brute for cruelty to a child or an animal, the local sub-editor writes a paragraph regretting that the new humour should attempt to make capital out of serious subjects.

THE other day I replied to a lady who wished to become a hospital nurse. Apologising for boring my readers, I reprint my answer in full: "Your medical man could put you in the way of becoming a nurse, but do not run away with the usual feminine idea that it is a sweet and pleasant occupation. It requires great physical strength and power of endurance. The duties are often repulsive, the surroundings loathsome, the moral and mental atmosphere soul-sickening. I do not wish to turn you away from good work, if you feel drawn towards it, but hospital nursing is training of the severest type, and it is no good approaching the labour with false views." It will hardly be believed that a paper called the *Nursing Record and Hospital World* indignantly asks regarding this reply, where the humour comes in! To-DAY, my contemporary announces in tones of grave reproach, is a comic paper; and it puts forward this answer of mine as an example of the weakness of the new humour. I am firmly persuaded that, were I discovered to be the original Jack the Ripper, a large number of journalists in England would set to work to discover the joke.

TWENTY years ago the man who suggested the idea of conscription in England would have been scouted as an emissary from the devil himself. The other week I welcomed the *Daily Telegraph* as an ally in this matter, and thought on the subject seems to be creeping into the provinces. The *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, in a leader, remarks: "It is a sound principle that every man born in a free State ought to be trained to the use of arms. . . . Surely freedom and independence and the right to enjoy what the courage and enterprise of the British race have won are worth all the sacrifices we are ever likely to be called upon to make, and a little more. And we feel sure that both the physical and moral condition of the nation would be vastly improved if every man in early life were compelled to devote, say, a year to military service, during which time he would be well fed and have to live under perfectly healthy conditions, while his muscles would be trained and strengthened by military exercise as they never can be by the work of the office or the factory."

"A HOWL of derision will, we know, be raised against such a suggestion," adds my contemporary. I am inclined to think that that howl of derision will not be so bad as some suppose. It will merely come from the unthinking sheep, who have listened during their lives to twaddle on the subject. The younger generation is thinking of the idea with no ill-will; my correspondence shows me that it is being welcomed among the very classes who will have to decide upon the matter. I agree with Mr. Poet Watson, that war is only to be resorted to when diplomacy has failed. But I agree with him also that war is no unmixed evil, even for its own sake. It strengthens a nation; it proves a nation; it brings out the manhood and womanhood of a nation. It makes us forget our petty differences, the little trivialities of our commerce-governed lives. It wakes [the ideal within us. It is a great moulder of humanity. It is a thing on all fours with other sorrows. No man goes forth to meet suffering; he avoids it if he can in honour. But no man is going to deny that suffering is a great teacher, and a

necessary teacher, to the individual; that out of it he gets "the far-off" interest of tears."

So it is with war. The nation, as the individual, seeks by all legitimate means to avoid it. But the nation must know that its sufferings and its sacrifices will bring good to it in the end. I would see England prepared for war, so that when it comes to her—as come it will—we may be ready to face it, not with shouting, but with set faces. We can only be prepared for it when every able-bodied man among us is, by training and by thinking, a soldier. What that word "soldier" means we can gather by turning to the language of our preachers. Churchman and Dissenter, Salvationist and moralist, use it to indicate the highest type of man they can think of; and what is good in morals and religion is good also in the affairs of the world. Physically and morally, we shall be the better men for being soldiers.

THE Northampton Borough Coroner, Mr. C. C. Becke, has made some outspoken remarks on the subject of child insurance. A woman had allowed her child to die under circumstances that did not at all satisfy him. He asked her if the child was insured. It was. "What did you insure it for?" asked the coroner. "To have the money if it died," replied the woman. "Exactly," said Mr. Becke. The coroner remarked that the system of child insurance led to a great deal of crime, adding that he should always hold an inquest in the case of child death where the child was insured. Of course, the local insurance agents have flown to arms for the protection of their industry. They indignantly protest against the coroner's remarks as an insult to the working classes, etc., etc. I think I know that tune; I have had the pleasure of listening to it for a long while.

SIR JOHN LEESE, M.P., made a still stronger attack upon the practice at a public meeting held at Accrington. The report of the N.S.P.C.C. (said Sir John Leese) pointed out that nearly half of the children illtreated or neglected in Accrington and district were known to have been insured, the insurance money amounting to no less than £2,681. He spoke with some feeling as a criminal judge when he said that of all criminal cases, those were the very worst. If any criminal deserved the punishment of penal servitude for the first offence, in his opinion, it was in those cases where insurance money was at the bottom of the crime.

DR. J. L. RUSSELL, of Todmorden, has also said something lately concerning child insurance. "From my experience," said Dr. Russell, "child insurance is one of the most damnable things on God's earth." The late Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Bradford, in drawing my attention to Dr. Russell's remarks, writes me:—"I can fully endorse all that you have written against child insurance in your paper, but the great difficulty always was to get the doctor to give evidence against those who were his patients, or rather the parents of his patients." There will come a day when the permission of child insurance will be looked back upon as a blot upon English law. Why it has ever been tolerated by honest men I cannot conceive. It is a deliberate in-

centive to crime; it offers a reward to cold-blooded murder.

PLUCK FUND.—I have received 1s. from J. W., The Grammar School, Fowey, Cornwall. James Jennings saw a man named Jones spring into a canal from the Sandhills Bridge, near Liverpool. He jumped into the water with his clothes on, and rescued him at great risk of his life. Jennings has effected six rescues from drowning. At Barnard Castle, a poor working man named Dryden attempted to stop a runaway horse, but was knocked down and killed. He left a widow and two children. Charles Schrimshaw, a cab-driver, bravely stuck to his seat when his horse bolted at Liverpool, and pulled the reins so hard that his feet went through the splash-board. He was at length pulled from his seat, and dragged some distance, before the horse was stopped. I am making inquiries respecting these three cases.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

R. E.—Your verses are not suitable for To-DAY. If you will kindly send stamps I will return them.

B. I. R.—Thanks for your very amusing letter.

A. S. G.—I can only refer you to the numbers in which I have treated the subject.

E. S.—The book is published at 3s. 6d.

E. R. H. suggests that Board school children should be drilled with a view to future service to their country. I am convinced that the children would welcome the idea.

MAGISTER is another correspondent who advocates the compulsory drilling of children. His idea is that capable drill sergeants should be appointed by the Government; that one hour a day should be devoted to drill; that boys after leaving school should continue shooting practice once a week.

GAMMA.—You cannot be very well acquainted with To-DAY, or you would not commence arguing with me on the drink question. All I have to say on this matter I have said over and over again, from the earliest issue of the paper. I see no necessity at the present moment to reopen the subject.

R. T.—Vivisection has often done more harm than good, in leading our scientists towards the paths of wrong reasoning. To vivisect a dog so as to understand a man is like learning the bicycle with a view of becoming an engine-driver. I see nothing repulsive or unpleasant in the methods I have referred to; on the contrary, they appear to me to make for cleanliness and decency. The only difficulty in the way of your plan is human nature.

T. writes me a very interesting letter, discussing various matters from a woman's point of view. I hold that we men, of our own wisdom, never can understand women, so I welcome every document on the subject. That my correspondent is a clever woman, and, therefore, one to be listened to, I gather from her opening paragraph, in which she says: "Since the commencement of To-DAY we have been eager readers, and I can honestly say I enjoy it more than any other paper I see." My correspondent's intelligence thus being proved, I will let her speak:—"A woman-correspondent of yours caught my attention lately, or, rather, what she wrote, and you printed in To-DAY. She gave you the impression that women are as much the prey of evil passions as men are, and that women have to war with themselves to keep their ideas pure and good. I want to contradict her flatly. If *she* feels that way she is certainly in the minority. Ordinary healthy-minded girls and women have a greater horror of that sort of thing than you can imagine. I do not care to go deeply into such a subject; no doubt what arguments I could bring to bear out my assertion will readily occur to your mind. A woman, I admit, certainly does care for admiration and even love, but that suffices; and I feel pretty confident that if a woman goes wrong, it is for love of the man, and not from any vicious desire." My own observation, for what it is worth, appears to a great extent to bear out this argument. I gather that woman in a natural state only responds to passion; indeed, when one thinks out the scheme of nature, it is clear that this is all she is intended to do. Nature never bestows unnecessary instincts. T. goes on to argue the lesser point of ladies in smoking carriages. Personally, I have no objection to ladies in smoking carriages, so long as they do not object to smoking; but I think there ought to be more smoking carriages provided. Nor should I be shocked at seeing women smoke. Indeed, I think it is a pity that women do not smoke more. It has a soothing effect on the nerves, and women would greatly benefit by adopting it. So would the relatives of some of them.

BOTHERED.—I am glad to hear from you again. It would have been odd if you had not found my remarks unpalatable.

Perhaps your illness has been partly responsible; it weakens one's moral as well as one's physical muscles. I am glad to hear that your mother likes the new *Idler*.

H. M. P.—I have handed your letter to the manager, who will do what little he can.

M. D.—Few people are prophets in their own country. You will find that most people whose names are known to the world have friends and relatives who, remembering them when they were unimportant, cannot understand how they ever came to be known.

BURMAH.—The only books really useful will be the medical books, and those you will not understand. It would only be foolish to study the subject for yourself; if you have any real fears consult a doctor.

H. J.—We should be only too glad to extend our subscribers' privileges to purchasers of this paper in the ordinary way, were not this impossible. A little thinking over the matter, having regard to wholesale traders, retail traders, etc., will show you the impracticability. As regards the advertisements, they are put in for your benefit, not mine; they enable you to purchase the paper much under cost price. If fifty thousand readers will contract to take *To-Day* for three years at sixpence I will eliminate all the advertisements.

E. T.—You have certainly been treated somewhat harshly, but the police have a difficult duty to perform, and unless one is positive that their behaviour is extremely bad it is unwise to interfere between them and the violent characters they have to control. Drunken ruffians cannot be handled with kid gloves.

F. H. H.—I forget the photograph you refer to. I am sorry if it disappointed you, but I really am not to blame. Advantage was taken of my youth and inexperience at the time of my birth, and features and other things were palmed off upon me that, had I known more about the matter, I should have rejected.

JOHANNESBURG.—I have received some very lengthy and, in some cases, very interesting letters from Johannesburg correspondents, discussing with me the whole question. I have read them carefully, and although grateful to my friends for their trouble in writing on a subject about which one cannot have too much information, their arguments do not induce me to change any convictions I have already formed.

C. F. N.—Your only chance is to borrow one from the local head-gaoler, and for information I can only refer you back to the official blue book.

A. M. C.—The story is properly headed "horrible." I cannot quite credit it, especially the sending out of horses at great expense, when there must be plenty near at hand.

J. H. is anxious that I should discuss the subject of Platonic friendship. Platonic friendship is another name for flirtation. Sometimes it is harmless; that is when the people are indifferent to one another. Platonic friendship, carried to excess, ends in trouble.

MAORI.—Thanks for your kind letter. I dare not depart from my rule.

C. D. L.—Your ambition is the right one, but you do not want to go to work hastily, and take a wrong step. Make every inquiry that will give you information concerning the navy at the Admiralty Offices, Spring Gardens; but you want a chat with a man who has been there. I thank you very much for what you say about *To-Day*.

H. D.—It certainly seems a very one-sided arrangement. I think, as fame is all the reward you get, you ought to be allowed to keep your column to yourself; but I do not like expressing opinions about other people's business. I read the column myself with much interest.

J. H. H.—Great deference should always be paid to those who have proved themselves great thinkers, but that deference should only be to the extent of inducing us to listen with open minds to their arguments, and to discuss them carefully with our own brains. The world would cease rolling if all men

thought alike. My only duty is to try and think wisely, to the best of my ability, and to make my views agree with my judgment. I thank you for your kind expressions.

3551.—Do not, there's a good fellow, tell me how to run this paper. Why should I object to say a good word for a thing it I know it is good? To say a good word for a thing I know is bad, is a different matter.

E. A. S.—I quite agree with you—our young men and women want more play. Puritanism has long been a moral cancer in this land.

C. H. N.—I was going to take up the matter of the *Glasgow Critic*, but I see that the daily papers have got ahead of me, and have been chaffing the thing already. I thank you for your kind letter, and shall be interested to hear about the paper when it comes out.

M. D.—The par. was not an advertisement. Had it been so, the word "Advt." would have been added.

W. B.—I am making inquiries into the matter.

S. GAMP.—I quite agree with you. Fear kills more people than hydrophobia ever did.

R. B., W. T. C., J. H. W., J. W., and C. S. M. are thanked for their letters.

A. G.—I should pay the 5s., and have done with it. I do not remember your former question.

A. B., M. R. C. S., J. M. B., and A. E. N. C., will be replied to next week.

CLUB CHATTER.

I HAVE received a charming letter from Miss Alma Stanley, dated from Teneriffe. "Thank God, I am still in the land of the living," Miss Stanley writes, "and longing to be home again. This place has done me a lot of good, and I hope to sail on March 12th for England." Speaking of her professional career, Miss Stanley writes me: "Heaven knows I have had a hard struggle, and I trust that after all these years I have won." Miss Alma Stanley is an actress I have always believed in, and when she has had an opportunity she has always proved herself the possessor of the highest talent—I am almost inclined to write genius. There is no reason why she should not take rank among our very leading actresses.

I MAY take credit, I fancy, for being the first to forecast the Lebaudy scandal. Writing six months ago, I said that when the truth came out it would be found that he was the victim of a dishonest journalistic campaign. One who knew the little millionaire well has given me a quantity of interesting facts about his strange career. He was originally exploited by a very warm English racing contingent, and when he got rid of them he remarked to my informant: "Thank God, I am clear of that lot, and in with a decent crowd." The "decent crowd" are to-day awaiting the verdict.

On another occasion he was to be seen hurrying all over the course at Longchamps to borrow a hundred francs, with which to back one of his own horses. On another occasion he was despoiled of his hat, coat, and

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



BELL'S
SCOTIA
CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow

umbrella by an infuriated publican to whom he owed money, and to whom he refused payment. One night, at a well-known café, he heard an Englishman speaking disparagingly of France, and although the stature of the son of Albion would have enabled him to squeeze the life out of Max, he struck him a staggering blow, and then discreetly retired with his friends.

WHAT so charming and brilliant an actress as Mdlle. de Marsy could see in him passes everyone's understanding. He had all the appearance of a stable-boy with money, and he gloried in the regards that the well-dressed threw at him in fashionable *rendezvous*. As an example of his general get-up, it is worth recounting an experience he had at Nice. He saw two fashionably-dressed *demi-mondaines*, and spoke to them. They replied by blackguarding him with every expression of disgust, and practically sought the protection of two gentlemen. "That was Max Lebaudy," said one of the latter, and when Max passed a few minutes later, sweeter smiles were never bestowed on any man than by the pair.

THE *Vie Parisienne* has found out and proved that to be well dressed a man requires £600 a year. The extraordinary thing is that I have been through the tabulated list of expenses, and presupposing that a man started in a state of nature, and decided to be ultra-fashionable, I do not see where he could much economise. Pressure on my space prevents me going into details, but next week I will give some of the items.

THE latest scheme for the Paris Exhibition *clou* is to build an arch over the Eiffel Tower. A remark frequently made by the hairdresser suggests itself as a comment.

THE decision of the Executive to organise the *claque* for the Government subsidised theatres of Paris is good. It has been done at the Théâtre Française with success. The *claque* is simply employed to applaud, and up till now it has been a question of "Who will pay the highest price?" to secure for any particular artiste the heartiest round of applause. The new scheme is to put them simply in the position of servants of the theatre, with the threat of instant dismissal if they receive a penny from any artiste. These professional applauders have no counterpart in England, but the French regard their occupation as legitimate. They say: "It is necessary to have in a theatre men who will applaud, in order to call attention to the most brilliant lines, and the most subtle, but, at the same time impressive, incidents. Again, one audience vociferously cheers an actor one night, and the following night no one takes any notice of him. Therefore, it is well to have a well-organised *claque*, who simply call attention to the best work, in preference to a crowd of men who sell the use of their hands and voices for so many shillings." Perhaps there is something in the argument; but who has not cursed in a Paris theatre that monotonous but regular applause that always trots out automatically. Still, Paris is better than Italy, where the artiste gains a thousand francs a week (rarely paid), and has to give a half to the *claque*—not for applause, but to prevent being hissed off.

THERE is evidently a general desire just now to get as much variety as possible into the style of men's evening clothes. Some time ago the fashion of having a broad black stripe down the outside seams of trousers was introduced very successfully, and last week I had something to say about a new evening waistcoat, which will be the thing this season. I have just come across a novelty in white shirts which are to be worn with evening

clothes only. The surface of these shirts is perfectly smooth—like an ordinary plain linen shirt—but covered with semi-indistinct patterns. I noticed some made to resemble watered silk, and the general appearance of these was very effective. Another very successful pattern was a small neat check. Of course, there is no colour in these shirts.

By the way, talking of evening clothes reminds me of a novelty in evening ties. The ends of the tie are made in a kind of open lace work. I should advise any reader who values his personal appearance to fight very shy of these ties. They present the appearance of having been made from disused ladies' handkerchiefs. A crowning monstrosity is reached when these ties are made in colours.

A POPULAR style of shirt for every-day wear or evening dress is known as the "Corona." It is manufactured by Mr. Alexander Riley, Glasgow. It will certainly wear well, the material being good, and the maker has been careful to as far as possible ensure a comfortable fit.

A CLUB of cyclists, mounted on old-fashioned ordinaries, passed through Brixton on Saturday.

THERE are many ways in which some cyclists display a want of common sense and etiquette on Sundays. Many of them take a perfect delight in clustering together when they ought to be riding in processional order. This dangerous practice is common on the Guildford and Ashford roads. The riders who crowd together in a thronged thoroughfare are generally the ones who violently ring their bells when there is no one actually in their way. I wonder when we shall hear the last of the foolish fellows who ring their bells upon deserted roads. The other day I was behind one who kept loudly ringing his bell, though there was no one to be seen for a quarter of a mile ahead. There is no sense in this, though there may be some amusement for the cyclist. Neither can I see the need for ringing bells when cyclists are only a few yards behind unsuspecting pedestrians.

MUDGUARDS, possessing all the advantages of lightness and strength, were shown to me the other day; but there was nothing about them that interested me more than the perfect manner in which they had been enamelled. They had a splendid polish, and the enamel, even when beaten, showed no tendency to crack and fly off. A dark tortoise-shell enamel was shown to me as something new and novel.

Of all the colours (black excepted) employed by manufacturers to make ladies' machines look neat and attractive, not one is proving more attractive than French grey. It is a favourite colour with many ladies who ride in the parks.

THE following two advertisements appeared in the Agony column of the *Standard* last Monday:—

£500.—WILL the Lady or Gentleman who sent five £100 notes to Cochrane and Sons, Stock and Share Dealers, 67, Cornhill, E.C., with an order to purchase £25,000 Brighton "A's," kindly send address?

£500.—COCHRANE and SONS, Stock and Share Dealers, 67, Cornhill, E.C. Yes: Banstead Lunatic Asylum, Surrey.

A MOST interesting billiard match is in course of progress at the Egyptian Hall, in which our champion, John Roberts, is playing Edward Diggle, of Manchester, who is justly regarded as the next best player. The champion is giving his young opponent a start of 7,200 in a game of 24,000 up, 800 less than he gives Dawson, Mitchell, Peall, and all the other first-class players. During the past week Diggle has had very few chances of distinguishing himself, as Roberts has been in phenomenally fine form, as on no fewer than seven oc-

THE HUBBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

casions has he exceeded 400 at a break—817, 682, 653, 550, 471, 428, 419, and some dozens between 100 and 400. Still, in spite of all this, Diggle has made the most of his opportunities, but the end of the first week's play finds him over 1,000 behind his points.

Of course these big breaks cause large attendances at the Egyptian Hall, but, from my point of view, they were all spoiled by the large number of foul shots in them. I allude, of course, to the push stroke, which is causing such a controversy in the billiard world. The best players are divided in their opinion as to the fairness and legality of a stroke which, I think, is undoubtedly foul. Roberts upholds it, and its great opponent is William Mitchell, and as I see that these two have signed articles to play 21,000 up, push, spot, and jamb stroke barred, Mitchell receiving 7,000 start, we shall have a chance of seeing how Roberts gets on without his favourite stroke.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me another curious dog story relating to a Hungarian bull-dog that adopted kittens. Ferocious of appearance, and ugly of tooth and jaw, it was at heart one of the kindest beasts imaginable. It would not even kill a rat. Put the sight of a kitten lolling aimlessly in the sunshine pained it, and it went quietly, and took it up and marched it home. There his kindness ceased, for having done this, he left the poor little wretches to cry their eyes out, and never gave them a chance even to smell his dinner.

"SPEAKING of the imitation of the cries of animals," said the Yankee philosophically, "I knew one down in Texas who so perfectly imitated the crowing of the cock, that the sun used to rise by mistake."

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.



Stenhouse

This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the finest blend of the finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application.

WM. STENHOUSE & CO.

WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

BINGHAM and CO.,
TAILORS & MILITARY OUTFITTERS.
29, Conduit St., Bond St.,
LONDON.

It is claimed for Burns' "Tinico" cigarettes, manufactured by Messrs. F. and J. Smith for Mr. J. P. Burns, of 17, South Exchange Place, Glasgow, that they are almost absolutely without nicotine and objectionable matter. The special process of manufacture permits of the retention of the natural fragrance of the tobacco, and the cigarettes of the "Tinico" brand are certainly pleasant to smoke.

I AM told, on the best authority, that the "Khaki," the material of which our soldiers' uniforms are made for wear in tropical climates, is likely to be fashionable this summer. The stuff makes up excellently, either in the form of a Norfolk or a lounge suit, and has a pleasing yellow-brown colour. It is very cool, and if we are to have anything like the heat that prevailed last year, this will be an advantage not easily overrated.

HE spoke quietly to the waiter, and simply suggested that twenty-four shillings was a tolerably liberal reckoning for a lunch that had only included soup, a cutlet, and cheese. The waiter saw that there was some justification in the argument, and brought up the manager. "Yes," said the latter, "what you say is right. There is one slight error; it should be four shillings instead of twenty-four, but I should like you to understand that this house is run on high-class principles, and we object emphatically to these trifling complaints."

THERE has been sent to me a sample box of patterns of Scotch tweeds manufactured by Messrs. Roberts, Somerville, and Company, Galashiels. The suitings and trouserings, all guaranteed to be made of pure wool, are of the superfine and rough makes, and those of the fine Cheviot and Saxony kinds are certain to meet with the attention of the English and Scotch clothiers. The rough Harris tweeds, black and indigo serges, and worsteds appear in the list of what they

"KANGOLA HIDE" MADE TO MEASURE

This justly celebrated leather is extensively used in High-class Boot Manufacturing in America. It is beautifully soft and wonderfully tenacious. Takes high polish. Made in brown and black, broad and pointed toes, wide or medium welts. Brown boot in nice nut-brown shade, Bal or Derby shape.

GUARANTEED to cutwear any other kind of Leather.
Save Shopkeepers' Profits.
Give measurements over sock in inches and usual size worn.



Send P.O.

10/6

FIT FOR "TO-DAY."
To Bespoke Boot Factory.
RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTON.



FOUL BREATH & TOOTHACHE.

Disagreeable breath arising from decayed, artificial or unclean teeth, or from smoking has often caused displeasure to friends, and even breach of promise of marriage. To keep the breath perfectly sweet, and arrest all decay of the teeth, a few drops of Contra Septine should be used on the wet tooth brush every morning. A gentleman writes: "I used to be a martyr to toothache, but have been quite free for ten years, during which time I have regularly used MAWSON'S CONTRA SEPTINE."

In Bottles, 1/6 & 2/6, from Chemists, or post free from the Manufacturers, Mawson, Swan & Weddell, 30, Grainger St. West, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



FRAGRANT
AND
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Equal to
Havannas at
four times
the
price.

"BAHADURS"
Sold by
Army and Navy,
Junior Army and Navy,
Civil Service, New Civil
Service, Barker's, Harrod's, South
Kensington Co-operative, Bedford
Park Stores and ALL leading Tobacconists
throughout the United Kingdom.

manufacture. They also continue to devote a large amount of attention to ladies' costumes.

THE fourth edition of the Midland Railway Company's "List of Furnished Lodgings in Farmhouses and Country Districts" will shortly be published for the tourist season of 1896. The list will embrace the numerous country districts which the Midland Company's main line and connecting branches traverse, including the Peak district of Derbyshire, the Western and Southern Counties, the West Riding of Yorkshire, the Lake District, etc. A few boarding-houses and hotels will also be included in the book, so that holiday travellers may have a wide variety of choice.

He leant over Waterloo Bridge and saw the Thames Police drag a body from the river. "And still," he murmured, as he entered the nearest public-house, "there are people who tell me to drink water!"

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]
Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

ALPHONSO.—You had better apply to the Headquarters, at 41, Charing Cross, S.W.

E. G. A.—You will find your first question answered fully on page 179. As regards the printing, you had better write to one of the big publishing houses.

J. H. G. (Mansfield), A. P. (Shenstone), Va (Stratford), R. H.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

TINICO FRAGRANT
COOL & SWEET. FLAKE
ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.
EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

NO MORE IRRITATION
OF THE
TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists

Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4½d extra. Sample 2ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free from

J. P. BURNS, Tobacconist, 17, SOUTH EXCHANGE PLACE, GLASGOW.

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HIGHEST AWARD
FOR SCIENTIFIC
SHIRT-CUTTING.

BAIKIE & HOGG,
10, Renfield Street, and 52, Gordon Street,
GLASGOW,
SHIRT TAILORS AND PYJAMA SPECIALISTS,
PRIVATE COLOURS WOVEN IN REAL CASHMERE AND PURE SILK.
Range of Materials and Measurement Forms sent on request.
NOTE.—MR. HOGG will be at the CHARING CROSS HOTEL on Tuesday, 24th, and Wednesday, 25th March, with a full Range of CASHMERE SUITINGS and NOVELTIES in High Class Underwear. Hours 10 to 7.

Public favorites!
THE NAVY and
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

is sold only in 1 oz. Packets and in 2, 4 and 8 oz. and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.

Ask for "PLAYER'S" at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are sold only in Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50 and 100.
SELLING BY THE MILLION TO THE MILLION.

(Youghal), P. R. (Maidstone), E. P. M. (Temple), A. B. (Herne Hill), J. H. (Glasgow), F. A. B. B. (Oxton), have communicated with respect to my suggestion about the Paris Exhibition.

B. B. (Exeter).—It is simply a matter of personal taste, but, as a rule, the handkerchief pocket is put on a morning coat, and not on a frock-coat.

M. W.—Think you had better have no go-between, but write direct to the mistress of the house. No need to ask your friend to convey your thanks for invitation.

A. L. (Brampton).—You are not alone in the plea for a column of cycling news weekly. See an advertisement elsewhere.

H. J. H.—Three-quarters of a million was correct, but there should not have been attached the words "in this city." Thanks for your interesting calculation.

W. J. wants a good cool pipe tobacco. W. J. should try the Craven mixture, supplied by Carreras, Wardour Street, London, and the Tinico Flake, which can be procured from J. P. Burns, 17, South Exchange Place, Glasgow.

L. F. asks me to state that the professors and students of the University at Budapest, in order to celebrate the millennium of Hungary with proper respect, have decided to daily attire themselves in national dress.

R. G. P. sends me the following:—"I am glad to read of the Major's proposed test of the 'Bantam,' which many people are unjustly prejudiced against, chiefly, I find, on account of its quaint appearance. I have lately given one a good trial for a month in all sorts of weather, and feel sure it will give a good account of itself in the 'trial.'"

H. B. (Leeds).—You ought to start for the Mediterranean as soon as possible. This is a good time to make the trip, which ought to give you no uneasiness on the score of sea-sickness. Special clothing would not be really necessary for a cruise as far as Constantinople. A tweed, light in weight and colour, would suit you well enough. Write to Messrs. Bibby or Messrs. Moss and Papayanni. There are many good fleets running to the Mediterranean.

N. J. H.—Am pleased you like the cycling notes. If you live in the cycle-making part of the country, you ought to experience no difficulty in getting hold of either a good second-hand or new mount. Everyone wears his own kind of collar for evening dress, and the turned over pattern would be as correct as any other. The bow is taking the place of knots with very large ends. Made-up ties are not likely to be fashionable this season. A grey strip is correct.

TRILBY FOOT.—D. H. Shuttleworth-Brown has sent me an outline of "an almost ideal Trilby foot." He says: "I obtained it from Messrs. Holden Bros., of Regent Street. The young lady who owns the foot is the daughter of an English colonel, and is about 15 years of age. The foot is $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, less than 2 in. across the heel, and more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. across, on a vertical line passing the fifth toe-nail, where the width is, or ought to be, the greatest. The great toe and the heel are in a right line. The toes, generally, are well developed." My correspondent, who thinks the public at large still labour under a misapprehension as to what constitutes a good foot, intends to prepare a book or album of comic and other sketches that have come in the wake of the boom so marvellously set on foot by Du Maurier with his Trilby.

CONSUMPTION.—Success of Dr. Alabone's treatment. Read "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," 25th Edition. Price 2s. 6d., post free, by EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D., Phil., U.S.A., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S., Eng., by Exam. 1870. Lynton House, Highbury, London, N.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—Sheltered climate. First-rate sport, and only 19, hours from London. CERCLE DES ETRANGERS with Roulette, Trent-et-quarante, &c., always open. Hotel tariff at 10 francs inclusive. For details, address JULES CREHAY, Sec.

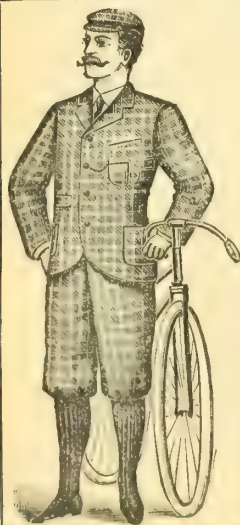
O. E. S. (Manchester).—You say you are coming to London shortly, and wish to order some clothes of a really good West-end tailor. If you go to Bingham's, 29, Conduit Street, Bond Street, and say that I sent you, you will get well looked after. With regard to your other questions, it is not absolutely imperative that a man should remove his glove when shaking hands with a lady, and he should certainly not start taking it off whenever he sees a lady he knows coming towards him, for the simple reason that the lady may not wish to stop to shake hands. By all means wait and allow the lady to take the initiative. When the lady and gentleman introduced are not likely to meet again, a bow is quite sufficient; on less formal occasions the gentleman would wait to see if the lady wished to shake hands. The choice would rest entirely with her.

AN INITIO.—It is quite possible that you may have seen socks three or four years ago similar to those I described last week; there's nothing very singular in that, as the song says. A fashion, like history, repeats itself. What was new three years ago may be new again now, but in the meantime it has been old. With regard to the paragraph on how to keep the trousers in proper order, it is impossible to take out the bagginess in trousers without pressing and stretching, and this involves a crease down the front and back. The crease is simply a matter of taste. Personally, I consider that the clothes of a well-dressed man should give one the idea that they have been worn on about two previous occasions. I did not advise the crease. I simply put my correspondent into the best way of keeping his trousers in nice condition, and if you read the paragraph again, you will see I favoured the simple method of wearing a fresh pair of trousers every day in the week. By the way, why do you spell trousers with a "w"? Thanks for your note on white mohair waistcoats.

DENTISTRY.—I have received a batch of letters from correspondents on this subject. "L. D. S.," in a lengthy letter, complains: "After having spent some five years and several hundred pounds in qualifying, the newly-fledged practitioner finds himself working side by side with quacks, many of whom have not the slightest knowledge of their profession, and who, by their methods of conducting their practices, bring discredit on their calling." H. C. B., on the other hand, writes: "Your sweeping assertion that all advertising dentists are quacks is as untrue as it is thoughtless. The Dentists' Act, passed in 1878, rendered the L.D.S. Diploma compulsory to new members; these cannot openly advertise, and are grieved that men who were *bona fide* in practice when they were sucking toffee, can. It is the persons who exploit dentistry, evading the Dental Act by styling themselves tooth manufacturers, etc., that are the blots on the profession and a disgrace to dental legislation." Some of my correspondents seem to have misunderstood my words about advertising. I did not advocate advertisement because such a course was against the etiquette and traditions of the profession and tended to lower its status. Again, I think it would be very unfair of one man to defy these traditions, and so, by advertising himself, gain an unfair advantage over his fellow practitioners. I see nothing unfair in advertising when all start level, and advertisement seems to be the line of demarcation between quacks and qualified men.

MISS OLDERLY.—You never make pledges! Why, Angelina, I'm shocked. Do you know, I've faithfully turned over a new leaf every New Year's day since I was twelve years old.

Miss Youngerly.—Dear me! What a bulky volume you must have gone through by this time?



GENTLEMEN'S HIGH-CLASS TAILORING.

PATTERN BOOK SENT POST FREE.
ABOVE 300 PATTERNS
TO CHOOSE FROM.

ONE
PROFIT ONLY.
VALUE UNEQUALLED.
CAREFUL & PROMPT ATTENTION.

FASHIONABLY CUT IN UP TO DATE STYLE TO CUSTOMERS' OWN MEASURE BY FIRST CLASS CUTTERS.
THOROUGHLY WELL-MADE BY EXPERIENCED TAILORS, AND FINISHED IN THE BEST MANNER THROUGHOUT.

MORNING AND BUSINESS SUITS, FROM 40/- UPWARDS.
CYCLING SUITS (LINED HEALTH FLANNEL) " 25/- "

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. Our self-measurement system has been tested by many thousands, with 99 per cent. of successful results. We can therefore guarantee satisfaction, a single trial will convince.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES. BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS OF ALL KINDS.

Hundreds of Testimonials from Clergymen, Medical Men, Officers of H. M. Services and others.

ALL GOODS SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

F. C. CO., MANUFACTURING BESPOKE & LADIES' TAILORS, 117T, ALBION STREET, LEEDS

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

DEAR, dear! here is another anonymous publication which has reached me! Of course, it comes from the joint pens of a notorious lady novelist—whose readers are generally to be found among the uneducated—and a very minor poet, who is nearly mad with disappointment at not having been chosen Poet Laureate. For the last two years they have been devoting their small talents to these simple expedients for telling people what they think of them. Of course, this kind of thing is too silly to offend anyone except people as foolish as themselves; but, for the sake of literature, don't let us go back to "the good old days" of lampoons. No one but the fifty persons or so mentioned in this very dull volume can possibly be interested in it. It must also cost something to print and bind the book in question. My dear people, take the advice of an old man who has had the privilege of meeting really great authors, and don't further sully your bedraggled skirts and Court stockings with this childish wading in mud of your own mixing. There, there! Pay your printer's bill, and burn up the rest of this childish exhibition of spleen and bad taste. Someone might take you seriously, and then you would have a bad half-hour when the writs for libel began to come in.

* * * *

I shall be very much mistaken if Dr. Conan Doyle's latest book, "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" (George Newnes, Limited, 6s.) does not run "The White Company" hard in popular favour and esteem. It is essentially a manly book, and the Brigadier seems to have a good deal of the author's personality—i.e., a healthy love for the life of camps, the desire for action rather than to rust out in idleness; but there the resemblance ceases, for the Brigadier, though a dashing cavalryman, is so thick-headed that when entrusted by Napoleon with a despatch meant to fall into the enemy's hands, he actually fights his way through incredible odds, and nearly ruins his master's campaign by so doing. Perhaps the most amusing passage in this stirring chronicle of deeds of derring-do is when the Brigadier escapes from Dartmoor, where he is confined as a prisoner of war, and meets the "Bristol Bustler":—

He tore off his heavy great-coat, and stood in a singular attitude, with one arm out and the other across his chest, looking at me with a curious smile. For myself, I knew nothing of the methods of fighting which these people have, but on horse or foot, with arms or without them, I am always ready to take my own part. You understand that a soldier cannot always choose his own methods, and that it is time to howl when you are living among wolves. I rushed at him, therefore, with a warlike shout, and kicked him with both my feet. At the same moment my heels flew into the air, I saw as many flashes as at Austerlitz, and the back of my head came down with a crash upon a stone. After that I can remember nothing more.

* * * *

There is one point about the book which rather surprises me. In the last story, I think it is, the Brigadier loses touch with his own character; for the man who is all sabre and spurs breaks out into eloquent rhapsodies about the future of the country through which he is passing, and its budding national spirit. The Brigadier was the last person in the world to do anything of the sort. He is simply the man of action who does a thing first and lets others reason about it afterwards. His remarks are those of a thoughtful student of history (like Dr. Doyle), and not those of a feather-brained soldier at all.

* * * *

But we have evidently not heard the last of the Brigadier. Dr. Doyle has left himself a loophole in the shape of papers belonging to Napoleon, the hiding place of which is known only to our hero. By the way, I notice what is to me a new word in Dr. Doyle's vocabulary. Several times, the Brigadier's skin "pringles," or he experiences a "pringling" sensation. Wasn't it Sir John Pringle who gave his name to a family of anti-scorbutic plants? I don't remember to have seen the word elsewhere. There is a delightful mare in the book. I wonder what

Dr. Doyle thinks of the Arabs he sees in Egypt. For dainty beauty a full-blooded Arab beats every other horse on the face of the earth.

* * * *

Have also been stocking Mr. Andrew Lang's much be-praised "A Monk of Fife" (Longmans, 6s.), and have risen from the perusal of it with a feeling of deep disappointment. Of course, if it is merely the translation of an old chronicle; that isn't Mr. Lang's fault; but I must confess that there seemed to me to be a good deal of padding in the whole story. The one strikingly dramatic incident is where Norman Leslie lies wounded in a chamber, and is about to be stabbed to death by the villain of the piece. Heretic as I am, I must confess to have read with far more genuine enjoyment the veracious chronicle of one Sieur Twain, dealing in a breezily Missippian way with the somewhat over-written-up *Ia Pucelle*. There is a certain translation of the *Odyssey* by "Butcher and Lang," one page of which is worth all "The Monk of Fife." The printers, too, have adopted the irritating fashion—irritating to the eye—of printing the beginnings of paragraphs from the commencement of the line instead of making a little break.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. G.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, under Mr. Cust's régime, attained a reputation for flippant smartness at the expense of a great many other qualities usually considered essential towards the right conduct of a good paper. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Harold Frederic's vigorous (and I know of no man who can write more vigorously when occasion demands) summary of the situation in the *New York Times*. Speaking of Mr. Cust, the former editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he says:—"This young man had not made himself personally liked in the House when he was there, and the patronising impertinence of his tone in his paper towards the leaders of the Tory Party had annoyed everybody, yet, at least, he had been thought of as a gentleman. . . . He was very fond of drawing attention to Thackeray's description of his imaginary *Pall Mall Gazette* as 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen,' and of pointing out that at last this prophetic utterance was being realised. During all his term of editorship this assumption of superfine 'English' gentility has been rubbed daily into all our faces by Mr. Cust and his young men, and most offensively of all when opportunity offered to turn the point of its effrontery against Mr. Cust's own country and countrymen."

J. T. S.—(1) Clifton and Grimbaud's English-French and French-English Dictionary, price 30s., published by Hachette. I can get it no cheaper than any other bookseller. (2) Get "Ollendorff's Method," price 6s. 6d.; key, 7s. 6d., published by Dulau. H. B.—I believe there is such a paper, but I know nothing of the publisher, or the way to procure it. E. T.—Daniel's "Rural Sports" sells at about £2 2s. RETAP.—A finely bound copy sold in 1893 for £10 15s. J. G. C.—The book is of no value whatever; the information is out of date. W. K. BEDDINGFIELD.—No, I never heard the origin of the expression. ZOOPHYTE.—His works are published by Macmillan and Co. I do not know in which volume the essay in question occurs. You cannot purchase it by yourself. J. BENNETT.—Ward's "English Poets," four vols., 7s. 6d. each, published by Macmillan and Co., will supply your want. CHARLES HICKES.—The book you mention is of no value. C. D. C.—"The Martyrdom of Man" is the only work of Winwood Reade's now in print, published by Kegan Paul and Co. He also wrote "Savage Africa" and "The African Sketch Book," published about thirty years ago, by, I believe, Smith, Elder and Co. W. J. R.—Your books are worth 5s. T. B.—The "Expository Notes" is of no value whatever. If the others are in a fair condition, a bookseller would probably give for "David Copperfield" 10s.; "Bleak House," 7s.; "Little Dorrit," 7s. A. C.—I have several sets already, but some other bookseller might be glad of them. AMATEUR DRAMATIC.—It was never published, and is only a Music Hall sketch. I have never heard the name of the author.

"DOONEY" wants to know the author of—

"Be the day weary and never so long,

At length it ringeth to evensong."

"CHIP" wants to know the authorship of—

"My wound is great because it is so small;

Then were it greater it were none at all."

Bartlett's "Dictionary of Quotations" is very useful and cheap.

L. W. writes:—"Dear Bookseller, isn't this a bit thick?"

"This" is an advertisement in a daily paper in which "every contributor is required to agree to subscribe to the paper for a period of seven years, and to pay each year the annual subscription of £3 3s. in advance; failing which, their contributions will not be accepted, published, or paid for." Well, yes, what do you think? People do not advertise to have literary matter sent in to them, although it is extremely probable that they soon have to advertise to tell contributors not to do so.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for To-Day by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

PART III.—CHAPTER II. (*continued.*)

A THREAT, A TRICK, AND A TRIUMPH.

"I FEAR no one!" he replied; "I am armed." Then he continued, with perfect coolness—

"Hear me, señora. I have abstained from any attempt to approach you for some time, and you may perhaps have concluded that I had abandoned the intentions of which I have fully informed you. If so, you are entirely mistaken. My resolution is unchanged, and as inexorable as when I confessed my love, months ago."

"Enough, Don Juan, enough!" She tried to pass on, but he planted himself in her way like a wall.

"You shall hear me to the end. Learn, rash woman, that what I will must be done! You shall be my wife, because such is my pleasure, and I hold you. Yes, I hold you in the person of Don Rafael, who shall not recover his liberty until you and I have received the nuptial benediction!"

"You have told me that already; it is useless to repeat it!"

"What I have *not* told you already, Doña Beatriz, is this: If in a week from this day you have not obeyed, Don Rafael will be brought before a court-martial and condemned to death!"

"I believe you capable of every crime, señor," said Beatriz.

"And you will not succeed in saving him. Every attempt that you may make in his favour will fail, as the effort you made this morning in concert with his mother and his friends will fail. In one word, the life of Don Rafael is in your hands!"

This was too much. The tempest within her broke loose; she flung herself upon him with such sudden strength that he made way for her, lest she should call for help.

"I know not whether the life of Rafael is in my hands, Don Juan," she cried, as she sped away, "but I do know that yours is in the hand of God!"

* * * * *

After a short detention in the city prison, Rafael had been removed to the fortress of Villaviciosa, which is only three leagues from the capital, with instructions to Colonel Baradil, the governor, that he was to be treated with exceptional severity. This order was issued by Godoy at the request of Morera, and its provisions included the keeping of the Conde *au secret*, the prohibition of his holding communication with any of the other prisoners, and the maintenance of a strict watch over him. Minute precautions against his escape were enjoined.

Such extreme measures were hateful to Colonel Baradil. He had no inclination to subject a noble and gallant officer, whom he knew to be the friend of the Prince of the Asturias, to treatment fit only for malefactors. In common with the majority of the Spanish people, he hated and despised Manuel Godoy; like every other patriot, he longed for the fall of the powerful favourite. He therefore feigned submission to the orders which were supposed to emanate from the King, but applied himself to mitigate their rigour, with considerable effect. In fact, the Conde d'Osorio was uncommonly comfortable for an individual obliged to submit to that one intolerable thing, the deprivation of freedom.

A room as comfortable as the quarters of the officers of the garrison was assigned to him, and similar food was provided for him. The Governor invited him occasionally to his own table, and had authorised him to go where he pleased within the enclosure of the fortress-prison.

asking nothing from him in return for these exceptional favours but his word of honour that he would not attempt to escape, or to hold any communication beyond the walls. Rafael had given that word of honour, and he adhered to it loyally.

During the day he read and walked. In the evening he visited Colonel Baradil, by whom he was received as a friend, and he soon became a prime favourite with the Governor's wife and two daughters—excellent, amiable, cheerful beings, who were always ready to sympathise with the interesting captive when he talked to them of his mother and his betrothed.

Still, the existence of the Conde d'Osorio was dreary, and weighted with suspense, apprehension, and the terrible blank of ignorance concerning all that was of importance to him in the world. He was not told anything of external events by Baradil, and he knew not where his mother was, what his betrothed was doing, or what had become of Borostidi.

After two months of this prison life at Villaviciosa, his resignation broke down, his patience gave out. The idea of escaping took possession of him, and as he employed his interminable leisure in studying every corner of the place of his detention, he became aware that the chances afforded by its structure and position were fair, especially as the goodwill of the gaolers might be taken into account.

Two succeeding months dragged their slow length along, and were more empty, more wearisome, and, above all, more irritating, than the first and second. Incessantly, at all hours of the day and night, Rafael was beset by the temptation to regain his liberty. He still resisted it, however, for was he not bound by his pledged word? But this bond had become intolerable; he longed to break it. One day he resolved that he would retract his word of honour.

In the course of the afternoon Colonel Baradil was alone in his cabinet when the prisoner was announced. The Governor received him at once.

"Have you any complaint to make to me, lieutenant?" inquired Baradil.

"None, colonel. Thanks to your kindness, all my wants are anticipated, and all my wishes gratified, without my having to express them."

"Then your visit is only one of courtesy?"

"It is a visit with a purpose, colonel. I have a communication to make to you."

"I am ready to receive it, lieutenant."

"When I was placed in your hands, colonel, you exacted a promise that I would not seek to escape."

"I exacted that promise in order that I might make things easier for you. If you had refused it I should have been obliged to treat you according to the orders I had received concerning you."

"Very severe orders, colonel, as you have told me."

"Yes, very severe, Señor Conde, and frequently renewed since then—even this very day," added Don Fernando de Baradil, laying his hand on an official paper which lay on his bureau. "Your promise enabled me to avoid a literal interpretation of those orders."

"I know that, colonel, and I shall be grateful to you so long as I live. I hope the future may bring me an opportunity of expressing my gratitude otherwise than in words. But I can no longer keep the pledge I gave you, and I have come to tell you this."

"You want to make your escape?"

"I am firmly resolved on making my escape, colonel!"

"Ah, Señor Conde, you are about to put me into a terrible strait! Have you well considered the consequences of such a declaration? Do you know what it will oblige me to do?"

"To put me in irons, perhaps?"

"No, no! not that," protested the perplexed Governor. "But you constrain me to withdraw some of the favours I have granted you. I shall not be able to let you go about freely in the château; I shall be obliged to confine you to your room and set a guard over you."

"That is your right, colonel."

"Say, rather, it is my duty, Señor Conde. You are entrusted to me. I am accountable for you, and, supposing you: project of escape accomplished, if you were to succeed in realising it, I should be ruined if it could be shown that I had not taken the usual precautions in your case."

"Therefore, I am the first to advise you to take them, colonel."

"But you will resent my doing so."

"I should be ungrateful indeed to do that. I am, like you, a soldier; I know what discipline means, and howsoever severe the measures it requires you to adopt may be, they will not take the gratitude I owe to you and your family out of my heart. You are acting your allotted part; I am acting mine. If you were in my place, you would do what I am doing; if I were in yours, I should interpret my duty in your sense."

"You are a loyal gentleman, Señor Conde," replied Don Fernando, holding out his hand to his prisoner. "Now," he continued, speaking this time in a stern tone, "return to your room, and do not be surprised if you are forbidden to leave it!"

Rafael saluted, and withdrew. The colonel resumed his seat with the purpose of writing out the orders which the prisoner's resolution rendered necessary.

"What a pity!" said he to himself. "We got on so well together—we were so comfortable as things were!"

His regretful soliloquy was cut short by a sudden incursion on the part of his wife and daughters, who at once perceived that something was the matter.

"Have you had bad news, Fernando?" asked his wife.

"Why do you look so distressed?"

"The Conde d'Osorio wants to escape."

"I should think so, indeed! Why should he not? I am much surprised that he hasn't wanted to escape before now. But to want to do it is one thing, to be able to do it is another. Besides, he is on parole."

"He has withdrawn his parole, and now I am obliged to put a guard over him."

"Take care you don't incur his resentment," said the señora, who had quickly regained her self-possession. "The day is approaching when it will be better to have that young man for a friend than for an enemy. When Ferdinand VII. is King, Don Rafael will be all-powerful."

"In the meantime, if I let him escape, I shall be dismissed."

"Look after him, then, but do not irritate him by over-vigilance. Do not do anything that may offend him and prevent you from resorting to him when he shall be in a position to serve you. If he escapes, and you are dismissed, you will be all the more sure of his using his influence for you."

"It is playing a daring game, for all that," said Don Fernando moodily.

He had risen from his chair, and he now slowly approached the window. Mechanically he leaned his head against the frame, and remained there, looking out towards the vast horizon bounding the road to Madrid which stretched straight and white from the great gates of the fortress to the vanishing line.

Suddenly there appeared upon that road a black spot, which attracted the governor's attention. It soon took form and colour, and proved to be an old berline drawn by two mules, and advancing rapidly towards the fortress.

"Who is coming to us, I wonder?" said the Colonel.

"Visitors, probably," replied the señora, as she joined her husband at the window.

"Or perhaps a new prisoner."

"If it were a prisoner, there would be a guard, and don't see any."

The arrival of anybody was an important event at Villaviciosa, for nothing could exceed the dulness of the life of the governor and his family. The attention of all was attracted by the carriage, and Rafael was for the moment forgotten. Presently the mules were pulled up

before the gates, and two persons alighted from the dust-laden vehicle.

One was a little woman, whose figure tended to stoutness, enveloped in an elegant pelisse of dead-leaf coloured silk, and wearing a grey felt hat, with a bunch of black feathers of towering height. She advanced with a firm step, head well up, and the air of a person who thoroughly knew what she was about.

While the lady was speaking to the porter at the gate, a young man stepped out of the carriage after her. This person was dressed in black, and the Colonel could not have divined his social position from his point of observation, had not his somewhat embarrassed bearing, his silence, and a milliner's box, which he carried in his hand, made it evident that he was a subordinate.

The porter having heard what the lady had to say, allowed her to pass in. She entered the gate-lodge, followed by her companion. A few minutes later the Colonel was informed that Madame Stéphanie Defodon, of the firm of Defodon Sisters, Paris, solicited the honour of being admitted to his presence.

"A dressmaker!" he observed disdainfully. "What can she want from me?"

"Receive her, Fernando," urged his wife. "A Paris dressmaker is not like the rest of them. She will amuse us for a little while."

"Oh, yes, papa, do receive her," cried the two girls with one accord.

The Colonel was a good husband and father. He desired the porter to admit the lady.

Stéphanie entered the cabinet of Colonel de Baradil with a smile on her lips, and an expression of respectful but easy confidence, the look of a woman accustomed to transact business with the great, and to consider herself at home everywhere. She was followed by the Chevalier de Fontaine, her husband, transformed for the occasion into an employé of Defodon Sisters.

On the threshold she performed a graceful curtsy.

"Pray come forward, señora," said Don Fernando. "What can I do for you?"

He made a sign to his wife and daughters, which Stéphanie caught and interpreted.

"Do not send the ladies away, Colonel," she requested. "I am equally enchanted and honoured to find them here. I have come, indeed, for them."

"You know us, then?" said the governor's wife, advancing towards her.

Stéphanie made a second curtsy, and replied in a tone of enthusiasm—

"How could I fail to know the Señoras de Baradil, their grace, their taste, their elegance?"

The señora looked well pleased.

"Have you come here to tell us such agreeable things?" she asked with a friendly smile.

"Señora, I have come especially to submit some articles made by the house of Defodon Sisters, in which I am a partner. I am at the head of our branch at Madrid, and I have customers in every part of Spain. I dress the Court and the City, and I owed it to myself, and to you, señora, to offer you my services."

"And is it for that you have come all the way to Villaviciosa?"

"Oh! that is nothing at all; a little excursion between breakfast and dinner. To secure the honour of serving so noble a lady, I would go to the end of the world."

Stéphanie had laid her plan skilfully. Her flattery on the señora and her daughters told successfully. The latter were already gazing with equal curiosity and expectation at the big box. The Chevalier de Fontaine had placed his precious charge on a chair, and stood beside it, silent and deferential.

"Have you models and samples?" asked the señora.

Stéphanie raised a finger, and the Chevalier brought his box to her.

"Here they are," she said. "You shall judge, señora."

The Colonel intervened at this point.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I am of no use here."

(To be continued.)

THE MODERATE DRINKERS.

BY

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.

THEY sat—the Temperance Orator and the Stranger—on opposite seats in a third-class railway carriage, and they fell into conversation by the way.

"No, I'm not a drunkard," the Stranger said, in answer to some question hinted if not directly asked. "I'm not a drunkard, and I've never been a drunkard. I used to be a teetotaler, and now I'm a moderate drinker; and I don't mind telling you that I owe most of the happiness of my life to moderate drinking."

The Temperance Orator was reminded of that laconic saying of Matthew Arnold's that "wine adds to the enjoyableness of life." He had met it in a pamphlet published by someone who had been at pains to collect the opinions of great men on the subject of strong drink;



THEY SAT ON OPPOSITE SEATS.

and the thought crossed his mind that perhaps he was conversing unawares with the author of the aphorism. As his companion proceeded, however, he gathered that this was not the case.

"I wasn't a teetotaler to begin with," the other said. "I was a moderate drinker, just as I am now. I used to take beer with my dinner, and whisky warm, with sugar and a slice of lemon, before I went to bed. I think you will agree with me, sir, that that was only moderate drinking."

The Temperance Orator nodded a painful acquiescence. He felt constrained to admit, as it were, under pressure, that that was only moderate drinking. The man continued—

"Yes, sir, it was only moderate drinking; my wife and myself were only moderate drinkers. But one day there came a preacher like yourself, and converted both of us to teetotalism. We heard him lecture almost by accident. Some friends of ours were going, and asked us to come with them. So we went to hear him, meaning to come home and laugh at him. But, as it happened, we didn't laugh; the preacher was too eloquent and earnest. He drew a terrible picture—just the sort of picture that you would draw yourself—of the harm that has been done to the world by drink. He made us see the horrors of the drunkard's home—his bits of furniture carried to the pawnshop, his children crying for food, the man himself squandering his wages in the public-house, and then reeling home to beat his wife. I don't know, looking back on it now, that he made it quite clear that the drunkard would give up his

girl if I promised to give up my whisky warm. But he told me that it was my duty to give it up; and everything that he said seemed so terrible and so true that I believed him. My wife believed him, too. We both felt that we must do something to help the drunkard, if we could; and we were told that the best thing we could do to help him was to sign the pledge; we signed it. Yes, sir, we signed the pledge then and there in the lecture hall, and, what's more, we kept it for eighteen months."

"And then the discipline proved too hard for you?" the Temperance Orator asked, with just a suspicion of asperity in his tones.

"It did, sir," the other answered, "though not in the way that you suppose. You think, no doubt, that we fought against the craving for drink for eighteen months, and then found that we couldn't fight against it any longer. Then you think wrong. We never had any craving for drink to fight against. But it made a difference to us all the same."

The curiosity of the Temperance Orator was aroused. He asked what the difference might be.

"Just this difference—that it spoilt my married life for me," was the reply.

The answer was incomprehensible to the Temperance Orator, and he pressed for further explanation.

"You don't understand? Well, then, I'll try and make it clear to you. I told you that my wife and I used always to drink a little whisky warm together in the evening; and you know how whisky, or rum, or brandy either, for that matter, throws a glamour over things, making them seem more beautiful than they really are, and making yourself feel happier and more contented than you would be if you were only drinking water. You've talked about that sort of thing in your lectures, haven't you?"

"I have," said the Temperance Orator, solemnly.

"Well, the whisky that we used to drink together when I got home from my work in the evenings used to throw just that sort of glamour over my wife and me; and each of us used to see the other through a sort of glorifying haze. Afterwards, when we gave up the whisky, the glamour was gone, and we saw each other as we really were. It wouldn't have mattered if we'd been attractive, but we weren't. There's myself, for instance. You wouldn't consider me an attractive man, now, would you?"

The Temperance Orator shrugged his shoulders, and excused himself from offering an opinion; but the other was resolved to thresh the matter out.

"No, no," he said, "I know I'm not what you'd call an attractive man. I'm short and thick, and a bit red in the face, and I've got some false teeth that don't exactly fit. And there isn't anything particularly romantic about me either. You can't expect a middle-aged barrister's clerk to be romantic, can you?"

Again the Temperance Orator shrugged his shoulders, and the moderate drinker talked on without waiting for an answer.

"That's me!" he said. "And then there's my wife. She isn't what you'd call attractive, any more than I am myself. When you come to think of it, the women of our class aren't very attractive, as a general rule, when they're over thirty. They get a sort of worried look, and their figures get floppy, and they haven't any conversation worth speaking of, except to tell you that the maid has broken a china vase and been impertinent about it. A woman like that may be a very good woman at heart; only it isn't as particularly easy for a man to fall in love with her and think she's the most wonderful woman in the world, any more than it's easy for a woman to fall in love with a man like me, and think he's the most wonderful man in the world. Isn't there something in what I say?"

"Love," the Temperance Orator remarked, "does not depend upon outward appearances."

"I don't say it does," replied the other, "though it's true that, when I was a young man, the pretty girls

always used to get more love than the ugly ones. What I do say is that, when the appearances are unfavourable, you want something, so to speak, to take the edge off them; and when my wife and I went in for teetotalism we hadn't anything to take the edge off them any longer. There weren't any delusions, as there used to be and,

eight-and-sixpence for it at the public-house. At first my wife didn't want it. It was wrong, she said, and we'd both agreed to give it up. But I persuaded her.

"Very well, my dear," I said; "if you won't help me to drink it, I shall have to drink it all, and then it won't be moderate drinking any longer."



EACH THINKING WHAT AN ORDINARY, UGLY SORT OF PERSON THE OTHER WAS.

consequently, there wasn't so much amiability as there used to be. We just used to sit opposite to each other in the evenings, each thinking what an ordinary, ugly sort of person the other was. We went on trying to love each other, of course, because it was our duty, and we'd sworn to do so. But that sort of love doesn't amount to anything. There isn't any enthusiasm in it, and you can't keep it up. At all events, we couldn't. When we had the warm glow of the whisky in our veins, we used to fancy each other to be different from what we actually were; but, now that we drank tea and ginger-beer, we saw the truth about each other, and a very disagreeable truth we found it. I'm sure the thing only needed to go on long enough to make us hate each other!"

"And what brought it to an end?" the Orator asked.

"What brought it to an end? Why, I brought it to an end myself, because I couldn't stand it any longer. I'd been thinking things over in a quiet way, and wondering what it was that was making Martha and me so different to each other, and why it was that we couldn't feel satisfied with each other any longer. I looked back on the old days, when we used to sit over the fire with the whisky and the hot water on the table, getting more and more pleased with each other as it warmed our blood, till we lost all sight of each other's faults, feeling that they didn't matter. I thought of all this, I tell you, and then it flashed on me all of a sudden that it must be this teetotalism that was making all the difference to us."

The Temperance Orator groaned in deprecation; but the speaker went on, eloquent and triumphant—

"Yes, that was how I felt, and that very night I brought a bottle of champagne home with me in my great-coat pocket. It's only moderate drinking, you know, one bottle of champagne between two, and I paid

"And, while I was speaking, I got a couple of claret glasses out of the sideboard, and dusted them, and put them on the table, and uncorked the bottle and filled them up to the brim.

"There you are, my dear!" I said; "that's the sort of stuff for you and me, and it'll taste nicer if you drink it before it's finished sparkling. So, here's your jolly good health, Martha, and don't forget that it's the fashionable thing to clink the glasses!"

"So I persuaded her, and she drank my health, and I drank hers, and then we filled the glasses up again, and drank everybody's health that we could think of. And, oh! it was wonderful! Why, it wasn't ten minutes before we felt the difference, and found all the old glamour coming back to us. I didn't think Martha ugly and unattractive any more. She seemed to be just the same loving little woman that she was in the old times when first we married; and before the evening was over she was sitting on my knees and kissing me, which was a thing she hadn't done for nearly eighteen months. Oh! yes, my friend, it's a wonderful thing, is moderate drinking. It makes you see things, not as they are, but as you'd like to have them, and it helps you to keep up the old delusions that you can't do without. It elevates you, like reading poetry, only more so; and it's a taste that's a good deal easier to acquire, and that's why I tell you that it is to moderate drinking that I owe most of the happiness of my life."

The man paused, as though he expected the statement to be criticised; and presently the Temperance Orator remarked that it was a dangerous story, and that harm might result from the telling of it.

"And good, too," retorted the moderate drinker, truculently; "though I suppose it won't have much effect either way on an old stager like yourself!"

SOME OF TOMMY ATKINS'S NICK-NAMES.

OH, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that!" Precisely; but, though Tommy's aliases are many, and not a few of them quaint, the greatest of them all is "Tommy Atkins."

The Rifle Brigade (otherwise Prince Consort's Own) has seen service in all parts of the world; but its nickname of "The Sweeps" originated no further afield than the Metropolis, and arose from nothing more romantic than the dark green colour, with black facings, of its uniform. The Royal Marines—originally raised for sea service only, though its present motto, "Per Mare, per Terram," apparently belies the fact—are known as "The Jollies." It was whilst fighting before the city of Delhi, in 1857, that the nickname of "The Dirty-Shirts" was acquired by the men of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who, to fight easier in the burning heat, had discarded their tunics; whilst the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, from long service in India, rejoice in that of "The Old Toughs." The idea of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) to receive the Russian cavalry in line at Balaclava, gave to the 93rd Highlanders their sobriquet of "The Thin Red Line."

The Connaught Rangers' nickname of the "Devil's Own" is said to have arisen in two ways, bearing quite opposite constructions. The one which does them most credit is that it was given them by General Picton on account of their undaunted bravery; the 94th Foot being called "The Garvies," from the remarkable leanness of the men first composing it, garvies being a variety of small Scotch herring, somewhat resembling a sprat in shape.

The 87th Foot earned their nicknames of "The Old Fogs," or the "Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys," from their war-cry, "Fag-an-Bealach" (Clear the way!); and that of "The Eagle-Takers," from the circumstance of the regiment having captured a French eagle and wreath at Barossa. The 89th Foot obtained the nickname of "Blayne's Bloodhounds" from their colonel's skill in tracking rebels during the Irish Rebellion. The Seaforth Highlanders are known as "King's Men," from the motto, "Cuidich'n Rìgh" (that of the MacKenzies, one of whom once saved a Scottish king). The badge is an elephant, and in 1837 the officers brought a young one home with the regiment from Kandy, which was trained to walk at the head of it. Both the York and Lancaster Regiment and the Highland Light Infantry (74th Foot) take their aliases from their badges—the former being called "The Tigers," and the latter the "Pig and Whistle Light Infantry," the badge being in reality an elephant and bugle. The Manchester Regiment rejoices in the somewhat unpleasant-sounding title of "The Bloodsuckers." The 62nd Foot used, in taking open order, to do so on the word of command, "Spring!" instead of the usual one, "March!" This fact, and that of their remarkable celerity in pursuing the American Rebels after the engagement of Trois Rivières, in Canada, in 1776, gained for them the nickname of "The Springers." The Duke of Cambridge's Own (the Middlesex Regiment) obtained its sobriquet of "The Steelbacks" from the frequency with which the men composing it—drawn at the time chiefly from the Middlesex Militia—were flogged by the provost. A much more honourable nickname is that also borne by the regiment of "The Die-Hards," from their gallant fighting at Albuera, where they lost 80 per cent. of their officers, killed and wounded, and 75 per cent. of their men. The 77th are named "The Pothooks," from their distinguishing figures. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers are called "The Lumps," and have the distinction of being the only corps now using the old Irish War Pipes. The Gloucestershire Regiment has two nicknames. That of "The Old Braggs" was given it in 1750, when it was commanded by a Colonel-General P. Braggs; and that

of "The Slashers" from their gallant conduct at the battle of the White Plains, some thirty years later. It is also said to have been given the regiment from some of its officers having, whilst disguised as Indians, cut off the ears of a magistrate for having refused to find shelter for some of the women of the regiment during a severe winter. The 61st, from their white facings and cleanliness, earned during the Indian Mutiny the nickname of "Whitewashers." The 1st Battalion of the Queen's Own have possessed no less than four aliases at various periods; that of "The Blind Half-Hundred," arising from the severe suffering the men experienced from ophthalmia in the Egyptian Campaign of 1801; that of the "Dirty Half-Hundred," from the habit of the men in action or hot weather wiping their faces with their black cuffs; and that of "The Devil's Royals." On account of their gallant conduct at the battle of Vimiera in 1807, where, less than 900 strong, they completely routed a force of the enemy nearly six times their own number, they received the nickname by which they are still known—"The Gallant Fiftieth." The 97th Regiment has that of "The Celestials," from its sky-blue facings.

Of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, the 53rd Foot are known as "The Brickdusts," from the colour of their facings, which, at one time, were of that colour, and that of the "Old Five and Threepennies" from the number and the pay (at that time) of an ensign. The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment (47th Foot) is known variously as "The Cauliflowers" from their facings, and "The Lancashire Lads." At the battle of Quebec it was called "Wolfe's Own," and to this day wears a black worm in the lace as a mark of grief at his death. The 81st Foot possessed the greatly coveted title of Loyal Lincoln Volunteers, and was the only regiment styled loyal. Of the Essex Regiment, the 44th Foot are known as the "Two Fours," and also as "The Little Fighting Fours," from their desperate fighting in the Afghan War of 1841, and from most of the men then composing the regiment being of small stature. The 56th Foot being known by two nicknames which are, in fact, one, "The Pompadours," from the colour of their facings (puce) at the time the regiment was raised, the second being merely a variant of the first, incorporating the general bearing of the men, viz., "The Saucy Pompeys." The Oxfordshire Light Infantry (known during the Peninsular War as the Light Brigade) was nicknamed "The Light Bobs," from the light-heartedness shown by the men when on service.

The Black Watch, Royal Highlanders, gained their sobriquet of "Black Watch" in 1751, when all the companies of the Highlanders (raised fifty years previously for the defence of Edinburgh) were merged in one, and the bright colours in the various tartans were taken out, leaving only the dark green. The 69th Regiment is known as the "Ups and Downs," from the fact of its number reading either way. The Dorsetshire Regiment, the 39th Foot, was originally known as "Sankey's Horse," from its then colonel's name, and afterwards as "The Green Linnets," from the colour of its facings; the 5th deriving its nickname of "The Flamers" from the part it played in the destruction of twelve privateers, and the stores and town of New London, during the American War of Independence in 1781. The Hampshire Regiment (67th Foot) rejoices in the name of the "Royal Tigers" on account of long service in India. The East Surrey Regiment (31st) is known as "The Young Buffs," and gained that distinctive title at the last battle (of Dettingen) in which an English sovereign took an active part. George II., mistaking the regiment for the 3rd, called out "Well done, Old Buffs!" "We are not the Buffs, sire," the commanding officer responded, "we are the 31st." "Well done, Young Buffs, then," replied the King. The Grenadier Guards obtained their nickname of "Sand-bags" from the superiority of the men shown in the work of the trenches. The Royal Engineers are commonly known as "The Mudlarks," the *raison d'être* of which is not far to seek. The 7th Queen's Own Hussars are known as

"The Old Straws," or "Strawboots," from the circumstance that at Warburg, in 1760, the boots of the troopers having been worn out, straw-bands were worn instead. The 5th Royal Irish Lancers have, at different times, been known as "The Daily Advertisers" and "The Red-breasts." The Royal Scots Greys are known amongst themselves as the "Bubbly Jocks," owing to the colour of their uniform, "Bubbly Jock" being Scotch for Turkey Cock.

The Life Guards have had as many, or more, nicknames at different periods than any other regiment in the British Army. In 1788, at the time it was remodelled, the regiment went by the name of the "Cheeses," from the fact that many of the old gentlemen of the corps refused to serve any longer in it, declaring that "it was no longer a regiment of gentlemen, but of cheesemongers." This nickname seems to have fallen into disuse, but was revived at Waterloo, when the colonel in command shouted "Come on, Cheesemongers, charge!" In 1810 they earned the possibly undeserved nickname of "The Piccadilly Butchers," from the part they took in suppressing the riots; the two other nicknames possessed by the Life Guards being "The Tin Bellies" and "The Patent Safeties."

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIAL CELEBRATIONS.

THERE will be nothing wanting—from the most gigantic to the most microscopic detail—to render the forthcoming celebration of Hungary's thousandth birthday one of the most gorgeous and most perfect festivals in the history of civilisation. The Millennial Exhibition will be opened on 2nd May by the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph I., in presence of State delegates from all parts of the world. Amongst other august ceremonies will be the Imperial and Royal inauguration of the new Parliament House (a monumental structure which has been erected at a cost of 16 million florins) and the re-coronation of the Emperor-King with that self-same iron crown (the most sacred relic in the nation's history) which was presented to King (afterwards Saint) Stephen by Sylvester II., in token of Hungary's espousal of the Christian faith. Of the world-wide importance of the Exhibition some notion may be formed from the circumstance that a hundred international congresses will be held at Budapest during its continuance.

To the Hungarian, of course, it is the historic interest of the Exhibition which constitutes its *raison d'être*. But the millions of foreigners who will surge to Budapest from all points of the globe between May and October will find that upon the foundation of history a superstructure has been erected which embraces and exhausts every imaginable cosmopolitan interest—scientific, literary, artistic, industrial, and no matter what—the range extending to dramatic and musical entertainments, sporting displays of every kind, etc. The most *blasé* pleasure-seeker will be regaled with everything which can charm his ear or fascinate his eye. Take one of the most picturesque features of the Exhibition. This consists of a large Hungarian village, specially constructed for the occasion, containing numerous streets, market-places, mansions, cottages, and so forth. This village will be inhabited by peasants from all parts of Hungary, who will quit their homesteads in order to lead within it their ordinary sylvan life, to hold their joyous country *fêtes*, to bring the thousand beauties of the country life of the nation beneath the gaze of the sight-seers of the world. The most imposing structure in this village is a church, built in mediæval style—that is

to say, on the pattern of a fortress—for in the Middle Ages the Hungarian found it necessary, in view of the sudden descent of an enemy, to build his place of worship on military principles, the church frequently proving the last and only resort from which he could effectually repel a foe of overwhelming numbers. In the ecclesiastical edifice which adorns the village at Budapest hundreds of marriages will take place during the Exhibition period—many of these having been deferred in order that the patriotic couples might be able to tell their future children that their birth sprang from the millennial natal day of the nation. Not only will these weddings be pretty and quaint in the extreme, but the preliminaries thereof are of peculiar interest. The Hungarian peasant never proposes in person to the girl who has fascinated him. He is a kind of lay-figure in the first stage of courtship. Several go-betweens intervene to promote the union. So soon as the flame is kindled in the heart of the rustic gallant, its smouldering fires are observed by some woman in the village—there are always many such, who take a delight in match-making. This woman, quite as industrious as Mrs. Quickly, hurries to the girl's parents and intimates that their daughter has, with the barbed arrows of her languishing glance, pierced the unfortunate or happy victim through the heart. If the young man is approved, the mediator hastens back to him with the joyous intelligence, and he himself calls upon the parents, accompanied by a professional spokesman, who delivers, in verse, a very ceremonious speech to the effect that ever since Eve was created as the requisite counterpart of Adam, feminine companionship has been essential to man, that Heaven has kindled a mutual fire between the two young breasts, and that it would be impious to smother the flames which had descended from on high. Then the girl enters the room, and the two lovers mutely gaze upon each other—an embarrassing position, which is presently relieved by the passing round of the loving-cup, from which the lovers first, and the general company afterwards, drink. Not that the engagement is yet ratified; for the very sensible custom obtains whereby a period of some three days elapses to enable either party to change their minds if, upon reflection, discretion so dictates. Thus, what in England might easily end in a breach of promise case, can be promptly nipped in the bud. After several further stages (supposing the suit is proceeded with) occurs the "kissing feast." This is a supper, after which the young pair are for the first time allowed to retire into a separate room and taste the honey of each other's lips. The wedding procession itself is a very gay and gallant thing—outriders precede it on horseback, in gala attire, firing pistols into the air. At one time it was the fashion for the *cortège* to be led by a cock, which was guarded by two men with drawn swords. No sooner was the marriage ceremony over than the hapless bird was tried by a jury and condemned to death, the trial signifying to the newly-wedded pair that infidelity to their nuptial vows would bring vengeance upon them. Even those tourists who are familiar with Budapest as one of the most lovely cities in Europe will be delighted with the new revelations of Hungarian national life, which will be spread before them at the forthcoming Millennial Exhibition.

THERE is a right way of doing everything even in the keeping of the matches in one's room. The simplest and best plan of keeping matches so that they may always be found, is to have a small bowl full on the mantelpiece. Let them be wax matches, so that they may be struck on the underneath part of the mantelpiece, where the scratches are not seen. With this arrangement, it is no longer necessary to grope in the dark for a match, and in so doing knock over expensive china ornaments and vases filled with flowers—to say nothing of the water. The ordinary match-box of commerce has a fatal way of getting lost when left in a room by itself, but the most hardened match-thief never dares to appropriate a bowl containing some two thousand matches.

THE IDLER

FOR
APRIL.

IN this number G. B. Burgin will describe how the following authors work:—

Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. W. L. Alden, and Mr. Allen Upward.

In the *Idlers' Club* there will be discussed the subject, "Who is the Biggest Fool in the World?"

A DAMPER ON CONVERSATION.



YACHTSMAN: "Fishing?"

PUNTER (snappishly): "No, sawin' wood."

TO-DAY.

During April there will be commenced in *To-Day* a deeply interesting Cycling Story, entitled

"THE WHEELS OF CHANCE."

It has been written for *To-Day* by H. G. Wells, and illustrated by Walter Bayes. The Major, under the heading, "Round the Card Table," devotes attention to all the popular Card games.

Arrangements have been made for the early appearance of a series of clever and amusing drawings by T. G. Donnison.

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For **Three** Subscriptions we will send "**John Ingerfield**," and "**Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow**," by Jerome K. Jerome.

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For **Five** Subscriptions: Ian Maclaren's "**Beside the Bonny Briar Bush**," or Hall Caine's "**The Manxman**."

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AN OCEAN HELL.

BY
R. J. TURNER.
Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

THE full-rigged ship, *Horatio P. Huckleberry*, of Boston, Mass., Captain Phineas J. Slocum, bound from New York for Melbourne with a cargo of "Yankee notions," was ploughing along with a steady westerly breeze well on her port quarter. She had carried the trades with her all the way from the Cape, and, having hugged the great Antarctic Circle as closely as the floating icebergs permitted, was now on a north-easterly course, making straight for that part of the great Australian Bight dominated by Port Philip Heads. Captain Slocum, taking his ease on a deck chair on the weather side of the poop, felt rather pleased with himself. He was only seventy days out, and reckoned that in two days more he would be safe in Hobson's Bay, without the loss of a spar or scrap of canvas, and having taken no more risks in the way of "crowding on" than was compatible with his character as the smartest skipper that sailed out of

Boston. An even greater source of satisfaction was the thought that he had "bested" his friendly rival, old Martingale, in command of the *Jerushy Ann*, a clipper of well-known fame hailing from the same port, and also bound to Australia. Slocum knew she was behind him, and chuckled to think the old *Huckleberry* had shown her a clean pair of heels. His pleasing reverie was interrupted by his chief officer reporting—"Something on the starboard bow." Patsy Doherty was a strapping Hibernian, who, in spite of his American training, had not lost what Slocum called his "ten-inch hawser brogue." This son of Erin now stood

with a glass at his eye, trying to make out the object in the far distance.

"Well, can't you make her out, Patsy?" interrogated his chief, as he shifted his quid into the other cheek, and artistically shot a copious stream of its juice over the rail, precisely into the hollow of a particular wave.

"Not yet, sorr. She might be a man-o'-war, or an ould timber-drogher flying light. She's a power o' hull showin', but never a bit av canvas. What div ye think yerself, sorr?" and he handed the telescope to the master.

"Gosh!" that worthy ejaculated, after a



TAKING HIS EASE ON A DECK CHAIR.

steady gaze. "Somethin' considerable antiquated about the show, anyhow! Let her go off a bit, an' I guess we'll hev a look at her."

The American soon came up with the stranger, and at the distance of half a mile hoisted the stars and stripes. No response. A great, bare, gaunt hulk she looked, rolling heavily under bare poles, with no sign of life on board.

"Jee-hosophat!" murmured Slocum, as the distance rapidly lessened between the ships.

"Talk of yer *Flying Dutchman*, old Vanderdecken wa'n't a circumstance to this yer Noah's Ark! How's she got here? Some volcanic disturbance must ha' sent this old pilgrim father up from the bottom after a cent'ry's or two's repose. This has got to be looked inter." Then he shouted, "Stand by, there, to heave to! Over with her! Mr. Doherty, take the gig and board that craft, an' report as soon as possible!"

Then the master settled himself down again and kept his eye upon the antediluvian, now within five hundred yards of the ship. The words, "Lower away, boys!" were soon heard, and, manned by four hands, with the mate in the stern, the boat made for the strange vessel. As they gradually approached Patsy gazed open-mouthed at the old-world craft, now broadside on to him, and rolling sometimes scuppers under with the heavy swell. The chief officer had never before set eyes upon such bluff bows, supporting a tremendous figure-head, such heavy upper works forward, great high bulwarks, heavy chain plates, and quaint projecting stern windows. Added to all this, such a desolate, weather-beaten appearance, and the entire absence of paint on a hull plentifully studded with barnacles, filled honest Patsy with a strange feeling of awe. No face appeared over the bulwarks as he, followed by his three men, gained a footing on the ship's side. The scene on deck was even more utterly forsaken. The ancient wheel revolved occasionally with the jarring of the rudder, the neglected galley was to all intents and purposes a ruin. Instinctively Patsy gave the old-fashioned pump a few turns.

"Dry as a bone!" he muttered. He started as his eye fell upon rows of short, heavy chains ranged along the inner side of the bulwarks. Under the poop was a collection of battered and rusty old firelocks and muskets; on the poop itself a small cannon, while more than one hideous cat-o-nine-tails peeped out from their lashings over the cabin door.

"By the powers, an' discipline must have bin the order of the day aboard av this ould wind-jammer!" ejaculated Patsy.

He raised an old tarpaulin off the after-hatch, to find, instead of the usual sections of the hatch, grim rows of iron gratings.

"Begorra! an' is ut a slave trader or a floatin' menagerie I've shtruck?"

Accompanied by a coloured hand, leaving the others on deck as a precaution, the mate descended the companion way just visible in the main hatchway, of all places, and found himself in the 'tween decks. Stooping to avoid contact with the beams of the upper deck, they stumbled along in the gloom, to find that more gratings covered a still lower depth. Before exploring further, Patsy, as his eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, discovered a series of little doors extending the full length of the ship on either side. Cautiously trying one provided with a huge bolt outside, it swung slowly open, showing a thickness of three inches of some heavy wood, and disclosing a dark space about 7 ft. by 6 ft. Striking a match, a heap of chains were seen on the floor fastened to the skin of the ship, which seemed to be of immense thickness.

"Faith, now! Oi wonder what kind av animal they wud be after kapin' in here?" soliloquised Doherty.

"Du ye think it moight be a lion, now?" addressing himself to Snowball, whose teeth glittered in the gloom as he replied—

"No, massa; lion too much gen'leman stop here; more like nigger's place."

"Well, now, we'll just shtep below. I only hope there's none o' the bastes rampagin' about."

On the lower deck there was even less light, but more room to stand up in. Here were the same rows of doors, but in the centre of the deck Patsy noticed some iron structures with collars and rings of iron attached, to which he supposed the animals might be tethered when out of their dens by way of "diversion."

He tried one of the doors, but found it fastened. About level with his eyes, however, a small square hole was cut in the thickness of the door, doubtless by way of ventilation. To make quite sure that there was no denizen of this "lower deep" alive or dead, Patsy struck another light and looked in.

"Murther aloive!" he yelled, dropping the match in his excitement. "There's a man in there! a *man*, I tell yez—an' a white man at that!" And he kicked and banged at the door.

Meanwhile, Snowball had been investigating on his own account, and shouted from the starboard side, "Dere's a man in here, too, massa! Fur de Lord's sake help get him out!" And he, too, commenced assailing the door.

They might as well have tried to lift the deck on their shoulders. These doors were not meant to be forced. A cursory glance at the cells to right and left revealed that they also held an occupant, some standing, some reclining, but none giving forth a sound. The Irishman's excitement was now intense. He could only dimly distinguish the face and form of the being within the cell he still struggled vainly to enter, but he was quite satisfied that it contained a man. As he pounded the door with his bleeding knuckles he continued—

"Hivin help the sowl av the man that put them craters in a sink like this! An' me helpless, too! Bedad, I'm off to the ship for instructions; I know the ould man'll see this out!"

So off he bustled. Snowball declined to be left behind. Patsy found the skipper in no very pacific frame of mind. The wind had gone more into the north, and it looked threatening; so he wanted to be travelling, and was fuming at the lengthy stay of his chief officer. As Patsy came on to the poop the veteran drawled out—

"Wal, I reckon you've got a complete inventory of that there hulk, Mr. Doherty."

"An', be my sowl, sorr, but I jist have that same!" burst out the mate. "The ship's stowed full o' men, in the lower 'tween-deck, locked up in dens, sorr, that an Oirish pig would be too proud to enter! Black, burnin' shame on the low spalpeens that put them there! Keel-haulin' would be too good for them, sorr! But I'm come aboard for orders. It's meself that doesn't know if the poor sows are dead or aloive. Ye can't get at them; but, for God's sake, captain dear, let me go back wita tools—or, better, go yerself wid the carpenter——" And Patsy stopped for breath.

"What blamed nonsense is this, Mr. Doherty? Air you dreamin', or did you broach some special brand of your native potheen?"

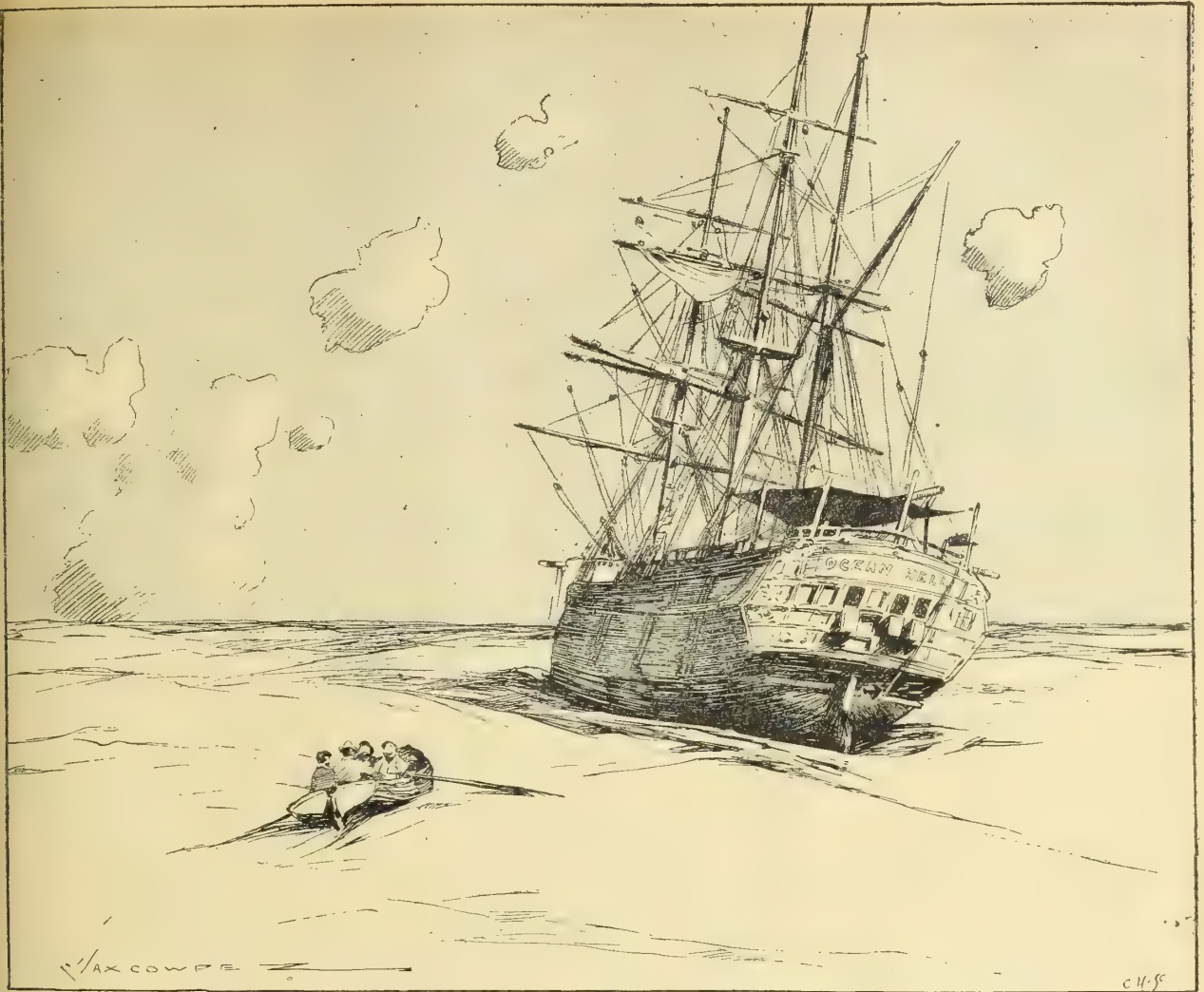
And Captain Slocum glanced at Patsy quizzically.

"Divil a drap, sorr! Ye may ask Snowball, there; she's a regular coffin, sorr!"

"Pears to me more like a family vault," rejoined the skipper, grimly. But he yelled for the carpenter to lay aft with his tools, and, with one or two men armed with marlinspikes and an odd crowbar, he tumbled into the boat waiting alongside, leaving Patsy in charge of the ship.

It was quite an hour before the boat was seen to leave the strange vessel, and the Irishman was all afire with impatience. But on his return the captain vouchsafed no word. A wave of his hand intimated to the mate that the ship was to proceed on her course, and as soon as the boat was hoisted in the yards were hauled round, and off she went. Then Captain Slocum sent for his chief officer, and over a glass of something strong in the cabin, delivered himself.

"Patsy, lad, ye've been fooled—that is, to a sartin ex-



ROLLING HEAVILY UNDER BARE POLES.

tent. There's no men in that old ship, but there's the wax figures o' a score of them."

Here the mate blushed like a girl.

"She's a convict ship, Patsy—leastways, she was. Thank the Lord, there ain't nary a one in service nowadays, but it do make a man kind er solemn to think that not so many years ago there was live men in them cells, chained to the deck in darkness. I reckon it all now. My old man used ter see the lot of them floating prisons when he traded with the ole schooner round Melbourne way, in the thirties. Reg'lar vaimints, the convicts was, you bet—the offscourin's of the diggings and Sydney jails, but with the biggest villain o' the lot to boss 'em. Father, he used ter tell rare tales of that chap's cruelty to the prisoners. If you had taken a few turns further aft, Patsy, you'd ha' seen how the convicts laid him out at last, all in wax, quite beautiful. Forrard again, the place is chock full of bush-rangers and sich-like truck. It was allers thought the Government had scuttled the fleet years back, but I have suspicions this beauty escaped, an' somebody fitted her out as a raree show, jist ter give the ussettin' Colonials a set-back when they got too proud of their ancestors. Broke away from her moorin's, more'n likely cut adrift, she's bin blown out to sea, an' here we drop across her quite permiscus like. You may take it from me, Patsy, that there's more'n one tug on her trail now. 'Tain't likely the owners of the spec. want to lose their dollars; though, mind ye, I had it in me ter let old Chips bore a hole in her. She oughter be sunk, she ought—unless, o' course, she does good as an awful example of the bad ole times."

Sure enough, that morning a steamer hailed the *Horatio P. Huckleberry*, and wanted to know if they had seen

anything of a floating hulk. Through his trumpet Captain Slocum admitted that he had sighted "one of your national institootions, an' I reckon you'd best bustle along, in case the passengers mutiny afore ye get alongside."

So the old *Ocean Hell*, as she was aptly named in the Colony, was recovered, as the curious may see for themselves any day by taking a short trip down the River Thames.

AFTER passing his State examination Bismarck was sworn in as an official law reporter, at one of the Berlin tribunals. "Take care, sir," he once exclaimed to an unwilling witness, "take care, or I'll have you kicked out." "Herr Auscultator," interposed the Judge, "the kicking out is my business." "Sir," amended Bismarck, "take care, then, or I'll get the Judge to kick you out."

THACKERAY was dining in Boston with a beautiful lady whom he greatly admired; not long before he had sent her two splendid bronzes. He remarked, "Now, I suppose, according to your American custom, we shall all put our feet on the chimney-piece." "Certainly," replied his hostess, "and as you are so much longer than the others, you may put your feet on the looking-glass." The latter was ten feet from the ground. Thackeray was mortally offended.

DURING Bismarck's visit to Russia in 1860, he was one day walking in the summer garden of the palace with the Emperor. They came to a lawn, in the middle of which stood a sentry. Bismarck asked why he was there. The Czar did not know. He asked the adjutant; he did not know. He asked the sentinel; the latter only replied, "Ordered." The general and officers were questioned; they returned, "Ordered." At last an old servant in the palace said he remembered his father telling him that the Empress Catherine had found an early snowdrop there, and had given orders that it was not to be picked. A sentry had been stationed there, and after everyone had forgotten why, a sentinel was still at the post.—By CHARLES LOWE.

CONCERNING EASTER EGGS.

THE presentation of eggs at Easter has become too much of an established custom to need description. To those, however, who may still regard it as a somewhat puerile, if graceful, recognition of the great Church festival, it may be a surprise to learn that this custom dates from a long time before Christendom.

It would, indeed, be difficult to determine its origin, seeing that, as far back as history carries us, the "giving of eggs" at a certain time of year had assumed the significance of a sacred rite with most pagan races.

From the Easter eggs of the early Aryan of Eastern Europe to our own *fin-de-siècle* triumph of art in chocolate, sugar, and even satin, indeed, is a far cry. Yet that these primitive tribes recognised the ceremony as one of no mean importance is clearly proved by the curious and unique collection of Aryan Easter eggs preserved in the Museum at Cracow.

This "giving of eggs" was also a time-honoured observance among the Persians, Egyptians, Gauls, Greeks, and Romans—an observance arising doubtlessly from the fact that the egg was regarded by the Mystics as a symbol emblematic of the earth and our mundane system. Thus, the yolk was supposed to represent this world, the white its surrounding atmosphere, and the shell that solid crystal sphere in which the stars were popularly supposed to be set. This idea, too, had reference to the seminal principal contained in the egg, likening it to Chaos, which held the germ of all things.

Most customs of the early Church had their origin largely in Paganism. The Persians still hold an important feast at a time of year corresponding to our Easter. This is called the "Feast of the Water," and at it eggs are presented by friends to each other. This Persian festival is kept in commemoration of the Creation, and Sir R. K. Porter, in his book of travel, considers, I believe, that here originated our Easter egg.

We know the word "Easter" to be of purely Pagan derivation, the yearly Druidical feast in honour of the Goddess Eostre or Eastre (the Astarte of the Phœnicians) being held in the spring, and the early British Christians evidently derived the name Easter from their corresponding season of the year.

The term "Pash" eggs was formerly more commonly heard than "Easter" eggs, Pash being a corruption of Pasha (Passover).

The giving of these eggs was observed as a sacred rite in the early Roman Church, the eggs being brought to the priest, who blessed them in the following words—

"Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

In the Russo-Greek Church, where the impressive Easter Eve ceremony is held at midnight, and attended by the Corps Diplomatique and society generally in full dress, the "Pascha" (a pyramid-shaped cake) and the Easter eggs are publicly blessed before an immense congregation, all of whom hold lighted candles, and at the stroke of twelve the "popes" go through the ceremony of carrying the "coffin of Christ" thrice round the church, while the exquisite voices of the Russian choir chant the resurrection hymn.

Then all hasten home to the *Rasgowlénie*, or the "breaking of their fast," at which again the egg is of paramount importance, being given and received with the thrice-repeated kiss, and the words, "Christoss wokræss!" (Christ is risen).

In Germany the hare enters largely into the Easter festivities. He is the "Easter hare," and has his votaries in the nursery, where no doubt whatever is entertained of his having *laid* all the sugary delights that are hunted for on Easter Day.

He has, in fact, a grand time, and is for the moment the all-important beast.

You find him here, there, and everywhere—modelled

in sugar—and in chocolate or in *papier-mâché*, with his inside stuffed full of bon-bons. Sometimes he is sitting in a mossy nest surrounded by a circle of little eggs, sometimes reclining complacently inside an *ova* large enough to have been the work of an ostrich!

I don't know that anyone has yet satisfactorily accounted for the connection between the hare and the Easter egg, although it is not in Germany alone that he poses as an important factor in the Easter festivities.

In England I have heard of two places where the hare used to bear a connection to Eastertide. At Coleshill, in Warwickshire, a custom once prevailed, according to which, if the young men of the parish were able to catch a hare and bring it to their parson before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, he was bound to present them with a calf's head, a *hundred* eggs, and a groat of money!

How uneasy must have been the sleep of that reverend gentleman on the eve! How he must have prayed for even additional swiftness to be vouchsafed to the fleet-footed hare!

The other place was Hallerton, in Leicestershire, where the rector of the parish had received a bequest to provide two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves to be scrambled for; the custom has long since passed into disuse. Before its cessation, however, "fraudulent practice" had crept in, and the erstwhile hare pie had degenerated into one of "veal and ham"!

Before concluding, I may mention one more curious custom which used to prevail at Lausanne, and which may, for aught I know to the contrary, still be in vogue. Here Easter Monday was held as the especial *jour de fête* of the butchers, who, carrying banners and in carnival array, paraded the streets, finally marching in procession to Mont Benon, where all sorts of round games were indulged in, the principal one, however, being that of leaping backwards across a space strewn with eggs. Whoever succeeded in accomplishing this feat without coming to grief and breaking them, received the eggs as his prize.

Thus from the Orient and up, through countless generations of heathendom, may be traced the origin of many a custom surviving amidst our Western civilisation either in the form of a child's game or in that of some still observed religious ceremony. Paganism survives through all creeds, although when clothed with a newer Christian signification—like that of turning to the East in reading the Creed—the more remote origin may have become half-forgotten, if not wholly consigned to oblivion.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I 'AVE sin some chaps as was whort I'd call skimpy, but the meanest beggar as ever I seed in my life was on my 'bus lawst Toosdy. Jest afore 'e'd gort on the 'bus, 'e'd bought a penny box o' matches off of a pore ole blind man as mostly stands at the corner. As soon as the 'bus stawted 'e farnd as thet match-box weren't quite as bang full as 'e thought it ought to 'ave bin. When 'e farnd thet art, I thought as 'e'd 'ave died o' agerny. "Storp the 'bus 'awf-a-minnit," 'e says ter me, "and I'll go beck and mike 'im chynge it." "Ho, yuss!" says I. "No dart. We kin wite twenty minnits while you does yer little shoppin'. Pleased an' prard ter oblidge yer, of course. So bloomin' likely, ain't it?" "Well, then," says 'e, "if yer won't wite fur me, I must git off and tike the next 'bus." "That yer kin do," I says, "but yer pyes yer feer first." Well, 'e tried ter perswade me, but it weren't a bit o' good. "It sims a crule, 'ard thing," 'e says, "that I shud be done this wye." "Blimey," says I, "yer ain't got much to fret abart—awf-a-dozen wex matches. I were done wus nor that this mornin', tikin' a penny as were wrong 'un." "Ah!" says 'e, bright'nin' up a bit, "let's 'ave a look at it." I took and showed it 'im. "Why," says 'e, "any man kin see as thet ain't a penny." "Yuss,

says I, "e can see it if 'e 'appens ter be lookin', but I didn't 'appen ter be lookin'." 'E thought ter 'isself fur a minnit, and then 'e said as the penny weren't no good ter me, bein' a bad 'un, and 'e'd like ter 'ave it if I'd give it 'im. "Ho," says I, "and whort might yer be goin' ter do with it?" "Goin' ter buy another box o' matches off that ole man with it. 'E's blind, and 'e won't see as it's a wrong 'un. Thet 'ull teach 'im ter sell boxes as ain't prop'ly full." "Whort?" says I; "fur the sike of a few matches you'd swindle a blind man art of a penny? Thet 'ull do. Sye no more. You tikes the tartlet, you do. You go and put yourself in the British Mooseim. You ain't a man, you're a specimin. I wouldn't let yer 'ave it if yer'd give me a shillin' fur it. Go and drarn yerself—yer ain't fit ter live." 'E said as if I yoosed thet langwidge to 'im, 'e'd report me fur inservilerty." "Do," says I. "Report awye, and I 'ope yer will; then I shall 'ave yer address, and be ible ter get yer lugged fur tryin' ter pars bad money on a blind man—on'y a dirty beggar like you 'ud be a disgrace ter the dock." I give 'im some more o' the simesort, on'y pitched a bit stronger. 'E didn't injye 'is penny ride pertic'lar, I kin tell yer. But, 'arrever, 'e didn't report me neither, an' I never egspectid as 'e would. No; long 'abits of joodishusness as taught me ter know when I'm in the right, and kin let my tongue run a bit, and when I'm in the wrong, and 'ad better 'old my jaw.

* * * * *

But I still 'as a sort o' feelin' o' regret as I didn't punch 'is 'ead. 'Arrever, if I didn't do it, someone else will one o' these dyes. Thet's a suttun fac' and a grite consolishun. The world mye be as rotten as 'Ankin's alwise syin' it is, but it ain't so bad thet it's goin' ter put up with a chap o' thet sort.

DOG STORIES.*

THE following is a story of canine jealousy:—"A young man had owned for some years a dog who was his constant companion. Recently the young man married, and moved, with his bride and his dog, into a house on the opposite side of the street from his father's

house, his own former home. The dog was not happy, for the time and attention which had formerly been his were now given to the young wife. In many ways he showed his unhappiness and displeasure, in spite of the fact that the master tried to reconcile him, and the bride to win him. One day, when the master came home, his wife sat on his knee, while Jack was lying by the fire. He rose from his place, came over to the couple, and expressed his disapproval. 'Why, Jack,' said the master, 'this is all right; she's a good girl,' and as he spoke he patted her arm. Jack looked up at him, turned away, and left the room. In a moment they heard a noise, and going into the hall, they found Jack dragging his bed downstairs. When he reached the front door, he whined to be let out, and when the door was opened, he dragged his bed down the steps, across the street, to his old home, where he scratched for admittance. Since then he has never been back to his master, refusing all overtures."

Here is an instance of dog consciousness: "Crib verges on perfection, save that he is frantically jealous of any other animal who may receive attention, but yesterday he rebelled against the injustice of being compelled to eat all his dinner, and refused to swallow one special piece of bread; but, finding that his refusal was not accepted, apparently made a virtue of necessity, and gulped down the bread with a look and a wag of the tail, giving me to understand that I ought to be satisfied, which I was not, as I observed a slight swelling in one cheek. So, concealing my suspicion, I furtively watched. Crib also occasionally eyed me, lying down and then walking round the room, and sniffing in the corners as he is wont to do. In a few minutes, and when I appeared safely absorbed in my paper, he made his way slowly to where pussy was lapping her saucer of milk; passing her without stopping, he cleverly discharged the hated mouthful into pussy's milk, and continuing his walk to the rug, laid himself down and slept the sleep of the just."

This excellent book should be in the hands of all true lovers of dogs. No better collection of dog stories has ever been put together.

* "Dog Stories, from the *Spectator*," with an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. (T. Fisher Unwin; 5s.)

ABORIGINAL GLIMPSES.



THE BOAT RACE.—"Easy, all."

[Drawn by T. E. Donnan.]

MISS EWERETTA LAWRENCE AT HOME.

I WAS shown into a charming Louis XVI. drawing-room in yellow and white, with ministering cupids showering electric lights from behind cunningly-devised foliage, and received with evident mistrust by a very small pug in a very big bow, who, I was informed, was called "Miss Galatea," *à propos* of the heroine of the play that has been written for Miss Lawrence, and which was so successfully produced in the provinces a short time ago, and will be put on in London during the coming season. At the end of the drawing-room is a pretty little greenhouse, where, at the time of my call, a suburban gardener was endeavouring to arrange a *modus vivendi* between palms, orange trees, and flowering cacti. "When the palms is done in the drorin'-room," he remarked, "you can bring 'em out here for a change, and 'ave two of them t'other 'uns."

I left the flowers and returned to their owner. How shall I describe her? Item, wavy chestnut hair, pale features, red lips, big brown eyes, and *svelte* figure (the last time I used the word "svelte" the printer put it "felt"). If you have ever read Dr. Wendell Holmes' "Elsie Venner," you will find it very accurately reproduces Miss Lawrence's appearance. She has an animated way of emphasising her remarks, and an innocent, airy manner of "saying" things, added to a decided felicity of phrasing.

But I wanted to ask Miss Lawrence about the new play which was produced at Stafford the other day. "Why is it called *Miss Galatea*? and why did Mr. Retford refuse to license it?"

"Oh! that was through a misunderstanding on Mr. Retford's part, *Miss Galatea* being one of those plays which read very differently from the way they act. Mr. Retford did not quite believe in the complete unworldliness of the heroine. Unless that is absolutely understood, the play might, perhaps, be considered 'French.'"

"French! What do you mean by that?"

"Oh! things which are not improper in themselves, but which seem improper when looked at from an English point of view."

"Ah-h! A very good definition indeed. The play went very well, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Of course the performance was only a trial trip. I had been told by many people that it was exclusively a stall piece, or, rather, a piece for the better parts of the house; but I was glad to find the play is so human that it appealed to a provincial audience, and every line told."

"Now, Miss Lawrence, won't you tell me something of *Miss Galatea*? Give me an idea of what the play is about. And the central character?"

"The plot of the play is simply this: the heroine is called 'Miss Galatea' by her lover because she is so fascinatingly innocent. She has been brought up in

Oregon by her father, who is a literary recluse. He won't even let her learn to read. All her life is spent among the woods, and the wild things of the forest are her only playfellows."

"And the plot?"

"Oh, the plot turns on the fact that the lover of the girl is wedded to a dipsomaniac. He is about to obtain a divorce, but his wife goes mad, and he is therefore unable to do so. The heroine's father aches, and she, some time after his death, comes into an immense fortune. She is brought to London. The "conventional lies of our civilisation" are an eternal source of wonder to her. She divides the world into two parts—God's world and man's world. Her lover says, speaking of her father's death:—

"He: It was cruel of God to take him from you—don't you think so, little woman?"

"She: He was so very tired, that was why.

"He: I'm afraid that is not always a sufficient reason. The world is full of very tired people.

"She: Is it? My! It must be kind'er sad out there, in man's world, I reckon."

"Weren't you very nearly chloroformed on the last night of the piece, Miss Lawrence? You don't, as a rule, take chloroform before you 'go on,' I suppose?"

"No, not as a regular thing. It happened curiously. I have, as the heroine, to carry a snake in my pocket. The snake was chloroformed every night in order to make



MISS EWERETTA LAWRENCE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

him keep where he was put. Somehow on this particular night, the chloroform did not seem to take effect. I told my people to give the unfortunate snake some more, just as I had begun to dress. Suddenly I cried out to my maid, 'What an extraordinary feeling! What is it?' She quickly opened the door, and called in a member of the company, who found the place saturated with chloroform.

Somehow I came round, and just managed to crawl on to the stage and speak my words, but Nebuchadnezzar, the snake, never crawled again. He had fretted his brief life away."

And I went home wondering at the perfection of stage realism now-a-days. Why can't people have stuffed snakes instead of real ones? Poor Nebuchadnezzar!

THE MILLIONAIRE'S TELEGRAM.

BY BARRY PAIN.

In an office of palatial size and magnificently appointed, sat Eugene Vandergould, by profession a millionaire. The clock on his table—a tiny enamel toy, fitted with historical associations, and worth far more than its weight in gold—whispered in a soft, sweet voice that it was eleven o'clock. In a fit of irritation, he flung the clock into the fireplace, and once more bent his attention on the papers before him. There were two of them, both in his own handwriting. The first ran:—

"Mrs. Vandergould, The Hall, Dollington. Find I can be back to dinner after all. Am taking special train, reaching Dollington at seven. Send carriage to meet it. Am bringing Henry with me."

Once more counted the words. There were thirty-two of them, and a telegram of thirty-two words costs one shilling and fourpence instead of the normal sixpence. A spasm of pain passed over the millionaire's face, and he turned hurriedly to the second paper. It was as follows—

"Vandergould, Hall, Dollington. Find can return dinner. Taking special. Arrive Dollington seven. Send carriage meet. Bringing Henry."

He sighed.

"Yes, it was better—much better. It had brought it down to seventeen words, but seventeen words cost eightpence halfpenny, and a telegram can be sent for sixpence. "Can be!" he exclaimed. "It must be—it shall be! It shall be got down to twelve words, if I die in the attempt."

A clerk knocked and entered. A Royal Duke had called to see Eugene Vandergould by appointment. The millionaire stamped his foot impatiently.

"Tell him," he said, "that I'm sorry, but I can't see him. I am particularly busy this morning. He can call again on Wednesday if he likes."

He buried his head in his hands, and ground his heel into the priceless Persian carpet. Light broke at last. The word Hall in the address was inessential, and could be struck out. A few more moments' thought, and light broke again. "Arrive seven" would do just as well as "arrive Dollington seven." He had got it to fifteen words now. Three more words cut out, and his task would be accomplished.

His secretary entered, white to the lips. An important cable had arrived from the manager of the mine, belonging to a company of which Vandergould was a director. The cable ran—

"Mine flooded. All the gold stolen during night. Hands have struck. Entire machinery burned down. But am doing my best."

"I do wish," said Vandergould, "you wouldn't bother me with these trifles when I'm busy."

Only three more words to go! If he could have struck out "Send carriage meet," the thing would have been done. But he could not take it for granted that the carriage would meet him in any case. He had given general instructions that it was never to meet him unless ordered; that little walk from the station to his house was often the only exercise that he got in the day, and he valued that exercise for his health's sake.

At one o'clock, when Vandergould entered an adjoining room for luncheon, the telegram still stood at

fifteen words. He ate little, and kept the copy of the telegram before him.

At five o'clock in the afternoon it was impossible to wait any longer. The telegram now ran—

"Vandergould, Dollington. Shall return dinner by special, arriving seven, with Henry. Send carriage."

It was thirteen words—just one word too many. He summoned a clerk, and told him to have it sent off.

"It will be," he seemed to speak with difficulty, "it will be sixpence halfpenny." His face was distorted with mental anguish and his prolonged effort at compression of style. The clerk had hardly shut the door before a pistol-shot rang through the building.

They found Vandergould dead on the floor, killed by his own hand.

* * * * *

At the inquest the clerk gave evidence that the deceased had sent a telegram of thirteen words, which might have been brought down to ten.

A juror asked if he was sure of this.

The coroner said that if it was so, it practically settled the case.

The clerk read the telegram as given him. He then pointed out that it might have run—

"Vandergould, Dollington. Arriving by special, seven, with Henry. Send carriage." The words "Shall return dinner" were immaterial, as the sense of them would be understood from the fact that he was arriving at seven.

The coroner said that it could be hardly necessary to take up the time of the jury with further evidence, and they at once returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

A PHENOMENON.



GILSEY (as he wades through a stray mortar bed).—Greash Scott! Who'd thought—hic—it'd snowed so hard in thish—hic—one spot.

DYSPEPTICS should smoke "Tinico." See under "Club Chatter."

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions, see last page.

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THE PERFECT DINNER-TABLE.

THE MANNERS AND MANAGEMENT OF SERVANTS.

By MRS. HUMPHRY.

It is only the very rich who can entertain their friends at dinner parties without trouble; and, when there is only one servant, our young bride will find that she will have to make her dinner-parties as few as possible. But, when she does entertain, she will want to know exactly how the cloth is to be laid, the dishes handed, and the order of waiting on the guests. The sequence of the wines has its importance, and no hostess, however poor she may be, likes to be at fault in such matters.

The first essential of a well-laid table is that the cloth shall be of fine damask, snow-white of tint, and beautifully "done up" by the laundress. The glass should glitter brightly, having been well polished with a dry cloth, and the silver should emulate its brightness, and even surpass it. These three things go far in themselves to produce the light and festive effect that a well-laid table should.

The salt-cellars, whether they are silver, electro-plate, or china, must be neatly filled to within a quarter of an inch of the top. Each salt-cellar must be provided with its salt-spoon. Small cruet-stands, having now quite superseded the large and heavy ones that were once generally used, are placed on the table in sufficient numbers to provide every two diners with one between them. To each guest must be placed two large forks and a fish-fork at the left hand, and two knives, a table-spoon, and fish-knife on the right. By the latter are laid the wine-glasses—a different one for each kind of wine. So many people drink mineral waters at dinner now, that a tumbler must always be set for each diner. In the centre, between the knives and forks, is placed the dinner-napkin, with a piece of bread within its folds. Down the centre of the table is the floral decoration, with perhaps a specimen glass or small vase opposite each person's place. Sometimes the dessert dishes with their contents are placed in the centre of the table, grouped round the lamp or a pretty arrangement of fairy lights.

Chairs must be placed in sufficient numbers, and, if name-cards are used, they must be put just beyond the table-napkin. A large glass jug of pure cold water should find a place on every dinner-table. The jug is usually an ornamental one—sometimes of frosted glass, sometimes cut, or perhaps engraved—and there are always two tumblers to match it standing by it. The sideboard must be almost as carefully laid as the table itself, otherwise something will be missing that should be there. At one end the finger-glasses should be put ready, each with its modicum of water, and resting on a dessert-plate with a d'oyley under the glass. The plates for cold entrées or chaudiroids should also be ready, each with its necessary fork, or knife and fork, or, if for curries, fork and spoon. For fish the plates must be brought up hot from the kitchen, but the necessary knives and silver for them should be ready on the sideboard. A few extra glasses, in case they should be needed, owing to a breakage or for any other reason, should be placed at hand, as well as extra spoons and forks, and also an abundant supply of table-spoons for the dishes to be carried round.

Dinner à la Russe is the usual order of things: but, with one servant, it is impossible to have the carving all accomplished at a side table. Consequently, the time-honoured plan must be adopted—and it is by no means a bad one—of giving the master of the house the task of helping the soup, fish, and joints. For this purpose a well-sharpened carving-knife, fish-slice, and soup-ladle must be placed at his right hand, together with a knife-rest, another rest and the corresponding forks being

placed at his left hand. The servant having been told how many guests are expected, she will know when they have all arrived, and, having placed the soup on the table, she opens the drawing-room door and announces that dinner is served. She leaves the drawing-room door open, and then stands by the dining-room door, on the opposite side to that by which the party enter, until everyone has passed in. When they are seated, she removes the cover from the soup-tureen and hands a plate to each person at the left side, asking, "Soup, sir?" or "Soup, madam?" as the case may be. If there is a large party, the parlourmaid serves the principal lady first, and then goes straight down that side of the table and up the other. If the party is but a small one, she hands a plate first to the lady her master has brought down to dinner, then to the other ladies and her mistress, after that serving the gentlemen, taking care to begin with the one who came down with her mistress. It is to be presumed that someone has been engaged to dish the dinner and have it ready for the maid to carry into the dining-room. It would be impossible for one servant to do this, and to wait as well.

Sherry and hock are handed round with fish and soup. The parlourmaid rings the bell for the next dish, and as this is usually a hot entrée, she places a hot plate, with a knife and fork upon it, before each person, afterwards carrying the dish round and handing it at the left hand of each diner. The joint or poultry that follows is placed before the master of the house, and any other dish, such as ham, tongue, game pie, or a second joint, before the mistress. If this second dish be merely an accompaniment to the one at the other end of the table, such as ham or tongue, no plates need be put before the mistress, but if it be an alternative to the other, half the plates are consigned to her care. Both master and mistress begin to carve at once, and the parlourmaid takes the first plate from her master and, carrying it to the principal guest, says interrogatively, "Roast beef, madam?" or "Fowl, sir?" as the case may be. If the latter, she will first have carried the plate to her mistress to have its contents supplemented by ham or tongue. It is no longer the custom for the host to ask each guest which dish he prefers; servants do all that nowadays. No guest is ever offered soup or fish a second time. These dishes are but introductory to the great business of the hour, and it is unusual to give a large helping of either—one ladleful of soup is sufficient, and a small portion of fish is adequate to the occasion. With entrées, poultry and joints it is different. The attendant asks each person, before she takes his plate, if he wishes for any more of these. It is not necessary to reply—a shake of the head is sufficient, and one's servants should always be trained to accept even a turning away of the head as a refusal. Champagne goes round during the meat courses, and that of sweets. If any diner should not wish his (or, more probably her) glass to be replenished, he should see that the attendant does not fill it.

The vegetables and sauces are always handed round, and no wine is put on the table until dessert, when port and claret, and occasionally some others, are placed opposite the master's dessert-plate. There is occasionally a little confusion made between entrées and entremets, and each mistress should make the distinction between them quite clear to her parlourmaid. An entremets is simply the dish of game or poultry that is removed by some sweet in the third course. For instance, pheasants are an entremets, and are "removed" or replaced by a pudding or tart, generally hot, all the cold sweets having been placed upon the table before the pheasants are brought in. Ducklings are a favourite entremets in spring and early summer. When the third course is concluded, the plates and dishes are taken away as well as all the glasses, and the crumbs are lifted off the cloth with a crumb scoop and transferred to a tray which the maid holds in her left hand, transferring to it as well all pieces of bread left. When the tablecloth has been completely cleared or crumbs, each person is supplied with a dessert plate,

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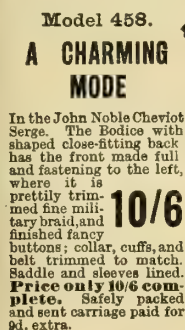
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Model 410.
THE JOHN NOBLE COMPLETE CAPE COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, comprising Fashionable Godet Cape, lined through, and trimmed revers and large buttons also well-cut stylish bodice trimmed en suite, and full Godet Skirt trimmed from waist to match Cape. **Price only 25/- complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

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A CHARMING MODE

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The Bodice with shaped close-fitting back has the front made full and fastening to the left, where it is prettily trimmed fine military braid, and finished fancy buttons; collar, cuffs, and belt trimmed to match. Saddle and sleeves lined. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

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Model 374.
THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-QUEENIA COSTUME

An exceedingly smart mode in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of wide Godet Skirt, with belt, also very neat Bodice with full front and broad box pleat down centre, trimmed bold silk cord and three large buttons; Collar and Cuffs finished silk cord; saddle and sleeves lined. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. Skirt only, as sketch, can be supplied for 5/6, carriage 6d. extra.

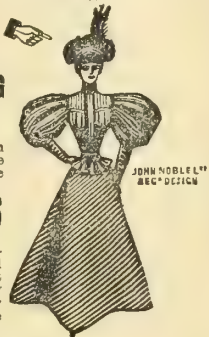
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Model 459.
A VERY BECOMING DESIGN

Is also made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The Bodice has pointed saddle back and front below which are three even box pleats, the centre one in front extending from collar band. Saddle and sleeves lined. Belt at waist. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

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Model 416.
THE JOHN NOBLE OUT-DOOR SUIT

Consisting of Open Coat and wide Godet Costume Skirt, tailor-made, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge; also Waistcoat of New Fancy Spot Vesting in shades to match Serge. The coat fits the figure to perfection, and is made with deep collar and lapels, wide Rugby sleeves and full basque. **Price only 21/- complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

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Model 453.
EMBRIDDERED COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of wide Godet Skirt and smart Bodice, the front of which is in very fine Foulle Serge, elaborately embroidered with beautiful bold silk cord. Colours: Black with White or Helio front embroidered black silk; Brown with Fawn front embroidered brown silk; and Navy or Myrtle with Cardinal front embroidered black silk. **Price only 21/-.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

21/-



Model 418.
PARISIAN COAT COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of fashionable Open Coat, Double-breasted Waistcoat and wide Godet Skirt, supplied in the following colours, viz: Black, Navy, Brown, Fawn or Grey, with Waistcoat in self, lighter or darker shade. **Price only 27/6 complete costume.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid.

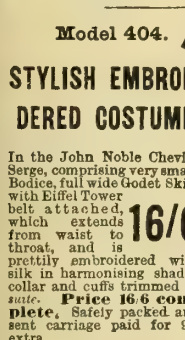
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Model 415.
THE JOHN NOBLE POPULAR SUIT

For Ladies, made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The Suit consists of newest shape Open Coat, with full sleeves, fashionable revers and pockets all finished tailorsitching; also gracefully cut Godet Skirt, tailor stitched to match and bound at extreme edge with bias velvet. **Price complete only 15/-.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

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Model 404.
STYLISH EMBROIDERED COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, comprising very smart Bodice, full wide Godet Skirt with Eiffel Tower belt attached, which extends from waist to throat, and is prettily embroidered with silk in harmonising shade; collar and cuffs trimmed en suite. **Price 16/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

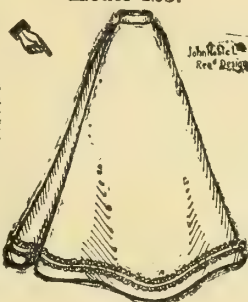
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Model 427.
YOUNGLADIES' COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with lined Bodice, trimmed military braid, centre box-pleat and buttons, the skirt being ornamented at each side with fancy pocket and finished military braid and buttons en suite. **Price 8/6**

8/6

Lengths 35 38 42 46 50 ins. **Price 8/6 9/6 10/9 12/- 13/6 each.** Lengths are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front. Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Model 435.

GIRL'S OVERALL

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top and full Skirt, trimmed round Skirt, Collar and Cuffs with finer Shade. An admirable style for rough school wear. **Price 2/8**

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Lengths 19 21 24 27 ins. **Price 2/8 3/3 3/9 4/3 each.** Lengths 30 33 36 ins. **Price 5/- 6/- 7/- each.** Postage 41d. extra. Lengths are from top of neck band to bottom of skirt in front.



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For Girls are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered, being thoroughly well made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. **Price 1/6**

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d'oyley, finger glass, dessert knife and fork, and two or three wine glasses. In the nut season, a pair of nut-crackers should be available for every two persons. When ice pudding is served, a glass plate and a teaspoon are laid upon each diner's dessert plate, and removed again when done with.

Port and claret are placed on the table in front of the master. Liqueurs are handed round after ices or ice pudding. The name, or names, if there are more than one, should be mentioned when handing them. "Chartreuse or Benedictine, madam?"

Punch is handed round after certain dishes, and though ladies very seldom take it, it must be offered to all in turn.

This concluded, the maid leaves the dining-room and shuts the door.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

MARIETTA asks for a recipe for kromesies. The cold meat is minced and seasoned with pepper and salt, and then cooked in batter, prepared as it would be for pancakes, by putting into a basin three tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, and making the flour into a paste with milk, afterwards adding sufficient milk to bring it to the consistency of thick cream. Prepare a pan with boiling fat, weld together the pieces of meat with white of egg, roll them in the batter so as to make it adhere to them all round, and fry the little kromesies in the boiling fat. Oil is excellent for this purpose and not so wasteful as one would imagine, since it can be kept to be utilised on another occasion. Before dishing them, carefully drain away all superfluous fat on a piece of clean blotting-paper before the fire.

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—There was a lot of excitement on Thursday last over the production, at the Olympic Theatre, of *True Blue*—the one and only absolutely accurate naval drama upon earth. It was rumoured that the Duke of York intended being present, but he went to the Lyceum instead, leaving the Duke of Fife to represent him. All sorts of unexpected people were sprinkled about the stalls, amongst them Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Dr. Malcom Morris; and I think that everybody was pleasantly surprised with the success of the first act.

The Scene represented a corner of the Bull Ring at Algeciras. To the right was the Box of the Governor, and from it there extended a vast arena, admirably contrived, and filled apparently with a surging multitude. Here were sellers of melons and cooling drinks, British tars on leave, prime for a lark or a fight, Naval and Military officers, the Governor of Gibraltar and a party of friends, all gazing with interest at the business of the ring, across which went mules, picadores, toreadores, alguaciles, and a sinister female matador in a remarkably becoming and picturesque dress. There was so much noise, and so much incidental movement, that much of the dialogue escaped me; but, so far as I could gather, the female Matador had "a past," with which Lieutenant Guy Maitland, of H.M.S. *Watteau*, was connected. She stood in the arena; he sat in the Governor's Box, with Miss Alice Marjoribanks, a young lady to whom he was engaged. The female Matador made a long speech, describing how she was going to

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have no end of a lark with the bull before she finally slew it. There was an element of unconscious irony about this, for, directly she went off to put her boasts into practice, the Bull got much the best of the first round, and Maitland, with his sailors, dashed off to her rescue, bringing her back faint and defeated. She recovered sufficiently to embrace Maitland warmly in the presence of his enraged sweetheart; then the corpse of the bull was dragged on by the mules, and the curtain fell. How the bull came by his death I did not discover. Neither Maitland nor the sailors were armed, so they must either have strangled the poor beast, or else have read out loud to him the remaining acts of the play. I incline to the latter supposition, for the animal's demise was evidently of a violent nature. The audience, however, did not pause to think, and the first act was warmly applauded.

There was much that pleased, also, about the Second Act. The scene represented the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Watteau*, where the officers were giving an afternoon dance. Pretty ladies, military officers from the garrison of the Rock, and finally, the Governor himself, came over the side. Marines were marshalled as guards of honour, the ship's band played; everything was bright and interesting—except the story. I tried to follow it, but in vain. Maitland engaged for his servant a wicked cousin called Spiero, who was in league with a mysterious Mons. Vandeloupe, who wanted the *Watteau* sunk, but why or wherefore I could not understand. Spiero cherished a hopeless passion for Alice. The female Matador, Carlota, who did not stick at trifles, was conspiring with him; further than that, everything was a mystery. Suddenly came an order from shore despatching the *Watteau* to sea, and then things got more mixed than ever. Alice's maid, Rose, hid in an ottoman, and was carried to the Captain's cabin; Carlota went and hid herself in the Captain's china pantry; while Alice, flinging both modesty and propriety to the four winds of heaven, declared that she would go and hide somewhere else. They had not got any luggage; they had not got so much as a toothbrush wrapped up in a bit of newspaper; but they had got the authority of Lieutenant Gordon, R.N., for asserting that what they did was quite possible on board of a British man-of-war. So away they went and did it. Then came a lot of technical accuracy. The anchor was "katted"; someone asserted that the "Fish was caught"; orders were given, sailors with naked feet ran about, electric bells were rung, little flags were waved; finally, the *Watteau* went ahead, Gibraltar slid out of sight, moving ships loomed on the near horizon, and the audience applauded vigorously.

Next we saw the Captain's Cabin. Here it was gradually revealed to him that he was voyaging with a harem. He found Rose in his Ottoman; he found Carlota in his pantry; Rose told him that Alice was also to be found somewhere, and he rushed off to find her. She had sent him a note by Rose, but Carlota intercepted it. When left to herself she opened it, and read it as follows:—

"Dearest Guy,—When the ship is out at sea, peep, quite by accident, into one of those big Boilers you showed me this afternoon. There you will find, ALICE."

Now, if Shakespeare had written this letter, and Sarah Bernhardt had read it aloud, it would inevitably have got a laugh. Carlota read it quite seriously, got the laugh, then, to the surprise of everybody, stuck manfully to her guns and delivered a long speech descriptive of the boiler being filled, the fire being lighted, and Alice being slowly cooked—yet with so much force and determination that, instead of finishing the scene amidst roars of laughter, she carried her audience with her and fairly brought down the house. It was a ghastly ordeal for the actress, and she deserved the very sincere thanks of the authors for upholding the serious interest of the play at a painfully critical moment. What is more, by giving something approaching a semblance of reality to the boiling business, she made possible the succeeding scene. This represents the Stoke Hold, and

great credit is due to Mr. Fred Storey, who designed and painted it. The furnaces are all ablaze under one boiler, coal is shovelled on, stokers work, and the comic sailor goes up into the top of the empty boiler to fix down the man-hole. Here he finds Alice. And here, with monumental fatuity, the authors write practically a light comedy scene. Fancy a young lady putting her head out of a boiler, and making pretty, coquettish objections to leaving because she does not want to pass through a room where half-a-dozen sailors are sitting! Good Heavens! the scene is nothing if not tragic. Directly Alice found the boiler next to her filled and lit up she would be frightened out of her life. She would have but one idea—to escape. The sailor, too, would certainly insist on her coming out. Even when he listens to her protestations, and comes down into the hold, he would certainly tell the truth when he hears the order given to fill the boiler with water. Why on earth shouldn't he speak? That she is there has got to be revealed; he must know this, but he holds his tongue and rushes off to tell Maitland, leaving Alice to her fate. Carlota, having disguised herself as a stoker, then comes down the ash-shoot—ye gods!—and promptly screws down the man-hole, turns on the water, and gloats while the fires are being lit. The water-gauge rises, the furnaces roar, and, just in the nick of time Maitland comes tearing down, and gives forth the noble and heroic line, "Draw fires in Number 7!" So once more the situation was saved, and, though by this time it was getting late, the fortunes of the play still hung in the balance. The Fourth Act was, however, unhappily but appropriately called "On the Rocks." The first scene, enigmatically entitled "Before and Aft the Mainmast," was all right to an extent. Spiero explained at very great length to Carlota *how* he proposed to wreck the *Watteau*. But he still remained silent as to *why*. Then we saw the Captain's Cabin again, where a lot of things happened that I don't profess to understand. Carlota tampered with the chart, and the hazy, purposeless, incoherent plot seemed to weigh down the company and exhaust them. Spiero alone struggled on. He had a fine dramatic exit, and played up for it with indomitable courage. He, Carlota, and the comic sailor were put under arrest, and confined in the ship's prison, below the water-line. There we saw them. We saw looming above the tall side of the ship, and we heard high up in the air voices, as from the deck, giving commands. This, no doubt, was very accurate, but it was very dull. Presently, after a great deal of conversation, there came a crash; everybody fled except a marine, who promptly closed a door, thereby shutting Carlota into a water-tight compartment, which was not water-tight, for the water, represented by something that looked like a blue ballet skirt in reduced circumstances, entered at the back, and, despite the agonised shrieks of Carlota, overwhelmed her.

This was meant to be tragic, but it was only ridiculous. The farcical nature of the whole proceeding was intensified when the next act opened, and we found that the *Watteau* was not a penny the worse for knocking bits out of her bottom. She was anchored somewhere in "The Delta of the River Niger"—where Alice went ashore to visit her father. Spiero followed her, disguised himself as a native chief, and headed an attack on the father's trading station. Maitland went to the rescue with his crew. They had a fight in the dark, but ultimately won, and at twelve o'clock the play finished. In both writing and construction it is a monument of inaptitude. But, for all that, it has only very narrowly escaped being a success. As it stands, it is only a lost opportunity.

The scenery was excellent, and the entire cast worked like slaves to save the authors. I have certain personal reasons for not particularising, but, believe me, more than one reputation was enhanced, and another was newly established. The play has since been vigorously compressed, and, despite its faults, you can do worse than pay it a visit.—Your affectionate cousin, RANDOLPH.

TO-DAY CYCLING PAGE.

BY THE MAJOR.

I HAVE this week had a talk with Mr. R. B. Oakley, the hon. secretary of the Road and Path Cycling Association. This is an association in which the members are exclusively amateurs of both sexes. No one in any way connected with the trade is eligible for membership. It is fighting for a clearer definition of the amateur status.

Mr. Oakley has issued to the members an elaborate programme of runs and competitions, and as we talked about its many features I got a clear idea of the value of such an association.

"What is the most attractive feature in the programme?" I asked.

"I am enthusiastic about road-racing this season. Path-racing I am careless about; it really leads to no practical results. My greatest ambition in connection with our programme this season is to see a novel 'go when you please race' a complete success. It is one of the novelties of the year."

"Will you describe your novelty?"

"It consists of a series of time races on the road for 12, 24, 36, and 48 hours, in which competitors will be permitted to start at any time between nine and twelve o'clock at night. This, of course, depends on whether I get the permission of the authorities. However, I am agitating for it. All the competitions promise to be popular, and there will be a liberal distribution of medals, gold, silver and bronze."

"Will you describe to me some of the distinctive features of your club life?"

"The members wear the distinctive badges of their classes. General or non-racing members require no qualification of performance, and wear plain silver triangle badges with brown enamel motto. Second-class members require a qualification of, on road, 80 miles in 12 hours, or 125 miles in 24 hours, or on path, bicycle, 1 mile in 3 minutes and 5 seconds, 5 miles in 17 minutes, 25 miles in 1 hour and 30 minutes; tricycle, 1 mile in 3 minutes and 25 seconds, 5 miles in 19 minutes, 25 miles in 1 hour and 36 minutes. These have silver triangle badges with silver bar across the centre, with blue enamel legend. The qualification for the first class is to have ridden on the road at least 110 miles in 12 hours, or 175 miles in 24 hours; or on path, 1 mile in 2 minutes and 50 seconds, 5 miles in 15 minutes and 15 seconds, and 25 miles in 1 hour and 21 minutes; or tricycle, 1 mile in 3 minutes and 10 seconds, 5 miles in 17 minutes and 15 seconds, 25 miles in 1 hour and 30 minutes. These wear silver triangle badges with gold centre bar, blue enamel legend. Members beating or making records on either road or path will be entitled to wear gold badges."

This ambitious and enterprising association has Lord Norreys for its president, and Lady Norreys for one of its vice-presidents. It was Lady Norreys who really spread the cycling fever amongst fashionable people. She has a slight, graceful figure, is an expert cyclist, and dresses sensibly and neatly. It is difficult to say whether the association has benefited more from her influence than from the energetic and enthusiastic management of Mr. Oakley.

"There is no doubt," said a well-known West-end tailor, "that there will be a fashion in men's cycling dress, as there is in all other male garments. I dare say you have noticed that men are wearing trousers in preference to knickerbockers for cycling in. Well, that fashion will go out as soon as the season has commenced."

"Both for country and town wear?"

"Certainly. Cycling in trousers gives a man a clumsy, ungainly appearance. A similar effect, though in a less degree, perhaps, is gained by wearing the ordinary knickerbockers."

"You propose to prevent this?"

"Yes. I have designed a special style of knickerbockers. They are intended principally for cycling, but they will be found equally suitable for walking, and far more comfortable than the ordinary style. You know that in the present style the knickerbockers are cut 'straight,' and they are almost as full at the knees as they are over the thighs. There is, therefore, a considerable amount of wasted material just above the knees, and this is apt to be in the way both for cycling and walking. As an improvement on this, I am now making all knickerbockers to taper from the thigh downwards, so that round the knee there is no unnecessary material."

"You have experimented successfully with this style?"

"We have, and find that, in addition to being more comfortable than the ordinary shape of knickerbockers, it is infinitely more becoming."

"With regard to colour, what is to be the fashion this season?"

"An indescribable mixture of reddish brown and green. It is an extremely pretty shade, and quite new. There is a little green in every suiting this season."

"How about the cycling coat and waistcoat?"

"Norfolk jackets have quite gone out. There is a general liking for a loose, sack-back coat, with as much freedom as a good cut and style will permit. The waistcoats are all single-breasted, and are cut fairly high to the neck."

NOTES.

READERS of TO-DAY will remember the Prince de Sagan, who, at the time when we were anxious to offer a prize to settle the disputed twenty-four hours race, came forward and agreed to give a present to the French rider who would beat Frank Shorland and take the championship to France. The Prince is now closely associated with the Omnium Club, which has not gained much ground in France in its attempt to run the cyclists, and he is principally responsible for the application to the Municipal Council of Paris to grant the club permission to establish a track in the Bois de Boulogne. There is, I hear, little chance of the scheme being approved of.

Thin fabrics are ceasing to attract the thoughtful and experienced cyclist. He now favours woollen goods of medium weight. Many improvements are being made in the clothing of the knowing one, who now has his pockets and linings made of wool, and prefers the comfortable cloth bands to buckskin and buttons. Scotch cloths are being largely used by makers of cycling costumes. They owe their popularity to the green tints, which look so well in the browns and blacks, and I have no doubt they will eclipse the greys and lighter colours.

The lady Shorland shoe, with its convenient and comfortable strap, is going to be popular this season. I think I may say the same for the gentleman's Shorland shoe, of which I have the highest opinion, though I ought not to keep back the fact that I have myself purchased a pair of the well-known Referee make at a price nearly reaching £1. When buying shoes consider your pedals and your pocket. I am against the popular opinion that good shoes and rat-trap pedals are an unwise combination.

I cannot think of any sensible reason why men continue to wear ordinary morning clothes while cycling. Yet tailors tell me that fashionable people absolutely refuse to wear cycling knickers. No amount of ingenuity on the part of costumiers will induce them to purchase sensible cycling costumes. What is the reason? Do the smart set fear that they will lose their identity if they don the knickers? Surely not. Besides, in Battersea on Sunday, eighty per cent. of the riders belonged to the middle class, and, with very few exceptions indeed, they wore orthodox Sunday dress. It cannot be counted a clean habit to ride and sweat in long trousers, and then continue to wear them during the remainder of the day. It is also a dangerous habit when trouser clips are not worn. I would sooner see ladies bringing good roomy rationals into general use than hear that gentlemen riders had fully resolved to continue throughout the year to despise the sensible counsel of their tailors.

J. D. Lumsden, the Scotchman, who is troubling the Frenchmen at the Royal Agricultural Hall Tournament, is giving the Simpson chain a trial. Concerning these very Frenchmen, I must say I was not enamoured of their riding on the opening day of the tournament. Occasionally they gave displays of cutting-out tactics that greatly incensed the spectators. When once beaten, these French riders seldom make a race of it to the end. With some of them it seems to be part of their programme to up-back the moment they are beaten in a sprint. The Frenchwomen appear to me to have more pluck than their countrymen.

Paris open-air racing tracks, which are being touched up for the summer season, are being arranged with the idea of permitting seventy kilometres an hour becoming a possibility.

Banker is dead; killed by over-training, and Parisian popularity. He was last year's idol there.

The cycling crowd at Battersea on Sunday was the largest seen there this year, and several accidents were caused by overcrowding. The worst accident was the result of a collision which caused three ladies to fall in a heap.

Mr. Watson, the London manager of the Lu-mi-num Company, is at present on a business tour on the Continent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. (Surbiton) sends me much interesting cycling gossip. He abhors the catchpenny cycling journals which cater for the boulder type of cyclist. It is a good sign when we witness the lively growth of contempt for some of these journals, which have ceased to be honest guides. They tickle and amuse knowing cyclists, and secure for themselves variety of occupation by hoodwinking the credulous ones. My correspondent, who evidently has strong dislikes, says, "I would almost as soon be seen reading an Exeter Hall pamphlet as a cycling paper." Quite right. A pamphlet bearing the imprimatur of Exeter Hall, whatever else it may be, is not a shifty, irresponsible, and mercenary thing; the cycling paper often is.

SILVERDALE writes: "It is really surprising how many American machines are being purchased in this country. I saw a gem of a lady's machine down here the other day, scaling twenty-three pounds, called a Spalding. A machine of the same weight had carried the lady's husband two seasons without mishap, and he's a thirteen stoner." American machines are not purchased because of superiority, but because the best English makers are unable to supply the present great demand.

INSURANCE.—I have to thank several correspondents for suggesting the extension of the TO-DAY insurance system to cycling accidents. At present I can only promise that the suggestions shall be carefully considered.

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VILLAGE, where the Cycles may be seen.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Great Western Railway Company issue Ordinary as well as Excursion tickets at their City and West End Offices. Tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Easter. Cheap tickets at special low fares, and available from April 2nd to 6th, will be issued to the South and West of England. Tickets will also be issued for use on April 2nd, 4th and 6th, to Guernsey and Jersey. On Thursday, April 2nd, an excursion reaching Exeter in 5½ hours, and Plymouth in 7½ hours, will leave Paddington at 7.55 a.m. Excursions will also be run on the same day to Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Oxford, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Gloucester, Cardiff, Swansea, etc. On Good Friday, cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations. On Saturday, April 4th, an Excursion will run to Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, etc.; and on Monday, Excursions will be made to Reading, Bath, Bristol, etc. On Tuesday, April 7th, a cheap half-day Excursion will leave Paddington at 12.10 noon for Oxford, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon. On Good Friday, the trains will run as on Sundays, with the addition of the 5.30 a.m. Cheap Third Class Excursion Tickets will be issued on Good Friday, Saturday, April 4th, Easter Sunday and Monday, by specified trains from Paddington, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, and certain stations on the Metropolitan, Metropolitan District and North London Railways, to Staines, Windsor, Taplow, Maidenhead, Henley and other popular riverside resorts. Cheap Week-end Tickets will be issued on

Thursday, April 2nd, Good Friday, and Saturday, April 4th, to Bridport, Oxford, Leamington, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon.

In connection with the Midland Railway, on Thursday, April 2nd, cheap Excursion Trains will be run from London to all the principal towns, returning the following Tuesday; and from London (St. Pancras) to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc., returning Monday, April 6th, or Friday, April 10th. Also on Friday, April 3rd, for two or three days, to Edinburgh and Glasgow (for International Football Match, England v. Scotland, at Glasgow, April 4th), from St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. On Easter Monday, April 6th, Cheap Day Excursion trains will be run to St. Albans, Harpenden and Luton. Cheap Excursion trains for six days will also be run on Thursday, April 2nd, to London from Carlisle, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, Lincoln, Newark, etc., and from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Walsall, etc., for five or six days. On Good Friday, April 3rd, from Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Blackburn, Bolton, Oldham, Manchester, etc., for two or four days, and from Burton, Derby, Nottingham, Birmingham, Leicester, etc., for one, four or five days. Cheap three-days' trips will also be run to London on Friday night, April 3rd, from Colne, Blackburn, Bolton, Rochdale, Oldham, etc., and on Saturday, April 4th, from Manchester, etc. On Easter Monday, single day trips will be run from Burton, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, Bedford, Luton, St. Albans, etc., and a one or two days' trip from Birmingham and the South Stafford District. For fuller particulars see advertisements.

THE BIRMINGHAM BREWERIES, LIMITED.

Comprising "The King's Heath Brewery," Birmingham (late Isaac Bates), "The West End Brewery" (late White & Lake's), Bristol-road, Birmingham, "Albert Henson's East End Brewery," Aston-road, Birmingham, and 156 Valuable Freehold, Leasehold, Tied, and other Houses, together with the

OLD-ESTABLISHED WHOLESALE WINE, SPIRIT, and BOTTLED BEER BUSINESSES OF DOWDESWELL and SPENCER, HIGH STREET WEST BROMWICH, BIRMINGHAM.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of the shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares.

SHARE CAPITAL - - £120,000,

Divided into 18,000 Cumulative Six per Cent. Preference Shares of £5 each, 30,000; 6,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, £30,000; and also £2,000 4½ per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £50 each, £130,000. Redeemable by the Company on six months' notice after the 1st January, 1910, at £110 per £100.

The Debenture Issue and the Preference Shares are now offered for Subscription at par.

The whole of the Ordinary Shares will be taken by the Vendors in part payment of the purchase price.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and will rank both for Capital and Dividend preferentially before the Ordinary Shares of the Company. The Interest on the Debentures will be paid half-yearly on the 1st May and the 1st November. The first payments will be made on the 1st November, 1896, and calculated from the due dates of the instalments. The Preference Shares and Debentures are to be paid for as follows:—Preference Shares: On application £1, on allotment £1 10s., one month after allotment £2 10s. Debentures: On application £10, on allotment £20, one month after allotment £20.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.
The Midland Trust (Limited), Birmingham.

DIRECTORS.

Major F. Carne Rasch, M.P., Chairman of the Leicester Brewery Co. (Ltd.)
Robert Longman, Director of William Blencowe and Co. (Limited),
Brewers, Brackley.

*J. Leslie Thompson, Brewer, Birmingham.

*Thomas Spencer, Wine & Spirit Merchant, West Bromwich, Birmingham.

*Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.—Brown, Janson, and Co., Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.; the London and Midland Bank (Limited), Birmingham, and all its Branches.

SOLICITORS.—Hurrell and Co., 33, Cornhill, London, E.C.; Rowlands and Co., Temple-row, Birmingham.

BROKERS.—Buckler, Norman, and Gower, 11, Angel-court, E.C., and Stock Exchange, London.

AUDITORS.—Abbott, Deeley, Hill, and Co., Chartered Accountants, 61 Gracechurch-street, London, and Bennet's-hill, Birmingham.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem).—Cyril Rose, The Brewery, King's Heath, Birmingham, and 33, Cornhill, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and carrying on the following well-known Breweries:—"King's Heath Brewery" (late Isaac Bates), the "West End Brewery" (Messrs. White and Lake), "Albert Henson's East End Brewery," likewise the offices, stores, &c., attached thereto, together with 156 Freehold, Leasehold, Tied and other Houses, all, with the exception of twelve, situated in and adjoining Birmingham. Also all fixed and loose plant, rolling-stock, carts, horses, casks, barrels, stock of malt, hops, beers, &c., on the Breweries and Houses acquired by the Company, as well as certain trade dealings and business loans, and a number of shops and dwellings-houses, cottages and lands adjoining, and the entire goodwill of the businesses as going concerns.

Messrs. Dowdeswell and Spencer's wholesale Wine, Spirit, and Bottled Beer Business, which was established in 1863, has also been acquired by this Company in order to supply the numerous Tied Houses with Wines and Spirits, and thereby securing at once the wholesale profits to be derived from this source. Dowdeswell and Spencer have, at present, upwards of 1,800 customers, including about 500 Public Houses, with which increased trade for beers will probably ensue.

The King's Heath Brewery was established in the year 1831, since which time it has maintained an unrivalled reputation for its brewings of ales and stout. The Brewery Buildings are very extensive, with plant of a thoroughly modern character, and, with the Maltings, comprise one of the finest and most complete breweries in Birmingham. It occupies about two acres of freehold land situated in the prosperous neighbourhood of King's Heath and Moseley, Birmingham.

The King's Heath Brewery has a unique water supply from an Artesian Well, the depth of which is 1,106 feet below the earth's surface, and the water is considered as being second only to that used by the Burton Breweries. The whole of the Company's beers and stout required to supply the 156 houses, together with the private and other free trade, will be brewed at the King's Heath Brewery, where there is some of the finest cellars in the Midlands (300 ft. long by 70 ft. wide), which can be kept at an equal temperature in summer and winter, and is fully adapted to meet all the requirements of the expected large increase of the business.

THE PRESENT OUTPUT OF THE PROPERTIES ACQUIRED, AS CERTIFIED BY THE AUDITORS, IS OVER 33,000 BARRELS PER ANNUM, AFTER DEDUCTING RETURNS.

The eminent Brewery and Public House Valuers, Messrs. Gray and Walker, have furnished a report upon the properties to be acquired by the Company, which is as follows:—

"8, Temple-row, Birmingham, 25th February, 1896.
"Gentlemen,

"In accordance with instructions, we have carefully inspected the

Freehold Property known as King's Heath Brewery and Maltings; the West End Brewery and Premises, Bristol-street, Birmingham; the East End Brewery and Premises at Nebells Green, Birmingham, with the forty quarters malting in Edgbaston-street, in the same City, and One Hundred and Fifty Freehold and Leasehold fully Licensed Liquor Vaults, Inns, Taverns, and Out-door Beer Licensed Houses, as described in the accompanying Schedule, many of them occupying valuable and prominent positions in the City and suburbs, and all, without exception, being situate in busy neighbourhoods, together with two Licensed Houses held upon annual tenancies, two others, the trade of which is secured by loans, and several dwelling-houses attached to the licensed properties; also the Wholesale Wine, Spirit, and Bottling business of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Spencer, 335, High-street, West Bromwich, together with the Freehold Property and two valuable Freehold Licensed Properties in prominent positions in that town, such inspection being made with the view of estimating the value thereof. We have also inspected and valued the fixed and loose plant, horses, carts, drays, casks, and other effects in and upon the several Breweries and Maltings, and the result of such inspection and valuation is, that we are of opinion the present market value of the said Breweries, Public Houses, and other Properties, Plant, Live and Dead Stock, Casks, and effects is not less than Two Hundred and Twenty-one Thousand Pounds (£221,000).

"We are convinced the amalgamation of the various businesses acquired by the Company, and the production of the Ales and Stouts at the one Brewery, with the consequent saving of the expenses of separate managements as at present, will result in a large increase of profits, and the guaranteed sales of 33,023 barrels per annum will be greatly exceeded in the near future.

"Yours truly,
"GRAY and WALKER."

In addition to the properties included in the above valuation of £221,000, the £130,000 First Mortgage Debentures will be further secured by a floating charge upon the consumable stock, book debts, and loans.

The Directors, who are practical men having a knowledge of Brewery Profits, have carefully considered the amount of the present annual sale of Beer and Stout, and they are of opinion that the net profit on the barrelage of 33,000 barrels per annum should amount to not less than £13,200

The profit to be derived from the business of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Spencer, and from the sales of Wines and Spirits, at not less than £3,500

The profits from the sale of Bottled Beers and Stouts, and the manufacture of Mineral Waters (a complete plant for which is included in the purchase), at not less than £1,500

To which must be added the profit derived from increased rental on the whole of their houses, amounting to over £2,500

Making a total net annual profit of £20,700

Deducting Interest on £130,000 4½ per cent. £5,850

Dividend on £90,000 Preference Shares at 6 per cent. £5,400

... .. £11,250

Leaving the sum of " " " " " £9,450

Being an ample amount for dividend on Ordinary Shares, Depreciation, Directors' Fees, and other incidental charges.

The purchase price has been fixed at £220,000, payable as to £190,000 in cash, and as to the balance of £30,000 in the Ordinary Shares of the Company.

Applications for Preference Shares and Debentures must be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers with a remittance for the amount of the application money.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the bankers, brokers, auditors, and solicitors.

IN THE CITY.

THE DARLOT SCANDAL.

ON Tuesday next shareholders in the Darlot Exploration Company, Limited, will be required to pay the last five shillings per share upon their holdings, but we hope they will do nothing of the kind. Instead of paying another five shillings per share, they will, if they are wise, take the necessary legal steps to recover the fifteen shillings—or such portion of it as remains in the hands of the directors—they have already paid.

Some months ago we gave the history of the Dublin Syndicate, which subscribed £600 to send out Messrs. O'Driscoll and Chance to prospect and secure mining claims in Western Australia. We explained how the syndicate waited for months before they had reports from these gentlemen, how the £600 was spent before anything of value was got, how after a time Mr. O'Driscoll wired that if £500 was sent him at once he could make a splendid deal, how the syndicate hesitated, and finally refused, and how, getting the money elsewhere, O'Driscoll and Chance made a large fortune.

We are reminded of this little incident in contemporary history by what we must describe as the Darlot scandal. The Darlot Exploration Company of Western Australia was one of the O'Driscoll promotions. Brought out in October last, it was formed "to acquire and deal with mining and other properties in Western Australia generally, and especially in the Lake Darlot district," and, in the way of assets, the vendors transferred to the company three leases, "known respectively as the Lass o' Gowrie, the Lass o' Gowrie North, and Eldorado, in the Lake Darlot district of Western Australia, having an area of about forty-eight acres, and situated about 280 miles north of Coolgardie." For these three leases the company stipulated to pay £175,000.

"The richness and exceptional advantages of the properties to be acquired by the company"—we are quoting from the prospectus—were vouched for by various engineers, among them Captain Henry J. Rowe. Now thanks to friend Begelhole, and others, the public are getting suspicious of the reports of mining experts, and as if they had this in mind, the directors quoted a cable from Mr. William Thompson, President of the Coolgardie Chamber of Mines and Commerce, which runs as follows:—

You can place every reliance on Rowe's reports. Has an excellent reputation as a practical man. Can be thoroughly relied upon.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than that, assuming, of course, that Thompson was competent to speak as to Rowe's qualifications, and spoke the truth. Now, let us note what Rowe, this practical man with the excellent reputation, said about the leases to be taken over by the company. Captain Rowe and another expert reported:—

1. That the property is traversed by no less than five known lodes.
2. That "the richness of the reefs and their permanence appear to be beyond all doubt."
3. That from No. 1 reef 950 ozs. of gold had been got from 22 tons of ore.
4. That No. 2 reef "gave from many samples drawn an average yield (exclusive of specimen stone) of 75 ozs. per ton."
5. That No. 3 reef gave from "samples taken all along the line of the reef an average of 3 ozs. per ton."
6. That "good and watered roads pass through the properties both from Cue and Coolgardie, and there are no special difficulties in transporting machinery."

Upon these statements the public were asked to pay £175,000 for the properties.

A few days ago the statutory meeting of the company was held, and the chairman commenced his explanatory statement by the following admission:—

After the subscription it came to the knowledge of the directors that we were paying too much for the Darlot mine, and, bearing in mind our interests, we thought it better to exercise our power and employ an expert of our own to report upon the mine.

What a delicious sentence! Really, this gallant Colonel must be a wag of the first water. With what conscious pride he points to the safeguarding of shareholders' interests, as proved by the discovery, when too late, that they "were paying too much for the Darlot mine," and the determination to "employ an expert of our own." However, the expert was sent out, and, after a good deal of trouble, was allowed to inspect the mine. In due course he reported, and, as the Colonel puts it, "his report was not so favourable as we might have wished." The Colonel was very unwilling to read this report to the meeting, but ultimately complied; and according to the report which was "not so favourable as we might have wished" the "value of the ore in

the different sections of the properties" that, according to the "excellent" and "practical" Rowe, gave the enormous results we have quoted above, "averaged between £1 and £2 10s. per ton," say half an ounce to the ton. Mr. Wilson went on to say that "the mines would probably turn out a good property, but further developments were necessary."

Nor is this the extent of the deception practised upon the public. According to the prospectus, "good and watered roads pass through the property," and "there are no special difficulties in transporting machinery." But what is the fact? The property is 180 miles from Menzies, through a perfectly sandy desert; there is no railway nearer than Coolgardie, 280 miles away, and the cost of getting machinery to the property would be £60 per ton.

Was there ever a case in which the duty of directors was clearer? As luck has it, and if we are not misinformed, they have not paid over any portion of the purchase money to the vendors. If that be so, it is to their credit, but, instead of winding up the company and returning their money to the shareholders, they took a very different course. They "saw the vendors again, and talked the matter carefully over with them." And the result? "The vendors originally asked £175,000 in cash and shares for the Darlot mine; £25,000 of that was to be in cash, £50,000 in cash or shares at the option of the directors, and 100,000 shares. "Now we"—it is the Colonel who is speaking—"have got the vendors to throw in another large property, which will make altogether seventy-two acres, in addition to the forty-eight acres which we originally contracted for. . . . For this new property, with the Darlot, we now pay the vendors £30,000 in cash and £25,000 in shares."

Such is the way in which directors who take credit to themselves for being mindful, in a rather special degree, of the interests of shareholders, think themselves justified in acting. Having bought forty-eight acres, for which they agreed to pay £25,000 in cash, acres said to be full of gold, and now said not to have gold enough to pay for getting it out, they take over another seventy-two acres, which is probably as valueless for gold-mining purposes as the other forty-eight acres, and, instead of paying the vendors who had so grossly deceived them £25,000 in cash, they propose to pay them £30,000 in cash, though, it is true, a smaller number of shares is to be given.

The duty of shareholders is plain. Colonel Lloyd says it is impossible to return their money to them, because the directors made a "definite contract with vendors to take the property." If the shareholders take our advice they will not be influenced by such nonsense, but will combine, and (a) refuse to pay the call due on Tuesday, (b) call on the directors to wind up the company, and (c) appeal to the Court if the directors refuse to wind up.

A GOLDEN STREAM.

We should like to know John Elliot Condict. For the man who has the courage to ask the British or any other public £200,000 for what is offered by the vendor to the Cottonwood Water Power and Electric Company, Limited, must be a man worth knowing, and John Elliot Condict is the vendor.

The Cottonwood Water Company has been formed "for the purpose of acquiring the waters, waterfalls, reservoirs, sites and lands necessary for the operations of the company, of and in the Little Cottonwood Creek." The Little Cottonwood Creek is situated near Salt Lake City, and the company is to erect a water power plant for the supply of electrical current.

The prospectus assures us that "this company occupies an unique position in having secured the water power of Little Cottonwood Creek." But how is it secured? Is there anything to prevent another Cottonwood Water Power Company from planting a power house on this Little Cottonwood Creek a mile above the one to be used by the company? Do the directors of this remarkable—this very "unique"—concern know that there are plenty of streams in this range with enormously greater power than the Little Cottonwood Creek, any one of which may be utilised for similar purposes? What is there special, or "unique," to use the company's description, in the Little Cottonwood Creek to warrant their asking the public to pay £200,000 for the use of it, of which £135,000 is to be in cash? And where is the evidence that the company has any exclusive right to the use of the Little Cottonwood Creek?

But we are in error in saying that £200,000 is to be asked for only the use of the waters of Little Cottonwood Creek. The

public is to have something more for its £200,000. "Lands, electrical plant, and accessories" are to be thrown in. What the "lands" and the "accessories" may be is left to the imagination. The electrical plant is to be adequate "to supply, at the various points of distribution, electrical energy equivalent in the aggregate to 2,000 horse power." Well, that is something, but it is not much.

But there is, however, another asset, such as it is. "The company will own several gold and silver mining claims in and adjacent to Cottonwood Canon, which promise large returns." These claims are known as the "Lucky Boys," and the best thing that can be said about them by the man who is selling them is that "they are located close to well-known mines which are, and for a long time have been, very successful." We are not given the names of these mines, and as for the "Lucky Boys," it is not said that a penny piece has been spent upon them in the way of development, or that there is a scrap of proof that there is gold, or silver, to be found within them.

It is impossible to say what will take the public fancy in the way of investment. As often as not, a sound enterprise appeals to them in vain, and a very rotten one is eagerly subscribed. But if the British investor pays £200,000 for the use of a Utah water stream that is not a bit better for the use to which it is to be put than a dozen other streams in the neighbourhood that might be got for little or nothing, he must be a bigger fool than even we take him to be, and that is saying much.

STRACHAN v. UNIVERSAL STOCK EXCHANGE.

From time to time we have referred to this action, that of an infantry captain, who sued the Universal Stock Exchange for the return of moneys lodged with the company. In the Court of Queen's Bench the verdict was for the plaintiff; it was confirmed by the Court of Appeal, and now the House of Lords has upheld it.

It is not necessary to go into the facts of the case, with which our readers are familiar. The object here is to direct attention to the observations of Lord Herschell in delivering judgment, which seem to us to make it impossible for a stock broker, whether in the House or not, to recover "differences" where it has not been the custom to actually pay for and deliver the stocks or shares dealt in. Lord Herschell said:—

It was said that wherever a contract was entered into between two parties, containing any obligation under any circumstances to cause property in goods to pass from one to the other, and though neither of the parties ever intended that the provision should become operative, yet, if it ever might become operative it could not be a contract in the nature of gaming and wagering. He could not assent to such a proposition. It would amount to this—that parties who intended to gamble with one another, and who wanted to have the right to recover their debts, could appeal to a court of justice to aid them if they only inserted in their contract a provision which, under certain events, might become operative, although neither contemplated such a contingency, the provision being inserted as a mere cloak to hide that it was a gambling transaction, and thus be enabled to evade the law. It seemed to him that a proposition which would lead to that result would require very strong authority before it could be upheld by a court of law.—Lord Macnaghten and Lord Morris concurred.

Seeing that the vast majority of Stock Exchange transactions are speculative, and known by the brokers to be speculative, that the stocks or shares bought and sold are not paid for or delivered, and that the broker does not expect them to be paid for or delivered, how, if Lord Herschell's ruling be correct—and it is the unanimous judgment of the House of Lords—can "differences" be recovered in a court of law?

It will be remembered that in "Woodd v. Mantetle" the Lord Chief Justice held that where there was any liability incurred in respect of contracts to pay or deliver stocks or shares at the expiration of the contract, in such cases the Gaming Act would not apply, even though in the majority of cases the liability was not enforced. That covered the broker, but the decision of the House of Lords in the Strachan case upsets this decision, and there can be no appeal against this final judgment.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE FAITH.

The Scotch people seem to be easily satisfied in the way of information. We have before us a prospectus of the Scottish Colonial Gold Fields, Limited, which has been formed with a capital of £100,000, to carry on the business of an Exploration and Agency company. The company has "acquired the right to several advantageous purchases, including valuable options," which the vendors transfer to the company for £6,000 in cash and 5,000 fully-paid shares. These options may be worth the money asked for them, and as the company is associated with the West Australian Gold Fields, Limited, it is quite likely to be a sound concern. Our point is that everything has to be taken on trust. There is not a scrap of information as to the value of the assets to be taken over, and those who put their money into the concern must be moved by faith alone.

THE EDINBURGH LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

The secretary of this company asks us to publish the following disclaimer. It seems to us unnecessary, seeing that the word "Edinburgh" was admittedly a *nom de plume* used by a correspondent who, as the secretary says, "obviously" did not refer to the Edinburgh Life, but evidently one of its customers has been misled, so it is perhaps only fair to the company to publish their disclaimer. Any way, here it is:—

Our attention has to-day been called to the reply under "Insurance" to "Inquirer (Edinburgh)" in your issue of 1st ulto., page 399. The reply, obviously, does not refer to this company—the "Edinburgh"—seeing that, so far from being a "most expensively managed Life Office," the ratio of expenses (13·3 per cent.) is a good deal below the average of the Life Offices; that the company has now stood the test of seventy-three years; transacts a large amount of new business, though confining its operations entirely to the United Kingdom; and has funds which now exceed £3,000,000, and an annual income of over £385,000. As, however, a correspondent has taken the trouble to write to us on the subject of your reply, I think it would be well if you would be so good as to insert this letter in your next issue, so as to remove any misapprehension that may have been unwittingly created by your having inserted the word "Edinburgh" in your reply.

According to Messrs. Rattray Bros. and Cairney, the £40,000 of preference shares asked for by Cranston's Tea Rooms, Limited, —a Glasgow issue to which we referred a week or two ago—has been applied for three times over. We shall watch the course of this company with interest.

We hear that Mr. Barney Barnato is going to Pretoria to see the President, with the object of assuring him that his firm knew nothing about the recent insurrectionary movement in Johannesburg, and had no sympathy with it. Needless to say, Mr. Barnato wants the President to do him a good turn, but he will find it a tough task to convince that shrewd old man that he is sincere in his assurances. What about Solly Joel? Did he know nothing?

We understand that the issue of the Holyhead and North Wales Gas and Water Corporation has been subscribed for twice over. The first batch of letters of allotment and regret has been posted.

NEW ISSUES.

The Birmingham Breweries, Limited, invite subscriptions for an issue of Four and a Half per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock and 18,000 cumulative Six per cent. Preference Shares of £5, each issue, at par. The company has been formed to take over and work three wells and breweries in Birmingham, together with 156 freehold, leasehold, tenant's and other houses. The "King's Heath Brewery," one of the company's properties, has a unique advantage in connection with water, that a sufficient supply—second only to that used by the Burton Breweries—can be obtained from an Artesian well—over a thousand feet below the earth's surface. The whole of the company's beers and stout required to supply the 156 houses, together with the profitable trade in connection with a very large number of private customers, is to be brewed at the "King's Heath Brewery," where there are some of the finest cellars in the world. The output of the business acquired by the company for the twelve months ending last June amounted to 33,023 barrels. We consider the stock and preference shares desirable investments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Press Opinions. J. B. Y.—We prefer not to express an opinion as to the good faith of the paper you mention. **J. Noble, Limited.** F. J. S. (London).—Your advice to your sister was sound. **The Weld Hercules Gold Mines.** MINSTREL.—No. **Joint Stock Institute.** G. E. S. (Blackpool).—We have no doubt you will be treated quite fairly. **Associated Gold Mines of West Australia.** W. B. S. (Upper Norwood).—(1) We think there will be further improvement in the quotation. (2) We know nothing about the syndicate you mention. (3) The Dairy shares are a fair investment. (4) A purchase of the World's Treasure Gold shares would be very speculative. **Various Shares.** CANTAB (Dewsbury).—Nos. 1 and 2 represent a fair speculative investment, and the preference shares of 6, 7, and 8 should be safe. **Doornkops.** R. W. B. R. (Liverpool).—It is not an investment we should recommend. **Barono Granite Quarries of Italy.** JUVENIS (Edinburgh).—We know nothing about the company. **Hannan's Proprietary.** O. W. B. (Leeds).—The company has a good property. **J. G. (Birmingham).**—You had better hold. **Retail Profit Sharing.** J. B. (Lower Inc).—We see nothing particularly generous in the scheme of the Messrs. Rushton. **Westleigh Mines.** W. M. (Moseley).—We do not advise further purchase. **Marnbella Iron Ore.** IRON SHARES (Dundee).—We know of nothing to put them up. **Adler's Consols.** R. J. H. (Wigton).—We think them good to buy at their present price. **Maxim Nordenfeldts.** M. S. (Taunton).—We should hold. The company is doing better. **Daimler Motor.** SUBSCRIBER (Sheffield).—We have no authority that the company is very full of orders. **Panama Bonds.** E. G. (Bath).—We must apologise for overlooking your letter. The information you want is published in a French paper, and we will get you its name, which for the moment we forget. **Two Gold Mining Companies.** J. B. (Glasgow).—(1) There are several companies from which fresh crushings are expected shortly. (2) We cannot advise a purchase of Murchison New Chums. **Outside Brokers.** P. (Glasgow).—If you read TO-DAY you must know our opinion of the so-called system of Douglas, Hungerford and Co. We have not changed our opinion respecting the other company you name. **Rudge Whitworth, Limited.** J. M. (Glasgow).—We have no doubt you could. **Union Steamship Company of New Zealand.** BORDERER (Jedburgh).—We do not like steamship shares. **Harrod's Stores.** B. J. (Liverpool).—An excellent investment. **Holyhead and North Wales Gas Corporation.** F. T. (Birmingham).—It has been largely over-subscribed. **Gold in the Darling Range.** H. A. V. (Bristol).—We have no confirmation of the report, which, as it stands, is obviously incorrect and foolish. The discovery is located in the Indian Ocean. **Cranston's Tea Rooms.** W. H. K. (Glasgow).—Your letter noted. We must leave it to time to decide between us. **Tivoli, Manchester, Limited.** CASTLE (Edgill).—No. **Manchester Ship Canal Shares.** CONSTANT READER (Huddersfield).—We do not see how the company can pay dividends for many years to come, and without reconstruction. We will make some inquiries about the other shares. **The Bonds.** CAUTION (Huddersfield).—There are no dealings, and we see no likelihood of improvement.

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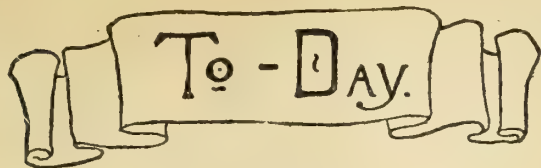
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

EXCEPT that a fourth partner is rather an awkward item in a Triple Alliance, I see no reason why England should not join hands with Germany, Austria, and Italy. France and Russia are our natural enemies, and will always remain so. Germany is, and always has been, in spite of temporary jealousies, our natural ally. We are of the same stock, our ideas and ideals correspond, the manner of our thinking agrees. Had we an army worthy of the name, an isolated position might be preferable; but, until we are willing to pay the price for taking our proper position in the world, it is better to seek alliance of some sort. What is coming to us in Egypt we do not yet know. The interests of both France and Russia are of necessity opposed to us in that quarter. Germany, on the other hand, could better afford to see the English established on the Nile than to tolerate the influence of France or of Russia in that country. Some European Power has got to be predominant in Egypt. Germany knows that if England went out, France or Russia (using Turkey as a mask) would step in. She may not be too pleased to see us there, but she knows that of the alternative evils our presence there is, from her point of view, the least. We must remain in Egypt, and, if we are not prepared to hold our position against Europe, the Italian fleet and the shadow of the German Legions may come to be of service to us.

BUT to write about foreign affairs, under the present Government, is difficult. One is never quite sure what England's policy is going to be the week after next. I am not in agreement with my Radical contemporaries, but their complaints of the vacillation of Lord Salisbury have good groundwork. The *Daily Chronicle* is quite justified in asking the question, in all sincerity—"What is our foreign policy?" Can anyone, Lord Salisbury himself included, tell us? The Armenian blunder is old history; the very word spells shame and humilia-

tion for England, and one does not wish to dwell upon it. Our failure was the result of saying one thing and meaning another—if we ever meant anything. Then we started to court France by giving up to her in Siam all that we have been contending for. Then we became bitter enemies with Germany, and were all agog for "splendid isolation." The music-hall songs abusive of Germany had only just got upon the street organs when—hey, presto!—we are the allies of Germany, and all those patriotic cylinders are wasted. Beside our European dance, our pirouetting in Venezuela appears trivial. My ardent Conservative friends are hurt at my lack of admiration for Lord Salisbury. They seem to consider that Conservatism and Salisbury are convertible terms. I am quite content to take their advice, and to leave our foreign relationships in that astute statesman's hands, if he will only tell me what our foreign relationships are to be.

I WANT to be a good Conservative, with no particular opinion of my own, but this twirling about makes me giddy, and I want to know when it is going to end. Am I expected to howl whenever the German Emperor's name is mentioned in a music hall, and to regard that monarch as the bitterest foe of my country? Or am I to cheer madly for him as one of our staunchest allies? Am I to whistle when the *tricolour* appears in an Alhambra ballet, or am I to jeer? I wish to be a patriotic citizen, but the thing is becoming difficult. I feel doubtful about abusing Russia, because next week I may discover that she is England's most particular friend, and then I shall be expected to praise her. A journalist is supposed to be pretty quick at his point of view, but my mental muscles are growing stiff. Now we appear mated to the Triple Alliance. This week, Germany, Italy, and Austria are our friends, France and Russia our enemies. Personally, I am quite content so long as I have an enemy of some sort (for I hate I regard as a necessity for a nation), and the present arrangement I prefer to former combinations. But I do not wish to get used to it, if the whole thing is going to be upset in the course of the next ten days. It really looks as if Lord Salisbury had started on the path of folly, held up to ridicule by *Æsop*, in the story of the old man and his donkey. Is he trying to be friends with every nation under the sun? Because we all know where that plan leads.

IT looks as if the Civil Courts were going to redress the injustice done to both employer and workman by the legalisation of picketing. The law says that a crowd of men may assemble outside a workshop and "persuade" other workmen from entering that particular shop. The employer is ruined; workmen anxious to earn their living are debarred from doing so. To talk about "persuasion" in connection with the matter is mockery; it always means violence, and is so understood. The obstinate workman is invariably removed to the hospital to recover from the effects of the "persuasion." The police stand by powerless, because picketing is legal. Sir Edward Warren goes the length of permitting murder in the high streets, and the labour papers crow with delight and publish the fate of blacklegs as a warning. But in the Civil Courts, the employer can proceed against the Union for damages, and if this can be upheld, there will

be soon an end to the maiming and killing of workmen, who are simply seeking to do that which every law, legal or moral, gives a man the right to do. The legalisation of picketing was rushed through a timid Parliament, and it is a disgrace to our statute book. It means the right of fifty men to half kill one; it means the right of a mob to hunt an honest man through the streets as though he were a wild beast. It means the legalisation of crime and disorder, and the taking away of the right of the individual to think and act for himself.

THE Companies Bill is excellent in intention, but it would have been simpler had the Earl of Dudley introduced a short Act for making dishonesty illegal. No network of laws ever yet invented, or possible to be invented, will prevent the rogue from plundering the fool. The gull is the legitimate prey of the shark. To make fresh enactments on the subject is merely to alter the rules of the game—to make the ground a little more difficult in one part of the course while levelling a bunker in another. The players merely examine the field afresh, and adapt their strokes to the new order. The launching and after-winding-up of shady companies will always continue. Nothing can be done but teach the public judgment, and that is a long task.

NOR do I acknowledge any particular duty of society to protect its gulls. We hear a great deal concerning the wrong-doing of promoters and directors, but the simple-minded shareholder is not always the deserving or the pious orphan; too often he is simply a greedy person, with no objection to the acquisition of often gains. I remember once seeing a letter from an old lady who had applied for a share in a company, and had been allotted one. She explained that she did not want it, or anything like ninety. In fact, she did not want any. She had been told that for a hundred, she would probably get fifty, that those fifty would immediately be quoted at a premium, and that the only duty required of her would be to pocket the difference. She was hurt by the refusal of the directors to relieve her of her investment, and said hard things about company folk in general.

DURING a slight acquaintance with shareholders one loses much of one's sympathy with them. A large number of them are mere gamblers, quite willing to pocket gains, but prone to howl when they lose. The business of the country would stand still were it not for company promoting. It is to be regretted that all companies are not promoted with honest intention; but, taking things all round, a good deal of pity is wasted upon the investing public. For the genuine shareholder who is possessed of a little money, which he wishes to lend out for legitimate return, one has every respect; but the investor who is lured by dreams of extravagant returns is only a gambler. Sometimes he wins, more often he loses; and, when he sits down to enjoy such a game, he must take his chance.

I RECEIVE a good many complaints concerning the conduct of Dr. Cooper, a Cambridge magistrate. His behaviour on the bench is most extraordinary; he appears to resent any case being brought before him either by

the N.S.P.C.A. or the N.S.P.C.C. He insults the inspectors, and ridicules the proceedings. What the meaning of it all is I cannot understand. I see no protest in the local Press, and the town of Cambridge seems content to put up with this gentleman's vagaries. I also continue to receive correspondence from Manchester concerning the condition of the 'bus horses in that town. The other day, two men named Leach and Bradley were summoned for driving horses in an unfit state, Leach being the driver and Bradley the owner. They were fined twenty-five shillings between them. But what was most remarkable about the case was the defence. Bradley said in court that the horses had been worked every day since the date of the offence, and *had never been interfered with by the Manchester police!* One correspondent tells me that the Manchester 'bus horses are almost all of them poor, under-fed creatures, that they are over-driven, and that the 'buses are overcrowded.

AT Leeds, before Mr. C. M. Atkinson, a wretch named Parker, a waggonette proprietor, of Gledhow Street, Armley, was sentenced to a month's hard labour without the option of a fine, for deliberately starving a horse to death. Mr. Stewart, of Liverpool, continues to offer a good example to his weaker brothers. For cruelly overworking a horse, he sent a man to gaol the other day for fourteen days with hard labour. A woman, for neglecting her child, he sentenced to four months, and another woman, for a similar offence, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The brutes of Liverpool must regard Mr. Stewart with a wholesome dread.

BEFORE Mr. Sampson, of Liverpool, a man was fined 8s. 6d. for working a horse suffering from painful lameness. Another man, for a similar offence, was fined 15s. 6d., a third 9s. 6d. At Warrington, a boy of thirteen, for unmercifully beating a horse, was fined 10s., including costs. Judge Paterson has a fine sense of humour. At the Edmonton County Court, a case came before him of a cat having been worried to death by a dog. The dog had bitten off its tail, broken its fore legs, and bitten it in the back; it had to be killed. Judge Paterson thought this case peculiarly adapted for a display of that asinine wit so beloved of our bench. The English nation is punished quite sufficiently in having to put up with the humour of its judges. They might choose their material with some regard to decency.

A BURNLEY correspondent sends me the report of a case lately tried at the Leeds Assizes. A solicitor's clerk named Rayson, aged twenty, in the employment of Charles Thornton, of Nelson, was charged with forging a cheque for the sum of £8. In the cross-examination, this delightful solicitor admitted having endeavoured to persuade Rayson to sign an agreement to serve him as clerk for one year and a-half for the sum of £22. The salary actually paid to the young fellow worked out at about 5s. 7d. per week. The lad had to work late at night, and often went home with Thornton to assist him in his work. The books and cheques appear to have been under Rayson's control, so that temptation was always before him. The jury found Rayson guilty, and the judge bound him over in the sum of £10 to come up for judgment when called upon.

THE interest in the case centres round the salary paid by a solicitor holding an official position, to his unfor-

tunate clerk. From a moral point of view, the employer who pays a clerk 5s. 7d. per week is far more dishonest than the man who, in receipt of such a salary, attempts to obtain credit by fraudulent means. We have curious notions of honesty. To just keep within the technical bounds of the law, to do our swindling and our cheating according to the rules laid down for the game by Act of Parliament, is considered to be sufficiently honest for all working purposes. Honesty is fair dealing between man and man. If our standard of honesty were a true one, we should find a bigger percentage of thieves sitting in the pews of our churches and chapels every Sunday morning than would be yielded by Petticoat Lane.

"ACTIVE Men, at good remuneration, are wanted. . . . Steady employment to suitable men, salary ten pounds per month, and expenses up to ten-and-six per day.—For particulars write to the World Medical Electric Co., Temple Chambers, London." This highly-attractive advertisement is scattered broadcast. The unfortunate man out of work, the poor devil struggling along on starvation wages or income, sees it, and his mouth waters for the promised ten pounds a month. He writes to this "World Medical Electric Co.," and receives a plausibly-worded circular suggesting that he should send up sixteen shillings in cash or postal order (Mr. J. H. Hunter, the astute General Manager, is very anxious that cheques should not be remitted). In return for this sixteen shillings the "World Medical Electric Co." will furnish him with two "appliances," which he is to hawk round the town and sell for twenty-five shillings. Of course, it may be said that a man who goes into a thing like this with his eyes open deserves whatever happens, but one must take into consideration the fact that the people to whom such an advertisement appeals are people terribly hard up, terribly anxious for work, and terribly anxious for any little money it may bring in to them. Any plausible nonsense is apt to catch them; the circulars are cleverly concocted, and the sixteen shillings is, I have no doubt, wrung out of many a poor creature who can ill afford it. It is a dishonest dodge. Is there no legal method of putting a stop to it?

PLUCK FUND.—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for £1 from Mr. R. C. Sudlow. I have forwarded to Mr. J. W. Myers, chairman of a benefit concert committee, the sum of £2, to be given to the widow of the working man named Dryden, who, when bravely attempting to stop a runaway horse, was knocked down and killed at Barnard Castle. A week ago I gave the facts of the sad affair.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

A. B.—Many thanks for your letter and the copy of your paper.

J. C. F.—You should apply to the Emigration Society, 31, Broadway, Westminster, where you will receive full information regarding South Africa.

R. F. C.—I can only refer you to the remarks I have from time to time made on the subject.

A. W.—Many thanks for your letter and correction.

BEEFEATER.—The legend is credited to the "merrie monarch," Charles II., and even to the modern Solomon, James I., but never, so far as I know, to Henry VIII. It is, however, too fanciful for credence, and is, indeed, discredited by the fact that the word "surloyn" occurs in an account of expenses of the Ironmongers' Company, in the reign of Henry VI. *Sirloin* is only a corrupted form of *surloin*, from the French *sur*, and *logne*, or *longe*.

L. L.—Benedicite is Latin, and means "bless ye"; maledicite is also Latin, but has the opposite meaning, "curse ye." Pronounce "e" as "a," "i" as "e," and "c" as "ch," "a" as in large. Malvoisie is French, and corresponds to our Malmsey. You had better consult a dictionary for the pronunciation.

SUBSCRIBER.—The word seems to me to be a hybrid, one of Italian origin, and simply means an eminence, or height.

L. L.—Personally I consider that the man who is capable of going into ecstasies over the courage of Jameson must be rather a poor-spirited creature himself. We judge people by their standards and their ideals. If this is the modern hero, then the millennium is near at hand, for then the fighting spirit has gone out. To compare his exploit with the charge of the Light Brigade I regard as a grave insult to that gallant troop. Marriage by advertisement is rather "off" just now; I do not wonder at your not getting many answers. I shall try your experiment.

CORRESPONDENTS are kind enough to assist me by sending me cuttings from newspapers containing reports bearing upon cruelty and child insurance cases. Might I ask my friends to see to it that the name and date of the paper accompanies the cutting.

SOPHIA.—Cook and Gaze, and others of their class, run cheap trips to the Continent, which leave you practically free, or provide you with the chance of society if you prefer it. Nothing, I believe, is quite so cheap as the Polytechnic. I am told that the trips are well-managed, and that no absurd restrictions are attempted.

E. L. L. draws my attention, as others have done before him, to the circular business by means of which many persons try to collect funds for hospitals and other charities. There is no objection to this system of collection, provided the *bona fides* of the collector are properly established. I think people collecting for a public charity should be accredited by that charity. At present there is nothing to stop any person who is collecting funds from pocketing the amount. So many of these applications are floating about, that it is time the business was systematised.

CLUB DOCTOR writes me urging conscription as a means of meeting the unemployed problem. He also thinks it would discourage early marriages.

J. McK. P.—There is nothing in the Rev. J. Wakefield's address that can be taken exception to. I only hope that if elected, he will live up to it.

J. M.—You are asking me a question that only a doctor can reply to. If you can afford the fee, I should recommend you to go to a specialist for the skin, but any doctor could help you.

J. P. P.—When I wrote concerning Egypt, I looked further ahead than perhaps did my friend, Mr. O'Connor. For the next twenty years there will be something to be said for his view, but I am thinking of the time when Russia will be established in Constantinople with a fleet nearly equal to our own, when Africa will be the battle-ground for the expanding European nations. Take your map of the world, and look at the position of Egypt, and your own judgment will show you in a moment the important part that Egypt will play in the future.

R. F. B. (Cawnpore).—I doubt if I could get the address after this lapse of time. I appreciate your delicacy and kindness, as I am sure would K. B., but perhaps you will not misunderstand me when I say that I would rather not mix myself up in the matter. Things of this kind sometimes turn out well, but more often badly.

W. S., medical practitioner, writes me as follows:—"With your remarks on hydrophobia I quite agree. I have, in my short experience, seen two cases of this disease, but it is too rare to make a fuss about. In any case, only one quarter of the cases bitten by really mad dogs suffer from this disease." W. S. also discusses with me the subject of vivisection. But it is almost impossible for a medical man to discuss the matter fairly. They have been brought up and bred in the atmosphere of the dissecting room, and their morals on the subject are entirely warped. Those anxious to practise vivisection look about for every excuse to justify themselves. I am not thinking of the comparison, but merely of an argument, when I say I feel sure that the Borgias would have been quite able to justify their actions to themselves. The Spanish Inquisitors were pious, earnest men, anxious for the good of humanity. To listen to the argument of the professional upon his own business only misleads one.

N. K. S.—I thank you for your pleasant letter. I quite agree with you that conscription would be of service in checking early marriages. The song referred to I did not read in the original Danish. Longfellow has given a translation of it; you will find it among his poems.

C. S. B.—The address is certainly a very foolish concoction, but then there are so many foolish people in the world and so many foolish election addresses.

M. D.—With the assistance of a well-known medical man, I have replied to similar arguments coming from another doctor, months and months ago. In many cases results distinctly misleading have been arrived at from the use of vivisection. As I also said, months and months ago, I doubted whether anyone would have any objection to vivisection, practised under anaesthetics.

C. Y.—For the *Evening News* to complain of its matter being cribbed by other papers is comic. I wish that paper would acknowledge all the material it takes from TO-DAY.

W. H. B. draws my attention to a conference on the subject of Sabbath observance, held lately at Aberdeen, but the speeches are so silly that they need not be taken serious notice of. Bad old customs die hard, and Pharisaism naturally fights for its own. But it grows weaker with every generation.

J. M. B.—I fear the blame has been yours; a little severity when the child was younger would have saved both you and her much after trouble. The responsibility for the bringing up of children lies with parents, and cannot be shirked. Refusal to learn wisdom from the old proverb, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," is responsible for a good many selfish, wilful girls, and also boys. Want of firmness on the part of parents is often excused on the plea of affection and tenderness. There is no kindness in letting children grow up a curse to themselves and to everybody about them. Most of the petty vices can be driven out of young children by a little timely sternness. Such a girl might be improved at a boarding school; but there is an equal chance that she might be made worse. It might be worth while trying the experiment for a limited period, keeping careful watch the while. I am informed by friends, whose common sense I can rely upon, that the Quaker School at York has an excellent system of firm but gentle discipline. Whether it would take in a child of non-Quaker parents I do not know; you might write. At fifteen, it seems rather hopeless to think of reforming a child. I sympathise with you, but as I said, the fault is yours and your husband's.

J. W. suggests that some young men with leisure and money might have gone out to Armenia to judge the question for themselves. Globe trotters might have turned their talents into some real usefulness by doing this. My correspondent has been reading "Sartor Resartus," and has evidently found it a bit difficult. It wants reading more than once, and it also wants some knowledge of the world and of life to give it value.

J. H. W.—Oh, dear! here's another excellent friend who is telling me how to run TO-DAY. He objects to my taking what he calls "quack" advertisements. I am not quite sure what he means by quack advertisements. I had one correspondent who referred to the advertisement of Vinolia Soap as a quack advertisement. I take it the present writer is thinking of patent medicines. I have known doctors recommend patent medicines; my own doctor has recommended me two or three. A certain class of reader regards every advertiser as a villain, and every editor who inserts advertisements as another villain. I do wish some of these gentlemen had some affairs of their own to attend to, and would learn something about the requirements of business.

R. B.—I pity the tax-collector who would attempt to collect your proposed tax on cats. You can gain a subscriber's advantage by sending your subscription through a newsagent. I am afraid the tramp is not the material out of which good soldiers are made; he has to be caught young.

W. E. U. C.—A boy who cannot take eight or nine cuts with a cane without creating a scandal, howling his woes throughout the county, and exhibiting his precious person in court, is not worth his salt. A good many boys would be all the better for a little more discipline. The fault of the age is not severity towards children, but leniency. A boy has got to be caned now and then, and in the long run he is all the better for it. These summonses against schoolmasters always greatly disgust me.

M. R. C. S.—I thank you for your letter, but how do you account for the three hundred deaths that have occurred to people who have submitted themselves to the Pasteur treatment? It is surely doubtful whether such a number would have died from legitimate hydrophobia (for you will admit that the disease is not a very common one) during the period had the Pasteur plan never been invented. What comfort can a man derive by relying on a "cure" that in a few years can turn out

nearly three hundred deaths? I leave aside the argument that the Pasteur method itself causes hydrophobia.

A. B.—I thank you for your appreciation of TO-DAY and the *Idler*. Unfortunately one has to conduct business on business principles. If you will look at all the other weekly journals, the *World*, *Ladies' Pictorial*, *Sketch*, *Graphic*, *Black and White*, etc., etc., you will find that in all of them advertisements are mixed up with matter. Had fortune kindly endowed me with an income of a million a year, I might have felt inclined to run both these periodicals on the purely philanthropic basis of losing heavily on each.

H. D.—Thanks for your letter, but the person who invents indecency for himself in this way is a dirty-minded cad whose opinion need not be considered. I loathe these garbage hunters; they would be considered unclean company in any decent pig-stye. H. O.—Send stamped envelope.

OTHMAR.—The advertisement has quackery stamped on the face of it. It would be worth while sending the stamp if only to learn particulars.

G. W. B.—I should have been only too glad to have let Dr. "Jim" rest from the very beginning, but when a mob, without any notion of what real courage is, insists on proclaiming him the greatest Briton ever born, it is time to protest.

A. C. L. writes me:—"As an Englishman who has resided many years in France, may I beg a little space to make a few comments on French politeness as compared with English. True politeness springs from the heart, and sometimes calls for a small sacrifice of comfort, with which Englishmen are ever ready. A great deal of everyday life is seen on an omnibus, as our friend 'The Conductor' knows. The 'buses in Paris have spacious platforms in the rear, on which passengers who cannot find a seat inside stand. Travelling, as I often do, by 'bus, I have invariably been surprised to see how many men sit at their ease inside, whilst women stand outside, often in the rain. It is only fair to admit that the men usually raise their hats and bow profusely as they elbow their way through the standing crowd on alighting. It is not pleasant for a woman who is not absolutely ugly to walk alone in the streets of Paris even in daylight, and at post offices, railway and 'bus stations, they are too often the object of much forced and disagreeable attention of a most objectionable nature. If this is up-to-date chivalry, we Englishmen may congratulate ourselves on being behind our continental neighbours. I think that most Englishwomen who can speak from the experience of a long residence in France will compare our insular politeness, courtesy and chivalry favourably with that of the Frenchman."

J. P. writes me:—"In the very interesting article, 'Some of Tommy Atkins's Nicknames,' I notice that no mention is made of 'The 45th,' or the Nottinghamshire Regiment, as it was called. The following notes may be interesting enough to publish. They were recorded by my father, who was well acquainted with the regiment soon after its return from very active service. The 45th, it is said, was annihilated and recruited more than three times over during the Peninsular Campaign. They acquired the *sobriquet* of the 'Fighting Forty-fifth,' and sometimes the 'Filthy Fighting Forty-fifth,' in excuse for which one of them said that they were so much and often engaged that they had not time to be tidy; and, he added, their business was men-slaying, not lady-killing. Their steadiness and tenacity were much prized by the commanders. They just missed Waterloo; and as Picton, in leading a charge, found his men giving way, he is related to have said, 'D—n you! if the 45th had been here they would not have wavered.' As there exists no history of the regiment, the above may tend to stimulate a desire to know more about them, which might, if recorded, weave a continuous thread and join up the now very broken line marked out only by the names of the engagements as they stand in those much-worn and tattered rags, honoured by soldier and civilian alike—the regimental colours."

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH" The Three Bells



BELL'S SCOTIA CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTES. J & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.

CLUB CHATTER.

THE best kind of stocking for wearing with knickerbockers is made in one plain colour, with a gaudy pattern on the part that turns down. This style has quite superseded the large-patterned stocking, as it gives the wearer a much smarter appearance, and—better reason still—it is infinitely more becoming to the owner of well-shaped legs. With regard to colour, it will be found that black and dark-coloured stockings are especially suitable to men with thin legs, but for those with good limbs a light fawn or grey stocking is better, and decidedly more stylish.

THERE is no doubt that the most fashionable shirts this season will be soft-fronted. They are to be made in dark colours, principally in various shades of pink and blue. The best patterns have coloured grounds, the old style of a small coloured pattern on a white ground having quite gone out. Of course, these shirts are intended principally for the country, but I know many smart men who will wear them in town, though for this purpose the soft-fronted shirt will be made with white linen cuffs. I need hardly add that the collar will also be of white linen. Last year the self-tied bow was the favourite kind of tie for wearing with these shirts, but this season a plain sailor's knot, with or without wide ends, will be the correct thing.

I HAVE lately noticed one or two frock-coats finished off with cuffs. They seem to give the garment more style, although the cuffs in question are quite different in shape and appearance from those usually put on to overcoats. The frock-coat cuff is hardly noticeable a few yards away, as it is really only an imitation cuff, being part of the sleeve. There is nothing of the "turned-back-finished-off-with-a-point" style about this cuff. It is perfectly plain and unobtrusive.

I AM glad to see that all the fashionable ties for this season are in real Spitalfields silk. There is still a great fashion for a black or very dark-coloured tie, with a small, neat pattern in either white, French grey, or red. In striking contrast to the general taste, a few of the very best shops are showing some ties in bright violet. This colour was extremely fashionable twenty years ago. It has the advantage of being very becoming to almost any man, and as soon as this fact is generally known I have no doubt there will be quite a rage for the violet tie.

I HEAR on good authority that Nice has been far from a health resort this year—in fact, that it is one of the places where health does not resort.

IT is said that Alphonse Daudet is to be one of the Academy of France. After his novel which appeared in English as "One of the Forty," in which the Immortals were held up to ridicule, this would be a quaint freak of time and its changes. He is always credited with having made his name through the assistance of his wife, in giving him frankly the things that a woman thinks, but never says. I met him once in Paris, some years ago, when he was talking to a dozen of us, and I could not help wondering why a man so thoroughly in touch with the life that you do not speak about in the presence of polite society, should affect such a weird chrysanthemum head of hair, and pride himself on his almost effeminate face. He is enormously proud of the works of his son,

whose novel, "Rafael," is running in To-DAY, which is more than can be said of the elder Dumas over his son's dramatic work.

THE French papers are responsible for the latest dog story—at least, partly dog. A modern Solomon, in the form of a French magistrate, had to decide the ownership of a disputed dog. He said that the usher of the court should hold the dog, and that the disputants should whistle him up at the same time, and that the dog should decide the question by running to his rightful owner. The dog, on being let loose to the two seductive whistles, ignored both, and bolted into the open country. I remember meeting that dog some months ago, when he was going down to the Battersea Home to find out the address of his owner, and he told me that, failing this, he had made up his mind to sell his services to lining journalists. I am sorry he had to go to France.

"YES," said the doctor, on entering, "I can see, madam, that you are far from well. But a careful diet, a week in the country, and an entire rest will remove the symptoms that are at the moment decidedly disconcerting." With astonishment she replied: "But, doctor, it is my husband that is ill, not me!" Without emotion, he replied: "Do not deceive yourself, madam!"

ONE of the latest attractions to amuse the Paris crowd is the Andree balloon, which is to go to the North Pole. The fact that it will get there is out of question, because the inventor points out that he can keep down low, as he has no fear of telegraph-wires and chimney-stacks. This settles the whole matter. I once saw two men and a woman start from the Place de la Concorde to go round the world with a wheelbarrow. After a few days' travel one went out to hang himself in an outhouse, and the wheelbarrow was tired out and lost itself. I have no doubt that this balloon will lose itself before it starts.

WHEN living in a fool's paradise, be sure and see that the gates are properly fastened. If you take this advice you may lead a happy and contented existence. Neglect it, and you won't be quite so self-satisfied. The latter may not be the most comfortable, but I fancy it's the most healthy form of existence. The particular kind of fool's paradise which I have been inhabiting lately is this. I have cherished the idea that I was a busy man, with every moment of my time occupied, and with every portion of my brain at work. Now I find that I have been deluding myself, and the only pleasure that I can get from the discovery is the knowledge that nine men out of every ten are probably humbugging themselves in the same way.

My enlightenment came to me thus. The conversation had worked round to the subject of sleep, and one man said that it was in the power of any human being to add to his hours of sleep without hindrance to his present occupation. The argument was that every man wastes an enormous amount of time in putting himself to bed every evening and dressing himself every morning. The speaker considered that this wasted time could be profitably employed for sleeping purposes. In an unguarded moment I disputed the suggestion, but I have since proved its truth. One of the surest ways of testing it is by locking up every drawer in your room and covering the mirrors up. Until one has done this one has no idea of the time which is simply frittered away in doing nothing at all.

AN ordinary man engaged in the act of putting himself to bed is very much like a cart-horse just released from its daily toil. The horse, which has been working hard all day, will gallop round and round the field in the evening simply for its own amusement. Similarly, the

NEXT WEEK'S TO-DAY.

Will contain A THRILLING AUSTRALIAN STORY by GUY BOOTHBY, entitled

MR. ARISTOCRAT;

also A NAUTICAL STORY by ALAN OSCAR, entitled
FOR ZILLAH'S SAKE.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages as for Cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars) from 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

ordinary man, on going to his room at night, usually occupies a large amount of time in doing the most unnecessary things in a thorough and painstaking manner. He will go to the drawer containing his ties, and find the letter he lost last week. He will then spend at least ten minutes in trying to remember if he wrote a second letter in place of the one he has found, and, if so, whether it was ever posted. By this time his mind is so active that he takes the easy chair and reads for half-an-hour. He then proceeds to undress, and goes to the looking-glass to see how to unbutton his collar. Perhaps by this time he is thinking of his plans for the morrow, and, in doing so, of course he must think of his clothes. He decides to wear—amongst other things—a certain fancy waistcoat, but cannot for the life of him remember where it is. He searches every drawer in the room for that waistcoat, and, when he finds it, he wishes he hadn't, because it's not at all the waistcoat he wants. He puts it on, however, just to see if he has grown any stouter since he last wore it, and goes to the glass once more to get a general idea of the appearance of that waistcoat. Finally, after wasting at least an hour-and-a-half of valuable time in this and similar ways, he gets into his pyjamas, and puts the light out.

GETTING up in the morning is the same process reversed. Most men start with the idea that they have the whole day in front of them, and that, therefore, a

wasted half-hour in the beginning won't matter. They shave themselves very carefully and slowly, and then survey the result at their leisure. In fact, no man will believe the time he wastes at his looking-glass every morning, until he dresses himself with the mirror covered up. Let anyone try it for one morning—until he comes to brushing his hair—and he will find that he has dressed in a third of the time he has been in the habit of taking.

THE same idea holds good for a man's other daily occupations. He may consider himself a busy man; he may talk largely of the many appointments he keeps every day; he may even boast that his work compels him to take his lunch at irregular times; but, for all this, I am perfectly certain now that he wastes a good part of his day in doing nothing in particular. And I am very much afraid that, although this is popularly supposed to be an age of hurry and worry, there are few men who do not daily indulge in that pleasantest form of recreation, the gentle art of wasting time.

Natural Science for this month contains an interesting description of a "rowing indicator." The author of the article, Mr. E. Cuthbert Atkinson, claims that his instrument "affords a means of directly measuring, not

NERVOUS people ought to smoke "Tinico" Cigarettes.

BOOKS PURCHASED in any quantity from a Single Volume to the Largest Library, by T. O. TREGASKIS, The Caxton Head, 232, High Holborn, London, W.C.

WANTED SPECIALLY.

Very Tiny Books, Old Needlework Bookbindings, any curious or out-of-the-way Bindings, Bookplates, English Books printed before 1600. Highest price given.

They've "come to stay" and hence are fixtures,
Carreras' Famous Smoking Mixtures.

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED SMOKING MIXTURE
CRAVEN. ½ lb. Tin, 2/5½ Post free.

MILD. HANKEYS. ½ lb. Tin 3/1 Post free.

MEDIUM. GUARDS. ½ lb. Tin, 2/10 Post free.

FULL.
Sold in ½ lb., ½ lb., and 1 lb. Tins.
A large stock of fine old Cigars, old-fashioned shape, free drawing.
SPECIAL AGENTS IN MOST TOWNS.
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"KANGOLA HIDE" MADE TO MEASURE
This celebrated leather is extensively used in High-class Boot Manufacturing in America. Is beautifully soft. Wonderfully tenacious. Takes high polish. Made in brown, nice nut-brown shade, Red or Derby shape & black. Broad & pointed toes, wide or medium welt. Guaranteed to outwear any other kind of Leather.

LEG ANTERIOR JOINT

BOOTS in 4 days Carr. Paid. Send Post Card for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Give measurements over sock in inches and usual size worn. Send P.O.

10/6

Fit for "TO-DAY."

To Bespoke Boot Factory, RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTON.

STENHOUSE'S LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY.

One Dozen Cases sent Carriage Paid for Cash 45s.
WM. STENHOUSE & Co., WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.



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ONE PROFIT ONLY. VALUE UNEQUALLED. CAREFUL & PROMPT ATTENTION.

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PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. Our self-measurement system has been tested by many thousands, with 99 per cent. of successful results. We can therefore guarantee satisfaction, a single trial will convince.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES. BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS OF ALL KINDS.

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ALL GOODS SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

F. C. CO., MANUFACTURING BESPOKE & LADIES' TAILORS, 117T, ALBION STREET, LEEDS

only the whole work done by any particular oarsman, but also of the way in which the work is done. In general principle the instrument is similar to the ordinary steam-engine indicator." Mr. Cuthbert Atkinson has put his instrument to a practical test, with the result that he considers "the indicator could be of assistance in choosing a crew, both with regard to strength and—so far as 'blade' is concerned—style." Moreover, the author is of opinion that his instrument is "a step in the direction of the scientific study of rowing." Notwithstanding which, I venture to predict that the day is far distant when the 'Varsity crews will be coached by machinery.

THE Arctic Candle Lamp has proved a success for ordinary decorations. It always appears the same height, no matter how long the candle has been burning, and all guttering is avoided; there is no danger of the shades catching fire. It is well suited for piano purposes. It has long been recognised that the light of a couple of ordinary candles is insufficient in order to

properly see the music on pianos, and Messrs. Green Brothers have now added a reflector to the shade support of their Arctic lamps, by which means the light is increased tenfold. For those already supplied with Arctic lamps all that is necessary is to procure one of these reflectors, and the special shades for the Arctic piano lamp, which are open at the back to allow the reflector to act. Pianoforte manufacturers are selling the Arctic lamps with their new instruments.

PANTOMIME at Drury Lane will be succeeded by a season of grand opera in English, commencing on Easter Eve. *Faust*, the first opera, will be followed during Easter week by *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria*, *The Bohemian Girl* and *Carmen*. Later *Valkyrie*, and an English version of M. Bruneau's *L'Attaque du Moulin* will be given.

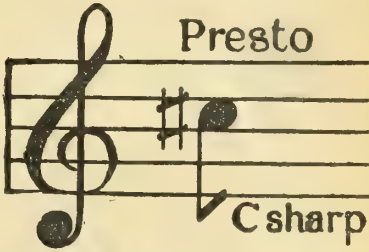
THE MAJOR.

The Preference Shares of the Birmingham Breweries, Limited, were quoted on Monday at $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ premium, and the Debenture Stock at 3 to 4 premium on the London Stock Exchange.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!		
<p>TINICO FRAGRANT COOL & SWEET. FLAKE ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO. EXCEEDINGLY MILD. A NOVELTY! TINICO CIGARETTE TOBACCO AND TINICO CIGARETTES. J. P. BURNS, Tobacconist, 17, SOUTH EXCHANGE PLACE, GLASGOW. The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.</p>	<p>After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.</p> <p>I have much pleasure in announcing that I have made arrangements for the supply of TINICO TOBACCO specially prepared for Cigarette Smokers, and also TINICO "ANTI-NICOTINE" CIGARETTES. Sample 2 oz. Packet of Tobacco sent post free for 1s. 2d., 2 oz. Tin Cigarettes for 1s. 9d. ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR TOBACCONIST'S.</p>	<p>NO MORE IRRITATION OF THE TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS AFTER SMOKING.</p> <p>To be had from all First Class Tobacconists.</p> <p>Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb., postage, 4d. extra. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free</p>

SUPPORT YOUR OWN COUNTRY.

A Warning Note



AVOID IMITATIONS OF

OGDEN'S GUINEA-GOLD CIGARETTES

BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

E. I. (Bushey).—(1) The Artists would seem to suit you best, but you will require to be introduced by a member of the corps. Write to the "Adjutant, Headquarters, Artists' Corps, Duke Street, Euston Road." (2) You can arrange to drill with the local corps during your vacation. (3) The time of service differs in the various corps, but it usually varies from two to four years. Sixty drills in the first two years. Volunteers, on the production of a pass issued by the adjutant of their corps, can obtain return tickets at single fare when travelling on military duty, which, of course, includes attendance at drills.

J. B. (Glasgow).—You may rely upon it, brown will be the most fashionable colour in tweeds this summer. Just as little mourning apparel as you like. Less and less of it is being worn.

H. C. W.—With a hand consisting of king, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, and ace, king, queen, 9, 5, 4, if either of the suits be trumps, it is best to declare Solo, more especially if it is not your first lead, and should you be overcalled by a misère, to then go an Abundance. If both be plain suits, call the Abundance right away, and make the seven card suit trumps.

WALTER M. STAPLEY.—(1) At Vingt-Un, a ten and an ace make a natural. (2) A natural by the dealer does not lose him his deal. (3) When a player and the dealer both have naturals, each cancels the other, and neither party pays nor receives.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

EASTER EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

On THURSDAY, April 2nd, CHEAP TRAINS will be run from London (St. Pancras and City Stations) to Matlock, Buxton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Halifax, LEEDS, BRADFORD, Harrogate, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, the LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle; Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. Tickets will be available for returning on Tuesday, April 7th.

SCOTLAND for 4, 8, or 16 days.

On THURSDAY, April 2nd, a CHEAP FOUR AND EIGHT DAYS' TRIP will also be run to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c.; also to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c.; leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. Also on FRIDAY, April 3rd, for 2 or 3 days, from St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m., to EDINBURGH and GLASGOW, for International Association Football Match, England v. Scotland, at Glasgow, April 4th. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued, the tickets being available for return ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS from date of issue.

LOCAL EXCURSIONS, EASTER MONDAY, April 6th, ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (day trips) leaving St. Pancras at 10.15 a.m.

EASTER AT SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

CHEAP WEEK-END AND DAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Easter Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

Tickets and Bills may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

ORDINARY TRAIN SERVICE.

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 3RD.

On Good Friday, the Trains will run as appointed for Sundays, with the following exceptions:—

The Newspaper Express will leave ST. PANCRAS at 5.15 a.m. and call at Bedford at 6.13 a.m., Leicester at 7.16 a.m., Nottingham 8.3, Derby 8.10, Sheffield 8.55, Leeds 10.50 a.m., Manchester (Cen.) 10.0 a.m., and Liverpool (Central) 12.20 p.m.

The Up Night Scotch Express will leave EDINBURGH and GLASGOW at 9.45 p.m., and CARLISLE at 12.38 a.m. for LONDON as on week-days.

The 3.32 a.m. CARLISLE to STRANRAER and 8.50 p.m. STRANRAER to CARLISLE (in connection with trains from and to London and the South and West), will run as usual in connection with Steamers to and from Ireland.

The Steamers between BARROW and BELFAST will sail on Good Friday in both directions. That from Barrow will await the arrival of the 4.5 p.m. Train from Leeds.

ON EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

Derby, March, 1896.

GEO. H. TURNER,

General Manager.

BARON.—It is a misdeal when both sides have a wrong number of cards.

W. (Carlisle).—The safest concoction I know of is Cantharidine ointment. Rub a little on your lip.

M. C. JOHN PLAYER and SONS, Nottingham, have, I admit, an unsurpassed reputation for artistic tobacco packages. They get them up most artistically. No tobacco is better known than the famous Navy Cut, sent all over the world by the same firm. You are not likely to find better.

CLIFFORD.—In all three countries the same law holds, and subsequent marriage does not legalise children born out of wedlock.

D. L.—A morning coat would be correct. Don't think of wearing the other suit you mentioned. By all means, ask as many questions as you like whenever you want my assistance.

G. W. (Bishop Auckland).—Use wax, and you will preserve your linoleum. Surely a daily washing is not necessary? If it is, try milk, which possesses a preserving virtue.

FLORENCE.—You would get well suited at Messrs. Bingham and Co., Conduit Street, Bond Street, London. Mention my name, and I am sure you will receive every attention.

J. M. P.—The collar goes by several names, "Sir Visto" and "Kimberley" being two of them. If, as you say, you really cannot get them at Dublin, you might write to Messrs. Poole and Lord, 322, Oxford Street, London. If you give my description of the collar, you will be certain to get the right shape.

F. B. (Manchester).—(1) You could wear either, but a frock-coat would be the better of the two. (2) Yes, that is what they are intended for. (3) Very well, you would find them quite reliable. (4) The ordinary wooden tree answers just as well for patent as for other boots. Be sure you get a pair to fit properly, or they will be worse than useless. (5) There is no lotion that will effect a permanent cure, but a skin specialist could do what you require by means of a tedious and expensive process. By all means write again, if there is anything else I can do for you.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On MARCH 30th and following days, CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS, available for use from April 2nd to 6th inclusive, and for return to April 8th inclusive, will be issued at PADDINGTON, Victoria (L. C. & D. Ry.), Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, and Westbourne Park, to BATH, BRISTOL, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, Yeovil, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, and other stations in the South and WEST OF ENGLAND. Tickets will also be issued for use on April 2nd, 4th, and 6th to Guernsey and Jersey, 25s. return available for 14 days.

EXCURSION TRAINS will leave PADDINGTON as under:

THURSDAY, April 2nd, 7.55 a.m.—For WESTON-SUPER-MARE, Taunton, Minehead, BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, EXETER, Torquay, PLYMOUTH, &c., to return April 9th, 10th, or 11th.

11.10 a.m. for OXFORD, BANBURY, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Manchester, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Evesham, Worcester, Malvern, &c., to return April 7th, and from certain stations at option on April 6th.

12.5 noon.—For Newbury, Devizes, CLEVEDON, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, Wells, YEOVIL, Bridport, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c.; to return April 9th, 10th, or 11th.

Passengers to Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare can also return on April 6th or 7th.

12.10 noon and 11.10 p.m.—For BATH and BRISTOL, to return April 6th or 7th.

11.55 p.m.—For NEWPORT, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, Llanelly, Carmarthen, and New Milford, to return April 6th.

12.35 p.m.—For Chippenham, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., to return April 6th, and from certain stations at option on April 7th.

GOOD FRIDAY, 9.20 a.m.—For READING, OXFORD, &c.; to return same day. Oxford Passengers can also return April 6th.

SATURDAY, April 4th, 12.35 p.m.—For BATH, BRISTOL, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, &c., to return April 6th or 7th.

EASTER MONDAY, 6.15 a.m.—For Bath, BRISTOL, Weston-super-Mare, &c., to return same day or April 7th.

6.55 a.m. for GLOUCESTER, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c.; to return same day or April 8th, 9th, or 10th.

7.40 a.m. for READING, Hungerford, Didcot, &c.; to return same day.

TUESDAY, April 7th, 12.10 noon.—For Oxford, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon, to return same day.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued by certain Trains on GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY, to Staines 2/-, Windsor 2/6, Maidenhead 3/-, Henley 3/6, Goring 6/-, &c.

Pamphlets, Excursion, Ordinary and Cheap Tickets, can be obtained at the Company's Stations, and the usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT,

General Manager.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

FOR the last two years there has been a perfect epidemic of scurrilous anonymous letters in connection with literary men and literary things. Many of these communications have been traced by detectives employed for the purpose, and the chain of evidence completed. The only thing which prevents the scandal being made public is the desire on the victims' part to prevent outsiders from getting a glimpse of a certain seamy and unpleasant phase of literary life. I don't wish to be unduly mysterious, but should the facts leak out the British public will be considerably astonished. And if the annoyance is not stopped, the facts will leak out.

I had to wait at the dentist's the other day, and took up a copy of Mr. Austin's "The Garden that I Love." It was delightful, and made me forget the coming woe. Why cannot Mr. Austin stick to prose?

Have been stocking Miss Norma Lorimer's "A Sweet Disorder" (A. D. Innes and Co., 6s.). The heroine's description of herself is frankly realistic. "At present I look like a cheap chicken made in Germany—all legs and arms, and no breast." She wants to be independent, and so determines to write. The rest of the book is taken up in describing how she makes her way. Of course she becomes successful (all writers in fiction do), and then comes the question whether she shall give up her independence and marry, or— Well, she very wisely decides to—. But that would be giving away the plot. Here is the wicked publisher again:—

He seemed very anxious to have the book, and told her he was making her a very generous offer. Her plot was good, but extremely badly carried out—no publisher would take it as it was. After she had refused the offer, and asked him to return the M.S., he offered her ten pounds down and the same royalty. Still she refused. If it was good enough for him to offer that, it was good enough to stand on its own strength. She had great difficulty in getting the book out of his hands—there was always one excuse after another made. At last, after waiting several weeks, she took it to Mr. Hastings.

In "Mr. Hastings" I fancy I trace my good friend Mr. Watt, of Hastings House. Miss Lorimer often comes into the shop and "makes a sunshine in a shady place" with her witty persiflage and shrewd observations on men and things. This is her first literary effort; but she has seen much, and should have much to write about.

I shall not have any customers left soon, for all my friends are writing books instead of buying them. And the wittiest, most lovable, and, in his own inimitable vein, the cleverest of them all, is Mr. W. L. Alden, who has just bought a copy of his own book ("Among the Freaks," Longmans, 3s. 6d.), in order to bring me back to the practical part of the business. "See here," he said to me the other day, "you and I get swapping yarns instead of attending to business; and it is setting a bad example to your son. He'll be taking an interest in people instead of their books, and will never be able to work off a damaged copy on anybody. That isn't business. Now, you make out my account, and if you don't mind my smoking this Italian cigar in the back shop, I'll tell you something about the freaks I didn't put into the book. There was a dwarf that—"

But he is going to print that story, and I must not tell it here. In the quaintly illustrated "Among the Freaks," Mr. Alden has fully lived up to Mark Twain's description of him as "the greatest humorist in America." It is Mr. Alden's proud boast that he is an Italian citizen; in fact, he is a Chevalier of the Holy Order of something or other, a decoration obtained when American Consul in Florence; but since he has

lived among us in England he has taken to golfing and bicycling, and is rapidly becoming naturalised. His one unfailing source of wonder is the fresh loveliness of our English girls. In short, he is one of us, and America must learn to do without him.

I think, perhaps, the most amusing story in the present collection is that of the "Lightning Calculator." The doorkeeper of the Dime (fivepence) Museum tells the different stories. The way to become a lightning calculator is to:—

Begin by learning to add up columns of figures, two and three at a time, and in a little while you can add a column of thousands in less time than another man could add a column of tens. Then, for the square root racket, you just commit to memory all the square roots of everything up to a hundred, and you can do the same with cube roots. Then, when a man asks you the square root of, say, 9867, you just give him the square root of 98, with a thundering lot of decimals, and it makes no sort of difference if the decimals are right or wrong. Any man with a little memory and a good deal of cheek can do the root business in a way that will fill the public with admiration.

If you want a tenderly pathetic and yet humorous story from Mr. Alden, read "The Bearded Woman," who married the giant, and whose sole ambition was to be loved for herself. No man had ever kissed her, although she was a good-looking girl. She undergoes an operation to banish her beard, gets erysipelas, and dies; and the giant wastes away with a broken heart. The last thing the poor woman says to her husband is:

"Never mind, dear, the beard is gone, and in the next world I shall be like other women, and you can be proud of me."

I call that pathetic, and I'm not ashamed—Coming, sir com-ing. I'm only just wiping my spectacles. People never will leave me alone when I'm interested in anything.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. have recently published Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new novel, entitled "In the Day of Adversity," which ran through the latter half of last year as a serial in both London and Australia. The story, which is naturally one of historical adventure, is laid during the time of the great struggle between William of Orange and Louis le Grand for supremacy, and the author has introduced into it a full description of the destruction of the French ships at La Hague, for which description he has unearthed many curious English and French accounts, written, in some cases, by those who took part on either side.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. W.—Your uncle is quite wrong. The lines show decided promise, but not much acquaintance with technique. The last line of the first stanza would splinter the teeth of a crocodile. Best stanza is the third.

G. L. (Eccles).—Well done; persevere, don't over elaborate, and try some other forms.

J. S. very kindly writes that "Xenien" has been translated by a German American (Carus), and published in Chicago. Watts and Co., of London, sell it.

"KEATS CENT."—Some relation of yours has also been doing sonnets, but much better ones. You aren't a fool, but you are not, at present, a genius. Why begin with sonnets? Try some of the simpler forms about everyday subjects—"Lines to a Lamp-post," or something which comes under your own eyes. Get at a subject you can describe instead of mere abstract things.

H. S.—Mr. Alden has nothing to do with it. If you know anything about verse whatever, you must be perfectly aware that it is absurd to make Alfred Austin Poet Laureate; if you don't know anything about verse, why talk of a subject which can only make you look foolish? If Mr. Austin had had the good sense to refuse the burden of an honour "unto which he was not born," no one would have a right to speak of him in other than the kindest terms. But he has accepted a post for which he is not fit, and though, in private life, I know him to be the most estimable of kindly English gentlemen, I am reluctantly compelled to say of his public performances that they are totally inadequate. The two extracts to which you refer only show the honesty of To-DAY in giving the opinions of two different men. But there! there! as the Jew said in the thunderstorm, when he was eating a piece of the forbidden animal behind a haystack, "Sellug me grashus, Moshesh, what a fuss about a leetle bit of pork!"

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

PART III.—CHAPTER II. (*continued.*)

THE señora answered—"Of none at all. This is our affair only."

"Mind," replied her husband with a smile, "that you do not ruin us all. This fair Parisian seems to me to be a serpent."

"Ah, but my bite is not mortal, Colonel," said Stéphanie, echoing his jesting tone. "My wares are very cheap, and I think more of the honour of dressing ladies of the Spanish aristocracy than of large profits. And then, we always give time for payment. I never worry my customers. But why should you leave us? I am sure you have good and practised taste, Señor Colonel. You should give the ladies the benefit of it."

The señora shrugged her shoulders.

"He!" she exclaimed. "Poor man, he knows nothing about it!"

"No," he echoed, escaping from the room, "I know nothing about it."

The mother and daughters formed a group round the box which the Chevalier de Fontaine had opened, and presently they were uttering cries of admiration and ecstasy, and breathing sighs of envy, at sight of the wonders which the temptress exhibited to them; rich French stuffs in silk and brocades, filmy lace, many coloured bodices of the period, embroidered skirts, fine linen garments, fashion plates, the entire arsenal of feminine adornment, prodigies of art, patience, and skill.

"The Queen herself has nothing more beautiful," said the señora to her daughters.

"That was true last year, before I came to Madrid," observed Stéphanie deferentially, "but it is true no longer. Her Majesty has done me the honour to entrust me with the task of renewing her wardrobe, and I have done this on the same luxurious scale as that of our own Empress, furnished by us, Defodon Sisters."

"You dress the Empress of the French, then?" inquired the elder girl.

"She came to us while she was still only de Beauharnais, and she did not forsake us when she became Empress. Look at these capes, señorita; we have just supplied some of the same pattern to Her Majesty."

Stéphanie handed a cape composed of frills of rich lace on a foundation of tulle.

"Valenciennes!" sighed the Colonel's daughter. "This must be very expensive."

"For you and your sister, dear young lady, its price is nothing at all. Permit me to present you with these two capes."

The girls, amazed and delighted, consulted their mother by their eager looks.

"No, no," said the señora. "We cannot accept such a gift."

"I beg you to do so; it makes me so happy to give you a little pleasure. You will more than recompense me by recommending me to your friends."

"That would not be enough. I wish to make a purchase also."

"Pray choose," said Stéphanie.

The Señora de Baradil had cast a longing eye upon a gown length of Lyons brocade of a beautiful *vieux* rose tint. She asked the price.

"Your price shall be mine," replied the amiable temptress.

"My husband was right. You are a beguiling serpent."

Finally, however, the two came to an agreement.

"I will go and fetch the money to pay for this," said the señora.

"Oh! pray do not think of such a thing," entreated

Stéphanie. "You can pay me another time, and so give me an opportunity of seeing you again."

The ice was more than broken; it was melted, and the three ladies had no words sufficiently strong to convey their gratitude to this angel among dressmakers. Stéphanie had awaited that moment to strike a decisive blow, and, having fixed her batteries, to open fire. She did it in this wise.

"I am highly honoured by being able to please you, señora, and in return I ask one thing only. It is that you will remember me when your daughters are about to be married. I shall be flattered, very much flattered by being permitted to supply their trousseaux. Trousseaux and layettes are the speciality of the house of Defodon Sisters. Only yesterday, at Madrid, I was selected in view of an approaching marriage."

"What marriage, señora?" asked the younger girl.

"It is not yet officially announced, and I do not know whether I ought—"

"Oh, you may tell us, we are discreet."

Stéphanie put on an air of mystery, as though she were divided between desire to speak and the obligation of silence. At last she said, in a low, hesitating tone—

"The trousseau of the daughter of the King's Armourer has been ordered from me."

"For her marriage with the Conde d'Osorio?"

"What! You know it already, señora?"

"From the Conde himself. He is imprisoned here, in this fortress. He has told us his love story, poor young man. I fear the event he desires so ardently will be long delayed."

"The King has promised to pardon him," said Stéphanie with calm audacity. And then, to give her falsehood additional weight, she added: "The Queen herself told me."

"Will you allow us to announce this good news to Don Rafael?"

"I would rather announce it to him myself, and if you would obtain an authorisation for me to communicate with him——"

"I wish I could obtain it; but my husband will refuse."

"It is a pity. I should have been so glad to have a few minutes' conversation with that noble gentleman, to give him hope and courage."

The Colonel's wife exchanged a glance of intelligence with her daughters, as though to consult them before making up her mind. No doubt she read in their looks a response to her own impulse, for she said—

"I will not deprive him of the happiness of hearing from your lips that the hour of his liberation is near. I am going to do for you what I would do for no other person. Wait for him, he shall come to you here. Do not detain him long. The Colonel must not surprise you together. The Conde d'Osorio is *au secret*, and it is forbidden to allow him to communicate with any person whomsoever."

"Ah! señora, do not fear. In one minute I shall have said all he will care to hear."

"Tell him also what I am doing for him, and ask him to remember it always. Perhaps, one day we may need his patronage."

"I promise it to you in his name."

The señora then withdrew with her daughters. Stéphanie and her Chevalier were alone.

"Have I done well?" she asked him, in triumph.

He looked at her with pride, admiration, and strong emotion, and said with a sort of sob—

"You are dazzling, my divinity! What a woman!"

"Yes, I am well-tempered steel. I play about in these political schemes like a fish in the water. And I am so grateful to you, Gaston. Never shall I forget the immense proof of confidence and love that you are about to give me at my entreaty. Be calm, dearest, keep cool, remain master of yourself."

"Kiss me, my dear wife, and I shall be as intrepid as yourself."

Stéphanie complied with the best possible grace, and a moment later Rafael entered the room, much wonder-

ing that he should be summoned to the Commandant's Cabinet so soon after he had left it. He came in looking about for Baradil, but beheld instead Stéphanie and the Chevalier.

"You! You here!" he exclaimed in amazement. "How! Why?"

Stéphanie checked the flow of his questions.

"Everything that surprises you now, Don Rafael, will be explained hereafter; but there is not an instant to lose. It is Beatrix who has sent me to you. She needs your protection, and she commands you to return to her without delay."

"Does she not know that I am a close prisoner?"

"I have come to liberate you, to help you to escape. Put off that uniform that identifies you, give it to the Chevalier. It will be a real pleasure to him to remain here in your place. You will take his clothes, and consent to follow me, carrying the box you see there; it will serve as your passport out of prison."

She gave her orders in a calm, cool, imperious tone, as though she had done nothing else all her life. Rafael had perfectly understood, but he hesitated to obey.

"Leave the Chevalier here in my place! Hand him over to the wrath of my enemies, exasperated by my flight! It is impossible!"

The Chevalier approached him.

"Do not concern yourself about me, Don Rafael; think only of yourself," he said with earnest entreaty.

"I thank you ardently for your self-abnegation, Chevalier. But I could not accept it. I must not bring misfortune upon you."

"I do not run any risk. I am a French subject, and if, to-morrow, I were not set at liberty, the Ambassador of France would demand me, on Stéphanie's information. Go with her, then, and do not let the unexpected opportunity of recovering your liberty be lost."

"Beatrix wills you to do this, señor," said Stéphanie, firmly. "In her name I summon you to obey me."

To the command of his betrothed, Rafael yielded. In a few moments he had changed clothes with the Chevalier. They were of the same height, both were young, slender, and alert. For the better fortune of the enterprise the light was beginning to fail.

"Take up the box, Don Rafael," said Stéphanie, "and come on! Walk after me, like a respectful servitor following his mistress. As for you, my Gaston, be brave and patient. To-morrow we shall meet again."

And so she passed out of the room, leaving him electrified, ready for anything, everything, even martyrdom.

When the door closed behind his wife and Rafael, he went to the window, from whence he could see them at the gate, speaking to the porter, passing the sentinels, and getting into the berline which was waiting on the road. Then arose a ringing of little bells in the peaceful twilight. It was the celebration of the latest triumph achieved by the house of Défodon Sisters.

CHAPTER III.

COUNSELS OF FEAR AND HOPE.

It was not customary for the Prince of the Peace to follow the Court immediately on its removal from Madrid to the Palace of Aranjuez. He liked to enjoy his independence at Madrid, and he liked still better to escape from the too constant attachment of the Queen; so that he generally provided himself with pretexts for avoiding the summer resort of Royalty on all but absolutely imperative occasions. This year, however, he had been obliged to go to Aranjuez with the Court, the King having formally expressed his objection to be there without his trusty counsellor and friend.

The diplomatic body had followed Godoy, as it was the rule that the representatives of the foreign Powers should always be within reach of the high dignitary in whom the King had continued to confide for nearly twenty years, and who governed the kingdom in his name. Owing to these circumstances Aranjuez was full of life,

bustle, gaiety, and the grandeur and splendour of a stately and picturesque Court. But all this was only superficial, and did but thinly disguise the general uneasiness caused by the political situation of Spain, and the care and anxiety that the position of affairs inflicted upon the King.

Charles had no news of Napoleon. He had written several times to complain of the Emperor's invasion of his kingdom, and to request the honour of the Imperial alliance for the Infante; and the unfortunate King knew not what to make of the silence, which was assuming a threatening aspect in the present state of affairs. This may be briefly described here.

On learning that French troops had entered Spain, Charles IV. had ordered his generals to open the towns, but not to give up the fortresses to them. Now the fortresses of Saint Sebastian, Barcelona, Figueras, and Pampelona were in their hands, having been taken by a trick, without any fighting. The French had asked for asylum in them for their sick soldiers, and the latter, being admitted, suddenly got quite well, opened the gates, and let their comrades in. The King had to submit to this offensive proceeding, which indicated what was in store for him. The invaders were approaching the Capital by degrees, and the arrival of their generalissimo, Marshal Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, was predicted. The Prince of the Peace, who had established cordial relations with him long before, had written to him to request an explanation of the ambiguous conduct of the French Government, as he had failed to obtain any satisfaction from the Comte de Beauharnais. Murat's replies to Godoy were reassuring in form, but vague and contradictory in substance, and they failed to allay the apprehensions of the Court of Aranjuez.

The confidential envoy of the Spanish Court to the Emperor Napoleon was Don Izquierdo de Reberay Lezaun—a personage who had become in a few years the "right-hand-man" of Manuel Godoy, and was the most active agent of his secret diplomacy. This important position he had obtained by favour of circumstances, aided by his ambition, his *savoir faire*, and his supple and ready intelligence. He had been sent to Paris in 1806, and it was he who negotiated the Treaty of Fontainebleau, bearing date of 27th October, 1807, by which France and Spain divided Portugal between them, allotting to Godoy the Principality of the Algarves. This treaty never was executed. No agent more devoted to the interests of the Prince of the Peace could have been found—and with good reason, for those interests were identical with his own—and yet he was unable to send good news to the powerful Minister and the feeble monarch. His messages from Paris, far from shedding light on the Emperor's intentions, depressed their obscurity. He complained that he no longer possessed Napoleon's confidence; the signature of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, which disposed of Portugal in anticipation of the conquest of that kingdom, was the last mark of favour he had received. Since this treaty, the Emperor had behaved with deliberate coldness to the Spanish diplomatist, and no longer even took the trouble to talk with him. In fact, Izquierdo had only insignificant and unmeaning communications to make to his Court.

In spite of the King's efforts to conceal this disquieting state of things, it became known. The facts were spread abroad, misstated, confused, and exaggerated, and as the whole Spanish people persistently regarded Godoy as the origin of all their misfortunes, the popular hatred of him increased daily, was extended to the King, the Queen, and all those adherents of the favourite of fortune who had helped or profited by his rise.

Under such circumstances, there could be no real pleasure or repose at Aranjuez. Life there meant the daily dread of the morrow, a feverish waiting, with all eyes fixed on France, whence the salvation or the destruction of the Monarchy might be looked for at any moment.

(To be continued.)

THEIR BABY.

BY

HOPE MERRICK.

Illustrated by LOUIS GUNNIS.

It was all right at first, quite all right—until the baby came. Then everything seemed to go wrong. The special fund that had been saved melted like August butter, for there was this, and there was that, to be got, things that Mamie and Dick had not thought of with all their careful calculations, and before the month was out the little nest-egg had run dry. Mamie guessed as much, although, of course, Dick told her nothing, and laughed just as cheerily whenever he came into her

come 'in and dust, dear? And those little blue and white papers stuck in the frame of the glass, are they bills, Dick? Surely not all bills!"

"I don't know," he answered lightly; "I haven't opened the last half-dozen."

But when he had gone from the room, Mamie got up to examine the collection, and Dick came back and found her poring over the "Poor Rate," "Water Rate," "Notice of Termination of Supply," "Queen's Taxes," "Last Application," besides sundry other documents. He frowned to find her thus busily engaged, then laughed, and, as there were no symptoms of her crying, he frowned again more heavily, and dropped with a sigh of dejection into the armchair. The lines of his face settled wearily, and bit by bit she coaxed from him all that there was to tell. Her eyes were very full as



"AND ASKED IF SHE WAS 'COMFY.'"

room. The thought worried her. She lay there pale and inwardly tearful, and her slow progress in health was the next trouble.

It was nine weeks before Dick was able to carry his frail little wife downstairs, and deposit her, with a hearty kiss, upon the green-covered couch in the front parlour. With clumsy tenderness he arranged her pillows, and the "woolly" over her feet, and asked if she was "comfy." Her eyes were roving lovingly round the room, and not a thing in its changed appearance escaped her.

"Where's Eliza?" she asked. "Hadn't she better

she rubbed her cheek against his, with little outbursts of sympathy, for he had had to bear it all alone, and consequently she magnified his martyrdom.

Their position was decidedly awkward. Just when the shoe pinched most, Dick had been ousted out of his berth to give place to his employer's nephew. A smaller post with a smaller salary had been offered him, which he had not dared to refuse. The romantic aspect of his pretty home vanished under the ensuing trials of a sick wife, the doctor's bill, and the accumulated liabilities. The little servant had left long ago with the threat to sue her master for her wages, so the work of the house

fell upon Mamie. Her spirits rose as Dick's deserted him. It sickened him to see her washing, scrubbing, cleaning, and growing weaker, instead of stronger, every day.

How different it all was from the dream they had dreamed together, with never a cloud to darken it! Their idyll had been interrupted—by what? Dick could not help the question rising in his mind, especially when the child cried half through the night; and he would smother the thought shamefacedly, until it came again unbidden.

Mamie, whom he used to think was the prettiest and best-dressed wife in the Terrace, was losing her good looks, and her gowns were deplorably shabby. He felt no longer proud to take her out, and the sight of her pinched face unreasonably reproached him.

"If it hadn't been for the baby," he once ventured, but the sentence remained unfinished, for Mamie laid her hand across his mouth.

There came a day when the landlord seized the furniture—all the pretty things they had chosen together—and his tenants, unable to raise the rent, went forth no one knew where!

* * * * *

In a wretched garret in London sat Dick rocking the cradle. His empty pipe was hanging bowl downwards in his mouth, and his eyes were fastened on the dingy grate. He was brooding, cursing his ill-luck, which dated from the birth of the child. When Mamie needed the utmost care, she had been compelled to work, and her health, never over strong, had failed. Long, long ago, in his palmy days, he had planned to send her to the seaside, had saved enough for it. They had talked of it together; how he would visit her at the week-end, and how she would write him every day to say how fat and rosy she was getting, and what his hair did. In recalling these unfulfilled hopes, Dick looked at his diminutive son, which jerked him back to the grim reality of the present with a groan. He had no specific work to do, being now an odd-job man about the streets. A few months ago he had done a foolish thing by throwing up his meagre berth before he had quite settled with another. In consequence he had lost them both, and they had been forced from one lodging to another, and finally drifted to this draughty attic, where the little one fell ill, and did not get better.

"If it hadn't been for the baby, we shouldn't have been in this plight," Dick said, breaking an hour's silence.

Mamie was sitting at the table making up gentlemen's ties at the rate of a farthing each. She pricked her finger, but did not answer the remark which had been addressed to her so frequently of late.

Adversity had not chastened Dick. His trials had fretted him, body and mind. He looked a deplorable object in a sleezy coat, with face unshaven, and a sullen scowl. Little by little poverty and starvation had rubbed off fine edges, leaving him a man ground down by persistent worries into a creature morbid and morose. While Mamie sunk physically under it all, Dick collapsed morally, day by day restraining his irritation less, and yielding to his resentment more. While they pulled together, it wasn't so bad, but in time his wife became the victim of his despair. Words passionate and unjust fell constantly from his once affectionate lips; not that he meant all he said, but it was a relief to growl like a bear with a sore head, and to no one else could he have said so much.

Patient Mamie, haggard, work-worn, and weary, nursed a constant headache for weeks, until Dick's open reference to the proverbial "third" chafed her beyond her limit of endurance. Continual friction in due time does its work of good, or evil, followed by sulks and more wrangling, culminating in mutual reproaches and remorse. But the remorseful element had declined lately, giving place to stolid indifference, which built up brick by brick an invincible wall between these two who such a little while ago had played a romance.

"If it hadn't been for the baby," persisted Dick, but was cut short by a feeble wail from the cradle.

Mamie dropped her work and rushed to the infant's side, catching the ragged bundle to her breast.

"If it hadn't been for the baby, I should have died long ago!" she cried.

Ah! the pity of it, that poverty must blunt one's better self, must steep all that is good in one in a quagmire of sordid misery!

Both became excited, and talked extravagantly; and both, had the other known it, would have been glad to recall every word at the end of half an hour. But the tempest was destined to rage itself out in a manner that was revealed later.

"I am going out," said Dick, in the final pause. "Don't be alarmed if I'm not back to-night."

It was said with intent to frighten Mamie, and he



"I AM GOING OUT," SAID DICK.

had the satisfaction of seeing her look round at the closing door.

Slowly her eyes returned to the tiny thing in her lap, and fastened there in a long, agonised gaze that saw a pitiful sight, but Dick had gone too far down the stairs to hear her cry for help.

* * * * *

All that night Mamie was alone, and the next day until the evening, when Dick came back, a trifle shamefaced, but still angry.

Apparently she had not stirred from the place in which he had left her, sitting before the empty grate with the ragged bundle across her lap. She did not turn her head at his entrance, and it was quite ten minutes before he vouchsafed a remark.

"You can pay the rent next week, and the doctor's bill," he said. "I have got a situation."

Still she did not move. Was she sulking? He went over to her, and his eyes fell full upon the child's shrunken face. Instinctively he put out a finger to touch it, and shudderingly withdrew his hand.

"Why is it so cold?" he asked, with a vague discomfort creeping over him. "It was stupid of you to let the fire out!"

He went to the sack in the corner and found it empty.

"P'haps I'd better fetch some coals?" he asked helplessly. "Mamie, answer me!"

At last she wrenched her eyes away from the dead baby, and looked at him.

He stood there stupefied, yet understanding. His heart missed a beat, and then went on again, surging in his breast, tearing with relentless force at every fibre in his being, dragging his soul back through the black waters of sorrow and shame to the place that had seen their idyll begun.

"When did it happen?" he asked at length, in a hoarse whisper.

"Last night," she answered, with dry eyes and a heavy tongue.



"IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE BABY."

"Tell me all," he urged, biting his lip to keep it steady. "Was it—was it bad?"

"Very."

There was silence again. Presently Dick crept out to buy the coals—and a bunch of violets.

* * * * *

The firelight glittered on the tea-table, on the muffins, and pair of slippers in the fender, and on the cat purring over them. Someone was thrumming impatiently on the window-pane, until the garden gate creaked open. Then there was a rush to the front door, and two voices cried in duet—

"Well, darling!"

A little later the same two people were sitting in the cosy room, their hands locked together. They had been talking about "Somebody's birthday in Heaven."

"If it hadn't been for the baby," said Dick, so tenderly, that his voice choked in his throat.

"If it hadn't been for the baby," said Mamie with a brave smile, "our love-dream would never have come back!"

AND THEN HE CALLED.

CLINKER—You know Miss Redbud has a telephone in her house. I rang her up last night to find out if her father was at home, and the old man answered it himself.

Fiddleback—What did you say?

Clinker—I told him his factory, twenty miles away, was burning down.

"You mustn't be saucy, Fanny," said the maiden aunt to the girl. "No one will love you if you are."

"Were you saucy when you were a little girl, aunty?" asked the guileless child

THE FARM PUPIL IN VIRGINIA.

THERE are many wilds in Virginia, and many impossible people, but there are favoured spots, where birth and breeding have their weight, and where a man's credentials are his acts. There the emigration agents penetrate. They look about them, jot down names, collect data, and hie away unnoticed. Weeks pass, and suddenly the voice of the Briton is heard in the land, innumerable boxes fill up the little railway stations, obscure farms are alive with broad-chested huntsmen, and down the lonely roads rush mad riders headlong in their frolic. Sometimes on Sunday a solid phalanx will descend upon a little church. Eloquent in corduroys, and resplendent in top boots, they stand about in awkward squads, staring undisguisedly at the natives.

Once in church, their manners improve, for unconsciously they join in the service with a hearty will, and their deep voices swell the responses in a way good to hear. Seeing and hearing them thus, it is hard to connect them with the "riotous British" of week-days. For riot they do. Potatoes deep react in boisterous scenes, and "the native" finds his milk of human kindness freezing, and his cordial intentions too rash to be carried out. (Even a "wild American" protects his family.)

Of course, a lot of the men who come over are "shipped," or "skip," and perhaps one in a hundred may reform, but usually their course is downward, and they give a rather busy time to the recording angel. Many men of many minds, gentlemen and brutes, pass through the country like figures in a panorama. Queer are their stories—success and failure, tragedy and humour, incredibly mingled.

The advertisements of the various agencies which tempt them are interesting; but how many read the truth between the lines? Often there are rosy-cheeked boys, fresh from school, who come in an earnest effort to find fame and fortune.

They read the bewildering advertisements, and start forth into the unknown with high hopes. They enliven the journey over with dreams that are guiltless of the least common sense, and when the excitement of arrival is past, their awakening is sad indeed.

Sordid surroundings and calculating strangers impress themselves upon them. The delightful climate and the beautiful scenery are the only things they find as they expected. In the distance they see handsome homes, and, occasionally (also in the distance), they see interesting-looking people, but the expected fortunes are not visible to the naked eye.

Then, in an awful wave, comes home-sickness. Some strive to drown it in drink, temptations abound, and oh! how often! "Alone, and in a strange land," another Briton is laid to rest. ("Only a farm pupil, a pretty hard case," is his oral epitaph. For the woman at home who loved him, how merciful the distance!) Some conquer it by work; they become "mud-students," in the vernacular, and find that when they desire to learn, opportunities are never wanting.

Manners are really a necessary adjunct to the farm pupil, though usually they are not considered a part of the prescribed outfit. Without them a man is sadly handicapped, though he may possess many corduroys and countless Norfolk jackets, for in Virginia arrogance does not "go down."

This is the rock on which so many farm pupils come to grief. They are charmed with our country. They see beautiful old homes, whose spacious doors open to them if they deserve it. There they are greeted with a grace and cordiality that are the fruit of the centuries, and there, so often, their lack of manners makes a stiffness that grows into indifference.

When cordiality is met and appreciated, pleasant are their ways, in spite of unaccustomed hardships. The home of their adoption grows dear, and "cheap living, pleasant climate, and charming people," they find, are to be realised in a land which unites the graces of Old England and the freedom of Young America. C. S. C.

THE MAN WHO WRITES "OLD MOORE'S" ALMANACK.

INASMUCH as "Old Moore's" Almanack (Roberts' edition) has been in existence for over sixty years, it is only to be expected that the original "Old Moore" has gone to the land where neither almanacks nor prophecies are considered necessary. The present writer, however, has carried on the work for the past nineteen years, but there is nothing in his appearance which suggests the prophet, although a glimpse of the little room in which the book is written suggests a mystery. It is a small room, poorly but curiously furnished. On a small table in the centre stand several bottles, filled with liquids of many colours, and quaintly-shaped wine-glasses, which I soon learned are never used for wine.

"Then for what purpose do you use them?" I asked. But "Old Moore" was silent on this point. He merely explained that they were not intended to be only ornamental. So we left the wine-glasses, and talked about the room.

"It may interest you to know," he said, "that this room is over three hundred years old."

"You find that its age inspires you in your work?"

"I am attached to the room; that is sufficient."

The room, by the way, is in a house situated not a hundred miles from the Tower of London. "Old Moore" never writes anywhere but in this room. There are no pictures on the walls; the prophet finds that they distract his attention.

"Would you tell me how you came to take up this work?"

"It is not a very long story. About twenty years ago I came to England from California, where I had a small sheep station up in the mountains. I was very ill at the time, and it was thought that I should never be able to do any work. But I got better, and came here."

"I suppose you always had a liking for your present profession?"

"As a child I was fond of the supernatural. I have always taken a keen interest in spiritualism, too, and until quite lately I was an excellent medium."

"When you were on your sheep farm in California, had you any strange experiences which would go to prove your fitness for your present work?"

"Several. I remember on one occasion I was in a very poor place in San Francisco. I heard of an appointment in Salt Lake City, and decided to go there. Now the landlady of the house in which I was staying was a sorceress, and when I told her where I was going she opposed the idea, and earnestly entreated me to stay where I was. But I had made up my mind to leave San Francisco. "Very well," said the sorceress, "go if you wish to, but you will come back when that flower is in bloom." She pointed to a small plant on the mantelpiece. Well, I went to Salt Lake City, and obtained the appointment. On going to bed at night a strange feeling of loneliness came over me. I could find no explanation for it, and though at the time I had paid no attention to the sorceress, the woman's prophecy that I should come back when the flower was in bloom was continually present in my mind as I lay awake in bed. I remained in bed for some hours, but without being able to get any sleep. Finally, as I was about to light the candle, so that I might read till the morning, I suddenly became aware of the fact that I was not the only living being in the room. A white-robed figure appeared at my bedside, and pointed to the door. The figure remained with me for some minutes. Immediately it left me I dressed, and walked away from Salt Lake City. I returned to my old lodgings in San Francisco, and, on entering my room, the first thing I noticed was the little flower in bloom. The prophecy of the sorceress had come true, and I afterwards learnt that I should have been extremely unwise—in more senses than one—if I had stayed at Salt Lake City."

"Have you any method or rule by which you work?"

"I always begin in April. When I sit down to my table I bear in mind, as far as I can, what the political surroundings are at the time. I refer to the whole world, of course. I then try to think what the general outcome of events will be. A strange feeling seems to drag me into certain currents of thought, and, almost before I am aware of it, I find that I have written down, in a few words, a description of a catastrophe that, in all probability, does happen in the ensuing year. In fact, my prophecies are sometimes so accurate that I frighten myself by thinking of them. I cannot always explain why I write certain things. When I was living alone at my sheep station in California, I often heard mysterious voices, and sometimes I have the same experience now. Perhaps the word 'voice' hardly expresses my meaning. I feel that I am compelled to write one thing, and one thing only; possibly, after all, these thoughts are only the result of much thinking. They are extremely harassing, however, and I cannot work hard for many hours at a stretch. When I leave off I am completely exhausted."

"I suppose you receive many testimonials from readers of your Almanack?"

"I do, also numberless invitations to do work of a private nature. All these I invariably decline. I do not pretend to do more than give a general forecast of what will happen. I never under any circumstances undertake to foretell the careers of private individuals. Here are a few letters I have received; some of them are amusing."

I took the little bundle, and was allowed to copy a specimen. It ran: "Would you oblige me by letting me know if you rule planets? If so, please let me know your terms, and whether it would be advisable for me to have mine done. My age is nineteen on the eighteenth of this month. I was born at six o'clock in the morning. I have a fair complexion. My eyes are grey, with a flash of gold. I am twenty-four inches round the waist, and five feet in height."

A quantity of the letters were simply inquiries as to whether "Old Moore" would rule the writers' planets. I asked if he employed astrology at all in his predictions?

"No," was the reply, "not to any extent. My methods, as I have explained, are much simpler."

"And can you prophesy at short notice? For instance, could you give the readers of *To-Day* the sure winner of the Derby this year?"

"I cannot pretend to do anything of the sort, but I once dreamt the winner of the Derby. It was some years ago. I heard a voice in my dreams, and the voice said: 'Hammond will win the Derby.' I was so impressed by the distinctness of the voice in my dream, that I made inquiries, but found that there was no horse of the name of 'Hammond' in existence. I gave up the whole thing, and thought no more of the dream, until one day I accidentally overheard two men talking about the Derby, and one of them mentioned that Mr. Hammond's horse stood a good chance. My secret was explained. This took place some months before the race. The result of the Derby that year was a dead heat, the two horses being the one I dreamt about—St. Gatien—and a horse named Harvester. But I take no interest in racing, and have never dreamt about a horse since that time."

"Do you find that your work injures your health at all?"

"No, but I am very careful about my diet, which is always simple."

"Don't you take anything to stimulate the brain when you are working?"

"No, I require nothing of the kind. My brain works well enough unaided—quite well enough; in fact,"—this with a sad smile—"sometimes too well."

W. P.

THE IDLER

FOR
APRIL

will contain a very fully illustrated article on the *Prisoner of Zenda*, now being played at the St. James's Theatre.

The Magazine will contain a very striking Story, by Barry Pain, entitled "The Church Militant," in which the average English Parson shows to much greater advantage than usual in works of fiction.

For a description of Mr. Dudley Hardy's new Studio, and a strikingly interesting account of his method of working, see the IDLER for April.

ENERGETIC MEASURES.



PASTOR (dismissing congregation): De membahs what am previded wid umbrellas will please wait till I take a look at 'em. Since de mysterious disappearance of my own umbrella last Sunday der am a dark cloud ob suspicion floatin' over dis yer church, which hab got to be dispelled.

TO-DAY.

THE Cycling Serial,
"THE WHEELS
OF CHANCE,"

will be commenced
in a few weeks.

The first instalment of TO-DAY CYCLING NOTES appears in this issue. The Notes are being produced by reliable authorities, under the supervision of "The Major," and there will be occasional

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To-Day

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AN INDISPENSABLE CONFEDERATE.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by FORREST.

MISS MARTHA COLES came through the passage from the pit of the theatre into the frantic, lighted, excited street, and stood for a moment to let the crowd pass whilst she patted her eyes with her handkerchief and sniffed. It had been a most affecting play. The misfortunes of the heroine, halting only ten minutes before the finish, had caused Miss Coles to weep unrestrainedly. She pulled her veil down over her face—it was not what fair-minded critics would call a pretty face—and hailed a 'bus.

"Right for Knightsbridge, I s'pose?" she remarked, as the 'bus stopped.

"Knightsbridge!" said the conductor, ringing the bell with much annoyance. "What's the idea of stopping a Shadwell 'bus when you want Knightsbridge? Cawn't you read what's on the side, or won't you? Where d'vou reely want to go to?"

"Why," replied Miss Coles, shrilly, "a 'undred-and-thirty-two, Lowndes Square, of course!"

"Very well, then," shouted the conductor; "go!"

Miss Martha Coles, shivering with indignation, turned away. As she did so a short youth, in a very shiny silk hat, left the man to whom he was talking and stepped forward.

"Pardon me, miss," he said politely, "but did I understand you to say a hundred and thirty-two, Lowndes Square—Hon. Mrs. Linton's house?"

"I might 'ave done," said Miss Coles, guardedly.

"Then allow me to direct you. My friend and myself—here, captain!—are walking that way. Permit me to introduce my friend, Captain Mayhew. My name is Bunn."

"I'm sure you're very kind!" began Miss Coles; "but——"

"My dear madam," said Captain Mayhew, fencing at a lamp-post with his malacca cane, "beauty in distress never appeals to an army man in vain."

"I 'ave a friend in the army," said Miss Coles, with less reserve; "name of Brown—Colour-Sergeant Brown. I don't know whether you may have heard the name before?"

"Brown," said Captain Mayhew, with enthusiasm.

"is one of the best fellows that ever wore Her Majesty's uniform! You've heard me speak of him, Bunn?"

"Over and over again!" said Mr. Bunn.

"Fancy that, now!" said Miss Coles delightedly. "It just shows how small the world is, don't it? He's stationed at Aldershot just now, and, if all goes well——"

"The 'buses seem uncommonly full, captain!" said Mr. Bunn. "I wonder whether this young lady would mind if we walked on with her? It isn't quite the thing for a young girl with an attractive style to be seen alone."

Miss Martha Coles was no longer a young girl, and she had never been told that she possessed an attractive style. Even Corporal Brown, in his most complimentary moments, had never disguised from her his opinion that she lacked all the essentials of beauty, and that he admired her solely for her cautious and saving habits. The present testimonial was all the more welcome.

"I suppose," said Miss Coles, giggling, "that there is something in that, although for some reason I've never been pestered like some girls. But I don't want to take you out of your road."

Captain Mayhew said with much emphasis that it was all on his way home. Mr. Bunn said that where his friend Mayhew went, *he* went. They had been close pals, said Mr. Bunn, off and on for a good many weeks, and a better and a more straightforward man than the captain never breathed on this earth, so far as *he* knew. To which Captain Mayhew replied, guiding Miss Coles across the road, and swearing at a hansom cabman for splashing her dress—that his dear old chum was distinctly one of the best, and that he did not believe another man like him existed in the whole wide world.

"It's very nice," said Miss Coles, "to hear gentlemen talk like that to one another. What I mean to say is, it's so much nicer than quarrelling or calling each other names."

They crossed the Circus and walked along Piccadilly. A closed brougham emerged from the block of traffic and drove swiftly Green Park way. The light from the gas-lamp made the diamonds on the stout, red-necked lady within flash brilliantly. The mouths of the two men seemed to water.

"My word!" said Mr. Bunn; "they're good ones! Why, I don't suppose, Captain, that the Hon'ble Mrs. Linton's diamonds that they talk so much about are one-half as good as that lot. Not more than——"

"I beg your pardon, sir!" interrupted Miss Coles, with hauteur. "I 'appen to be 'ousemaid in the family, and I know all about my lady's diamonds, and where they're kept, and everything. So perhaps I may be allowed to say one word on the subject."

"It serves you right, Bunn!" said the captain, with

simulation of much annoyance. "You talk, and talk, and talk, concerning things that you know nothing whatever about, in the presence of a charming and delicately-nurtured young lady, who knows the subject. Why can't you hold your row, and not let your tongue run on so? It isn't the first time I've had to complain about you. Don't let it happen again, mind, or else you and me will have a row!"

Miss Martha Coles, disturbed at the acerbity of the military gentleman's manner, acted as peacemaker, and Captain Mayhew, with some reluctance, shook hands with little Mr. Bunn. Any hope, however, that Miss

say good-night. Mr. Bunn, standing on the refuge in the centre of the road and holding her cotton-gloved hand, said hurriedly, as his friend went off, that he hoped he would have the pleasure of seeing Miss Coles again. In a general way, one girl was to Mr. Bunn (he said) very much like another; but, somehow or other, Miss Coles's manner had attracted him. Might he see her to-morrow evening?"

"Well, I scarcely know what to say!" answered Miss Coles modestly. "You see, the fact of the matter is——"

"What, no bracelet?" interrupted Mr. Bunn, looking



"BROWN IS ONE OF THE BEST FELLOWS THAT EVER WORE HER MAJESTY'S UNIFORM."

Coles would impart valuable information was disappointed. That plain but estimable lady chattered on, but it was chatter of the kind usual with domestic servants, and referred mainly to the deceit and cunning of one Esther, a lady's maid, who in years gone by had intercepted a second-hand yellow silk dress destined for Miss Coles, but, by the wiles of the said Esther, diverted to a shop for cast-off clothing of all descriptions in Brompton Road.

"Well, I s'pose I must be saying good-night," said Miss Coles, arresting her conversation as they reached Hyde Park Corner. "I'm not so very far from 'ome now."

Captain Mayhew coughed, and said he would get a cigar from the nearest shop, and leave his friend Bunn to

at the space of red wrist above the one-buttoned glove. "I must bring you a nice bracelet to-morrow night. I've got a bit of money, and I'd rather spend it on a few nice presents for you than for anybody else."

"I'm sure you're awfully good!" said Miss Coles feelingly. "I will come out to-morrow evening, just for a few minutes. I sha'n't be able to stay long, mind!"

"May I have the honour of offering you a kiss?" said Mr. Bunn, respectfully.

"No, thank you!" said Miss Coles hastily. "I never care to allow that sort of thing."

"No offence meant, miss," said Mr. Bunn. "Tastes differ."

"I made up my mind long ago," said Miss Coles firmly, "that I never would allow myself to be kissed all

over the shop like some girls, and I've always set my face against it as far as I could."

"Then till to-morrow evening," said Mr. Bunn genially, "good-bye."

And went off to meet his friend, Captain Mayhew.

Mr. Bunn did what promising lovers occasionally forget to do. He met Miss Coles as appointed, and, what was

more, he brought the gold bracelet with him. Indeed, his demeanour as an admirer could scarcely be excelled. He took care to lift his hat repeatedly (as is notoriously done in the very highest circles), and he referred to his balance at the bank frequently, but always with a reluctant humility. The bracelet was followed by other presents, all calculated to make the feminine heart beat pleasantly. Miss Martha Coles accepted them, mentioning that she was not worthy of them, to which Mr. Bunn responded with much gallantry, "Non-sense!"

"I tell you what I *should* like, Martha, dear," said Mr. Bunn, when his acquaintance had lasted a week. They were walking in Kensington Gardens. "I should like above all things——"

"You mustn't call me dear," said Miss Coles, "and it's no use your asking again to let you kiss me. Girls can't be too particular."

"I'm not going to ask you to let me kiss you," said Mr. Bunn. "Nothing was further from my mind. What I was going to say was that I should like, above all things, to come into your place at Lowndes Square one evening, and just have what you may call a look round, and see the pictures and what not."

"I don't know that that could be managed."

"Oh, yes, it can. It's the easiest thing in the world. Choose a night when she's at the theatre, and not taken her diamonds, and when there are not too many people about, and I'll bring you that little gold watch I spoke about——"

"I've never had reely a gold watch."

"Well," said Mr. Bunn encouragingly, "now's your time, then. I shan't want to stay long in the place. I only just want to roam about a bit, and see how a really good-class house is furnished, and where things are kept. It's a hobby of mine."

"There are 'obbies and 'obbies," said Miss Coles.

"You don't mean to say," demanded Mr. Bunn indignantly, "that after all this time you can't trust me."

"Oh! no. I should be very sorry to say that. Only I couldn't manage it to-morrow evening, because I—well, I shall be rather busy to-morrow. But I tell you what I will do. I'll meet you at Hyde Park Corner, near the gates, at eleven to-morrow morning, and let you know definitely, and in the meantime I'll think it over."

"Fix it for an evening as early as you can," urged Mr.

Bunn. "I'm a bit pressed for time, and I may have to leave London soon. I've got my living to make, and it don't do nowadays to let the grass grow under your feet to any great extent. Eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, mind."

"I shall be there," said Miss Coles.

And she was. A four-wheeled cab, with a driver who wore a large white dahlia in his coat, drew up at that hour at Hyde Park Corner, and when Miss Coles looked out, Mr. Bunn, with an expectant look, stepped briskly up to the door. He lifted his hat, and said it was a fine, bright day.

"I'm sorry that can't be arranged to-

night as you wish it," said Miss Coles, looking out.

There was somebody else in the cab.

"That's a devil of a nuisance," said Mr. Bunn aggrievedly. "I particularly wanted to have a look in this evening. How is it I can't call?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. I'm leaving Lowndes Square to-day for good——"

"You're leaving?" shouted Mr. Bunn.

"And so," went on Miss Coles sweetly, "I can't very well ask you to call if I'm not going to be there to receive you. What say?"

The words that the disappointed Mr. Bunn was saying were so strong that the other occupant of the four-wheeler stepped out on the off-side and came round.

"Look here!" said ex-Colour-Sergeant Brown definitely, "softer language there, if you please. I don't want any unpleasantness on what I may call this my wedding morn, but if you don't stop I shall make you. And if you don't want a dressing down here, why, come up at any time after this week at our little gymnasium that Martha's money has helped me to open in Osnaburgh Street, and," ex-Colour-Sergeant Brown stepped back into the four-wheeler, "and instead of punching the ball, I'll have a go at you. See?"

Mr. Bunn looked at the fist of ex-Colour Sergeant Brown, encased in an eight and three-quarter white kid glove.

"Ycs," said Mr. Bunn, meekly, "I see."



"I'M NOT GOING TO ASK YOU TO LET ME KISS YOU."

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S POPULARITY.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, a few weeks ago, paid a visit to a theatre in which she had not very long before been the leading lady. She was in a private box. At the request of the scene-shifters, with whom she was a great favourite, the master carpenter obtained leave to go round and bear a message of welcome from the whole staff "behind." It was prettily worded, too. The master carpenter told her that they were all glad to see her once more in the theatre, even though she was on the

wrong side of the curtain. Mrs. Pat. is certainly one of the problems of the day. To the majority, which consists of newspaper critics, managers and dramatic authors, she is undoubtedly a trial. With the critics she is a bone of contention; to the managers she is a severe but wholesome discipline; while words altogether fail to describe what she is to the dramatic authors. But by the minority, which consists merely of the stage hands and the general public, she is simply idolised. Mrs. Pat. must try to bear up under the circumstances. Probably she will.

[GLAMORGAN.]

MY DEAR WILLIE,—Write home, you are forgiven, and we are anxiously looking for your return home.—DADA.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

THE other dye I 'appened, walkin' along, unthinkin' like, ter go under a ladder. It ain't a thing as ever I tikes any notice on, unless I'm backin' a 'orse; then I'm a bit more keerful abart my luck. But, 'arrever, 'Ankin were walkin' along o' me, and 'e said as 'e wouldn't go under a ladder, not fur a tharsand parnds. I dunno why, but that riled me, and I caught 'old of 'im, an' says, "Then, blimey, you shall go under fur nutthink." And with that I took and shoved 'im under. Well, 'e were in a grite stite o' mind, and said as 'e knowed as sutthink 'ud 'appen. So it did. We turned inter the 'ouse we gin'rally yoooses, an', fust thing, 'Ankin drops 'is glawss on the floor and brikes it. "Thet's another sign o' bad luck," 'e says. "And it's tuppence tor pye," says the barnman.

Goin' 'ome, 'is 'at blew inter the river, and 'e gort bit by a dorg. Next dye a 'orse 'appened ter kick 'im, and 'e were laid by fur abart a week. Now 'Ankin says as I shoved 'im under the ladder, and I oughter buy 'im a new 'at, pye the docter, and give 'im a week's wiges. Well, nar, so I would if 'e cud prove as it were a bit o' speshal luck comin' from 'is 'avin' gone under the ladder. But 'e cawnt prove thet; and if it's a speshal bit o' luck at all, it's jest as likely come from 'is 'avin' bruk the glawss. So I told 'im. "Very well," says 'e, "but I shouldn't 'ave bruk the glawss if I 'adn't gone under the ladder." "You go and 'ang yerself," I says. "Brikin' the glawss were a sign in itself, and 'adn't nutthink ter do with nutthink." Well, we argied it a long time. Then I give 'im a 'at and stood 'im a quart, and we called it square. But it's rawther a questshing, ter my mind, whether I ought to 'ave give 'im anythink at all. An' it's a nawsty feelin' ter think as you've give anythink awye as there weren't no ackshal call fur ter give awye. Per'aps summun as understan's luck will expline it ter me. If I'm wrong, I don't give 'Ankin nutthink more but if I'm right, I shud like ter git my money back.

A CHAT WITH MISS SPENCER-BRUNTON.

"THE art of getting away from convention," said Miss Spencer-Brunton, "is, in my opinion, one of the secrets to be learned by every actress who would succeed in her profession. It isn't an easy task, because the public seem to have very fixed notions about certain stage characters. They like to be able to label them, and to know what is coming almost from the personal appearance of the actor or actress."

"Talking about personal appearance, do you attach much importance to good dresses?"

"Oh, yes, especially in the provinces. You must know that I have been touring in the country for about two years, so I've had plenty of opportunities for judging different kinds of audiences."

"And what did you play in the country?"

"I took Miss Neilson's parts in both *An Ideal Husband* and *The Home Secretary*. I generally found that my dresses won me the sympathy of the female portion of my audience. Sympathy, did I say? Perhapsenvy would be the better word.

At any rate, I really think that my dresses created a sort of favourable impression in advance, as it were, before I had been on the stage five minutes."

"And since your provincial experience?"

"I understudied Mrs. Tree in *A Woman's Reason*."

"Do you think understudying is a good training?"

"Yes, to a certain extent. Of course an understudy has to imitate a great deal, but surely that cannot be bad practice when the copy is Mrs. Tree. I don't think it is good for an understudy to give her own interpretation to a part which has been created by so gifted an actress."

"You played as an amateur, I believe, for some time previous to your first professional appearance?"

"Yes; I was a member of the Strolling Players, and excellent experience I gained there. Of course, a company of amateurs is very different from a company of professionals, but still there are many useful lessons which a novice may learn by playing with amateurs. Take an



From a Photo]

MISS SPENCER-BRUNTON.

[by Hana.

ordinary rehearsal, for instance. Somehow or other, beginners never seem to realise the importance of being thorough at rehearsals. As a rule, they just worry through them in a rough, hap-hazard, slipshod sort of way, and then are surprised because they don't make a hit 'on the night.' But experienced amateurs are not always too particular in the matter of rehearsals."

"Do you work very hard at them?"

"Well, I like to get 'into' my part as soon as possible. I never attempt to learn the actual words until I know all my positions. After that, I believe I am a fairly quick study."

"And what advice would you give to would-be actors and actresses?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell them anything they don't know already. You see, my short stage career has been singularly free from



From a Photo]

MISS SPENCER-BRUNTON.

[by Hana.

the troubles and trials that usually beset beginners. I was engaged in the first instance by Mr. Waller, who has always been extremely kind to me; and I am still with Mr. Waller now. I was only 'lent' to play in *On 'Change* at the Strand. I began by 'walking on'; I suppose most people do the same. The only advice I can give to a novice is this: Take the first opportunity of getting on the stage that presents itself. Having done this, take all the parts that come in your way."

HUMAN NATURE.

He called sweet Prue
A perfect peach,
But found she grew
Just out of reach.

And so he learnt,
With longing sigh,
We always want
What comes too
high.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

"You have the advantage of me, sir."
"So has any man with brains."

SNAKES.*

"It is high time that some man of good character and reliability—as well as of experience among snakes—should come forward and throw the limelight of truth upon what is to many an interesting subject." So says the author in the preface of this very readable little book. But limelights, as everyone knows, can be made to wobble occasionally. At any rate, these snake stories are good, and a written guarantee of their truth won't make them more interesting. Here is a specimen:—"A friend of mine once related to me a curious experience which befell him during a journey up the Trichinopoly coast a few years since. As he was passing through a jungle one day, he sat down upon a log to rest for a while, and, after drinking a bowl of *arak*, he filled his pipe and proceeded to indulge in a soothing whiff. He retained his open penknife in his hand after cutting up the tobacco. Sitting listlessly upon the log, he began sticking the knife-blade into it, when all of a sudden it seemed to him as if the log were moving away from under him. A closer examination revealed the astonishing fact that he had all the time been sitting upon a monster boa-constrictor. After a hard struggle my friend succeeded in killing the brute, when he found him, upon measurement, to be seventy-three feet ten inches in length. When opened, his inside was found to contain, amongst other things, a young bullock, or steer, well-horned, which was probably nearly half a ton in weight. The reptile had evidently been put to consider-

able inconvenience in getting the beast down, and the probability is that, having succeeded in capturing him, he was loth to leave so valuable a morsel behind."

DOOLAN—Fitzgerald says he's disincised from some of the greatest houses in Ireland.

Mulcahy—Musha! So he did, many's a toime—on a laddher!

OLD LADY—Little boy! did you see anything of a snow-white cat?

Little Boy—Yes; she fell into a barrel of black paint down the street; but I fixed her all right.

Old Lady—Oh, you good little boy! What did you do?

Little Boy—I threw her into a barrel of whitewash.

TEACHER—You say the tendency of heat is to expand and increase, and of cold to contract and lessen. Can you give some familiar illustration of these effects?

Bright Pupil—Yes; the population of seaside resorts.

PATIENT—Doctor, I don't think I can use the battery any more. Will it be necessary to shock me again?

Doctor—Only once more. I'll send in my bill to-morrow.

BILDAD—What do you think of my wife?

Ichabod—I think she's a poem; yes, sir, a poem!

Bildad—Um! A magazine poem, I guess. I can't understand her!

* "Snakes," by "Sundowner." Published by the European Mail, Limited, at ls.

A CURIOUS PREJUDICE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

IN reading with interest the "Memoirs of Mary Anderson" (M^{de} de Navarro), I came across a passage which set me thinking. It has reference to a curious belief that exists in Mary Anderson's own country that there is a prejudice, artistic and social, against American artistes in this country. Alluding to the contemplated visit to London arranged by Henry Abbey, who had taken the Lyceum Theatre for Miss Anderson for several months, the authoress of the "Memoirs" observes:—

"After the contract was signed, I heard from many that American artistes never succeeded in England, that they invariably lost money there, and that the English felt it a duty to crush aspiring Americans, socially as well as artistically. These reports were far from reassuring, and there was no escape from the contract. It seemed a year of torture was drawing near, and I suffered much at the mere thought of what was before me."

Now let us examine, and see how far this is true. We will go back as far as the visits of Wallack, the Cushmans, and others, but fling back our memories only as far as the early sixties. From this point I can myself speak with certainty.

Enter upon the scene, then, Miss Kate Bateman, who was announced to appear at the Adelphi Theatre (Oct. 1, 1863) as Leah in a semi-American, semi-English adaptation, written by Augustin Daly and John Oxenford, of Mosenthal's celebrated German drama. Miss Bateman had appeared in London before in 1852 as one of the "Bateman Children," in a piece written by Bayle Bernard, called *The Old Style and the New*. Miss Bateman made an instant artistic and social success. She was praised alike for her power, her talent, and her beauty. She was invited everywhere, and had the immediate entrée into that best of all societies, the society of literature and art. Not make money, indeed! Why, Leah alone made a small fortune, and its success enabled old Colonel Bateman to be the lessee of the Lyceum, where young Henry Irving, who had just astonished London with his Digby Grant in Albery's *Two Roses*, saved the Lyceum sinking ship by his performance of Mathias in *The Bells*, followed by *Hamlet*, which played for over 200 nights. The Batemans never went back to America for long, so they could not have been very discontented with the old country. When the good old white-haired Colonel died, the theatre was managed for a short time by his widow, who transferred it to Henry Irving. Good-hearted, energetic Mrs. Bateman died also in England, and her gifted daughters, Kate (Mrs. Crowe), Isabel, and Virginia (Mrs. Compton), are with us to this day, and all closely identified with English art.

Enter upon the scene John Sleeper Clarke. Was there ever a more popular or successful American? The people of England took to him from the first moment he opened his mouth, as Major Wellington de Boots, in *A Widow Hunt*, and they have never ceased talking of his Toodles, his Dr. Pangloss, his Bob Acres, and countless other characters in which he is inimitable. John S. Clarke is universally beloved by the English people, who only regret they cannot see more of him. All society of the best is open to him, but he is of a gentle and retiring disposition, and loves his solitude. But John S. Clarke has been the manager of numberless London theatres, including the Haymarket, and he is still with us, a jolly domesticated gentleman, happy with his family at Surbiton. Enter Joseph Jefferson. Not a success, indeed, social and artistic! What next? *Rip Van*

Winkle not a success in London? I never remember a greater artistic success than Jefferson, and seldom a finer performance than his delightful *Rip*. He has played it at the Adelphi, and he has played it at the Princess's, to enormous houses, and the actor certainly made as much money out of the play as the London theatres would hold. Joe Jefferson's daughter he confidently handed over to the tender and affectionate care of my old friend, Ben Farjeon, the author and dramatist, and possibly the dear old grandfather, whom I met in New York a few years ago, at Edwin Booth's funeral, will soon come over to see his clever grandchildren. I am certain that Joseph Jefferson never complained of any want of appreciation at the theatre or in dramatic and artistic society.

I recall, again, the brilliant success of Charles Thorne, an admirable actor, at the Gaiety. I have often heard it said that America never knew what a fine artist he was until he returned from London with a well-won reputation. It would be unfair to say that John E. Owens was not a success in London. They liked his art, but they did not understand his localised American plays with their "apple sass." But surely Fritz Emmett was a success, one of the most charming artistes that America has ever given us. I do not think he ever complained of an empty exchequer. England, like America, admires the best art of every country. They said that my old friend, John Hare, would be a dreadful failure in America. How has it turned out? He is a genuine success, because he is a true artist, and America dislikes "shoddy" in every department of life.

And now I come to Edwin Booth! Surely he was appreciated both on and off the stage. Was he not made welcome by Henry Irving, and played side by side with him on the great Lyceum throne? Did they not divide parts and share dramatic honours?

And Mary Anderson would be the first to own that the predictions of failure forced upon her by bad counsellors proved utterly wrong. She is not "Their Mary" now, but "Our Mary," for, having gracefully retired from the stage, she has elected to make her home in England.

It is a pity, I think, that this ridiculous idea of jealousy to American artistes, and want of hospitality, is not knocked on the head once and for ever. Think of dear and delightful Mrs. John Wood. What should we do without our "Ma"? We would not allow her to go back if she wanted to go. We would all sign a writ "Non exeat regno." Ada Rehan, the Irish genius, is not strictly an American, but she is claimed as an American artiste, and no genius of her time has been more applauded or petted in England. Poor old Howe, before he left England, told me—and he had seen some good acting in his time—that, in his opinion, Ada Rehan was among the three finest actresses he had ever seen. He never could forget her superb Katherine. And who can, who has ever seen great acting?

It is high time that we buried for ever that old hatchet connected with Lucius Junius Booth and Edmund Kean. The days for hissing French actors, and execrating American artistes, died out for ever with the Liberal "renaissance" of 1860. The folly of our "dramatic chauvinism" was then poleaxed for evermore.

CONTRASTS

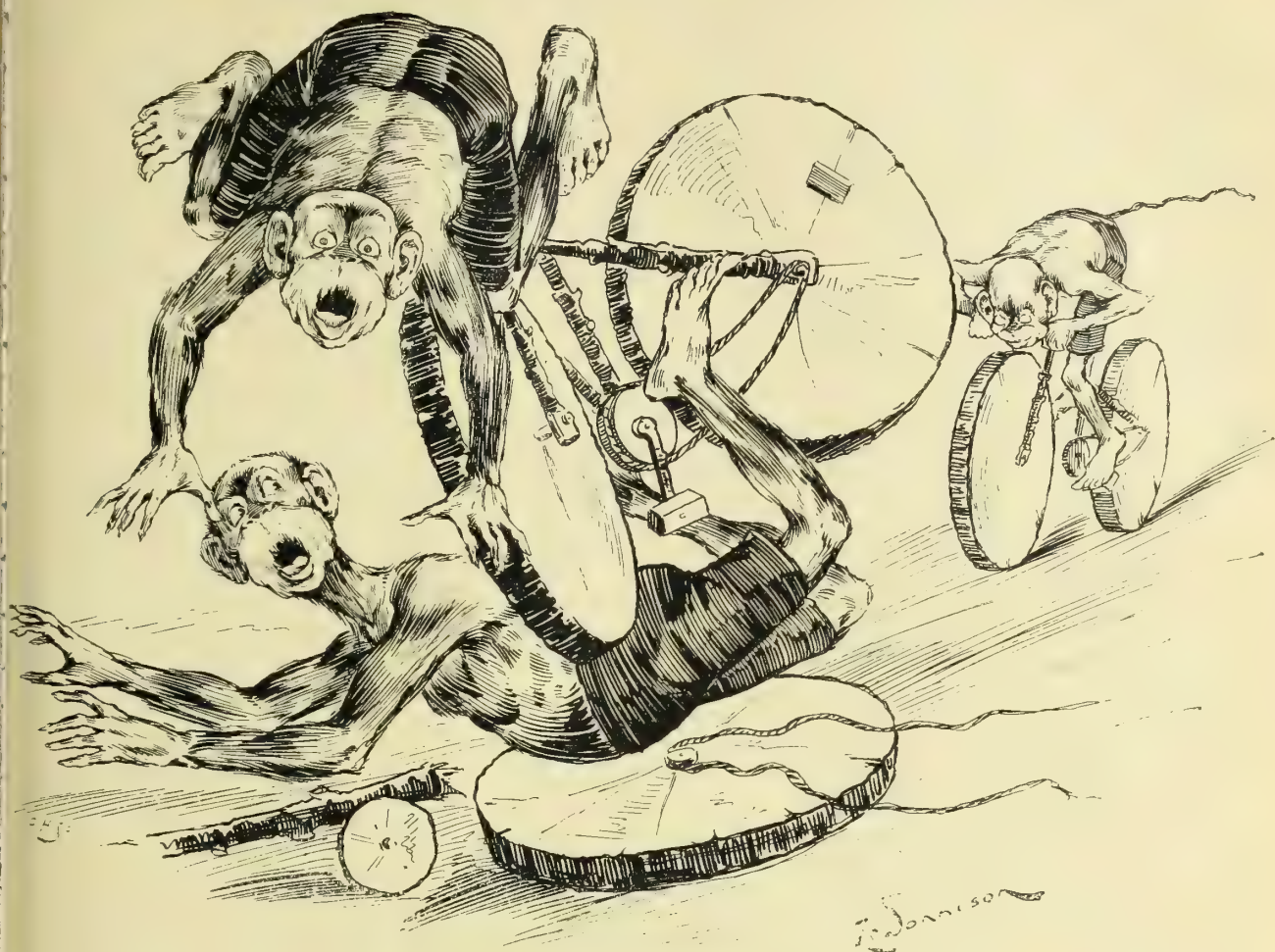


The man who writes the jokes



The man who slaps you on the back and tells you them.

ABORIGINAL GLIMPSES.—III. By T. E. DONNISON.



THE FITTING FATE OF THE SCORCHERS.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT AS AN ACTOR.*

I HAVE already hinted that Clement Scott and I were colleagues in the War Office, but one of my earliest recollections of my friend is connected with the green-room of St. George's Hall, Langham Place. I don't know exactly how it came that we were engaged to take part in an amateur performance, but so it was. We had to appear as "guests" in a ball-room, and therein had to play a game of *écarté*. I have not the faintest notion what the piece was about, but I rather think it was written by a solicitor. Mr. Scott and I had been coached by the author to "play as naturally as we could," and we sat down at a table with the determination to carry out the instructions of our coach to the letter. The author-solicitor was standing in a long disguise-cloak, concealing his features, in one corner, and the late Corney Grain (who was then a practising barrister) was singing a sentimental song in another. The latter could not understand the cause of some tittering amongst the audience. I am afraid I was responsible for a part of it. When we began to play, the idea entered my head that I should lose; so I lost all I had, inclusive of my watch, cigar-case, and *gibus*. At length the gambling fit was so strong upon me that I took off my coat and played for that; and, Mr. Scott winning it, he, like a true artist, marched off with the spoils of victory. Naturally this caused some merriment, which was not lessened when the author-solicitor threw off his disguise-cloak, and exclaimed, without any apparent reason: "My mother! Curtain!"

* "Green-Room Recollections," by A. W. à Beckett (Arrow-smith, 3s. 6d.).

TURNING A LEVEE TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

A RATHER amusing story is told of a certain actor who managed once to turn the *Levée* to good account. The incident happened a few years ago, but the tale is not generally known, and it will bear repeating. It was at one of the principal West-end theatres, and a rehearsal was called for the morrow. The morrow happened to be a *Levée* day. The actor paid a visit in the morning to Mr. Nathan, the costumier. At the hour fixed for rehearsal he appeared at the theatre in Court dress, and asked his manager if he would kindly excuse him, as he wished to attend the *Levée*. "Certainly, my dear boy! By all means!" said the manager. The actor thanked him, and went back to Nathan's, where he quietly took off his uniform. In two or three weeks' time his salary was raised.

SHE—I wish you loved me as much as you did before we were married.

HE—What good would that do? I couldn't marry you again.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMY.

A RELIABLE writer, with a knowledge of military matters, will contribute to

"TO-DAY"

a short Series of Articles under the above heading. The articles will be critical, and the writer will bring out some sensational facts connected with important army matters.

SPRING CLEANING.

By MRS. HUMPHRY.

CLEANLINESS is costly, and the necessary spring clean sometimes run into many guineas. We all long for a thorough renovation when the bright sunshine taunts us as it does on these April days, showing up our shabbiness, laughing at the smudges on the walls of our houses, at the dimness of the once brilliant varnish of our hall-doors, the murkiness of the paint on our window-frames, and the "tone" acquired by our wall-papers during the coaly and gassy winter months. Some of us remember wistfully a charming nursery tale about an untidy child—a much more interesting child than any very tidy one could possibly have been—to whom one day entered the Fairy Order, with a remarkable wand, which she had only to point at things to render them all they should be. Oh! for an hour or two of that fairy and her wand during our mundane and imperfect vernal efforts at cleanliness. No necessity then for the sauntering and deliberate British workman, with his furtive pipe, and the evil odour of strong tobacco it exhales! No upheaval of all the furniture in order to release the carpets, that they may be sent to be beaten; no charwomen, no pails left in upsetting places on the staircase, no routing of all routine—in fact, no turning out at windows of all comfort and smooth gliding of our normal days, which we hardly value as we ought until we miss it.

HOW HUSBANDS SUFFER.

There are sincere and earnest souls who make of spring cleaning a penance and a purgatory of the most supere rogatory description. They create domestic chaos, keep it up for a week or so, and then nearly kill themselves and their domestics in bringing all to order after it. Some of them are even suspected of enjoying this comfortless and most depressing state of things. The housewifely part of them has, perhaps, been unduly developed, and they delight in what would be woe to others. Their husbands? Oh! what do not their husbands suffer. Wretched men! they put their latchkeys in the familiar locks after a long and tiring day's work, with weary nature contending against the lassitude of early spring; and what do they behold? The stairs carpetless and unashamed, the windows curtainless and unabashed, the entrance strewn with rods and mats and unwholesome-looking (though really harmless) house-flannels, and the vanishing of unfamiliar, dingy skirts down towards the kitchen regions. The charwoman's etiquette, you know, always bids her disappear when the master of the house, or any of "the gentlemen," intrude upon her labours. Perhaps she is only conscious that the average male Briton dislikes strange faces in the ranks of his female servitors, though she is in no apprehension that he will "heave half a brick at her."

Instead of a comfortable dinner, laid out in tempting fashion on a flower-decked table, with glittering glass and silver and dainty napery, he will probably find something cold prepared for his solitary eating in a room without carpet, and guilty of every comfortless crime appertaining to the wickedness of a "thorough spring clean." Poor man! Let us draw a tender veil over his sufferings, and turn away our ears from the language in which he thinks himself justified in expressing his sentiments. Do not let any inexperienced young wife believe there is any real necessity for making every room in the house uncomfortable at once. To tell you the truth, dear reader, I am of opinion that to do so is the very essence of bad management, though many a practised and experienced housekeeper will assert her belief that

"it is only half a clean" when the performance is divided into various acts and scenes. It is true that the bedrooms may get dusty again before the drawing-room is quite finished, or the dining-room turned out; but will it not get dusty quite as quickly in any case?

WORKMEN AND CHARWOMEN.

Here is a plan which may be followed with advantage by those who wish to spare the sharers of their home as much discomfort as may be. If there is any work to be done inside the house by workmen, such as papering, painting, or decorative alteration, clear out the necessary rooms, take up the carpets, send them to be cleaned, and by dint of personal pleadings and the determined extraction of promises from master and foreman, endeavour to secure the services of the workmen for a certain day and hour. It is difficult, I know, and by some has been found impossible; but if the anxious housewife only worries the employer of the men sufficiently, he will be glad to get the work done in as reasonable a time as may be found compatible with the dignity and leisured habits of the men themselves. Sit down with your hands folded, and wait for the workmen, and your spring clean is likely to be of a protracted description. Interview the foreman, speak to him fair, and get him on your side; write notes to the master if the men do not turn up; and the work goes on like magic.

Their part of the cleaning over, begin at the top of the house, and, with the aid of a charwoman's borrowed help, get the maids to turn out two rooms a day. Give them plenty of soft soap for washing the paint, carbolic soap for scrubbing the bedsteads and the floors, good brushes, house-flannels, dust-pans, and stout cloths, and you have some chance of getting things satisfactorily done. Give the women an appointed task, previously planned out, for each day, and do not let them work vaguely and intermittently, now at this, now at that. With the end of their day's work well in view, they will accomplish it much more happily than if they thought they were expected to toil on with "cleaning" until bedtime. Three women should do two rooms comfortably in one day, beginning immediately after breakfast and finishing at half-past five. One will do the paint, another the bedstead, a third the floor. Then one will be ready to wash the crockery, brush down the walls, thoroughly cleanse the pictures, and re-hang them, while the second washes and rubs the furniture, seeing to the backs of wardrobes and chests of drawers, as well as the fronts and sides, brightening brass handles and cleaning the chimney-piece and ornaments, the brass gas brackets, and their glass shades. The rugs and carpets, if small enough—as they should always be in bedrooms—can be shaken in the garden, as early in the day as possible, and as far as may be from other houses, and when the floor is thoroughly dry, they can be laid down, fresh curtains and blinds put up in the windows, and all is fair and straight, fresh and sweet, in those two rooms at least.

The beating of the mattresses should, if possible, be done in the open air, and with this and other points I hope to deal in an article next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORENCE.—Sauce Remoulade is merely a mayonnaise with the addition of chopped parsley, fennel, tarragon leaves, shallots, and prepared mustard.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Dear Madam.—There is a slight inaccuracy in your answer to "Min's Mother," on p. 168 of TO-DAY for the 14th inst. The income-tax on houses, as on other sources of income, is 8d. in the £. The house tax is 3d. in the £ for private houses, 2d. for shops, etc., if the rent is between £20 and £40; 6d. and 4d. from £40 to £60; 9d. and 6d. where the rent exceeds £60; under £20 exempt. I have not the statutes at hand, but "Whitaker's Almanac" (p. 432) for the present year is correct with regard to the house duty, or house tax, as it is often called.—Believe me, yours faithfully, AMICUS CURLE." (I had my information from the tax collector, so thought it must be correct. Many thanks for communication.)

A SUFFERER will see Mr. Trench's business address in the advertisement columns of TO-DAY.

LOUVAIN.—A reply to your letter will appear in the next number of TO-DAY.

"PUZZLED" writes: "Dear Madam,—Will you kindly say what proportion of an income of £800 ought to be spent on housekeeping—that is, food, servants' wages, washing, etc.; no coals or gas to be paid? We are living in a house rated at £100 (our own), and keep but little company, three in family, and keep cook and housemaid, with occasional help. I find, too, that the work does not run smoothly, as my housemaid has often got her work over so much sooner than the cook, who has lunch and late dinner to cook, and attend to dining-room and hall; the housemaid attending to bedrooms, stairs, breakfast-rooms, and sets and clears tables, washing all glass and silver. How can I arrange things better? Would you give her the lunch things to wash, or the dinner things, to make matters more agreeable?" The food ought to come to about £3 10s. a week, if wine and beer are included. If you habitually use champagne and other costly wines, it would, of course, be more. As to the servants' work, it would scarcely do to give the housemaid more than her usual share of the lunch and dinner things to wash up, viz., glass, china, and dessert plates. If cook managed well, and got on with her sauces and the preparation of her vegetables in the morning, why not let her have two hours to herself after she has washed up the lunch things? I find the plan a great success. It is an inducement to get forward with the work in the comparative leisure of the early part of the day, and it freshens her up for cooking the dinner. She cannot have very much to do before lunch, and while she is cooking it she could easily be preparing the etceteras for dinner, that take up so much time. Or, if you prefer to work it the other way, and equalise the two by employing the housemaid, give the latter some needlework to do in the afternoons. From my own experience, however, I fancy you would find the former the better way. Servants who are down at 6.30 or 7 a.m. cannot do entire justice to their work if they are at it until 9 or 10 p.m.

A. DE G.—You will see that I have given replies as full and detailed as possible. Ask any other questions you like, and I shall be glad to answer them to the best of my ability.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

GINGER CREAM.—Dissolve half an ounce of Swinborne's isinglass in half a pint of milk. Add another half-pint of milk and two ounces of loaf sugar, and boil all together, allowing it to simmer for a couple of minutes after beginning to bubble. Now put in a quarter of a pint of the syrup from preserved ginger, and about three ounces of the ginger itself, cut in small strips. Stir these into the milk while it is still almost boiling, and then pour the cream into moulds that have had cold water run through them.

SMOKERS SHOULD USE CALVERT'S DENTO-PHENOLENE.

A DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE.

A few drops in a wineglass of water make a delicious mouth wash, for sweetening the breath and leaving a pleasant taste and refreshing coolness in the mouth.

Editor of *Health* says:—"Most effectual for strengthening the gums in case of tenderness and ridding the mouth of the aroma of tobacco."

1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1 lb. 7s. 6d. Bottles, at Chemists, &c., or Post Free for Value.

A MIRACULOUS OINTMENT.

"Having a very sensitive skin, much affected by cold winds, it made me a victim to great suffering, although having tried numerous remedies. A friend insisted on my trying your Ointment, and gave me proof of its efficacy. I applied it also for a very bad burn on my hand, which, after a few applications, it entirely relieved, and having used it beneficially for other purposes, I can only describe it as a miraculous Ointment."—From W. J. WARE, Esq., Nunhead, London.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

Is unequalled as a Remedy for a Chafed Skin, Chapped Hands, Piles, Scalds, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Sore Eyes, Ear-ache, Cuts, Throats, Colds, and Skin Ailments.

Large Pots, 13½d. each, at Chemists, &c., or Post Free for Value.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester.

AWARDED 75 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World have secured beyond a doubt the ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD. Being Absolutely Without an Equal Anywhere for Stylish Appearance, Durability, and Actual Money Value.

TWO GOLD MEDALS AWARDED

These Costumes have received the highest praise from the leading journals of the day, and are justly regarded by all purchasers as

Even better than Advertised.

Each Costume, scientifically cut, tailor-made, and beautifully finished in an exceedingly smart mode as illustration. The design consists of full wide Godet skirt with belt, also very neat Bodice with full front and broad box-pleat down centre trimmed bold silk cord and three large buttons. Collar and cuffs outlined silk cord; saddle and sleeves lined. Price complete only 10/6. Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Sizes in stock fit figures measuring 34, 36, or 38 ins. round bust under arms, skirts being 38, 40, and 42 ins. long in front; larger or special sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra.



THE JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES FOR YOUNG MISSES

are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge and trimmed military braid as illustration. A large box plat down the centre of the lined bodice and a fancy pocket at each side of the skirt, complete a charming design at these prices:—

Lengths 35 38 42 46 50 ins.
Prices 8/6 9/6 10/9 12/- 13/6 each.

Each costume Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge with saddle top, full sleeves and pocket, at the following prices:—

Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45 ins.
Prices 1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- 3/6 4/- 4/6 5/- 5/6 ea.

Postage 4½d. extra. Lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

COLOURS: Any of the above garments can be supplied in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Electric Blue, Ruby, Dark Cinnamon, Fawn or Grey.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE in which the above garments are made is a fabric of world-wide fame and durability, measuring 52 ins. wide. The full Dress Length of Six Yards can be supplied for 7/6 or any length at 1/3 the yard. Colours as above.

PATTERNS, also FASHION SHEETS, of numerous other designs in Ladies' and Children's costumes, &c., sent post free to any reader of "To-Day" on application to

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ITS USES AND PURPOSES FOR

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Borax with Honey has been used in this Country for Generations.

NO MORE HARD WATER.

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In 1d. Packets and 6d. Tins. Of all Grocers and Stores, or post free 1½d. and 9d., from

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Rowlands' Odonto

An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome tooth powder for smokers. Known for 60 years to be the best Dentifrice.

Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO, 2s. 9d. per box.

DIAMOND SMUGGLERS AND THEIR WAYS.

SPECIAL legislation has been the means of largely decreasing the smuggling and illicit buying of diamonds, but still a large number of the gem of gems, which the Kimberley and other South African mines produce, every year find their way into the market through dishonest channels. Not many years ago, the proportion of stones smuggled to those found bore the alarming figure of some 50 per cent. Indeed, smuggling was the despair of the various companies, and very stringent and rigidly-enforced laws and regulations were found necessary to keep the evil within bounds. But, notwithstanding all the efforts of the special staff of police and detectives employed to put illicit diamond dealing and smuggling down, at least one in twenty of the gems found finds its way into the market in the old way. The loss from this cause to the various companies cannot still fall far short of £200,000 per annum. The three letters, "I.D.B.," are familiar to every man, woman, and child in the colony, and to call a man by them, meaning that he is an illicit diamond buyer, is considered a prime insult. With legislation and organised systems of detection, diamond smuggling is ten times more risky than in the old days, when men could buy almost unlimited quantities of stones from the Kaffir diggers over the canteen counter, or in a dark corner of the "street." Now the Kaffirs are rigorously searched, being made to strip for the purpose, on leaving work; their mouths, ears, armpits, and, in fact, every part of them, being most strictly examined. A pimple is opened with a knife as a matter of course, this being explained by the fact that to make an incision and slip in a small-sized stone under the skin was, and still is, a favourite method of smuggling. This, however, has fallen somewhat into disuse, and, indeed, is very risky now that the searching is so strict. Probably eight out of ten diamonds got clear out of the mines by the Kaffirs are swallowed. At the mines there are romantic stories of daring smuggling episodes, a somewhat apocryphal one being of the Kaffir who swallowed a stone the size of a small pigeon's egg, and who was cut open by order of the infuriated overseer. Certain it is that often great cruelty is practised upon natives suspected of swallowing stones to aid in their recovery.

Another story is that of a Kaffir who, having discovered a stone of great size some years ago, escaped with it to Cape Town, distant some hundreds of miles, and sold it to a Jew for a few hundreds of pounds, the real value being some £10,000.

There are great capitalists in Cape Town who have largely acquired their fortunes by illicit buying, having regular agents at the diggings, who either are workers and stealers of stones themselves, or who incite the Kaffir diggers to do that part of the business for them. Then there are the women, mostly the mistresses of the men, both black and white, who do a large amount of both smuggling and buying, and have a reputation for "the honour among thieves," which is often the means of getting them periods of penal servitude whilst their equally guilty owner goes scot-free. As a rule, Englishmen are not much mixed up with the first buying or the smuggling, those employed in these branches of the trade being chiefly (when not natives) either Malays, Italians, Portuguese, or Greeks.

The greatest stumbling-block to illicit trading, however, is the clause in the regulations which provides that persons found in possession of stones may be called upon to state from whom, when, and where they acquired them. A very elaborate system of registration is in force at the Detective Office, by means of which every diamond coming from the mines in the legitimate way is carefully noted, and is re-registered every time it changes hands until it leaves the Colony for the Euro-

pean or other markets. It can be readily understood that this system (which is worked with really astonishing accuracy) makes the illicit diamond-buyer's occupation a risky and precarious one.

Nor, although tempting inducements are held out to the Kaffir workers to annex stones, either in the mines themselves or at the sorting tables, is smuggling a less risky calling. For, supposing that a Kaffir has swallowed the stones which he has acquired, during a period often amounting to many months, in various ways, hiding them in some secure corner of the compound, or beneath the earthy floor of his hut, he is not allowed to leave the mines without a very strict searching, during which means are taken to recover any stones he may be suspected of swallowing. Of these, an emetic is probably the least painful. Should the smuggler, however, be lucky enough to pass out with the stones still in his possession, he must use the utmost care, as, probably for some time to come, he will be under espionage by means of detectives. Once fairly clear, he soon succeeds in finding his man—i.e., the middleman—who will (often disguised) purchase his stones of him at a tithe of their real market value, the middleman now having the difficult task of getting the diamonds out of the country to the London, Amsterdam, or other markets. So strict in most colonies is both the law and surveillance that the greatest care has to be exercised. Most stones find their way down to Durban by way of Christiana (a town just across the Vaal), where the dishonest buyer can, for a small fee, have the gems registered for transmission to the former port. Other "parcels" of stones are sent through the Cape Town post-office artfully concealed in, say, the centre of an innocent-looking book cleverly scooped out for the purpose.

Or another method of smuggling is adopted, some woman in league with the buyer getting them out of the country concealed in her clothing or elsewhere on her person. Again, stones have been smuggled in patent medicine bottles, in the bodies of insects forwarded home to England to taxidermists in league with the sender. A woman was stopped actually when on board the steamer only recently, who, on being carefully searched, was found to have a stone of considerable value concealed between each of her toes, as well as other gems inserted just beneath the skin under her arms.

The punishment meted out to smugglers and illicit dealers is so severe that many thousands of pounds' worth of gems have, at one time or another, been thrown away, rather than that they should be found in the possession of the captured dealer or smuggler. Some years ago, a small flask (presumably containing brandy) was found by the roadside a few miles distant from Cape Town. In it were discovered stones assayed at £1,400. This flask was doubtless thrown away, as a last resource, by some "runner" just as he was about to be taken by the detectives or police.

A story is also told (it is believed to have foundation on fact) of a well-known and hitherto successful illicit buyer having dropped overboard from the steamer into the waters of Table Bay a bag containing £15,000 worth of gems, for which he had probably actually paid, first and last, not less than £2,000, when he saw the detectives approaching the ship in a boat. As the steamer would, in the ordinary course, have started in less than a quarter of an hour, his chagrin can easily be imagined.

"But I am so unworthy, darling," he murmured, as he held the dear girl's hand in his.

"Oh, George!" she sighed; "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we could be!"

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THE SUNDAY LEAGUE AND ITS WORK.

"In the first place," said Mr. Henry Mills, the energetic Secretary of the Sunday League, "let it be clearly understood that the League does not seek to interfere with people's religious opinions in the least. All we do is to supply a very general demand for intellectual, elevating, and healthy recreation on Sunday."

"I suppose the League began in quite a small way?"

"Yes. Many years ago a few working men clubbed together, and began agitating for a rational Sunday. After a time the little organisation grew into the National Sunday League, which was established in 1855. There was, of course, an immense amount of opposition to start with, but we have fairly triumphed in the end. The large number of people who use our trains in the summer and come to our concerts in the winter is quite enough to prove that."

"How is it that the League can afford to run such cheap trains?"

"It's simple enough. To begin with, every Sunday League train is a special. We guarantee a certain number of passengers to the company, who finds that it pays better to run a full train at cheap rates than a train containing comparatively only a very few passengers paying the ordinary fare."

"Do the railway companies work well with you?"

"Very well. I think there was only one occasion on which a railway company has been unable to give us all the accommodation we required, and that was really not the company's fault. It was the first midnight excursion we ever ran. The train started from Paddington. We had reckoned upon having twelve hundred passengers by it. Unfortunately, six thousand turned up. We managed to get four thousand off all right, but I'm afraid the others were disappointed. Now these midnight excursions are one of our regular features. The train starts at midnight on Saturday, reaches Plymouth early on Sunday morning, and returns at midnight, arriving in London in time for business on Monday morning. Our return fare to Plymouth is eight shillings; to Exeter, six shillings."

"Is there a profit to the League on the excursions?"

"Sometimes. On a fine Sunday, in the height of the season, we get as many as fifteen hundred people to one excursion. In such a case the railway company would run three or four trains. A wet Sunday is bad business, of course, though I don't suppose we ever carry less than two hundred and fifty passengers to one excursion."

"And how are you received at the different towns you select for your excursions?"

"Very well, on the whole. There are a few people, of course, who want the country entirely to themselves; but, as a rule, we are heartily welcomed. For instance, many people have told us that until we ran our Devonshire excursions they hadn't been home for twenty years. The League affords so many opportunities for family reunions, that it is bound to be popular, wherever it goes."

"You have encountered a good deal of opposition with regard to your concerts, haven't you?"

"That has all been fought out and decided some time ago. The Act prohibits the opening of a 'place of amusement or entertainment' on Sundays. We maintain that our sacred concerts at the Queen's Hall do not come under either heading. We perform precisely the same music that is used in churches where people pay for their pews. If one is not right, then both are wrong."

"Who arranges your concerts?"

"We do everything ourselves. We know pretty well what the public want, and we endeavour to give it them. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We fill the Queen's Hall every Sunday night."

"Will the League open branches in the leading provincial towns?"

"I have no doubt that it will do all that is required of it in the future. The work is growing rapidly, and we shall be sure to meet all demands made up us."

A QUAIN SUBSTITUE FOR AUCTION.

IN one of the many small agricultural villages of Northamptonshire there exists a somewhat strange old custom, which, amidst the common decay of such usages, it may be interesting to place on record. Many years ago, a philanthropic landowner dedicated a piece of land, about eighteen acres in extent, to the parish for the purpose of providing coals for those who, through lack of work, or from other causes, were in exceptionally hard circumstances. It is grass land, and the "keeping," that is, the right of grazing, is let annually to the highest bidder. Grass land is frequently let in this way, as the demand for keeping is keen, and a better price can thus often be realised than by letting permanently for a fixed rent. It is the curious method of disposing of this keeping which we are about to describe. The tenancy expires about Easter, and just before that time the overseers of the parish convene a public meeting to be held at one of the three chief inns of the place—they are taken in rotation—"for the purpose of letting the keeping of the poor's land." On the appointed night, all those who are going to make a bid for the land, who care to see the sale—and so few are the opportunities in the country of an amusing evening's entertainment that these make an appreciable addition—or who like a drink, smoke, and chat with their neighbours, assemble in the chief parlour of the inn. They range themselves round the room, leaving a clear space in the middle, where is placed a small, circular table. The overseer then declares the sale open, and invites bids for the keeping for the ensuing year. Now, whoever wishes to secure the land must, on making his bid, rise from his seat, walk three times round the table referred to above, go out of the door, and close it after him. If he succeeds in shutting the door before another bid is made, the land is his for the year; if not—and it is not until the table has been circled a great number of times that the door closes on a successful bidder—he returns to his place, while the bidder by whom he has been recalled goes through the ordeal. This operation is repeated time after time, to the huge enjoyment of the company, for there is nothing pleases your true countryman of the old school better than getting a little pleasure on the quiet, and this sportive method of doing business is just the sort of thing which commends itself to his tastes. Often a would-be occupier will go cheerfully round the table, and be just about to close the door, when the spell is rudely broken by a gruff voice from a corner, which laconically ejaculates, "And ten!" indicating that its owner is prepared to advance half-a-sovereign on the previous rent offered. Sometimes, when it is known that any particular farmer—perhaps the one whose land adjoins, for instance—is very anxious to obtain the keeping, he is made to travel round the table almost endlessly, always to be recalled by a higher bid just before the door meets the jamb. Not until his twentieth bid, perhaps (and his sixtieth circuit of the table) will he accomplish his object. Of course, bidding is, by common consent, begun very low, and raised very slowly, so as to get the greatest amount of fun out of the game. Time seems to be no object, and it takes longer to dispose of this parcel of land than would suffice a London auctioneer to sell half a county, so this method cannot be recommended for general adoption. The ceremony is not held to be well carried out without a great deal of chaff and jollification, and even—we say it with all due regret—some inebriation. Especially was this last the characteristic of the old days, when "temperance" had not its present special significance, and no one associated a blue ribbon with alcohol—or, rather, the lack of it—and on one occasion the gyrations of bidders were impeded by the nether extremities of some rustic giant, who, when making his bid had succumbed at the second revolution, and, ostrich-like, had hidden his head beneath the friendly shade of the table, "to sleep it off," leaving his legs projecting, to the detriment of passers-by.

"WINGS, WINDS, AND WAVES."

MR. HARVEY MOORE, whose series of yachting pictures form the Spring Exhibition at Messrs. Graves and Co.'s galleries in Pall Mall, is what Thackeray's Jeames would have called "a hirable gent." Mr. Moore lives at the little fishing village of Leigh, on the Essex coast, and the story goes that, just when the painter was hard at work on his Academy picture, which he does not set about until close upon sending-in day, a belated organ-grinder turned up in Leigh. The first house which he chose upon which to exercise his fascination happened to be Eden Lodge, where Mr. Moore resided, while his own house was in the hands of those other brothers of the brush who, as Artemus Ward would have put it, "throw soul into barn-doors and upon palings," instead of upon canvas. Here it was, by-the-bye, that Mrs. Thackeray, the widow of the great novelist, was also staying, and where she died not long ago.

Knowing that Mr. Moore is very sensitive to noises when he is at work, and knowing, too, that he would be likely to make short work with any truculent organ-grinder who was impudent—as organ-grinders are apt to be when asked to transfer themselves and their music elsewhere—the housekeeper went out and gave the itinerant musician a shilling to "move on." The next day the grinder turned up again at Eden Lodge, and, being given another shilling, found the air of Leigh suit him so well that he apparently concluded to stay there for the rest of his natural life, for he presented himself the next day, and the next. On the fifth day the housekeeper chanced to be out, and, not receiving the accustomed shilling, the grinder decided to give the occupants their money's worth of music. He accordingly struck up the inspiring hymn of "A few more years shall roll," which conveys the comforting intelligence that we shall soon be "asleep" within the tomb, and each verse of which ends with the refrain, "And take my sins away."

Being desirous of giving the folk at Eden Lodge their fill of music, the organ-grinder sang the hymn to his own accompaniment. In a very few minutes a window went up, and Mr. Moore put his head out, intimating that he had no desire to interfere in the matter of the musician's "sins," but that he should be extremely obliged if that gentleman could conveniently "take himself away." This the organ-grinder refused to do under a shilling, whereupon he was bidden less politely to "go."

"I sha'n't go, you mounkee!" he replied. "You give me shilling, and I go. I got make my living, same as you! I not go unless I get shilling, mounkee!"

To call a man, of whom one has seen no more than a head put out of a window, a "monkey," is a singularly ill-advised action, as the grinder found to his cost, for Mr. Moore is a man of magnificent physique, standing over six feet in his stockings, and as big and strong as a bullock.

"What'll be the damages if I throw that confounded fellow, and his organ after him, down the hill?" said the painter, turning to a legal luminary, who happened to have called in to see a picture.

"No less than forty-two shillings and costs," was the reply.

"I'll have 'em!" said the painter, turning up his cuffs.

And "have 'em" he did—if the story is to be believed—remarking, as he tossed the grinder a couple of sovereigns over and above the amount, that it was "the best forty-two bobs'-worth that he'd ever spent in his life."

The story was told me the other day at a club, where Mr. Moore's yachting pictures were being discussed, and, whether it is true or not, it is just the sort of story which might well be believed of the painter of "Wings, Winds, and Waves," as Mr. Moore calls his show. Mr. Graves tells me that Mr. Moore was twice within a squeeze of losing his life while at work on these pictures.

Nearly all were painted on board the little racing yacht *Charis*, which on one occasion was nearly swamped

by a heavy sea; while on another the painter stayed out too late, and, having no oil for his side-lights, had to sail across from the Nore to Southend—one of the busiest waterways in the world—without lights, and twice narrowly escaped being run down by steamers which came upon him in the dark.

Moreover, the virility and strength which are so evident in the paintings seem to suggest that they are the works of a man of robust nature and fine physique. They are in no sense "studio" pictures, but are full of atmosphere, and moving air, and the sting of the brine.

That Mr. Moore has great gifts as a colourist is very evident from such paintings as Nos. 32, 19, 29, and 73; and that he has studied nature long and truthfully, the beauty of the moonlight effect, as portrayed in Nos. 63, 66, 69, 72, 75, 78, 81, and 84, abundantly demonstrate.

Perhaps no one but a yachtsman can do full justice to No. 12—"The Yacht's Dinghy"—or to No. 14, which shows the Prince of Wales's *Britannia* hauled up—like a "fish out of water," as Mr. Moore calls it—in Messrs. Fay's yard at Southampton.

The show is one which no yachtsman should miss, unless he be such a yachtsman as is portrayed in a triplet which appeared in the last issue of the *Canterbury Poets*—"Songs and Ballads of Sport":—

"Ere it came on to blow,
He cried 'Wind'rd!' or 'Le'ward!'
He made the ship,
Ere it came on to blow,
(One had thought) . . . Now below
He groans, 'Where is the steward?'
Ere it came on to blow,
He cried 'Wind'rd!' or 'Le'ward!'"

To that sort of yachtsman one cannot recommend Mr. Moore's show, for there is enough "motion" about such pictures as Nos. 1 and 21 to arouse anything but pleasurable emotion in the mind of a poor "sailor."

MADEIRA—A HEALTH RESORT.

THE news of an epidemic of enteric fever in Madeira comes as a surprise to those who have always regarded that island as one of the brightest spots on earth, and flitted over there as regularly as the migrations of the swallows to dodge the cold winds of the ruthless English winter. Authorities assign the cause of the epidemic to the defective system of water supply, though at first sight this would seem to be ridiculous in such a hilly and verdant country as Madeira. One would have thought that the securing of a good supply of water would have been the first care of the municipal government of a health resort. The climate of the island is proverbial for its mildness, the scenery is charming, and the hotels are excellent. The interior of the island is exceedingly mountainous, and there is abundance of pure water in the hill streams. But it appears that this is conducted to the town in open channels, which are subject to all sorts of pollution *en route*, such as the washing of clothes. A good, perfected, modernised water system would overcome all this, and would have done so long ago but for the laxity of the officials. But unless Madeira looks to the important point of sanitation, her reputation as a health resort may disappear altogether. Even now it has suffered considerably. Enteric bacillus is an unwelcome visitor at a place where people go to recuperate.

TOM—Jack, old man, why is it I never seem to be appreciated by my friends?

JACK—Smith, old fellow, why is it your friends never seem to be appreciated by you?

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for Cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars) from 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.



TO-DAY CYCLING PAGE.

BY THE MAJOR.

LET no one influence you by whispering about the advantages of nameless machines that are cheap. Nameless machines, at any price, are an abomination. They are disgraceful trade deceptions. Were they sold as ornaments, no great harm would result. They are, however, sold to carry human beings and give pleasure. Who guarantees that they will not injure and destroy those they should safely carry? Every important part of the machine should bear the stamp of the maker, and the man who sells a worthless article should come as easily into the hands of the law as those tradesmen who dispose of adulterated food-stuffs. I am told by a correspondent that, a few days ago,

he saw a number of new machines sold at from £6 to £7 each. They were, he says, neat-looking machines, but in many instances they did not bear the name of any maker either on the frames or on the tyres. Lately I advocated a cheapening of machines. High-grade machines are too dear. Competition has inflated the prices, which will have to be greatly reduced before they satisfy me. I am the opponent of nameless machines sold at the figures named in these times of high prices. They should be looked upon with suspicion. If a good firm will put on the market machines for £7 or £8, and stamp them with an honest name, they will soon find themselves popular and wealthy. This would be honest competition. But to turn out nameless machines made of base metal and gas tubing is a trick of the man who doesn't care a rap for the life of the innocent pleasure seeker. If a nameless machine deceives and destroys a cyclist, the maker is unknown and secure. If a ship-master, on a cold, dark night, commits an act of indiscretion, and loses a life, the law lays a firm hand on him. If a tax-paying tradesman adulterates food, he is ignominiously fined. If a man makes a vile bicycle that is an instrument of death the law does not trouble about him. Let us have cheaper higher grade machines. Let us avoid, however, the great evil and danger of making popular those weak, brittle things upon which the makers are ashamed to put a name. The man who puts bad work into these wretched machines is as contemptible as the workman who drives leaden rivets into the bottom of a ship because the place where he is working makes it difficult for him to drive in steel ones. My correspondent desires to know if I would recommend him to buy a bicycle of the class he refers to. I would not ride such a machine myself, and I would not ask my greatest enemy to mount one. To do so would be to encourage disaster. Anything with a name on it, from £10 to £15, would be an infinitely better bargain than a nameless thing, whose cheapness and seemingly neat appearance almost appears to have caused my correspondent to lose his head in more ways than one.

Ladies who ride in light-coloured skirts must be careful that their saddles are kept scrupulously clean, and free from all traces of oil, as nothing is more unsightly than a dark saddle-mark on the dress. To avoid this disfigurement, many ladies use the light tan-coloured saddles in preference to the blackened ones; but any cyclist who possesses a black saddle can prevent its spoiling a light dress by using a saddle cover such as that made by the Jaeger Company. It is simply a woollen slip tied over the leather, and not only acts as a protection for the skirt, but increases the comfort of the seat for the rider, and reduces the wear. The cover wears on the saddle, but clings to the dress and protects it. The effect is like riding on a double seat, without having the inconvenience of carrying the extra seating about with one when off the machine.

Royal examples in cycling matters are not always the best to follow. The Princess of Wales's choice of an obsolete type of tricycle is a case in point, and few imitators will be found of the Prince of Wales in his very backward position on his three-wheeler—a position so exaggerated that he fell out of his machine in endeavouring to ride up a slight slope at Sandringham. And now a royal duke is guilty of the cycling offence of riding in boots. He is a novice, and will learn better things. Boots on a bicycle impede the action of the ankles, and these joints want the freest possible play for the development of good style. There is no

tendency to twist the ankles in cycling, nor need of boot support, as in skating or football, as the foot remains at rest on the pedal and the joint works as a hinge without side strain.

I have just read Dr. Jennings' "Cycling and Health." It is the latest book published on the health phases of cycling. I have not seen a more comprehensive work of the kind. It will be sure to make converts of the prejudiced, and increase the enthusiasm of those who ride. The medical authorities he has secured are valuable and reliable, and he has so fitted them into his little work that they are sure to be read with ease and interest. In some interesting chapters at the start he makes comparisons between cycling and other pastimes. He has made up his mind in favour of cycling as against gymnastics and equestrianism. Concerning the latter, he says:—"It is undoubtedly more aristocratic, more the 'thing' if you will, than cycling, but as a healthful exercise it is greatly inferior." He quotes a correspondent to this effect—"A rider, clad from head to foot in flannel or pure wool, has comparatively little to fear. He may be saturated many times in the day, and although the condition is unpleasant, it is devoid of any danger." This is common sense, and a good advertisement for all wool clothing.

Dr. Jennings has something to say on the subject of Grundy's attitude towards cycling. Grundy deplores the extinction of the chaperon, and declares that cycling for young girls leads to dangerous familiarities. I am with those who think that the pastime is one of the best possible ways to divert their minds from the morbid and melancholy. He holds that this supervision, if necessary, might very well be practised on a tricycle, when the chaperon thus mounted could enjoy the recreation without in any way detracting from her authority. I am just afraid, however, that a chaperon trundling along after the dashing young cyclist would look ridiculous. The pastime, Dr. Jennings argues, promotes temperance. "You can," he says, "count thousands of young men who have renounced stimulants for love of sport." It dissipates headaches as though by enchantment, gives appetites that are fierce, and develops the mental faculties and muscles. This, and a great deal more, is vouched for on the authority of Dr. Jennings and his correspondents.

Lady de Trafford has left the Riviera, so also have Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus. A correspondent at Nice informs me that the well-known painter's wife had a near escape of what might have been a bad accident in the Avenue de la Gare, Nice, where the driving is absolutely execrable. The fury of the fiacre is a terror to the pedestrian, and well-nigh murder to the cyclist. All the rules of the road are ignored, and when one considers that it takes some time to remember to keep to one's right instead of, as in England, to one's left, you can imagine that one needs all the courtesy of which Jehu is capable, instead of the existing system of all-over-the-roadism. The same day that nearly slew Mrs. Thaddeus, Mr. Ireland-Blackburne was run into, and had his cycle converted into a veritable wire-cage. It was a miracle that he did not himself meet with a like transformation, for the fiacre rounded on him from a side street without word or warning on the wrong side of the way, whilst a demon of a tram advanced on the other. Its own mother would not have recognised Mr. Starley's "road-racer," which a moment before had been a new machine in the first month's vigour of life. It shows the advantage and economy of having a really good cycle to begin with, for in thirty-six hours Mr. Blackburne was again on his "Rover," and no one could tell that either rider or racer had kissed the dust. Of course, had such an accident happened in any district where skilled labour is unobtainable, it would have been quite another matter; but Nice is fortunate in possessing a perfect artist for repairs, and doubtless, unless the fiacres are controlled, Monsieur Laurent will reap a lucrative livelihood.

In spite of such trifling drawbacks (and drawdowns), cycling is the rage on the Riviera. No age or sex is exempted. In the Hôtel Beau-site, in Cannes, there were very nearly a hundred machines, and the management were up to date in their arrangements regarding the housing and toileting of this new species of guest. There is no lack of exercise for people of all kinds at Cannes, for, what with the wheel and the racquet by day and the dance by night, there is little scope for the ill effects of high living or low thinking.

Cycling companies have of late done so well on the share market that the Fairbanks Rim Manufacturing Company certainly stand a very good chance of getting their £60,000 capital subscribed. I understand that the prospectus has been issued to the shareholders of the Raleigh Company, prior to going before the public.

The interest taken in the Humber Extension Scheme shows no sign of diminishing, and applications for shares continue to pour in from all quarters.

AMATEUR.—You would not find the arrangement very useful; the price is 3s. 6d.

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the King of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

IN THE CITY.

T. R. ROBERTS, LIMITED.

It is always pleasant to us to know that investments we have recommended to our readers have turned out well, that those who have taken our advice and applied for shares in a new company have found their faith in our recommendation to be very much to their advantage. In our issue of March 30th, 1895, we wrote as follows respecting the issue of T. R. Roberts Limited, which came before the public on April 2nd of that year:—

We recommend the shares of this company to the investing public. There can be no question that the business is a very sound one.

The company has just held its first ordinary general meeting, and the chairman, Mr. T. G. Fardell, M.P., was correct in saying that the statements put forward in the prospectus have been fully borne out. The prospectus gave the average net profits of the business for the four years preceding conversion as £9,801 per annum, and for the year immediately preceding, £11,428. The profits for the first year of the company's working have been £12,492. The dividend promised is the dividend that has now been declared; "everything," the chairman tells shareholders, "has been kept in the best possible way; everything it was necessary to repair and renew has been repaired and renewed, and the premises have been actually improved during the period under review."

The position of shareholders in this company shows how investors who keep their eyes open may even now secure a high rate of interest upon their investments. Let us take the case of one of the many readers of To-Day who, upon our advice, applied for shares in this company. We will say he got an allotment of 100 shares. For these shares he paid £100. They are now worth in the market £200, and in addition he takes his seven per cent. dividend just declared.

T. R. Roberts, Limited, was one of the group of Drapery Companies brought out last year by Mr. W. Mendel, of Messrs. André Mendel and Co.

DRAPERIES AND DRAPERIES.

Our readers of the investing class must not be misled by what we have said above into supposing that every company that is brought out for the purpose of taking over drapery businesses deserves support. Much the contrary. Take, for example, the London Drapery Stores, Limited, which has just invited the public to subscribe to a capital of £235,000, for the purpose of acquiring what is described in the prospectus as "forty-one important drapery and furnishing businesses." The vendor asks the very pretty sum of £135,000 for these businesses, of which £50,000 must be in cash.

The public pays the £135,000, and gets the forty-one businesses. What is their value? That we cannot say, but we can say that £135,000 is an outrageous price to pay for them. Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Painter and Co. were asked to look into matters, and the most they have been able to do in the way of a certificate is to give one as to the amount of the sales. They cannot speak upon the really important point, the net profit, because the instances in which exact accounts of all purchases and expenses have been kept, and the stocks taken annually, are "very few"; because, that is to say, no books worthy of the name have been kept by the vendors of most of these forty-one businesses.

But whilst Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Painter and Co. shrink from certifying as to net profits, "that well-known drapery valuer and expert," as the prospectus describes him, Mr. John George, is quite prepared to give us the net profits. As the gross sales averaged £241,106, the net profits "may be safely estimated at £22,421 per annum." May they? We should like something more than Mr. George's mere dictum for that. We should very much like to know how anyone, even though he be "a well-known valuer and expert," can "safely" estimate the net profits of businesses, some of them only a few months old, and the majority of them without proper records. But the estimate serves the purposes of the framers of the prospectus, who have no difficulty in showing that a net profit of £22,421 per annum will enable a ten per cent. dividend to be paid upon the ordinary shares of the company.

The shares of a sound drapery business represent an excellent investment, as the shareholders in T. R. Roberts, Limited, will be very ready to admit, but you can lose your money in drapery

companies as in others—a truth that is likely to be brought home within a year or two to those who may have holdings in the London Drapery Stores, Limited.

THE LANCASHIRE WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED.

An investment that would seem to be worth investigation is the 5 per cent. "B" debentures of the Lancashire Watch Company, Limited. This company, which is located in Prescott, near Liverpool (and has recently opened a London office at 112, Hatton Garden), is little known as yet outside a limited circle, but there appears no reason why it should not become one of our leading home industrial concerns. It was incorporated early in 1889, for the purpose of manufacturing by machinery a sound English lever watch at a popular price, in competition with the foreign watches which are annually imported in such large quantities into this country. The company started by amalgamating the principal makers of watch "movements" in Prescott, where such movements, for supply to the great watchmakers of London and the Midlands, have, for centuries, been the chief industry. While continuing to carry on this trade, the founders of the company have built up a huge factory, employing about 1,000 hands, and equipped with a full complement of machinery of the most advanced and approved type, most of which, along with the necessary tools, has been made on the premises. The factory is now in thorough working order, and is turning out large quantities of watches daily which for workmanship and price successfully compete with foreign productions; and although as yet no serious effort is being made to sell the watches, the demand greatly exceeds the supply. And not only does the company manufacture every particle of the mechanism in its workshops, but it also makes its own cases—case-making being a separate industry from watch-making—and so secures an extra (and an important) profit, as well as a more suitable case than can be purchased elsewhere.

The capital of the company is £155,000, in 55,000 ordinary shares, and 100,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares, all being subscribed, and, except 10,000 of the latter, fully paid; and dividends of 6 per cent. on both ordinary and preference have been paid since incorporation. There is also guaranteed issue of 4 per cent. debentures to the amount of £80,000; and ranking next after this issue comes the 20,000 5 per cent. "B" debentures, now under notice. Although this latter is a second debenture, yet there are points about it that minimise that drawback. These are: (1) the amount is but small; (2) it is redeemable in ten years, at 5 per cent. premium, by annual drawings of £2,100; (3) a trust-deed provides for the immediate maturing of both debentures if the trustees' auditors at any time certify that the aggregate of stock-in-trade, book debts, and cash in hand fall below £100,000 (in the balance-sheet for 1895, just published, these amount to nearly £118,000); and (4) there is the further security, over and above these, of the freehold land, buildings, fixed and loose plant, etc., which stand at £146,000. A particularly notable and satisfactory feature is that the directors and managers are by far the largest shareholders, and yet the directors' fees are only £250 per annum, divisible amongst five. This is quite a reversal of the usual state of things.

POLITICS AND FINANCE.

The promoters of the Rooderand Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited, whose prospectus is before us, seek to take advantage of the political situation in order to commend their company to public favour. These promoters describe themselves as the Kruger Syndicate, Limited, but there is no reason to suppose that President Kruger has any interest whatever in the issue. Not content, however, with taking his name, the Syndicate print at the top of their prospectus the following announcement in red ink:—

One of the advantages of this company, and one which is specially favourable to its operations at present, is the fact that it will acquire the above mining claims from Mr. Frederick C. Eloff, the son-in-law of President Kruger, and that the Pretoria Government and its officials will be favourably disposed towards the company, as none of the officers, agents or originators have in any way been implicated in the late difficulties in the Transvaal.

Mr. F. C. Eloff was the gentleman who, if we mistake not, tried to induce Jameson to retire within the British boundaries when he was on his recent marauding expedition. But he was as unsuccessful in that as we hope the Kruger Syndicate will be in their appeal to the British public.

The Rooderand Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited, is formed, with a capital of £300,000, for the purpose of acquiring one hundred gold-mining registered claims, equal to about 150 acres, in the proclaimed Rooderand gold fields of Venters-kroon district, Potchefstroom, on the Rand. These claims are said to lie near the banks of the Vaal River, and to have reefs running through them of great value, among them being the Red Reef and the Acme Reef.

The value of the district in which these claims are situated as a gold-producing district has yet to be proved. The prospectus makes much of a report of Mr. W. S. Phillips, who says that the advantages for working this property economically are very great, on account of its situation on the Vaal River, where a water right can be obtained, affording ready means of reduction. Can be; yes, but will it be? The Transvaal Government is very slow to concede riparian rights, and the water of the Vaal River may have to be drawn upon for drinking purposes. Moreover, the cyanide works poison the water, and in many cases small streams have had to be diverted, owing to the effect of the cyanide poison upon the water. What guarantee is there, then, that this company will be able to get these riparian rights it so lightly speaks about?

There is a very precise calculation of the value of the claims belonging to the company. Mr. Bates Dorsey gives a certificate, in which he professes to number the tons of ore in these claims, which he puts at 21,000 per claim, giving a gross yield of ten dwts. per ton. This, as Mr. Dorsey truly observes, gives a gross return of £40,425 per claim. He then deducts 19s. per ton for expenses, which makes a net profit per claim of £20,475. The company has 100 claims, and a hundred £20,475's is £2,047,500. Taking the life of the mine at thirty years, this will work out £68,250 per annum, which will give upwards of 22 per cent. upon the capital of the company. Nothing could be clearer than this if only one could rely upon the "ifs" becoming realities. Of course, an estimate of this kind is, and must always be, largely problematical. If each of these hundred claims is worth over £20,000, why, may we ask, does the Kruger Syndicate offer them to the British public for between £2,000 and £3,000 a-piece? It would be easy enough for them to make an arrangement with some manufacturing firm to put up the necessary machinery, and to find money for development work, if only it were possible to prove, as this prospectus claims to prove, the actual value of the reefs running through the property.

The capital of the company, as we have said, is £300,000, and no less than £270,000 of this huge sum is to go to the Syndicate, thus leaving only £30,000 for working capital. The prospectus tells us, in large type, that, in the opinion of the engineers, this £30,000 is "amply sufficient." The prospectus does not tell us who the wiseacres are who make this statement. It seems to us to be crass absurdity to say that £30,000 is enough to develop these claims, and to put up all the machinery necessary. So far is that from being the case, that it is not enough, in our opinion, to prove the property, much less to find machinery with which to work it.

"THE TIMES" AND ITS TELEGRAMS.

The Easter holidays find the Kaffir market in a very depressed condition. Prices show a substantial shrinkage as compared with some weeks ago, and transactions have dwindled to very limited dimensions. This state of things is largely due to anxiety as to the course of events in the Transvaal, and this anxiety is fostered and explained by the telegrams from Johannesburg and Pretoria which appear in the papers, and especially the telegrams from its Johannesburg correspondent and others to which the *Times* gives prominence.

We are glad to find that in its last issue the *Economist* refers to the grossly misleading telegrams published by the *Times* in language which that journal would do well to take to heart, and the *World* has since endorsed and emphasised the condemnation of the leading financial journal.

Men are beginning to ask why the *Times* continues to publish these telegrams. During the past week we have seen Mr. Moberley Bell waxing indignant in the witness-box in his description of how telegrams are "expanded." There is abuse in this direction as in others, but it might be assumed that a journal that is so severe in its condemnation of a practice which, after all, is known by every newspaper man to be general, would be incapable of publishing day by day

telegrams from one whose statements, time and again, have been proved to be false.

And yet that is what the *Times* is doing. Hardly a day passes but it publishes telegraphic intelligence from the Transvaal of a highly disquieting character. To-day President Kruger has entered into a league against England, and yesterday his burghers were arming, and the heads of the Uitlander leaders were in danger; to-morrow something equally alarming will be wired. These statements, one and all of them, are false, and have hardly been published before they are proved to be false. Now it is Mr. Chamberlain, who tells the House of Commons that there is no truth in the statement that he has made a certain demand upon Mr. Kruger; now it is the President who officially denies the fabrications of the man who wires to the *Times*. But still that journal goes on publishing these fabrications, and shares continue to fall because they are published.

What is the meaning of it? Does the *Times* want war between England and the Transvaal? We do not suppose it does, but a good many Stock Exchange manipulators want to "get in" at lower prices, and the *Times* is playing into the hands of these people. It is a sorry part for the leading journal to take. But it plays it *con amore*.

THE BUYING OUT OF MESSRS. RHODES AND RUDD.

We have heard it said that Mr. Rhodes differs in a very essential way from other South African millionaires, in that he attaches little value to money. And, in a certain sense, this no doubt is true. Mr. Rhodes is not a mere moneygrub, like most of those most unpleasant specimens of humanity, the self-made millionaires, who hail from South Africa. He is ambitious of fame, whilst many of his associates do not care a penny piece for anything that does not mean coin of the realm. None the less, it must be admitted that Mr. Rhodes has a very pretty knack of attracting money to himself. He recalls the advice that Tennyson gave to a young man who was in love, never to marry for money, but to be sure and go where money is. Mr. Rhodes may not care much for money, but he certainly goes where money is.

We are reminded of this trait in his character by the proceedings at the meeting of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company, held a day or two ago. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Rudd have been the managing directors of that company since its inception, and they take as their share of the profits $\frac{2}{3}$ ths. Now, last year these $\frac{2}{3}$ ths came to the very pretty sum of £333,000. And not only that. Under their arrangements with the company, Messrs. Rhodes and Rudd could, at any time, give three months' notice of the termination of their engagement, when they would be entitled to claim $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of the difference between the value of the properties of the company as they appear upon the books of the company and their market value; an enormous difference, representing, if the claims had to be satisfied at present prices, considerably over a million sterling, nearly a million and a half, that would go to Messrs. Rhodes and Rudd.

Under these circumstances the directors felt that it would be desirable to buy out these gentlemen if it were possible so to do, and, after lengthy negotiations, it has been arranged that a new issue of ordinary £1 shares shall be made by the company, and that these 100,000 shares shall be placed at the disposal of Messrs. Rhodes and Rudd, upon paying their part value of £1 a piece. As the market value of these shares when the arrangement was agreed to was £13, it will be seen that the consideration given to Messrs. Rudd and Rhodes for waiving their claims upon the company is the very pretty sum of £1,200,000.

Under these circumstances, and bearing in mind how Messrs. Rhodes and Rudd came to be possessed of the interest in the company which has brought them this huge pile, and how Mr. Rhodes used his influence as Prime Minister of Cape Colony in the interest of the De Beers Company, we think the less we hear in future about Mr. Rhodes' indifference to money the pleasanter it will be for all who dislike cant in high places, or, for the matter of that, anywhere else.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Kootenay Goldfields Syndicate. JORDAN (Pembroke).—Quite unsuitable for your purpose. **Humberts.** J. H. M. (Dublin).—The company is in a very thriving condition. **Associated Southern Gold Mines.** SLICANA (Ilkley).—We expect to see the shares at a substantial premium by-and-by. **Best Financial Paper.** P. R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Selection would be invidious but the *Economist* and *Statist* take it at rank. The concern you name is not to be trusted.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. Sole Lessee and Manager, **SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.** GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH at popular prices. For full particulars see daily papers.

PALACE, Shaftesbury - avenue. — **THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE.** The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the **NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS.** Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.40.—Manager, Mr. **CHARLES MORTON.**

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—The World's Greatest Show 2.0 and 7.0.—Early Varieties 10.0 a.m.—150 Artists.—A series of charming Living Pictures, 30 Tableaux in 30 minutes.—Western and Diana, Sensational Rifle Shots.—Swimming Entertainment and Rod v. Man, 5.0 and 10.0.—Fisheries Exhibition in the vast Area.—Cliquot, the Human Wonder of the Age, 4.0 and 9.0.—Artistic Poster Exhibition in the spacious Galleries.—Gigantic Attractions for the Easter Holidays.

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THE IDLERS' CLUB:—Who is the BIGGEST FOOL in the WORLD?
W. W. JACOBS, PETT RIDGE, BARRY PAIN, MISS EVELYN SHARP, CLARENCE ROOK, and JEROME K. JEROME.

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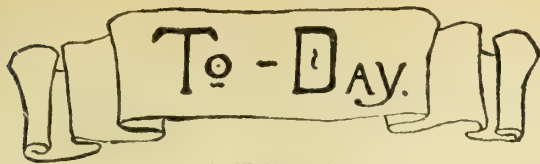
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

It looks at present as if Black Africa were going to blaze into war from Cairo to the Cape. With the strong possibility before us of having to reconquer the Transvaal—a task which will occupy thirty thousand British troops, at the very least—suppress an universal uprising of the blacks, and fight the gallant hordes of the Fuzzy Wuzzy on the sands of the Soudan, our military strength will be taxed to the utmost. For years we have paid attention to our navy; our army has been neglected and despised. The stay-at-home politician considers that he has done his duty when he has assured his constituents that our shores are safe against foreign invasion. He is forgetting that these islands are only the seat of government of an Empire stretching round the globe, surrounded by enemies, peopled with conquered races, ready to rise against us at the least encouragement. It is as if the Cæsars had strengthened the walls of Rome, and had then sat down, secure in the belief that the Roman Empire was impregnable. Either Britain must abandon her dream of empire, or she must be prepared to pay the price of greatness and prosperity by keeping up a military as well as a naval force. It is extremely doubtful at the present moment whether our army is capable of grappling with the work before it in Africa alone. Meanwhile, our European enemies will be standing watchful around. Lord Salisbury has explained to the world that on land we are not fit to cope even with such a rotten dung-heap of corruption and savagery as the Turkish Government. The outlook for us, with our forces swallowed up in Africa, is not a pleasant one.

A TWENTY years' peace has given time for the fighting instincts of the world to grow. We talk in public about our love of peace; every civilised journal denounces war; every statesman protests his devotion to the cause of universal brotherhood. But when we look below the public mask, into the heart of

every people, it is clear that the secret desire for war is strong within them. The individual man, woman, and child throughout England and America is dreaming of war, is talking of war, is hoping for war, though not daring to express his hope, even to himself. It is not statecraft, it is not policy, it is not necessity that brings war. It is this unspoken desire for war among the people, seeking about for an excuse. It was the desire of the Russian people, the willingness of the Turks, not the Bulgarian question, that set Russia and Turkey at each other's throats in 1877. It was the stirring of the old race feud between France and Germany that culminated in the struggle of 1870.

Our papers and our politicians talk as if humanity were guided by reason and statecraft. But it is of little use to shut our eyes to the essential elements that have dominated, that will dominate, existence on this planet until the present human race gives place to a being that is at present unknown and unimagined. It is better, in dealing with human affairs, to try and understand human nature. To criticise it, to be grieved at its shortcomings, at its tendencies, is the province of the philosopher, not of the statesman. We shall understand action better by frankly admitting to ourselves that this fighting instinct does exist within us, that it must be reckoned with, that it must be considered. No one but a man blind from wilfulness or folly can fail to see that this instinct is particularly strong and active at the present moment among all nations.

This question may be settled, that question may be smoothed over; but before long the smouldering fire will burst out. It looks as if it would result in an universal conflagration, similar to that which blazed round the world a hundred years ago, involving every State and nation in its progress. It will not be a war so much as a *mêlée*. Out of it new States will rise; in it old nations will go down. It will be a contest of giants, and God help the people that is not prepared, that is not armed with a stout heart. Our fleet now, as before, will give us immense advantage, but by itself it is an incomplete weapon. Our long struggle against Napoleon might have closed in three or four years had we been as ready at the beginning as we were at the end. By preparedness we might have saved ourselves an infinity of suffering. Shall we never learn by experience?

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to examine into the state of the liquor traffic is, of course, only a sop to the teetotalers. A Royal Commission is the polite name for the Parliamentary shelf. Reform will have to come from outside, but if those interested in temperance are ever going to be of any practical service to the world, they will have to gather into their ranks and be guided by some clear-headed, broad-minded, *bonâ fide* working man. This is a working man's question. No legislation ever suggested in England has aimed at the classes. They are surrounded with every facility for obtaining whatever drink they require, whenever they please. All the suggested enactments seek to hamper only the working man and the lower middle classes. It is unfair for the rich to legislate for the poor in a personal matter of this kind. Our well-to-do temperance advocates neither understand what the working man wants nor why he wants it.

THE Archbishop of York and his friends mean well, no doubt, by their suggestion for closing all public-houses on Sunday, except for two hours. The Archbishop says he does not wish to deprive the poor man of his beer, and, therefore, he will allow him to send for his pint in the middle of the day, and again in the evening. Now, the Archbishop and people of his class do not understand what the public-house means to the working classes. Were it only a place in which to buy beer, you might close them all over the kingdom to-morrow morning without exciting much opposition. Small shops could take their place, where beer could be retailed over the counter in large or small quantities, and there would be an end to the matter.

BUT the public-house is the poor man's club; it is the one bright spot of light and life in his exceedingly sordid existence; it is the place where he meets his pals, where he can talk as freely and as loudly as he likes; it is the one place where he is the boss of the show, and patron; it is the one place where he feels independent, and free to think and speak as he likes. It is not a very delightful club, from my point of view. It is as uncomfortable, as dismal, a place of entertainment as I can well conceive. Dirty men in dirty shirts, untidy females with tousled hair and sloppy hands, are the attendant ministers. It reeks of smells; it is foul with the fumes of gas; it is tawdry; it is dingy. But this is not the working man's fault. Such as the place is, it is his only refuge from still more wretched surroundings. Such as it is, it is to him, compared with the other accessories of his life, a palace of delight.

I WOULD see it swept away willingly—provided something better, healthier, brighter took its place. Let us have the German beer hall, with its comfortable chairs and tables, round which men can sit and gossip, and drink their light beer, not as the sole aim and object of their visit, but as an accessory to the talk or to the newspaper. The English public-house is built to discourage everything but drinking. In the French *cabaret* or the German *Halle* the drinking becomes a secondary consideration. Make your public-house more comfortable, more attractive, more suitable for conversation and for reading—make it a place where a decent man need not be ashamed to take his women folk—and you will do more towards the cause of temperance than by all the speeches and all the pamphlets emanating from all the temperance societies in the world.

SUNDAY is the only free day of the working man and the shopman. I enjoy my Sunday evening according to my ideas; the Archbishop of York spends his Sunday evenings in accordance with his predilections. We have no right to say to the working man: "We shall close your club on this one day, and you shall spend your Sunday evenings according to our notions." On Sunday evenings, in town, men generally take a walk about the streets. Goodness knows, our English towns are dull enough on Sundays! And, in all seriousness, I say they would be duller still were the public-houses closed. The working class of England have a great indictment against their so-called betters. For hundreds of years we have made this day of rest of theirs an evil and a weariness to them.

THE well-fed, luxury-loving classes have said to them: "On this day of rest of yours you shall have no enjoyment and no pleasure! You shall not play a game, you shall not go for a jaunt. We will close all houses of refreshment against you, so that you may not even take a walk. We will close all exhibitions, shows, and entertainments, so that from dawn to bedtime you shall not, so far as we can help it, have an hour's happiness!" We have done our Sabbath keeping by deputy. We have taken good care of ourselves. All the rest of the week has been open to us for play. The one day on which our poorer brothers have leisure, we have said, shall be a day on which no man shall amuse himself. To some of us, church-going is a pleasure, and we indulge in it. We have tired ourselves with recreation during the week. It is an agreeable change to sit for an hour or two in a padded pew, and dose reflectively concerning our own virtues.

To our poor brothers the joy of life is doled out by a niggard and uncertain hand, and for hundreds of years we have done our best to make still duller their dull life. In every other country, Protestant or Catholic, Sunday is a day to be looked forward to by peasant and workman; it is a day of merry-making and reunion, of pleasant joys and of harmless amusements. In pharasaical England it is an accursed day—a day that every child dreams of with dread, that to the poor man and woman means simply weariness and boredom. Of late years, growing humanity has rebelled against this savage tyranny. The chains have been loosened, and the prison walls have been extended, but still the fight against the old Puritanical phalanx is a hard one.

LET the Archbishop of York seek not to close the public-houses, but to open them wide to fresh air, to healthier and pleasanter conditions, and he will be doing better service. Reform cannot come soon. It has been hampered by the very class who have temperance for ever on their lips. Drunkenness has been fostered and encouraged by the teetotal fanatic. His irritating legislation has driven enterprise away from the field. Had the people been trusted, the flaring gin palace and the foul beershop would never have been with us; but in their place we should have had the clean and wholesome hall where men and women would eat, and talk, and play, and read, and drink in moderation. I am convinced that the teetotal crusade, which is in reality a crusade against human nature, has made as many drunkards as it has made Blue Ribbonites.

"PLEASE, sir, could you tell me the way to Bohemia?" is a question being asked by a good many young men at the present moment; and various guides, philosophers, and friends have been replying to them by explaining to them that the country has disappeared—has been annexed by Mrs. Grundy. It was a pleasant land, but a poor land, from all accounts; though, personally, I have never seen it, nor does there exist any friend of mine who has ever visited its mist-hidden shores. In it there dwelt good fellows banished from the realms of Queen Grundy. Perhaps it is best to think only of their virtues, and not to pry too closely into their shortcomings. They were a clever, brainy set of men, but hardly of the stuff of which good citizens are made. One thinks that, maybe, they wrote better books, painted better pictures,

than write and paint their well-off, comfortably-clothed descendants of to-day. Art does not gain by contact with the social circle, and a shadow of responsibility chills her gipsy blood. Fashion has taken art under its wing, and artists have gained thereby. Our clever fellows count their incomes in four figures. They "eat and drink, and sleep and play, and go to church on Sunday"; but the thought sometimes comes to one that they seem a little less afraid of God than they were. When a man wrote for a few shillings, he felt he might as well enjoy the expression of his own thoughts, for it would not make much difference to him. But when he writes for large cheques, he thinks a little bit too much, perhaps, of the public from whom these large cheques come, and does not care to risk offending or surprising. Besides, it is necessary to be interviewed once a week, and one's house must be in order for the interviewer to sympathetically describe it. The whisky bottle must not peep into the photograph of the poet's cosy corner. The novelist's marriage must take place at St. George's Church—an arrangement which would have been found to interfere slightly with the customs of old Bohemia. I fear we must make up our minds to treat Bohemia as a vanished land, and let us hope that our modern artists, living their well-ordered lives, work with as much love at their art as did the sad old dogs who lived and loved—loved a little too much and too often, perhaps—struggled and misbehaved themselves generally in that forsaken country.

I WAS talking to the doorkeeper of a well-known Bohemian club some time ago. It was half-past ten p.m., and he was busy whistling for four-wheeled cabs. He was an old man, and we spoke about old days. "Yes," he said sadly, "times are changed, and so are you gentlemen. Why, we didn't reckon the club was open till about midnight when I was a youngster here. Now we can close it at eleven o'clock. Tea and toast is what we generally have to supply. Why, the old committee would have turned a man out who was found drinking tea! You are all married, and you all live in the suburbs, and you never miss the eleven o'clock train." I pretended to sympathise with him, and offered him a ticket for the theatre. "No, thank you, sir," he said; "I never go now, and I never read. There don't seem to me the old stuff in what you young gents turn out." But perhaps he was prejudiced.

THE Globe Advertisers' Agency, of 139, 141, and 143, Oxford Street, London, send circulars out to likely persons, hinting that work at circular-distributing is to be easily obtained through the good offices of the Globe Advertisers' Agency. It is suggested that a fee of 4s. should be sent to the Globe Advertisers' Agency. In return for this 4s. fee, certain advantages are offered. The Globe Advertisers' Agency will send the name of any subscribing person round to prominent advertisers, leaving these prominent advertisers to employ the person thus recommended by the Globe Advertisers' Agency. My representative has visited a certain number of these prominent advertisers. They know nothing of the Globe Advertisers' Agency; they would take no notice of the Globe Advertisers' Agency under any circumstances. It is therefore extremely doubtful whether this agency does recommend the subscribers to prominent advertisers. It is certain that, even did it do so, the prominent

advertisers would take no notice, and the subscriber's 4s. would therefore be wasted. The address—139, 141, and 143, Oxford Street, London, W.—reads well. My representative, on visiting the office, found a poorly-furnished room, occupied by one small boy, together with what our old friend Ahn would designate as pens, ink, and paper. Their circular is worded plausibly, and no doubt attracts a good many four shillings from the struggling and the unwary. I would, therefore, warn my readers to keep their shillings in their own pockets, and to steer clear of the Globe Advertisers' Agency.

AT Newmarket, before Messrs. R. W. King (in the chair), W. M. Tharp, Daniel Cooper, and T. B. Whiting, a young beast named Ernest Jocelyn, of Ely, was charged with cruelty to a horse by beating and over-driving it. Witnesses deposed to seeing Jocelyn driving the horse, which was attached to a trap, in which there were three other men besides himself. He flogged the horse all the way, the animal being afterwards found lying on the ground, bleeding from the nose, and otherwise much distressed. Great clots of blood were picked off it. Jocelyn, although remonstrated with, insisted on driving it back to Ely. The horse was unable to rise without assistance. The ground where the horse had lain was saturated with blood. This wretched bench of imbeciles fined the young blackguard 2s. 6d. The *Newmarket Journal* calls this a "heavy penalty." Country journals seem on a par with country magistrates in their love of cruelty.

OF late years times have been very hard for the artist who is not also an illustrator. One hears sad stories of the struggles which men of talent have had to undergo, even to keep their heads above water; while, if they be fathers of families, the privations are often deplorable, and anything like provision for the future is impossible. The editor and proprietors of the *Art Journal* are making a special appeal for a fund on behalf of artists' orphan children, the subscription to which is limited to one guinea for laymen, and half-a-guinea for professional artists, the whole expenses of administration being borne by the *Art Journal*. It is a movement which appeals to every lover and patron of art, and there never was a time when it was more needed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

WILL correspondents kindly allow me to write to them under initials only? I strongly object to pseudonyms.

A. E. J. S.—The affair looks doubtful, but the swindle—if swindle it is—appears a very small matter. It is hardly important enough to take up, and they will not make much out of a few penny postage stamps.

CLIFTON.—In all countries belonging to the Berne Union such translations would be illegal. I am not sure whether Denmark is included, but I know France and Germany are.

J. G.—I cannot undertake to select you a typewriter. You might write to the National Typewriter Exchange, who would furnish you with all particulars of nearly every machine on the market.

A. L.—Your employer has no right whatever to open your correspondence. What action you could take would be a legal point for a solicitor to advise you on.

J. H. D.—The loan could not be treated as a business matter at all; only a personal friend would lend you money on practically no security.

F. J. (Naples).—I thank you for the extracts, but, though interesting to you as coming from personal friends engaged in the battle, the letters do not seem to be written in a style to attract the general reader.

J. S. writes me;—"I was passing along Holborn, and saw a

carter beating two poor wretched screws harnessed to a country waggon. I spoke sharply to him, and he left off, and directly I saw a policeman I drew his attention, and asked if the man couldn't be summoned. He replied: 'I don't want to interfere; I've got into such trouble for bringing in cases. Why, only the other week I took in a very bad case, but got no satisfaction, only the horse ordered to be killed, and I was told then not to bring in cases unless they were very bad—of course, it all depends what they call very bad—because the magistrate won't convict. You ought to see some of the wretched old cab horses that I see; but what can you do? They won't convict.'"

PURSER.—You could only obtain the position of purser by personal application to the heads of a steamship company. If you could get a letter of introduction so much the better. Advertising would be of little use. Your chances are certainly not good, unless you have friends in the shipping world. A stewardship would be almost impossible for you to obtain, unless you knew a head steward.

H. C.—Thanks for your letter and cutting.

W. H. A.—Thanks for your letter.

V. W. H.—I thank you; but I do not profess to be a joke expert.

Owing to the Easter holidays, we have had to go to press exceptionally early this week. Will those correspondents who have written prior to April 6th forgive the delay? They will be replied to in our next number.

CLUB CHATTER.

THE regatta at Nice will probably be one of the most successful ever held at that place, both as regards the racing and the entry list. There were no less than twenty-five entries for the Grand Prix d'Honneur, open to all yachts intending to take part in the regatta. The course was (twice round) about eighteen miles, which Mr. Walker's *Ailsa* accomplished in very creditable time, beating Mr. Rose's *Satanita*, who allowed her 17 secs. by the very substantial margin of nearly twelve minutes.

OF course, the chief interest centred round the race for the Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, over a course (three times round) of about twenty-seven miles. The entries were three in number, *Ailsa*, *Satanita*, and the Prince's yacht, the *Britannia*—the *Satanita* at scratch allowing Mr. Walker's boat 24 secs., and the *Britannia* receiving 1 min. 28 secs. At the end of the first round there was scarcely anything to choose between the three, the *Satanita* leading, with the *Britannia* close behind. At the end of the second round, the *Ailsa* was leading, and ultimately finished first, from the *Satanita* at second place, after one of the prettiest contests of recent years. From start to finish interest and excitement never flagged for a moment.

Good reports are going round as to the new links at Uisquintuie, Islay. The course, a full one of eighteen holes, has been laid out under the direct superintendence of Tom Morris, the well-known St. Andrew's player, and is situate on the western shore of Loch

Indaal, amid charming surroundings. The critical speak well of it, and it should prove a distinct boon. I hear that a club is already in course of formation, over sixty members residing in the vicinity having been enrolled.

THIS year has been a poor time for punters at Monte Carlo. Mr. Sam Lewis, however, has brought his usual luck and taken away a golden equivalent. Amongst those at present in the South are the Duchess of Manchester, at the Hotel Splendide, Nice; Lady North and Mr. Dickson, at the terminus; Sir Henry Tichborne, at the Hotel Grand, Bretagne; and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at the Riviera Palace. The Duchess of Leeds is at the Métropole, Monte Carlo; also Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Lord Waterford, Lady Farquhar, and Lady Clarke of Shirland, better known in Brighton as Miss Drummond Bailey. Lord and Lady Wallscourt are at Monte Carlo on their wedding tour, and I have also seen mine host of Blackfriars, Sir Polydore de Keyser, and General Sir Mark and Lady Walker.

IT is generally understood that nobody needs a lesson in the art of taking a holiday properly. Suggest to a busy man that he doesn't know how to spend his hours of recreation, and he will tell you—politely enough, maybe—that your words fall on his ears even as water on to a duck's back; and it is highly probable that he will add a well-known platitude on the advisability of teaching a duck to swim. Nevertheless, I am confident that few men have ever spent a perfect holiday. Perhaps there isn't such a thing. It may be argued that a man is born into this world to work, and that a holiday is a direct infringement of duty, and that the only true happiness is to be derived from a continual, never-ceasing round of hard, untiring labour.

HOWEVER this may be, there are not many men who really despise playtime, and there are as many different ways of taking a holiday as there are of making a salad. Each man has his own method, but I think every man likes, first of all, to be his own master with regard to the way in which his time is to be spent. This being so, it stands to reason that the perfect holiday should be the one spent in solitude; and yet we all know that this conclusion is incorrect. Then, again, the lazy holiday and the busy holiday are both exceedingly bad for one, and the happy medium is very dull. Supposing we try a lazy holiday. Before we have had two days of it we are seized with an impulse to return to our work. We mistake this impulse for the benefit we think we have derived from the holiday, and don't discover our error until it is too late.

ON the other hand, if we take a busy holiday, and tear about the country by express trains, we get over-tired and stale. Then there is the uncivilised holiday, for the

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necessary enjoyment of which we assume weird garments that we should be ashamed to wear anywhere where we were known. I have never tried one of these, but I am told that they beat all others for genuine discomfort. You pack up the minimum amount of luggage you think you want, go to a place which is ten miles from anywhere, and then find that you simply can't exist without something you've left behind. Of course, you can't go back after it, so you trudge into the nearest town, where you buy, maybe, a hat, or a pair of boots, which, if you keep them when you get home, will be a standing disgrace to you for the rest of your life.

I THINK the nearest approach to the perfect holiday takes the form of a tour, either walking, cycling, or driving. The enjoyment of a tour will be considerably lessened, however, if any programme of the route is made out and adhered to. The simplest plan is to get up in the morning, go on for as long as you want to, and then stop. There are two drawbacks to this kind of holiday. You can't take very much luggage if you are walking or cycling, and you can't get letters. The latter difficulty can be partially got over by means of the agony column in a daily newspaper. It would always be easy to arrange with your friends that they should advertise for you if they wanted you, though even this would open the door for a good deal of practical joking.

THERE are few things, as a rule, more foolish than to play cards with strangers in a railway carriage. But instances have been known in which the sharpers entertained angels unawares, and suffered defeat in consequence. It happened once that Carl Hertz, the conjuror, was returning from Liverpool, and it also happened that this was on the last day of the Liverpool races. Carl Hertz was invited to join in a friendly game of Nap, and consented. But the professional eye at once detected the little game that was being played. "I thought I was going to enjoy a nice game of cards," he said afterwards to a friend; "but when I saw what was going on, I thought it was time for me to begin." No one, perhaps, ever had more complete mastery over a pack of cards than Carl Hertz. He could do with them exactly what he liked. And so it proved on this occasion; for he completely cleaned out his opponents, and that, too, without any one of them having the slightest suspicion that any trick was being played upon them.

ANOTHER story is told of a certain shrewd young man who was playing single Nap with a stranger in a railway carriage. Certain little indications had led him to suspect that all was not quite as it should be, and he was, therefore, watching the cards with the keenest attention. In the course of the game the stranger dealt, and when the youth picked up his hand he found that it contained the ace, king, queen and knave of diamonds and the ace of hearts. Of course, he called Nap; but his attention was arrested by a sort of flicker that seemed to pass for a moment over his opponent's face. After a slight pause he led out his ace of hearts. And his judgment proved to be excellent, for the other man's hand consisted of five small diamonds. As he picked up his winnings, our young friend said that he was tired, and wouldn't play any more.

SOME years ago an Oxford undergraduate determined to pay a visit to Ascot, the glories of which he had never as yet seen. Among the glories which he did see on this occasion was a neat display of the three-card trick, which was being worked, as usual, by a gang of half a dozen men. He looked on for a while, and wondered at the wonderful skill with which the manipulator always contrived to put the picture card in the place where you least expected to

find it. While he was watching he saw a fly alight for a moment on the back of the picture card. When it was gone he noticed that it had left behind it a tiny round mark on one corner of the card. So small was this mark that it escaped the notice of everyone else. But now the Oxford undergraduate determined to join in this pleasant pastime, which he did with such effect that after several rounds, in every one of which he succeeded in finding the picture card, some of the gang raised a cry of "Police!" Of course there was nothing in the shape of a policeman to be seen nearer than the Grand Stand. But the excuse served, and the entertainment was moved to another pitch.

A COUPLE of months later our adventurous Oxford friend thought he would like to visit Goodwood. To his great amusement, he came across the same party playing the same delightful game with the three cards. And then, for the first time, he realised the full strength of the company, for among the spectators he noticed the same innocent countryman, the same benevolent old gentleman—in fact, all the same old confederates. As he was just about to turn away, one of the gang came furtively beside him and whispered, "Beg pardon, sir. Are you going to play, sir?" "Yes, I think so," he answered. "Give you a fiver not to play, sir!" and a crumpled five-pound note was pushed into his hand. After looking at the note, to make sure that it was a good one, he magnanimously accepted their terms, and did not play. And as there was no friendly little fly at Goodwood whose services he could command, perhaps it was as well.

THE Royal Aquarium Bank Holiday programme excels everything previously attempted, comprising 100 items of interest. Flying trapeze artistes, Living Pictures, and a circus ballet are among the attractions. A favourable mention may be made of the champion rifle shot, Winona, and a highly enjoyable turn is furnished by an Æthiopian whose comicalities create continual roars of laughter. Mention may be made of two ladies from the Berlin Opera, Sorelli and Gianini, for their especially fine voices. Taken all in all, the programme is an exceptionally fine one, and should not fail to gratify the most exacting pleasure-seeker.

VISITORS to Olympia are always sure that amusement will not lack when their steps lead them to that home of pleasure, for the genial Sir Augustus understands better than any man living how to cater for his public. His latest masterpiece is a production entitled *Hamellet*. The chief rôle is taken by that popular favourite, Whimsical Walker, and those who visit Olympia may rest assured that, under these circumstances, they will not witness a harrowing tragedy.

WHEN the summer boating season opens, it will be found that the most fashionable flannels are in colours exactly corresponding to the shades of the suitings now in vogue. That is to say, in place of the whites, greys, and blue-greys that have done duty for many years, we shall have flannels in several shades of brown. The flannels, like the suitings, will be in mixtures, with a certain amount of green worked into all of them. I have had an opportunity of seeing these new materials, and I know that they will be largely worn during the coming season. They have the great advantage of not appearing soiled after one afternoon's tennis, as was the case with the light flannels. In addition to this, the colours are becoming to almost every man.

EASTER is always a busy time for the Volunteers. This year the enthusiasm shown by the various corps shows no sign of abatement. On the contrary, it would seem as though the recent warlike rumours had increased their ardour. The majority will find their way to

Shorncliffe and Folkestone, while many have been ordered to Sheerness. If the weather brightens, and the biting north-west wind subsides, the men will enjoy a pleasant holiday.

WHIST is, I believe, not usually included among the athletic games, but I have been participating in a form of it to which that classification would not inaptly apply. At the particular boarding establishment at Bournemouth where I made its acquaintance it was known as Progressive Whist—an irreverent loser called it "Bumblepuppy on the Rush"—and if, from a scientific point of view, much was lacking, it effected one good result under the circumstances, for it brought all the visitors into touch with one another, and afforded them two hours' lively amusement.

THERE were seven tables, of four players each, whose original places were apportioned by lot. The tables were numbered in order from one to seven, the latter being the top or leading table. Each group then cut for deal in the usual way, and the cards were dealt out, but not looked at by their respective holders until the conductor of the tournament sounded a bell for play to commence, when the players sorted them and hurried on with the play. When one side at the top table had

made seven tricks the bell was rung for play to cease, and every player had to instantly relinquish his hand, except at tables where an equal number of tricks had been made by each side, when another trick had to be played to determine the result. Those players who in partnership had made more tricks than their adversaries were in every instance considered to have won that particular game, and the conductor at once went round and reported on a specially prepared list one point in favour of each successful partner, and one against each of their adversaries.

THE cards having been again cut, shuffled, and dealt, but not looked at, the conductor called out, "Change places!" and each pair of winners moved on to the next higher table to that at which they had last been sitting. At the top table, however, the winners invariably retained their seats, and the losers went to the bottom of the room to No. 1 table. In all other cases the losers kept their places, and the winners went up. No two persons were allowed to play two consecutive games in partnership. At the expiration of an agreed-upon time, say two hours, the respective wins and losses were added up, and the prizes (provided for by a small entrance fee)—the first for the highest number of wins, the second for the highest number of wins at the top table, and a

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consolation prize for the fewest number of wins—were awarded.

"In playing Solo Whist, do you consider that the first hand is justified in proposing on ace, queen, 6, 3, 2 in trumps, and no other possible tricks in the plain suits?" asks E. J. W. (Halifax). To which I may reply that among a certain class of players it is not considered right to refrain from proposing or accepting on five trumps of any kind, no matter where the owner of them may be placed, and in the case in question, as a proposition by the first player would presumably be from strength in trumps, the call would be warrantable. But my own experience goes to show that a proposition or acceptance on five trumps, unless they be headed by ace, king, or king, Jack, gets beaten as

often as it succeeds, more especially when the co-operating player has little skill. With novices at the table the best plan is to "pass" on the chance of accepting a proposal from another player, who would necessarily have a good hand; or, at the worst, using the five trumps in opposition to a proposal and acceptance, when, if the hand in partnership can take a trick or two, they are not unlikely to prove more profitable than if they formed part of the declaration.

A good many players propose on five trumps against their better judgment, because, should they pass and defeat an adverse proposal and acceptance, they shrink from the recriminations of the declaring partners, who contend that holding up such strength is not playing a fair and open game. The argument is, of course,

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absurd, for if a player neither proposes nor accepts on what he thinks to be unduly risky cards, he is at liberty to use his full discretion as to how he is most likely to capitalise his hand.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]
Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

A. P.—Yes; the club is still in existence.

R. H. W.—The portrait of Clement Scott and his wife appeared in No. 102 of To-Day.

P. R.—This is a trade secret, but I imagine it is of a fibrous nature, chemically prepared.

ARCO.—If you care to send a description of your collection, I can put you in communication with a private collector.

H. M. M.—I regret that I cannot take notice of anonymous letters.

POO-BAH.—Your query was answered some time ago. With regard to your other question, have you read the other works by the same author?

DICK.—Write to Messrs. Poole and Lord, hosiers, Oxford Street, London. If you mention my name, you will be sure of receiving the most careful attention.

M. NEILSON, Missionary, Sailors' Rest, 330, Via Bergho, Palermo, asks me to bring the claims of the above before the readers of To-Day, and says he will highly value grants of old books, etc.

ANGLO-HIBERNIAN.—The most fashionable shades will be dark brown and fairly light fawn, but both of these will have a good deal of green in them. The cloth is really an indescribable mixture, but a few yards away the pattern is scarcely visible, and the suit has the appearance of being made from a plain cloth. I should certainly not recommend you to have the coat padded very much, unless you have very sloping shoulders, when a little will be necessary. The trousers should be fairly loose and straight at the top, and should taper off gradually to the foot. This is a different style to the "peg-top" trousers. With regard to ties, you will be quite safe with a sailor's knot, with fairly large ends; I have not seen many bows about lately. The most fashionable collar at present is the stand-up-turn-down-all-the-way-round collar. It goes by several names, "The Kimberley" and "Sir Visto" being two of them. As for the other matter you mention, I am afraid there is no brace that will have the desired effect. Why not go in for a course of dumb-bell and Indian club practice? Pray don't apologise for asking so many questions; I shall always be very pleased to assist you.

A. L.—The best way to get an opinion upon your reputed Gainsborough will be to communicate with Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, 39B, Old Bond Street, who are the leading authorities upon the English school of painting. We believe they consent to give an opinion, of course, for a fee, upon pictures sent to them by arrangement. They have also a branch at Manchester.

T. E. MACM.—Do not apologise for writing. I am only too glad to answer you. Our lawyer tells me that he answered the question to "Clifford" as an Englishman not domiciled in Scotland. He tells me that, in his opinion, only a domiciled Scotchman can take advantage of the law entitling him to legitimatise children born out of wedlock. See answer to "Traveller" in last week's issue.

CLUB.—Write to the Secretary of the Shuttleworth Club, Fye Foot Lane, Queen Victoria Street, London. State your requirements as you have done to me, and I am sure you will succeed in finding what you want. The club is not at present a residential one, but I have no doubt that the Secretary will assist you in obtaining lodgings at a reasonable figure.

M. A.—Don't have the coat you mention; it isn't becoming, and it will never be fashionable. If you are thinking of buying some new clothes, and wish to include a lounge suit, have the coat made fairly loose in the back, and not cut away very low at the neck. The only suits which are made double-breasted are those of blue serge. These are always more or less fashionable, and you would never be wrong when wearing one in the country. With regard to the light vest, I don't much like the brass buttons, unless they are very small and quite plain.

EXTENSION OF INSURANCE FOR ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS.

In most railway accidents the proportion of people who are disabled for work for a period by a shock to the system or by a slight injury is far greater than the number of those losing life or limb. To meet such cases we have arranged that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, shall make a **Weekly Allowance of Five Pounds** for a period not exceeding ten weeks to any annual subscriber so temporarily incapacitated from work by any accident to the train in which he shall have been travelling. The advantage of such an addition to the insurance is shown by recent accidents, in which numbers of people have received shocks and slight injuries which would have entitled them, in nearly all cases, to the foregoing compensation. This addition to our annual insurance can only be allowed to subscribers forwarding an extra three shillings.

CONSCRIPTION IN ITALY.

THE old Piedmontese law of conscription is the basis of the present military organisation of Italy, whose army, in time of war, is something like two and a half million men. Every Italian is bound to serve his country either in the army or the navy. This rule is closely adhered to; absolute exemption is permitted only in case of physical unfitness. There are circumstances under which it is often really necessary for a man to be exempted from military service, but this is not virtually recognised by the State. To meet the needs of such cases, partial exemption is resorted to; the young man who can give sufficiently good reasons for not serving is permitted to remain at home, but he is immediately enrolled as a reserve soldier, and is liable to be called upon in time of war.

The system followed in Italy is similar to that of Germany, though with some points of difference. Every year a levy of the young men over eighteen years of age is made. Where a young man can prove that urgent personal or family affairs need his presence, one, two, or three years' "adjournment" is granted, and at the end of the third year military service is compulsory. The recruited youths are roughly divided into three classes. Into the regular ranks are drafted annually 80,000 men who form the first class, and it is of first-class men that the standing or peace army is comprised. These men serve with the colours, three years if infantry, and four if cavalry; after which they again return to civil life, belonging to the reserve for the next five years. By passing a prescribed examination, the recruit may retire from active military life after completion of one year's training, in which case he spends seven years with the reserve. The second class receives yearly about 60,000 recruits, who are virtually drafted straight into the reserve, though a certain number are called out for six months' preliminary drilling. These spend eight years with the reserve, and are then, as is the case with the regulars, passed on to the mobile militia, to which they spend the next four years, thence to pass into the territorial militia until completion of the thirty-ninth year.

The third class are received into the territorial militia direct, to which they likewise belong until they reach the age of forty. They are called upon to undergo thirty days' drill every year in time of peace.

There is a wide difference in character between the Piedmontese, or Northern Italian, and his brother from the Sunny South. The former is, perhaps, the most active, brave, and athletic of all the continental races; while the Southerner is idle and slothful, and more often than not has the ugly traits of vindictiveness and treachery, combined with indolence, and sometimes cowardice. The Northerner is thrifty and hard-working; the South Italian shuns work where he can, and lives, for the most part, a hand-to-mouth existence. This diversity of character in the ranks of its army has led the Italian Government to try the experiment of keeping the whole of the forces constantly moving about from one district to another. For this purpose the country has been divided into zones, five in number, and regiments are frequently transferred from zone to zone. The experiment has hardly been long enough in force to talk of results achieved. Whether it will ultimately raise the standard of the Southerners to that of the Piedmontese, or cause the latter to drop to the lower level of their weaker-spirited comrades, is a question that time will solve. The effect of Italy's recent reverse in the Soudan would seem to show that there is still plenty of raw badness for the better nature of the Piedmontese to work upon; but the army has so often acquitted itself well in action, that there are still grounds for taking an optimistic view of the national Italian character of the future.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

MR. CLIVE HOLLAND, who is well known as a prolific writer of short articles and stories, is contributing a novel to the Acme Library.

Mrs. Hinckson's latest book, "Oh, What a Plague is Love!" (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.) comes as a refreshing change from the morbid literature one has met with lately; it is full of brightness and charm. Much of the characterisation is clever and unhackneyed, notably that of the elderly lady-killer, about whose affairs of the heart the story revolves, and also that of his two sons; the one, a clever satirical young lawyer, who finds in his father's perennial youthfulness and devotion to feminine society a never-failing source of amusement; and the other, an Eton boy, in whom slanginess, chivalry, and a quaint self-assurance and precocity are admirably blended. The feminine characters in the book are decidedly inferior in interest—a rather unusual feature of a woman's novel.

"Duke," a white-haired, sweet-tempered, irresistible old widower, flits about to fashionable seaside resorts, returning home, after every visit, minus a heart, to plead with his trio of daughters to allow him to present them with a step-mother. This they lovingly but firmly decline to do. The poor old gentleman gives way, and tears, embraces, and general peace ensue—for a time. At length, "Duke" meets a beautiful and proud young girl at a dreary boarding-house. Her loneliness appeals to his old-fashioned, chivalrous nature, and this time he is firm. The girl is introduced to his family, and then —. But I must leave you to find out for yourselves how the scenes shift and the characters play at cross-purposes till the happy *dénouement*.

I quote the following interesting passage from "Sundowner's" little book on Snakes. He has been kind enough to send me the volume "all the way from the Antipathies":—

As soon as the intruder is observed the buck snake immediately abandons his love-making, and glides in the direction of the stranger with all the savagery of his nature displayed in his flashing little eyes and his fiercely protruding fangs. The traveller requires a good nerve and a long stick when he is attacked in this way. The reptile is desperately in earnest, and no thought of injury to his body, or even death, will deter him from his purpose of resenting the intrusion upon the sacredness of his wooing. If he should be killed in the encounter, as is very often the case, the female will approach the dead body of her mate, quite regardless of the presence of his destroyer, and proceed to fawn upon the remains, and in a general way ostentatiously bemoan the fate of her comrade.

Henri Rochefort's much-talked-of forthcoming book, "L'Histoire de ma Vie," will be published in England by E. Arnold. The translation for the English market will be done by an old contributor of TO-DAY, Mr. E. W. Smith. I hear that the French edition will consist of seven volumes; the English will be limited to two.

It is some time since Mr. Arthur Morrison made such a hit with his "Tales of Mean Streets." I met him in the Strand the other day, and elicited from him that he has been for some time at work on a long story which will probably surprise people a good deal. It will be a revelation of life among the very lowest and most wretched in London—criminals and semi-criminals: a sort of existence that has never been intimately drawn before, and which is like the life of another country and another age. He is taking a district that has been a kind of Alsatia for nearly a hundred years, and is now being swept away. For months past, he has been on friendly terms with the lowest sort of human vermin that lives on society at large. His main difficulty is that many of the things which he has come across in his investigations simply cannot be put on paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. AND A.—So sorry I cannot recall the allusion to Alexander Smith. An edition of his poems is easily obtainable for a few shillings. He was a gifted poet, who deserved a better and happier fate than that which ultimately befell him.

J. R. B. HART writes:—"I remember seeing an inquiry some time ago in the 'Correspondence' of TO-DAY as to whom Charles Lamb was indebted for his quotation about a certain party in a parlour—

'All silent and all—damned.'

It is due to W. Wordsworth:—

'Is it a party in a parlour,

Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,

Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,

But, as you by their faces see,

All silent and all—damned?" PETER BELL."

N.B.—Thanks for your chatty letter. The *Granta* is a Cambridge journal, the original proprietor of which was Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the well-known "coach" of the Oxford crew. The author of "Lapsus Calami" was J. K. Stephen. This most brilliant of Cambridge parodists died quite young, and left the world the poorer by his death.

C.O.M.—(1) Anthony Trollope was the author of "Framley Parsonage." (2) Kipling's "Barrack-room Ballads" are published by Methuen, at 6s. The poem is Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and the continuation as follows:—

"Footprints that perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main—

Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,

Seeing, may take heart again."

I am quoting from memory, but was once given the option of learning the poem in question or being caned, and, at first, I preferred the poem.

E. S. PAINE writes me with reference to the names of counties ending in "shire" as follows:—"To many counties of England ('English Towns and Districts') the ending *shire* is never added. Some of us may have heard the phrase of going into 'the shires,' as distinguished from those parts of England which are not shires. No one ever adds the word to Kent, Cornwall, Sussex, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Northumberland, Cumberland, or Westmoreland. No one who knows local usage ever adds it to Rutland. And, leaving that last mysterious little district alone, the reason in the other cases is plain. None of these districts are historically *shires*. A *shire* is, in strictness, a division, something sheared off from a greater whole. Now the lands which I have mentioned are not divisions; they are not sheared off from anything greater; they are not divisions of the Kingdom of England; they are ancient kingdoms and principalities whose union helped to make the Kingdom of England. And the like rank I claim for the lands of Somerset and Dorset. They are not shires cut-off from anything greater; they are the territories of tribes which went to make up the Kingdom of Wessex, and thereby the Kingdom of England."

E. N. B.—(1) I do not know of any such classes. (2) Consult a French Pronouncing Dictionary. (3) There is only one edition of Kipling's works at 6s. per volume. A. W.—Any second-hand bookseller would give you 7s. 6d. for it. ZOLA.—The book is worth 7s. 6d. S. B. F.—The books are of no value whatever. W. L. W.—There is no English translation. Hachette and Co. would supply you with the French edition.

F. W. G.—The Mermaid Series is now published by F. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Buildings, Paternoster Square, 3s. 6d. per volume. E. S.—"Lavater," by Holcroft, 103 plates, published by Ward and Lock. LIEUT.-COLONEL.—The book is common; it is not early enough to be valuable; worth about 10s. C. G.—To a bookseller it is worth about £1. S. H. W.—(1) I should recommend Roget's "Thesaurus," price about 5s. (2) Try Buchanan's "Dictionary of Science," price 6s., published by Bell and Sons. "POLL"—The "Book of Days" is worth 10s.; "Beverlac," 3s.; Scott's Bible, 10s.

A. L.—The stanzas are to be found in W. B. Yeats's last book:—

"Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bade me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

"In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bade me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears."

G. W. S. writes to know whether Burton's is "an excavated" edition of "The Arabian Nights." Presumably "G. W. S." means "expurgated." From what I happen to know of the work in question, I should think that it is scarcely adapted for the family circle. It contains a few anecdotes, told with an altogether Oriental absence of reserve, which might perhaps bring a blush to the cheek of "the young person."

ALFRED E.—The saying that Mr. Grant Allen would have women return to the "customs of the poultry yard" is attributed, rightly or wrongly I know not, to Sarah Grand. "Polyandry" is not new, and would seem to be a retaliation on the part of woman for the excesses committed by man.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for To-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

PART III.—CHAPTER III. (continued.)

"NEVER, while I am living, shall Ferdinand reign. Besides, would he resist Napoleon better than I should?" He turned to Izquierdo. "Are you sure that you are not alarming us without cause? Are you right in your conclusions? May you not have been mistaken in your view of the state of things?"

"No, sire," replied Izquierdo decisively, "I am not mistaken, and with profound conviction of the seriousness of my words, I venture to entreat your Majesty to consider yourself menaced by the Emperor from this day forth."

"Do you share this conviction, Manuel?"

"I have confidence in Izquierdo's judgment, sire," replied the Prince of the Peace. "If he speaks thus, he has good reasons for what he says. After all, we can wait; it cannot be long before we shall know what we have to expect."

The Queen listened to him, walking to and fro. On Godoy's expressing his opinion, she stopped in front of him, and with crossed arms, flushed face, and looks of fear and anger, she spoke to him, in fierce remonstrance.

"How can you talk about waiting, Manuel? The French are in Spain; they hold the country from north to south. In a few days they will be at the gates of Madrid, Murat at their head. If Napoleon were not bent on conquest, would he have acted so treacherously? Wait? For what? Until we can neither resist nor fly, is that it?"

"What do you advise, then?" asked the King, whose composure was shaken at last.

"I advise that we go to Cadiz, and there hold ourselves in readiness to embark. The Braganzas have gone to Brazil. You possess an empire in Mexico, Charles; let us go there. From thence you will be able to defy Napoleon until the day when God shall strike him down. —sooner or later that day must come—and then we will come back to take possession of our throne of Spain."

"To desert is a grave matter, Marie Louise."

"What else is there for you to do, since you cannot resist? Am I not right, Manuel?"

"The course which the Queen suggests," replied Godoy, "is the only course that can save the Monarchy. Nevertheless, I persist in thinking that before it is adopted, we must wait for a clear manifestation of Napoleon's designs; but waiting will not prevent us from preparing for departure."

"Well, then, we will think it over," said the King, who was unwilling to have it appear that he had so quickly decided to retreat before Napoleon. "And you, Manuel, think it over also. If we are to go away, it will be necessary to select the persons who shall accompany us, and to have the furniture of our palace, our pictures, and our arms packed. What a business!" A deep sigh followed these words. The King was overcome; his eyes were full of tears.

Godoy saluted their Majesties and withdrew, taking Izquierdo and Juan Morera with him. Hardly were they out of the Queen's apartment when the former said—

"Your Highness will pardon my not having reserved my communications for yourself alone, but you ordered me to explain myself. I was obliged to obey."

"Have you nothing to add to what you told us?"

"All that I might add could only serve to enforce my apprehensions. Napoleon has tricked us all. He has been preparing this stroke for a long time."

"But what becomes of my principality of the Algarves?" asked Godoy.

"That goes down with the rest, unless your Highness shall decide upon favouring the Emperor's designs."

"I? Betray the King! Impossible!"

"Then it will be well for your Highness to prepare to leave Spain with their Majesties."

"We shall all leave Spain," said Juan Morera. "There is no other means of saving ourselves and our wealth."

They had reached the threshold of the palace, and there Godoy dismissed Izquierdo for the present, with an intimation that he would send for him at his leisure. He then returned to his own abode, accompanied by Morera.

"What a pitiable issue we have arrived at," said the Prince of the Peace, in a tone of intense irritation, when the friends were safely within the walls of his cabinet. "A disgraceful flight, deposition, my ambitions gone overboard, and with them all this structure that I have been building up for twenty years."

"Bah! the wreckage is worth having," replied Morera, with his characteristic cold sneer. "Do not be in a hurry to despair. Mexico is a fair country and rich. We will turn our stay there to good profit, and in my belief our exile will not last long. One fine day, Napoleon will break his neck, and then we shall come back."

"God send it," said Godoy fervently.

He had seated himself at his bureau, and was mechanically opening and glancing at the letters that had arrived during his absence at the palace. Presently he uttered an exclamation.

"Anything more the matter?" inquired Morera.

"Yes. It is something, too, that concerns you more than it concerns me; for to tell the truth, Doctor, I kept the young man in prison solely to please you."

"What young man? Of whom are you talking?"

"I am talking of the Conde d'Osorio. The Commandant at Villaviciosa informs me that he has escaped."

Juan Morera uttered a growl of rage.

"He has let him escape! The fool! The traitor! You will punish him, I hope."

"Yes, after inquiry, if there are grounds for punishment, but only in that case. I believe Colonel de Baradil to be incapable of conniving at the escape of his prisoner. Besides, punishing him will not give you back Rafael."

"And you submit to this?"

"What can I do, now that the thing has happened?"

"Give orders to have search made in every direction for the fugitive."

"I will give orders to that effect if you insist upon it."

"Yes, I certainly do insist upon it. He is my enemy; yours also, Manuel, and the King's, and as a free man he becomes formidable. Set your police on his track; or, rather, entrust me with the pursuit of him."

"Make it your business, Juan, if you like. The authorities are at your disposal. I give you a free hand."

CHAPTER IV.

A DESPERATE DEED.

AT nine o'clock in the evening of that same day, Margarita de Castrogeriz and her father were together after supper, in a spacious salon on the first floor of the family mansion whose venerable façade was in the Calle Mayor. The salon was luxuriously furnished in the obsolete early style of the seventeenth century.

The old gentleman and his daughter were both engaged in reading, and silence reigned throughout the grand old house.

Margarita looked up from her book at the sound of carriage wheels in the street after all the noises of the day had ceased. The wheels stopped before the Conde's door presently, and a loud knocking resounded throughout the house.

The Conde pushed away his book.

"Who comes at this hour?" he asked of his daughter, but she could not answer the question.

They listened in surprise, which was increased when the wheels rolled away again, and the great door was opened and shut. After a few moments a servant entered the salon, and announced that two persons urgently

requested the Conde de Castrogeriz to receive them immediately.

"Who are these persons?" inquired the Conde.

"They will not give their names except to your lordship."

"I do not receive persons unknown to me."

"Pray receive them, father," urged Margarita. "Perhaps they are among the proscribed."

"Aye, that may be so," replied her father, and he ordered the servant to admit the belated visitors.

The man left the room and presently returned, followed by a man and a woman; both cloaked from head to foot.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked the Conde, rising from his chair.

The cloaks were flung open, and the wearers' faces were revealed.

"Doña Stéphanie!" exclaimed Margarita.

"Don Rafael!" cried the Conde.

"Yes, it is we ourselves, Señor Conde," replied Stéphanie. "We have just arrived from Villaviciosa. I have succeeded in getting Don Rafael out of durance vile, but we did not know what to do with ourselves, for the police are pretty sure to be on our track by this time. I could not go to my house, nor could Don Rafael go to his; those would be the first places to be searched. Then it occurred to us that the Conde de Castrogeriz would not refuse to receive us, and nobody would think of suspecting that we were in his house."

"Were you not seen to come in?"

"Nobody saw us, Señor Conde," said Rafael. "Only the coachman who brought us to your door knows we are here. But he is perfectly safe; he would die rather than betray us."

"Remain, then," said the Conde. "You are at home."

Stéphanie was radiant with delight at the success of her bold enterprise. She did not wait to be asked to tell how she had carried off Rafael under the very eyes of his guards, thanks to the complicity of the Baradil ladies and the gallant co-operation of the Chevalier de Fontaine.

"But are you not afraid that some ill may befall the Chevalier?" inquired the Conde.

"Bah! A few days of captivity at the most," replied Stéphanie, "a very slight penalty, which he will cheerfully bear for the love of me."

"We shall soon have him out," said Rafael.

On their way to Madrid, Stéphanie had fully enlightened her prize concerning the events that had taken place since his incarceration at Villaviciosa, and Rafael was convinced that other events were impending which would change the face of things and hasten the fall of Manuel Godoy by forcing the King to yield to the demands of his people.

Rafael was resolved to throw himself afresh into the conflict, to defend the cause of the Prince of the Asturias with all his might. He stated his intention in a tone which left no doubt of his courage and determination. But, on his pronouncing the name of the Infante, Margarita drew near to him, and said in a low voice—

"He does not deserve to be defended by a man like you, Don Rafael. It was he who betrayed you."

"I know that, Doña Margarita. Doña Stéphanie has told me the miserable story. It did not surprise me; for I had foreseen that Don Ferdinand in his defeat would think only of saving his life and his right to the Crown. Nevertheless, he is still the representative of the cause of the patriots, and the independence of Spain. As such, I will fight for him, and when we shall have given him the victory, when he reigns, and the country is free, then it will be time to cease from serving him. When that hour comes, I shall set out for Cordova with my mother and my betrothed, and endeavour there to forget the ingratitude of him to whom I was sincerely devoted."

An improvised repast was speedily served, and to this the fair rescuer of Rafael did ample justice; but the ex-

prisoner, with the abstemiousness of a true Spaniard, was satisfied with a crust and a glass of wine. Grave cares assailed the Conde d'Osorio. He was longing to see his mother and Beatrix, and he soon proposed to go out for that purpose. Stéphanie protested against his doing this, and was seconded by their host and his daughter. To go out at such a moment, when the police would be surely on the watch for him, constituted an imprudence for which both Stéphanie and himself might have to pay dearly.

Rafael had to give up the idea of going out, and to postpone the happiness of embracing his mother until the morrow; but he felt that he must at least let Beatrix know that he was free, and he made sure she would come to him at once. The Conde proposed that a message should be sent to her, and a servant was despatched at once to Borostidi's house. A few minutes afterwards the King's Armourer and his daughter presented themselves. They came into the salon without knowing why they had been summoned. Stéphanie flew to meet them, and pointing to Rafael, exclaimed—

"I promised to restore him to you; there he is!"

"What are you going to do, Rafael?" inquired Borostidi, when the joyful emotion of the meeting had somewhat subsided.

"Whatever the circumstances may require."

"They are critical. Godoy and Morera, in their exasperation at your escape, will spare no efforts to hunt you down—Godoy, to save his imperilled power, and Morera to part you from my daughter—and they will treat the patriots with increased severity to prevent them from defending you. Considering all this, the best plan is to fly. Let us set out for Cordova; there you will be among your own people, and can avoid the blow that may be aimed at you."

"It is you who counsel me to commit an act of cowardice?" exclaimed Rafael.

"What better course can you take?"

"I want to resume our project at the point where it was suspended. Our enemies were able to arrest my action, but they have not disarmed me."

"Happily for Spain," said the Conde de Castrogeriz, with grave courtesy. "I am of Don Rafael's mind. He must not place himself out of reach of the patriots who put their trust in him. Our independence is threatened, not only by the schemes of Godoy, but also by this French invasion, which is his doing. This is not the moment for anyone to desert."

Borostidi was not convinced.

"But if Don Rafael should be again arrested?"

"How should that happen? How are the police to know that he is under my roof? There are no traitors among us. He runs no risk, and from hence he can correspond with his friends, transmit his orders to them, make ready, in short, for the movement, and put himself at its head when the hour arrives."

"Your words are golden, Señor Conde, and I understand it all," replied the Armourer. "To-morrow our friends shall be instructed to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action. The intimation will find them resolved and in good heart. They have been stirring for so long, and we have had so much trouble to repress their zeal!"

A few minutes later, while the Conde de Castrogeriz and Margarita were conducting their guests to the rooms prepared for them, Beatrix and her father left the house, unseen in the darkness of a starless night.

(To be continued.)

DYSPEPTICS should smoke "Tinico." See under "Club Chatter."

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NOT ON THE STRENGTH.

BY

CLARENCE ROOK.

Illustrated by R. R. WALTERS.

We were leaning over one of the parapets upon Fort Elizabeth, Jersey, smoking and watching the sunset. I had met him just outside the fort, having walked out to the rock from St. Helier's, over the causeway, which is covered when the tide is up. The gates were closed, but the artillery private who was poking about among the pools for crabs said he would take me in as his "pal." So I went, having a fancy to see the rock-cell in which St. Helierus lived and had his being—he could not move—until the pirates came and killed him for his preaching. We had seen the parade-ground, the outside of the officers' quarters, and the inside of the canteen, where it is fitting that pals should pledge one another. And now from the battlements we could look across to the crag on whose summit the saint had dwelt. The soldier had not spoken much; he chewed the stem of his pipe as one given to meditation. Suddenly he turned to me and said—

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but are you married?"

"No," I replied, "are you?"

"I'm married," he said. "I've got a wife over in the town."

"Why isn't she here?"

"I never got no leave to get married."

"Ah! You're rather young, aren't you?"

He looked about two-and-twenty.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "I don't know as how I wanted to get married—not as you might say."

I handed him my pouch.

"I was a young chap," he continued, filling his pipe, "and I was all right as 'twas. If I liked to get chock full o' beer, or run a bit free like—well, it didn't do no 'arm to no one. See?"

"You have to be more careful now?" I suggested.

"I never give her no word, an' she never give me no word. Thirteen months we've been married, an' seven months I walked with 'er; that makes twenty montas; an' I never give her no word, an' she never give me no word. That's all right, ain't it?"

He turned, almost aggressively, as he asked the question. And I was bound to confess that it seemed all right.

There was silence for a few minutes, while he puffed at his pipe and looked out over the sea.

"One Sunday, near two years ago, the corp'ral—'e asked me to go up to his little place to tea. So about four o'clock I brushes my 'air and pulls my belly-band a bit tighter, an' I goes. Soon as I goes in, I sees two gels there, an' the corp'ral, 'e introjuices me. I was just hanging up my cap, when I 'ears one of the gels say to the other, 'Say, Ju, shouldn't you like to 'ave that young chap?' 'Course I should,' says Ju. 'An' so should I,' says the other. So I turns round, an' I says, 'Then neither of you shan't 'ave me,' I says. I'm like that, you know. But I see the corp'ral a-winkin', and somehow I knowed how it 'ud be."

"Well, next Sunday, the corp'ral he says to me, 'You come up to tea again.' I says, 'I'll come up if them gels ain't agoin' to be there.' 'Well, then, they ain't,' he says. 'Straight?' I says. 'Straight!' he says. And so I goes. And sure enough there was them two gels a-settin' in the corner, Ju and Sal. See?"

"I walked home with Ju that night acrost the causeway, the tide bein' down at the time. I didn't say nought to her—not as you might say, only 'Ow are you?' and 'Ow's yer mother?' and 'What'll you 'ave?' like as if might be you. But I see her a-lookin' and a-lookin', and keepin' all on a-lookin' at me out of the tail of her eye, and I know'd how it 'ud be.

"Next evening, about six o'clock, I 'appened in at the canteen, and a chap come in and calls out, 'Jack Purvis.' That's my name. 'Ere,' I says. Then he says to me, lookin' round at the other chaps all the time, 'Jack Purvis,' he says, 'there's a gel waitin' outside the gate for you.' 'What the 'ell does she want?' I says, knowin' all the time what she was after. 'You'd best go out and see,' he says. So I goes.

And all the other chaps laughin'. When I gets to the gate, there was Ju waitin'. 'Why did you come acrost the causeway for to see me?' I asks, quite 'aughty like. 'I come acrost the causeway,' she says, 'for the purpose of you walkin' with me.' 'Why should I go walkin' with you?' I says. 'Why don't you go with the corp'ral? I ain't a-goin' to take up with no blasted corp'ral's leavin's.' Then she says, slow and solemn, 'I come acrost the causeway for the purpose of you walkin' with me for the reason that I 'ave more respect for you nor what I 'aven't for the corp'ral."

Jack Purvis drew himself up to his full height as he said this.

"And you went?" I asked.

"And I went," he replied. "There wasn't no other thing to do. Two evenin's I walked with her

on the pier, and one evenin' up yonder towards the fort. The third evenin' I knowed all about her. And after seven months we was prop'ly married."

"Any children?" I asked.

"No; it died," he answered.

"She's been uncommon good to me," he continued. "Y'see, I can't give her no money—hardly, having nothing but my pay, and her not bein' on the strength. Put, bless yer, many's the time she's said to me, 'Look 'ere, Jack, I know you ain't got the price of a quart. 'Ere's two shilling.'"

"Does she earn money?" I asked.

"Tailorin'," he answered, turning quickly towards me. "Yes, she's a good 'un, she is, that's what she is, she is a good 'un. I don't want no one to go with her. No one. . . . I don't care who it is. Not if 'e was—a corp'ral. . . . See this gun?"

He held his hand as he spoke on a ten-pounder, whose muzzle was grinning over the embrasure at our side.

"I fires this gun off at nine to-night, and five to-morrow morning. I'm on guard to-night. And she'll 'ear it. I'm over 'ere, and she's over there. But she'll 'ear it. And she'll know it's me a firin'."

He stood with one hand upon the gun, and holding his



"BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT ARE YOU MARRIED?"



"HERE, GIVE US A DRINK FIRST, BILL."

pipe, which had gone out, by the bowl in the other, as he looked across the expanse of sand, seaweed, and rising water, to the town where the light was twinkling.

"I must go," I said, "or the tide will be up."

So I bade him good-night and left.

It was nearly nine when I left the soppy causeway and walked across the hard sand to the road which runs along into the town. There was bustle and noise in the streets, for it was the evening of a market day. Crowds of peasants were standing round the doors of the public-houses, with fishermen and their wives, and here and there a red coat. As I turned the corner of one of the steep, narrow streets, I ran into a group of soldiers and girls, who were laughing and talking together. For a moment I could

not pass; and as I stepped off the kerb I saw a soldier—he had a corporal's stripe—seize one of the girls by the wrist.

"Come along, Ju, just for old sake's sake, you know. He can't come across to-night."

The name arrested my attention, and I turned to look at the girl. As they stood thus, the man with his hand claspng the wrist of the girl, the gun from the fort boomed out across the sea. The talk and the laughter ceased for a moment, while the echoes died slowly away among the hills behind the town. And I saw the girl flush red and then turn pale, as she said hoarsely—

"Here, give us a drink first, Bill."

And then they disappeared through the swing doors.

THE BOY IN THE BOOK.

By BARRY PAIN.

HE was a boy in real life, and his name was Jim, and he read about a boy in a book whose name was Lionel; and the more he read about Lionel the more he wanted to be like Lionel, and wished that he had been christened Lionel—for Lionel was a hero, and did things by nature without previous practice.

But Jim's name was Jim, which was bad; and when he went to school they called him, for no particular reason, Cough-drop, which was worse. Nobody had ever called Lionel by any nickname; they would not have dared; he was too splendid. So Jim resented being called Cough-drop. This seemed to give everybody much pleasure, and they continued to call him Cough-drop, also The Jujube, and likewise—when they had time for it—Hundreds-and-Thousands. Jim began to wonder what Lionel would have done under the circumstances. But then Lionel's circumstances were always made to order, and fitted him beautifully; Jim's circumstances were the kind that boys' fate keeps in stock, and in places they pinched him badly.

The athletic sports came on. Lionel, as Jim well remembered, had gone in for athletic sports. Lionel had refused, with his careless laugh, to say whether he would run or not. He did not go into training. Ten minutes before the sports commenced he suddenly made up his mind to run in the mile race. There were three laps to the mile. During the first two laps Lionel was last; he was waiting. Then his eyes flashed, and his lithe, active figure sprang lightly forward. With a magnificent spurt he overhauled all competitors, one by one, breasted the tape five yards ahead of any of them, then fainted away; and beautiful ladies gathered round him, with smelling-bottles, sympathy, and invitations to tea. When he recovered, he particularly requested that the prize which was his by right might be given to the boy who ran last, and the head master exclaimed: "Noble, noble fellow! It is boys like you who make England what it is!" This was the model which Jim had to imitate. In one or two respects he succeeded, and in others he did not.

He found it was impossible to refuse (with a careless laugh) to say whether he was going to run or not. He was told that he would have to put his name down by a certain date, and that, if he did not, he would not be allowed to run; further, that he could take it or leave it. The next point was easier. Lionel did not train—neither did Jim. When the race commenced, Jim remembered that an enthusiastic crowd had run by Lionel's side, shouting wildly: "Hurrah! hurrah for Lionel!" A few boys accompanied Jim, and they shouted. What they shouted was: "Waddle along, old Cough-drop!" and "Go it, Jujube! You'll be first, wrong end, if you don't melt before you get there!" During the first lap he ran last—waiting, just as Lionel had waited. Then he called on himself for the spurt, but it did not appear to be there. So he stopped, having completed one-third of a mile in 2 min. 35 sec. He did not faint, but he was decidedly unwell, and nobody sympathised, and the boy who won the first prize had no better taste than to keep it for himself, and be distinctly pleased that he had got it.

A few weeks afterwards Jim saw a youth of serious and agricultural appearance strike a poor, defenceless fox-terrier three times with a switch. Now, that was the kind of thing that Lionel was always seeing, and Lionel's blood always boiled, and Lionel's eyes always flashed, and his fist shot out, and the great hulking coward lay prone and begging for mercy. So Jim gathered together his recollections of Lionel's vocabulary, and said to the stolid youth—

"You dastardly bully! How dare you ill-treat a poor dumb animal in that way?"

And the stolid-looking youth seemed slightly surprised. Then he took Jim by the collar, and observed

that he had been licking the pup because the pup had been worrying sheep, and it was good for both the pup and the sheep that it should have a lesson; but that he was licking Jim in order to teach him to keep a civil tongue in his head, and mind his own business.

Jim went away with the impression (perfectly correct) that he had had his head punched, and another impression (for which also there was something to be said) that Lionel was a fraud. It dawned upon him that Lionel would be all right in a little tin world of his own, peopled entirely by sentimentalists and blackguards, and with all the blackguards physically contemptible; but that he would have done less brilliantly in the only kind of world that we have got at present. He did not formulate it in that way, but that was what his thoughts meant.

And that was why, when they were tearing paper for the next paper-chase, a copy, nicely-bound, of "Lionel at School, or the Boy-Hero," was, at the request of its owner, reduced to shreds.

Of course, the reaction set in. Jim was called upon for the present indicative by the French master, and in a fit of absent-mindedness gave it as follows—

Je me mogue

Tu te toque

Il se soque.

So the French master asked him to write it out fifty times correctly, and Jim replied in a clear and audible voice, "All right, Froggy!" This was not at all what Lionel would have said. On the very few occasions when any master was besotted enough to give Lionel an imposition, the boy-hero replied: "Pardon me, sir, but I think I can show you that—unintentionally, no doubt—you are doing me an injustice." And the master was always contrite. The French master on this occasion was not at all contrite. He trebled that imposition, and Jim—such was his natural depravity—did not much care.

In his hardness of heart, he ceased to care also what his nickname was. Now, nicknames follow the line of least resistance. As he did not object to any name, the shortest survived, and he was generally called Jim.

Two years afterwards, by dint of practice and abstinence, he had so far improved that he ran third in the mile. This was not heroic. The feat was rewarded with a silver-plated toast-rack, which was of no sort of use to him, but yet made him proud of himself and particularly careful to conceal the fact.

He became, in a word, less and less like Lionel. He was not always refined in his language, and he used slang. He was untidy in his dress. His hatred of "swagger" reached the point of unreasoning prejudice. And he never became a great scholar, or a great athlete, or anything great. But he had good spirits, and he concealed about his person an average good heart; and after he had left school, boys, though they would never have dreamed of telling him that they were sorry he was going, said that things weren't as they used to be in Jim's time.

In short, though it may be unreasonable, I very much prefer Jim to the boy in the book. For I know that the boy in the book could be rendered effectively on the stage by a girl in a black velvet suit and a pale blue silk sash—and this is not a thing I like to see.

"THERE is only one thing," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me."

"What is that?"

"He thinks that some of the snap-shot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses."

"ARE you going to deny that charge you made against me in yesterday's paper?" he thundered at the editor.

"No, sir!" thundered back the editor.

"That's right!" he said quickly: "if there is one thing I admire, it is a man who sticks by his convictions."

WHIMS OF ACTRESSES.

A CHAT WITH A FAMOUS COSTUMIER.

THE origin of my visit to Mr. A. (writes a representative) was not unconnected with a commission received from a country cousin concerning a stage frock. And what more natural, after the explaining of sundry trifling—though, perhaps, important—details, than that I should remark, "I'm afraid you must think Miss Country Cousin very whimsical, Mr. A."

"Whimsical!" exclaimed the latter. "If you were a costumier, you would know what whims were." And then we fell to talking.

"All the world knows," said Mr. A., "of the Divine Sarah's tiger (or are they, after all, leopard?) cubs, of Miss Terry's clever dog, of this or that celebrated actress's pets; but few people except myself, or their dressers, know of the fads and whims of which many of them are capable. A very well-known and popular little lady, who dances in up-to-date burlesques and the new-fangled 'musical comedies,' as they call them, for want, presumably, of a better name, always wears a yellow garter for luck. She happened, so she told me one day, to be wearing a pair of that colour on the night she first made a 'hit,' and she makes no bones of owning that she attributes her success to that cause, though for myself I should feel more inclined," continued the speaker, laughing, "to attribute it to her charming little self, good and singularly graceful dancing, and alluring *dessous*. However, she always wears yellow articles, and I generally have to get them made for her. To lose one, so she informed me once when I was chaffing her about being superstitious, she considers most unlucky, and it was on account of this that one of the cleaners-up, after a fancy dress ball at Covent Garden, two years ago, got a rare piece of luck. Miss L. happened to be there, and lost one of hers. She was in a great state, but a substantial reward had the desired effect, and the missing article of ribbon turned up, having been found as I said. Another, a well-known burlesque star, always wears blue, for no particular reason, I believe, only a fad, but, at all events, she had good luck with her famous breach of promise case, even though the colour were blue, and not 'lucky yellow.' A Hungarian actress often garters below the knee for luck, I was told by one who habitually did so. Other dancers and actresses are fond of having mottoes worked on these articles. Sometimes they are merely posies, such as 'Good luck,' 'Sustain me,' the initials of the wearer and her *fiancé* intermingled, or a *bon mot*, like that of a famous exponent of high-kicking who had "Excelsior" embroidered on hers in gold thread.

"Then, in the matter of 'tights,' there is some room for eccentricity," exclaimed Mr. A. "As to colour, startling tints are more the rage on the Continent and in America than here. But I have two clients, one of whom *always* wears scarlet, and the other black, either of which colours, seen in combination with snow-white *dessous*, is not a little startling in effect. Then I have another woman for whom I make (a Parisian *café chantant* idol), who always wears open-worked 'tights,' generally black, or others sewn with the newest thing in spangles. If she had not literally hundreds of francs to throw away, she could not indulge in these open-work affairs, as they are not only exceedingly expensive, but need the greatest care to get them on without tearing. I have supplied her with as many as three pairs in little more than a week. Then as to padding. One burlesque and pantomime star, with whose patronage I am favoured, has a whim for making herself appear to have phenomenally large hips. Such an amount of padding as she requires would weigh something not inconsiderable, so that, to obviate this, it oc-

curred to her that to have air cushions shaped accurately to her figure would be an excellent idea. We have had these made for her, and they answer very well. But though she possesses a magnificent figure from a burlesque and pantomime point of view, and is quite one of the 'finest' women on the stage, such contrivances are not without risk, and on one occasion at least, to my knowledge, a truant pin has wrought such mischief that Miss ——— was compelled to plead indisposition to the awaiting public. A Viennese actress," Mr. A. went on, "has a strange whim, too, as to 'tights.' She does not wear 'tights,' as they are usually considered, at all, but ordinary silk hose and knee-breeches—fitting without a wrinkle—made of thin kid, such as is used in the manufacture of gloves. These are made in different colours, her favourite tints being black, maize, and flesh. And I can assure you," said Mr. A., with a laugh, "when she wears a pair of the latter colour in conjunction with black stockings, the effect is sufficiently realistic."

"They must be rather expensive, I should think," I remarked.

"They are; but she earns such an enormous salary that she can well afford a whim like that. Then, some of my clients have *penchants* in the matter of corsets. One of the best-known Gaiety girls of a few years ago always had her dancing corsets of pale amber satin, and never any other trimming save lovely black Spanish lace. The laces were always black silk ones, too. Another 'star,' this time of the halls, has all her corsets (so she told me the other day) of a particular make of pearl-grey broché satin, the laces in her case being turquoise blue ones. Another burlesque 'star,' for whom I have made such things for years, always has her husband's coronet and motto embroidered in silver or gold thread on the left side of her corset, just over the heart, this whim adding from £1 10s. to £4 4s. to the cost of each pair. While yet another customer (a Frenchwoman) brings us a charm or talisman to sew inside of each new pair.

"Then another of our clients always has her bodices made exactly the same height. I am never allowed to vary (as I often should) the extent of décolletage. Another will never have any material used of which it is possible for anyone else to have some of the same. Of course a whim of this sort is extremely costly. Then another pretty pantomime artiste—who, if report is true, has been more than once engaged to a title—always has her silk stockings made especially for her in novel patterns, and for this purpose we have had made an exact fac-simile in wax and composition of her shapely limbs.

"Then lace," continued the speaker, "is a hobby with several of our customers. This," taking up some exquisite cob-webby fabric, "is worth over a guinea a yard. There are ten yards of it, and every bit is going on a pair of dancing drawers for Miss ——— (mentioning a famous skirt and other dancer). We have frequently used lace double this width, and costing more than half as much again, for the same garments. And I have known her 'go on' in a lace petticoat which has made a big hole in forty guineas. Of course, real lace is almost everlasting wear. A good deal of it she keeps, no doubt—she is said to have a magnificent collection—but I have known her give her dresser, in a fit of generosity, a garment which she has easily enough got a ten-pound note for."

"Good for trade," I suggested.

"Yes; I have to keep two very clever Irishwomen—who make lace as very few women can—almost entirely employed making for Miss ———. And, after all," said Mr. A. in conclusion, "it is somewhat comical to think of a dancing girl—even though she be a popular idol—using lace for her *dessous* that a duchess would not disdain wearing on her ball dress."

Do not let the fear of being lonesome diminish your efforts to become great. There are others on the heights.



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THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN.

BY
GUY BOOTHBY.
Illustrated by B. E. MINNS.

"WHAT matters Life, what matters Death,
What boots a vain remorse?
When days are dead, wherein we lived,
Our hearts should die—of course!"

Song of the Vain Regret.

First and foremost it must be understood that when men and women cross the Borderland of Discretion into that Never-never Country, where wedding-rings are forgotten and family correspondence abruptly ceases, they do so, believing it to be unlikely that they will ever meet anyone out of the old life again.

This fallacy may be attributed to one of two things, either to an insufficient knowledge of their world, or to an exaggerated idea of their own exclusiveness. The first is the more common, but the one is as fatal as the other.

It is quite possible, after such a lapse of time, that no one will remember the "Clitheroe, Gwynne-Harden" episode. Yet it made a great stir at the time. Clitheroe, I fancy, was in the army, while the woman was the wife of Gwynne-Harden, the banker. She came of good family, was intensely proud, and, among other things of more or less account, had the reputation of being the acknowledged beauty of that season.

Clitheroe and The Other Man's Wife were unwise to the borders of madness. For had they been content to worship each other according to Society's certificated code—surely sufficiently elastic—no trouble would have ensued. But, for some reason or other, they were not satisfied to jog along in the ordinary way, but must needs meet in all sorts of hole-and-corner places, correspond in cypher, and send letters by hand, rather than by post. Naturally people talked, and the scandal, by its obtrusiveness, became proverbial. All through the Season they were in each other's pockets, and during Goodwood week, after a period of sentimental shilly-shallying, they disappeared for ever and a day.

Gwynne-Harden, though it was said he loved his wife with an exceeding great love, was a philosopher in his own way. After the first shock he made no attempt to find her; on the other hand, he put the money the search

would have cost him into Bolivian Rails, a doubtful but still a better investment, he said. Having done this, he placed all the belongings she had left behind her in an attic under lock and key, bought a new brand of cigars, and endeavoured to forget all about her.

Four years later, he went into the House, where he managed to interest himself in Colonial affairs. Moreover, he had the sense to stick to his work, and leave female society alone. He was a shrewd, cynical man, with a taste for epigram, and said to himself, "I am a matrimonial Mahomet, for the reason that, because I refuse to apply for a divorce, I hover between a possible Heaven and an accomplished Hell." Which was a bitter, but, under the circumstances, perhaps excusable speech.

Now, here comes the part of the story I am anxious to dwell upon. Three years after the exodus just narrated, being desirous of extending his political information, Gwynne-Harden set out for Australia with a sheaf of introductions in his despatch-box. Downing Street busied herself on his behalf, and, in consequence, Her Majesty's representatives were politely instructed to yield him all the assistance in their power. It is well to be a Somebody in the land, and, as any Globe Trotter will inform you, a Vice-Regal introduction is a lever by no means to be despised.

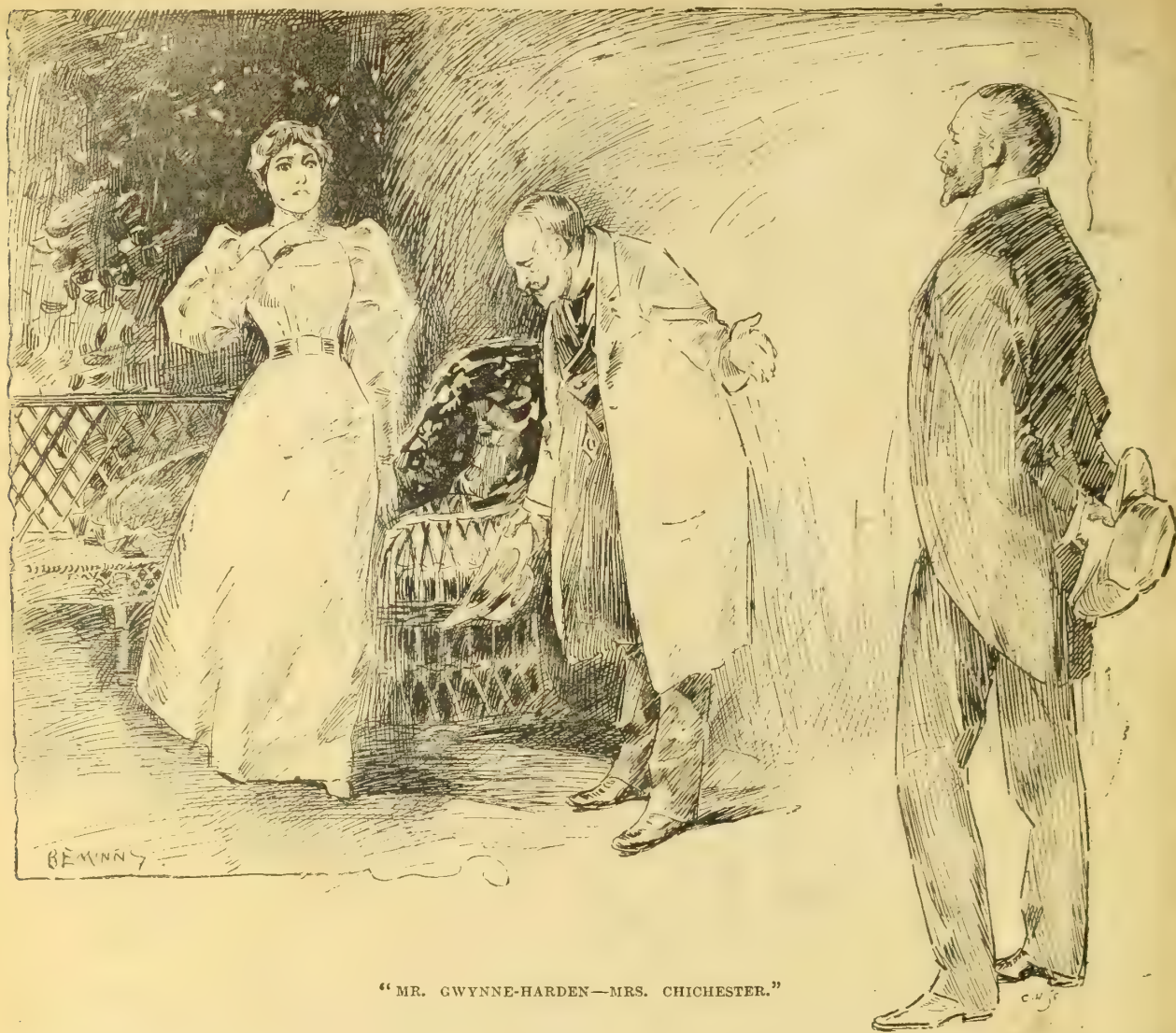
When the Governor of a certain Colony had banqueted, fêted, and endeavoured to turn his guest inside out for his own purposes, he handed him over to the tender mercies of his Colonial Secretary, or whatever you call the leader of the gang then in power.

This gentleman had his own opinions on the subject of Globe Trotters, and argued that the majority were shown too much in order that they might absorb too little. Therefore, he said he would take Gwynne-Harden under his protection, and enact Gamaliel in his own way.

To this end he lured his victim into a lengthy driving tour through the squatting districts, in order that he might see the backbone of the country for himself and form his own conclusions. The idea was ingenious in the main, but because he had left all consideration of the past out of his calculations, it failed entirely in its purpose. Even Colonial Secretaries are powerless against Fate.

As they proceeded from station to station on their route, they were received with that hospitality for which the Australian Bush is so justly famous. And like the proverbial owl, Gwynne-Harden said little, but thought the more.

Between three and four o'clock one roasting afternoon, the travellers saw, on the rise before them, the charming homestead of Woodnooroo Station. The



"MR. GWYNNE-HARDEN—MRS. CHICHESTER."

Colonial Secretary looked forward to a pleasant visit, for he had stayed there before.

They resigned their buggy to the care of a black boy in the horse-paddock, and as they approached the house, the Secretary explained to Gwynne-Harden all the good things he knew of the owner and his wife. He devoted considerable space to his description of the latter, and in answer the banker smiled grimly.

* * * * *

Leaving the small flower garden behind them, they enter a cool stone verandah, where a lady rises from a long cane chair to greet them. The Colonial Secretary dashes forward to take her hand . . .

Colonial Secretary "Mr. Gwynne-Harden—Mrs. Chichester."

Mrs. Chichester (as white as a ghost, vainly feeling for the wall behind her with her left hand, while she fumbles at her collar with her right): "Mr. Gwynne-Harden!" (Then slowly and with prodigious exertion): "I—I—I'm—I hope you are very well."

Mr. Gwynne-Harden (with a curious expression in his face, which the Colonial Secretary attributes to nervousness): "Extremely well, I thank you!"

Colonial Secretary: "I am looking forward to having the pleasure of introducing Mr. Gwynne-Harden to your husband, Mrs. Chichester."

Mrs. Chichester (with a supreme effort): "I'm sorry to say my husband is camped on the Run at present."

Mr. Gwynne-Harden: "Then I must await his return with proper patience. I shall be delighted to meet him, I am sure. Mrs. Chichester, is anything the matter?"

Mrs. Chichester (still fumbling at her neck): "No, no—r—r—really nothing. I feel the heat very much, that—that is all. Won't you come inside?" (Rises and leads the way into the dining-room, where she un-

locks a sideboard, and puts whisky on the table.) "I'm sure you must need some refreshment after your long and hot drive."

Colonial Secretary (enthusiastically, pointing to a creeper through the door) "By Jove, look here, Harden; isn't this perfect? I challenge you to find its equal anywhere—the Buginvillea Speciosa in all its glory. Ah! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Chichester."

Mrs. Chichester (passing him): "Thank you. If you will excuse me, I think I will go and see about your rooms." [Exits across verandah.]

The Colonial Secretary solemnly takes to himself a whisky-peg, while Gwynne-Harden, turning his back, fixes his eyeglass and critically examines two photos on the mantelpiece.

Colonial Secretary (warmly, referring to their hostess): "Egad, Harden, what would many men give for a wife like that?"

Mr. Gwynne-Harden (dropping his eyeglass, and facing round): "What, indeed!"

They adjourn to the verandah, where enter to them a small and very dirty child, presumably a boy, who scrutinises both men carefully before venturing near.

Mr. Gwynne-Harden: "Ah, my little man, and pray what may your name be?"

Child: "Jack 'Ister."

Colonial Secretary: "Angliss—Jack Chichester. He is a fine boy, and typical of the country. Come here, Jack. How old are you?"

Child: "I'se free—Baby's one."

Mr. Gwynne-Harden: "So there's a baby, too, eh?"

Mrs. Chichester (appearing at the end of the verandah): "Jack! it's your bedtime. Say good-night, and come along at once."

Jack goes to Gwynne-Harden, and holds up his face to

be kissed, but the honour is declined. The Colonial Secretary accepts it effusively. Their mother and child disappear together.

Colonial Secretary (laughingly): "You don't seem fond of kissing children!"

Mr. Gwynne-Harden: "Not other people's children, thank you!"

Colonial Secretary (who has never heard the scandal, to himself): "I wonder if there's a Mrs. Gwynne-Harden?"

The quarter of an hour preceding dinner. Gwynne-Harden is standing with his hands on the chimney-piece, looking into the empty fireplace. To him enter Mrs. Chichester.

Mr. Gwynne-Harden: "Only that I shall hope to meet him face to face very soon."

Enter the Colonial Secretary simultaneously with dinner.

10 p.m. the same evening. Scene—Gwynne-Harden's bedroom. He divests himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having done so, discovers a note addressed to himself upon the table. He reads it, and then looks long and fixedly at his own reflection in the glass.

Mr. Gwynne-Harden (tearing the note into a hundred pieces): "Humph! This is certainly the Nineteenth Century—well, I'll sleep on it."

Next morning, the Colonial Secretary and his com-



"IT IS IMPROBABLE THAT WE SHALL EVER MEET!"

Mrs. Chichester (advancing): "George! George—for myself I ask nothing, but for my children's sakes. Oh, George, be merciful!"

Mr. Gwynne-Harden (turning): "Mrs. Chichester, I beg your pardon ten thousand times for not seeing you enter. This light is so deceptive, perhaps you thought I was your husband!"

Mrs. Chichester: "George, have you forgotten me?"

Mr. Gwynne-Harden: "My dear Mrs. Chichester, pray let me turn up the lamp, then you will see whom you are addressing. I am Mr. Gwynne-Harden, and if you will pardon my saying so, I don't remember ever having seen your face before. If I have, I have been rude enough to forget the circumstance. Your husband's acquaintance I shall——"

Mrs. Chichester: "What of my husband?"

panion, without any apparent reason, changed their plans and continued their journey. When the buggy was at the door, and the latter came to bid his hostess farewell, he said—

"I am very sorry that we are compelled to go, for I shall not have an opportunity now of meeting your husband, Mrs. Chichester. And as I leave for England in a month—it is improbable that we shall ever meet!"

To this speech, Mrs. Chichester, so the Colonial Secretary thought, rather illogically said—

"God bless you!"

"MRS. SKYPOODLE is a mean thing! When her Fido and my Rover were fighting, she kicked poor Rover!"

"Why didn't you prevent her?"

"I was too busy kicking Fido."

THE MAN FOR THE INCOME-TAX.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.

THEY had sent me several notices, each one of a different colour. The first was, I think, white, and studiously courteous. It even offered me a post-office order for nothing if I hurried round to the nearest post-office at once. Then they changed to other colours, and their tone altered with their colour, until they became absolutely rude. At last, this morning, as I was wandering about my room and trying to decide whether it were better that I should read a book, or write a book, or ride a bicycle, the servant came up with a troubled face and laid another before me. It was pink, final, and insolent. It appeared to assume that I didn't want to pay.

"Please, sir!" said Emily, "the man says as he's going to take away the furniture if you don't pay. He's been going on that awful; I never see such a man!"

"I suppose I'd better see him. Do you think I'd better see him, Emily?" I said doubtfully, fingering the pink paper.

"If you ask me, sir," said Emily, "I shouldn't mind if I was never to see 'im again. He's that—well, 'ow anybody could ever take up with 'im——"

"Nevertheless, Emily," I said, "one never loses by courtesy; and, after all, he's in a sense a Queen's messenger, and, as such, entitled to a welcome. Ask him up."

Emily sniffed, but submitted.

In a few moments he came up, and stood in the doorway. His exterior was somewhat forbidding. He had the look of a man who has to fight the world, and is always on the guard against physical violence. He stood brushing his silk hat with his sleeve, in a manner which I had thought was confined to farce.

"I'm very sorry," he began, "to——"

"Not at all!" I said genially. "Come in! I'm delighted to see you. I was quite dull."

He looked somewhat surprised, but came in.

"Try that easy chair," I said; "I fancy you'll find it comfortable. I may be poor, but I will not see anyone uncomfortable so long as he is in my house."

He sat down, suspiciously, as though he half expected the chair to fold up suddenly, or play a tune.

"Now," I said, fishing out my spirit stand, "I wonder if you are the sort of man who likes a whisky-and-soda before lunch—because I am. And I hate enjoying things alone."

I mixed a couple of whiskies-and-sodas, and handed him one. He took it in a dazed sort of way.

"You smoke, of course," I said. "All good fellows smoke. Try this cigar. There's nothing better at the price in London."

He bit off the end, regarding me curiously the while. I handed him a lighted match. He smoked—we smoked—and as we smoked a smile broke over his face, and reflected itself on mine. We were men and brothers.

"I've sin a lot of gentlemen, one way and another, in my line of business," he said, setting down his hat upon the floor; "but I never got treated this way before!"

"It seems unfair," I said reflectively, "that a nice genial fellow like you should feel himself unwelcome everywhere; that he should see men turning down side-streets to avoid him; that he should be continually calling at houses in which he suspects that he is *de trop*. I suppose that you, with your sensitive nature, feel that even your best friends are not particularly glad to see you?"

"Well, my friends don't pay any income-tax, mostly," he said.

"I hope we shall be friends," I said.

"You're very good, sir, but——"

"Ah, yes! I know what you meant. Still, why should people dislike you? You're not the inventor of

the income-tax. I expect, if the truth were known, you would rather pay income-tax than collect it."

"I would," he said. "It's walkin', and walkin', and keepin' all on walkin', and precious little for it. You might call it next to nothink, and not be far out."

He was half way through his whisky and soda, and had quite put off the severity of officialism.

"Why are you trying to collect it so early this year?" I asked. "I never pay until much later than this. Is the Government getting hard up?"

He shook his head knowingly.

"Well," he replied, "I won't deny that we've had a sort of what I might call a 'int to hurry it up. I suppose it's those crises, and ships, and so on. But, you know, it's due on the first of January, by rights."

"Does anybody ever pay up on the first demand, and get his post-office order free?"

"Not one in a hundred. Here and there a man sends the money at once—they're generally retired business men. But the rest—well, with all my running about, they keep all on puttin' it off and puttin' it off, till they can't put it off any longer. And there's me gettin' into a row when I can't collect it all up to time! It's a poor trade—what I call a darn poor trade!"

"And then, if they don't pay, do you come down on their furniture?" I asked.

"We don't 'ave to do it," he said, while a look of cunning came into his eyes.

"Ah?"

"You see, most people are paying much less than they ought to. It's only now and then that a man pays too much, when his business is going down, and he don't want his books looked into. But the rest of 'em knows it's best to pay up, and nothing said. Of course, we don't want to make it more unpleasant than we can help. The income-tax is none too popular, as it is."

"No, there certainly isn't much enthusiasm over it," I said.

"Well!" he said, finishing his drink, and picking up his hat.

"Not going!" I said; "so soon?"

"I'm going further to fare worse," he said politely. "But—you'll eggscuse me—about that little——"

His eye rested on the piece of pink paper, which still lay upon my desk.

I shook my head pleasantly.

"Out of the question!" I said.

He looked a little pained.

"But—'aving a income, sir——"

"I've spent it," I said.

"Well, you've got a banking account," he replied, looking at me out of the corner of his eye, "because last year you paid me by cheque; and, between you and I and the gatepost," he continued, changing his manner from that of the official to that of the friend, and standing with one hand upon the corner of the table, "speaking as man to man, and one that knows, I should advise you not to pay your income-tax by cheque. You see, now I know you've got a banking account, and—that means money."

"It's overdrawn," I argued; "and an overdrawn banking account is worse than nothing at all. I think you'd better take that chair away with you—it's Chippendale."

He looked doubtfully at me.

"Or, better still," I said, "I will turn you into three articles, and make you pay my income-tax."

"Into three——"

He grew visibly paler, as though he fancied I meant to skin him and bind pocket-books and purses with his cuticle.

"But I must start at once," I said, sitting down to my desk, and reaching for my pen. "It's been a pleasant visit, though too short; you must stay longer next time. Good-bye!"

He departed, backing from the room, and keeping his eyes on me, as though he thought I might become dangerous at any moment. That is how I came to write this.

SARAH GRAND ON CYCLING.

MADAME SARAH GRAND is always a charming and interesting woman to meet, but surely the most charming persons become more delightful still when they tell you the very thing you are longing to hear! And that is exactly what Madame Grand said to me as I sat in her cosy flat in Wynnstay Gardens, and asked her what she thought on the great question of cycling for women. Whereas the one point on which a serious charge can be brought against it is that some eminent medical men think it over-trying work for a woman, Madame Grand told me that it had quite set her up in health after a long attack of illness.

"Indeed," she went on, "I was so thoroughly knocked up and ill, that I had to give up my flat here—I couldn't walk up the stairs to it—and go away and live in Paris, having a complete rest and change for quite a long time. It was in a French cycling school where I first learnt, and I consider the French teachers much better than the English; for instance, an item they pay particular attention to in France is teaching you to mount and dismount properly, and the last three lessons are entirely devoted to learning how to sit upon your machine gracefully. How they did laugh at us, though, when we went to that French school to learn to ride a bicycle, wearing skirts"; and she laughed, herself, at the recollection. "Everyone there, of course, wears the *culotte*, and at first our English ideas were quite horrified at the amount of leg shown by our Parisian sisters; however, after a few days, when the real delight of riding had overcome us, we forgot all about that, and I must say, for choice, I should never wear a skirt for cycling again."

"Besides, after all," she went on, "the *culotte* is much more modest, in its way, than the skirt; with the former, you see everything there is to be seen at once—one shock does it all—while with the latter, one is constantly expecting it to blow up, or catch somehow; and it's much the same thing with the divided skirt—one always wonders if it is really divided, and wants to see how it's done! And, besides," she added, "I do consider both skirts and divided skirts to be slightly dangerous; they so easily catch or hitch themselves into the wheels. The

one serious accident I ever saw was caused by the wearing of a skirt which tripped its wearer—Lady Randolph Churchill—and gave her a wicked fall. And then with the skirt, too, you have the constant annoyance of it always flapping about you."

"But what about the fasteners?" I asked. "Don't you approve of those patent catches which keep the skirt attached to the ankles?"

"Certainly not," she returned: "they are perfect horrors.

They gradually work up till they get over the knee, and then your entire time is spent in trying to work them down again. I always ride in a skirt in England," she laughed, "as the *culotte* really seems too much for the susceptibilities of the English people to overcome; but I should never think of doing so in Paris or on the Riviera."

I begged to be shown her bicycle, but it was being cleaned—"which is the tiresome part of it," she added; "but really it's no very famous make, being a present from an old friend."

"Do you ride in the Park?" I asked.

"Well, I have ridden there once or twice; but I very much prefer country riding. Last summer, when staying in Yorkshire at a country house, I always went out on my bicycle, and found I could keep nicely up with the carriage, going at an easy pace, and we made up many

very charming picnics and blackberrying parties in that way; but, of course, there are no roads like the London roads; though, as I said before, I should not care to go in for 'showing off' cycling—that is more for the young girl, who likes to be seen in the Park, than for the woman who takes up cycling as a pleasant means of obtaining fresh air—and as a health restorer, which it undoubtedly is, if taken in moderation."

E. A. B.



MADAME SARAH GRAND.

From Photo by]

[H. S. Mendelssohn.

"THE man that takes a middle course in life," said the Professor—

He essayed the conventional oratorical pause, and carefully adjusted his spectacles.

"—is likely to find that he cannot make both ends meet!"

LOVE LETTERS TO ORDER.

THE advertisement ran: "Toasts, Speeches, Poetry, written confidentially.—Address, W. Stuart, 53, Gleggall Road, E." It was only after a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Stuart that I discovered that he had worded his advertisement far too modestly. A large proportion of his business consists in the production of a form of literature which is of far more importance to the well-being of this world than toasts, speeches, or poetry. Mr. Stuart writes love letters for other people.

"It was like this," he said. "I was in India for twelve years. In the course of my work there I was thrown into contact with soldiers a good deal. Somehow or other, first one and then another asked me to write a letter for him. By degrees I got quite a connection together. Of course, I didn't depend upon the work solely for a living, but it was a nice little help. The letters were principally love letters."

"How do you set to work when you write a love letter to order? Do you simply take general instructions and word the letter yourself, or do you adhere to the actual words as dictated to you?"

"A little bit of each way. To start with, I must tell you that there is a certain amount of formula to be respected when writing a love letter. In the beginning, for instance——"

"What's the favourite way of leading off?"

"The three most popular phrases are 'My dearest,' or 'My darling,' followed by the name of the lady, and 'My own darling.'"

"Nothing more amorous than that?"

"No, not as a rule. There are only a very few men who care to go beyond one of those three. Nearly every opening sentence is the same. The writer expresses his hope that the lady is in good health; he then goes on to tell her the news. As a rule, there are no more love-making parts until the end, when there are always a large number of crosses. But the postscripts are peculiar. I have always found that, when the writer has finished his letter, he wants to add a postscript much longer than the letter itself. Here is a specimen of a soldier's love letter:—

"Dearest Jane,—Hoping this will meet you in good health, as it leaves me in prison. Yes, in prison, Jane; and all for that sneaking cat, Tom Seal, who, I know, is always gallivanting about you. I am thinking he's done it all on purpose, so as to write a long letter full of lies home to his mother, to tell you all about it. You tell me, dear Jane, if he does, and I'll make it hot for him when I come out. You know spirits always upset me, and that foreign stuff in Malta made me fairly mad. You know what that means, too, Jane; and when one of those stuck-up N.C. officers came and ordered me about—well, I just let fly and hit him fair between the eyes. Tom, of course, he'd been with me, but he was as cool as a cucumber; you know he drinks like a fish, although he likes to be called a teetotaler. I want to ask you a favour, Jane, and I hope you'll do it for me, knowing how badly I'm off at present. Go and ask my brother-in-law, Harry, for the loan of a sovereign; tell him all, and that I'll pay him back as soon as I get out of this. No more spirits for me, dear Jane. Of course, I haven't been able to buy you that present, Jane. How could I? And all through that fellow Seal! But never mind! I'll send you a fine silk neckerchief when I get higher up the country, where they make them. You wouldn't have had this letter, never mind the present, if one chap hadn't given me pen and ink, another the stamp and the paper, and a tailor lent me his box to write it on, and John—him who writes half the company's letters—hadn't promised to write it for nothing. I don't like this country, Jane; maybe I'll like it better when I'm out of prison. I don't know that I have any more to say this time, my dearest Jane, and therefore I will close. Give my best love to all, and tell them I'll write a longer letter shortly, and believe me, with many x x x x x,

your ever loving JIM. P.S.—I forgot to tell you that before leaving home we smashed all the barrack-room windows in Aldershot, for which we've got to pay; so God knows when I may get any money, with that and in prison too. So don't forget the sovereign, dearest Jane. And take care of that sneak, Tom Seal, Jane. Perhaps he has already written home and told a lot of lies about me. This letter will tell you different, anyhow. P.S.—I can't give you any address, as I don't know where might be going to; so don't write until you hear from me again; but you can get that sovereign in the meantime, all the same."

"Do you mind giving me any particulars of your terms?"

"Well, for a short letter, such as I have just shown you, I should charge a shilling, although I frequently get more. Speeches, toasts, and poetry are more expensive. I have received as much as two pounds for a short political speech to be delivered at a club. I know my history well, and always manage to please my political clients."

"I suppose you have come across some curious experiences as a letter-writer?"

"Only a few. On one occasion a man had received a letter which he wanted to answer. He could not read or write, so asked me to tell him what was in the letter. I did so, and the first few sentences I read out were quite enough to show that the man was a thorough scamp."

"Was he embarrassed at your discovering his secrets?"

"No; he seemed to have expected that letter. I had the pleasure of answering it for him. On another occasion a man came to me, and, after confessing that he could not write, said that he wanted to keep that little fact a secret from his young lady. I wrote him his love letters for six years before the lady discovered who had actually penned them. Of course, she didn't quite like it, but the story ended happily. They are married now."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



SHE—When we are married, darling, what pet name shall I call you?

He—Call me Birdy—simply Birdy; that is all.

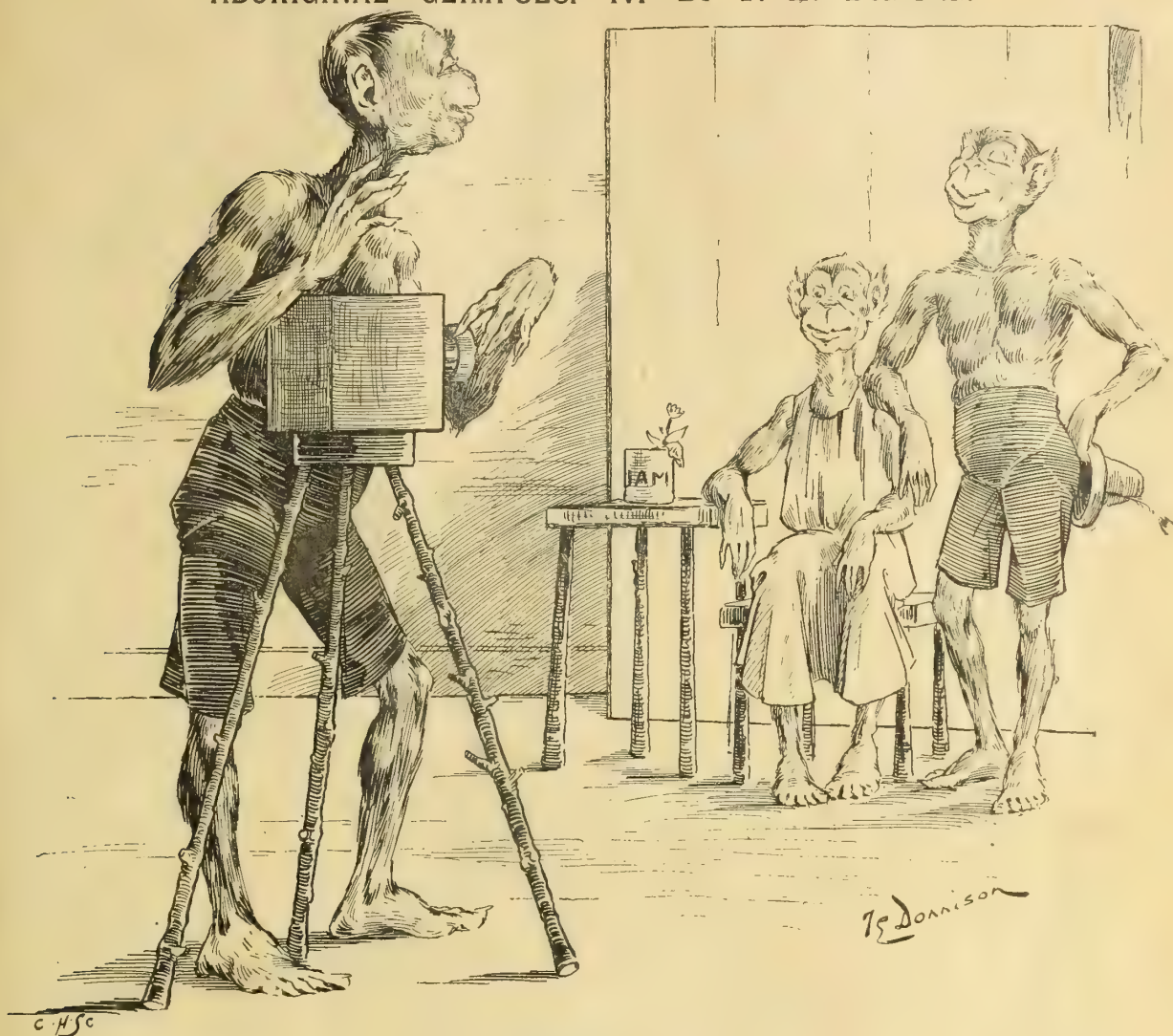
CALLER—Hard at work to-day, as usual, I see.

Paragrapher—Yes, still carpentering.

Caller—Carpentering! Why, how is that?

Paragrapher—Why, making new jokes with the old saws, of course.

ABORIGINAL GLIMPSES.—IV. By T. E. DONNISON.



AT THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

ONE o' the weak sports in 'Ankin's kerrier is 's 'abit o' berlievin' any foolishness as yer likes ter tell 'im. Don't berlieve in Government an' Hingland an' hall the Royal family, as any desunt man might, but do berlieve in ghosts and stories abart such. So we gits up a little story fur 'im abart 'is 'bus bein' 'awnted. It stawted one night with ole Ike syin' as 'e well remembered the soocide as took plice in 'Ankin's 'bus. "Thet was afore my time," says 'Ankin. "But I dessay," said Ike, "as you knows more abart it than I do; bein' on the sime 'bus o' nights, you nat'rally would." 'Ankin begun ter look a bit scared. "Why," says 'e, "theer ain't nutthink wrong with the 'bus, is theer?" "Ah," says ole Ike, "thet depends on whort yer call wrong. The 'bus is built all right, but I'm thankful as I've nutthink ter do with it. "Whort d'yer mean?" says 'Ankin. "Nutthink," says Ike. "I don't keer ter talk abart it." Well, pore ole 'Ankin gort in a rare stew, and, bit by bit, we rigged up a story fur 'im. We told 'im as ev'ry nar and agin, mostly lite of a Sat'day night, if theer worn't no one in the 'bus, 'e'd suddingly see a man sittin' inside in the fur-off corner, with a grite coat buttoned up over 'is throat. Then, if 'Ankin thought as this were one as 'e'd overlooked, and went ter give 'im 'is tickit, thet man 'ud turn darn the collar of 'is coat and show as 'e'd gort 'is throat cut. "Stuff

an' nonsense!" says 'Ankin, but you cud see as 'e 'alf berlieved it. Well, as luck 'ud 'ave it, the very next Sat'day some chap did git in, when theer worn't nobody in the 'bus, and 'Ankin were up top talkin' to 'is mite. As it 'appened, this chap took the fur corner, and 'ad 'is coat buttoned over 'is throat, sime as we'd told 'Ankin. Well, when 'Ankin come darn and see thet chep theer, 'is stite o' mind was sutthink offul. 'Ankin stood theer, watchin' of 'im an' tikin' jolly good keer nort ter tike 'is fare. Presently the chap sings art, "Hi, ain't yer goin' ter give me no tickit?" "Thet's all right," says 'Ankin; "you're pide fur." "Whort bloomin' nonsense are yer talkin'?" says the chap. "I knows all abart it," 'Ankin says, in a rare ole funk. "You don't git me ter give yer no tickit. You're pide fur." "Ho," the man says, "well, if you're drunk, and won't tike the money, I surpose as I cawn't 'elp it." Next dye 'Ankin tells us all abart this, and at fust we was fur leadin' 'im on a bit. Then, yer see, if a jumper should 'appen ter git on the 'bus when 'Ankin 'ad bin mikin' a fool of 'isself thet wye, it might be ser'us fur 'Ankin. And, nort wishin' ter do 'im no 'awm, we stawuid lawfin' at 'im, fit ter bust arselves. "Well, says 'Ankin, "I don't see where the joke is, myself." "Yer silly owl," says Ike, "it's all a bit o' kid. We was gettin' of yer on all the time."

Then, strewth, 'Ankin wudn't berlieve 'im. 'E said as 'e'd sin the chap 'isself, and knew better. And we couldn't mike 'im berlieve as it was a gime as we were plyin' 'im. Fur dyes arter thet any chap as were on a 'bus withart a tickit were spoke of as 'Ankin's ghost. Why, 'e become a reg'lar bye-word, 'e did!

ENGLISH VERSUS CONTINENTAL ETIQUETTE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

I HAD intended to continue, this week, the subject of the "spring clean," that is just now causing such revolutions (not to say riots) in English homes; but an appealing letter from a girl who is coming to stay in England, demands so much space that I must devote to her all that my kind editor will let me have. The letter contains thirty-two questions dealing with English etiquette, and the difference that exists in its details between that observed in continental countries. As other readers of *To-Day* may also be interested in the subject, I propose to give the questions as well as the answers, in order to make the former intelligible, and also to point out the occasional contrast between the continental fashion and our own. Here, then, are the queries:—

1. Is soup eaten off the front or side of the spoon? (Here it is the point.)

2. Is it allowed to place one or both hands on the table? (Here it is.)

3. Is it allowed to leave down knife and fork whilst eating? (Here all the meat is cut up into tiny pieces, the knife is deposed on a knife-rest, and one must eat with the fork in the right hand, and a piece of bread in the left with which to push the food on to the fork. Potatoes and other vegetables must be broken with the fork; it is most impolite to touch them with the knife.)

4. How are potatoes and other vegetables eaten?

5. When taking salt, mustard, etc., where are they placed, and how eaten—on the side of plate, and the meat dipped in?

6. How is cheese eaten?—after dinner, at breakfast, or supper?

7. Is it allowed to take lump-sugar with the fingers? (Here it is.)

8. How are oranges eaten? (Here they are cut up without being peeled, and eaten with knife and fork.)

9. How are apples, pears, peaches, grapes, strawberries, cocoanut, melons, pineapples, almonds, and raisins eaten?

10. How are pickles eaten?

11. Is bread eaten with the soup? (Here, never.)

12. How are grape-skins, cherry-stones, tiny bones, pieces of hard meat, etc., to be removed from the mouth?

13. Are clean knives and forks laid for each course? (Here, not.)

14. If I take eggs for breakfast, how shall I open them? (Here, when one has finished, one must take the shell from the egg-cup, crush it, and leave it on the plate. Is it so in England?)

15. If I should desire another cup of coffee at breakfast, must I ask for it, or may I serve myself?

16. How should I arrange my tartines—I mean, how should I eat bread and butter? Must I cut, bite, or break it?

17. When I shall have finished eating, how and where shall I place my knife and fork?

18. Must I begin to eat immediately on being served, or must I wait for the others?

19. May I ask for beer at dinner? (Here all ladies drink it.)

20. Having a fine, well-cultivated voice, I may be asked to sing. If I do not accompany myself, must I stand facing the company, or should I turn towards the piano?

21. When I have finished singing, must I bow?

22. May I speak to my cousin's guests, male and female, without being introduced?

23. On coming down in the morning, must I say *Bon jour* to all?

24. May I read my letters at table?

25. Must I bow on entering and leaving the room?

26. Must I remove my gloves immediately on sitting down to table, or must I wait till the soup is served?

27. With what should I eat tart, pudding, cakes, pies, preserves, jellies, and ices?

28. Must I drink the champagne the moment my glass is filled, before the foam has time to go off?

29. As to the other wines, I do not like any of them. May I refuse them all? Would it seem affected?

30. When I rise from table, what should I do with my serviette?

31. What fee must I give the stewardess on the steamer—5, 10 francs? Father not being strong enough to escort me, I shall travel with my maid. We go by Harwich—the Great Eastern Company's line.

32. My visit is to last two months. What is the custom in regard to feeing the servants on leaving? I have thought that five pounds to the servant who will arrange my rooms, a

like amount to the butler, and smaller sums to the other servants, would be sufficient.

I number my answers, so that there may be no chance of mistakes.

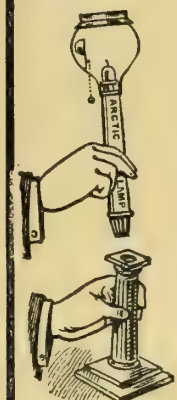
1. From the point of the spoon. 2. A hand may occasionally be laid upon the table, but anything approaching lounging is considered bad form—except, of course, in the intimacy of home life. But it must be remembered that there is a certain amount of freedom among women of high rank, in which the *bourgeois* fears to indulge. I have seen the beautiful white arm of a great lady resting on the dinner-table, while the owner engaged in an animated conversation with her neighbour. 3. It is permissible to lay down the knife and fork while eating, but they must be laid on the plate. It is highly dangerous, however, to lay both down before you have



CREPON DRESS.

finished, for the butler is on the watch, and is as likely as not to carry off your plate if you are not on the watch. The English custom requires the constant use of the knife; only the piece about to be eaten is cut off. Potatoes and vegetables are here cut with the knife, and it is held in the right hand during the whole time one is eating meat, unless the latter should be in the form of an *entrée* that does not need the knife. In this latter case, which includes curries, sweetbreads, and, in fact, every kind of made dish which can be eaten without a

knife, the fork is held in the right hand, and bread is not used as an implement of eating. 4. Potatoes and vegetables, if accompanying meat that necessitates the use of the knife, are cut with the latter; but if they are served as *entrées*, or as accompaniments to an *entrée* that does not require a knife, they are eaten with a fork, held in the right hand. 5. Salt, mustard, and occasionally pepper, are placed on the ledge of the plate. The meat is not dipped in them, but they are conveyed by means of the point of the knife to the piece of meat,



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vegetable, etc., that is on the fork ready to be carried to the mouth. I have often noticed the absence of salt-spoons at continental *tables d'hôte*, but in England each salt-cellar has its spoon. Pepper is usually powdered over the food from a cruet with a perforated top. 6. Cheese is usually eaten after lunch and after dinner. There used to be a rule of etiquette precluding girls from taking cheese, but this has been considerably relaxed of late. It is cut up in small pieces, and the best way to eat it is to put one of these pieces on a small bit of bread and convey both to the mouth in the left hand. Cheese seldom appears at breakfast, and supper is an unfashionable meal in the class of society my correspondent is about to visit in England. Occasionally, supper after the play is much appreciated, but cheese does not play at all a prominent part at so late an hour. 7. It is usual to take sugar up with the sugar-tongs; but it is by no means an unknown circumstance to see a bit taken up in dainty fingers and dropped into a cup of tea. Of course, no one would dream of helping anyone else to sugar in this *sans façon* style, but only when it is for one's own consumption. 8. Oranges are cut in two with the dessert knife and fork; then again each piece is cut in two, and the eatable part is cut out and carried to the mouth on the fork. In this the continental custom and our own are precisely alike. 9. Apples, pears, and peaches are peeled with the dessert knife and fork, then cut in pieces and carried to the mouth on the fork. Grapes are taken up one by one, the skins and seeds being ejected in the most unobtrusive manner possible, the fork being utilised for conveying them back to the plate. Strawberries are usually served with the stalks on, and are taken up by them, dipped in sugar and cream, and eaten with the right hand. If served without the little green "hull," as Americans call it, they are eaten with knife and fork, and may be cut small and pressed down into the cream before being eaten. In this case, a spoon is often placed for the purpose of carrying them to the mouth. Coconut is seldom seen on English tables. It is cut out with the knife, cut small, and conveyed with the fork. Melons and pines are served in slices, when it is easy to cut away the juicy parts and convey them with the fork. Almonds and raisins are eaten with the fingers. 10. Pickles are conveyed on the point of the fork. 11. Bread is always placed ready to the left of each diner, and is usually eaten with soup. Sometimes toast is handed round instead. If cut up in small pieces, it is intended to be put into the soup, if desired. 12. All the things you mention are very quietly and skilfully ejected upon the fork, placed close to the lips for this purpose, and conveyed to the plate. 13. Clean knives and forks are laid for each course. 14. With the spoon give one or two little hard taps near the top of the egg, and, having broken the shell, take off the top. When the contents are finished, the shell is left in the egg-cup. 15. Sometimes the lady of the house pours out coffee at breakfast, and sometimes the butler, or footman, or parlour-maid serves it from a side table. It is probable that your wants will be anticipated; but, if not, say to your hostess, "May I have some more coffee?" or else ask the servants for some. Do not help yourself. Your idea in doing so would be, by waiting on yourself, to save trouble to others, but it might be misunderstood. 16. Slices of buttered bread are carried to the lips and bitten. If they are large, they are cut into convenient sections on the plate before being taken up in the fingers. 17. On your plate, both together, with the handles slightly to your right, so as to avoid the risk of knocking them upwards with your hands.

Description of Illustration.—Green crêpon indoor dress, striped with black, and made with yoke, frills, and cuffs of white lace, trimmed with black and green satin ribbons.

(To be continued.)

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—Blessed is he who doesn't expect too much, because he is less likely than other people to be disappointed. When I heard that George R. Sims was writing a play with Arthur Shirley I am bound to confess that I began to expect a great deal, especially when I learnt that the first scene was the sea-shore near Netley Hospital, and the big effect of the fourth act was the defence of the Residency at Manipur. I promptly pictured a nice blend of *Harbour Lights* and *Tommy Atkins*, faultlessly worked up by two of the most thoroughly practical and experienced of melodrama writers. Whatever else might happen, I thought we were sure to get a plot without a flaw, a piece of construction—call it mechanical, if you like—perfectly adapted to the end in view, and in all probability centring round some new or very ingeniously-contrived situation.

I went to the Princess's, therefore, more than ready to be pleased. I was not a bit appalled, as some people professed to be. When the curtain rose I liked the scene. The view of Southampton water, in all the sparkle of fresh morning sunshine, was charming. Then I settled down to the play, and in the course of a very few minutes I began to feel uncomfortable. Slowly, but surely, the awful fact dawned on me that Sims and Shirley had been considering their audience. They had not been thinking about me. They had not said, "We will write the very best melodrama that is in us." No. They had evidently taken a mental measure of the Princess's, and had simply essayed to fit it. They had formed their own estimate of the precise wants of an eighteenpenny pit, and they had determined to provide for them. There seems every reason to believe that they have succeeded. Applause was frequent and enthusiastic, laughter was long and loud. I, perhaps alone, was disappointed. Such a drama as *The Star of India* two first-rate craftsmen, like Sims and Shirley, could talk in their sleep. But the Princess's wanted it, and got it. I entertain one hope, however. I know that Sims dislikes a spring production. He believes that it seriously affects the ultimate market value of a big play. It is just possible, therefore, that he considered *The Star of India* quite adequate for the requirements of the moment, reserving his larger effort—the one I want to see—for his collaboration with Shirley in the autumn. I came to this conclusion on Saturday night, and then resigned myself to enjoying the melodrama, as I always can, most thoroughly, any play of its class.

There was a good deal of explanation during the early stages. To begin with, Kate Armiger had a father who did something wrong. Dick Hatfield knew of it. She was an heiress. He threatened to tell all if she did not marry him. But as he merely wanted her money, he consented to the only terms she would listen to, i.e., that he should leave her at the door of the Registry Office. Then he committed a crime, went to prison, was reported dead, but escaped to South Africa, whence he returned with a Mexican girl called Maraguita. Immediately he proceeded to blackmail Mark Stanmore, who was really not Mark Stanmore at all. Sir Roland Stanmore was a double widower. His first wife ran away, and took her child with her. The infant being sickly, died, and so she substituted for it one of her sister's children. I don't know how Dick knew it, or how he proposed to prove it. But Mark was afraid of him, and agreed to meet him in the grounds of Stanmore Hall at night. Meantime Mark's half-brother, Captain Stanmore, brought back from India certain presents for Kate, amongst them an Indian dagger. He also brought an Indian servant, Aleem Khan, who recognises the dagger as being one with poison hidden in it, so

that when anyone is stabbed by it the person in question dies silently.

Mark squares Aleem to murder Dick. This is done in the recess of a window while Kate and the Captain are spooning in a balcony above; and a strong, highly coloured, and impressive incident it is.

Next day Kate and the Captain are married. The Captain is under orders for the East, and when the police appear and intimate that Kate is under suspicion, he is horrified to think that he will be unable to stay and protect her. But a telegram suddenly arrives from the War Office, granting him an extension of leave, and so the curtain falls.

Here was a very definite issue, and it rather worried me that the authors temporarily evaded it by suddenly transporting us to the Residency at Manipur. Kate, apparently, had been tried and acquitted, but how or why I do not know. The circumstance was barely mentioned, and the play practically began all over again. The Mark Stanmore motive was temporarily abandoned, and the march of events was switched over to the Aleem Khan lines. The Captain had once upon a time thrashed Aleem, who, thirsting for revenge, incited the people of Manipur to revolt. What interest in, or sympathy with, the Manipurese Aleem could have had, I know not. He was a Mahomedan. He let off a big speech, and invoked "Allah!"—he ought to have addressed his prayers to the Prophet, by the way, but that's a detail. Manipur is up on the north-east frontier of India, on the way to China, and the people of the district are Buddhists of sorts. A Mahomedan hates a Christian, but he hates a Buddhist more. The one he detests, but the other he despises. The affix Khan to the name of Aleem indicates that he came of a very superior family, and he would never have soiled his lordly finger tips for a whole pack of Hill-men. Yet he does so, and in due course the Residency is besieged. It is Christmas Day, and, I confess, I should have liked a little more military detail, more of the dread of conspiracy and less of the Christmas pudding, more of anxious preparation by the little handful of troops cut off in the distant station, and less making of property plum duff. But the idea of the big scene is distinctly excellent. The officers and Mrs. Stanmore are sitting at dinner, and the Captain has just risen to propose the toast of "The Queen," when the attack commences, the glass falls shivered from the Captain's hand, there is a rush to arms, and the desperate fight begins. Presently comes a parley. The Manipurese, in an excess of thoughtful consideration, desire to give native non-combatants a chance of coming out. They also undertake to pass out safely Mrs. Stanmore. Who can escort her? Why, who do you think? The low comedian of course, who was getting ready for some private theatricals, and has made himself up exactly like Aleem Khan. So they go. And outside you hear the call from mouth to mouth fading away, "Pass Aleem Khan and the English lady"—"Pass Aleem Khan and the English lady"—precisely as the German sentries called "Pass the English lady" in the prologue of the *New Magdalene*—only in that case something came of the English lady's passing, and in this case it doesn't seem to produce much result. The final attack on the Residency is good, and will be better when the business works more methodically, and when the ridiculous little bomb shells, that trickle about the stage like cricket balls, are cut out. I would also point out to Mr. John Douglas, the stage manager, that in these days shells are of two sorts. They go off with a time fuse or by percussion. In the latter case, they don't come through a wall. In the former, they may, after which they explode in the air. A shell from a rifled field piece does not come in on a level with the ceiling, and fall on the floor to explode. The shells at the Princess's are of about Crimean date, and could only be fired from siege mortars. If the Manipurese had any of these they would have calmly pounded the Residency into dust without ever risking the dangers

of a night assault. The best realisation of a modern bursting shell was at the Princess's in *Held by the Enemy*.

Well, the Residency falls, and a fine mechanical change transfers the action to the bank of a tropical river. Friends and fogs wander on the bank. Aleem, in trying to kill the Captain, gets shot in the shoulder; he is left for dead; Kate saves him, and he confesses the truth about the murder. As Kate has been tried and acquitted, and as you cannot be twice tried for murder, this confession, though satisfactory to Kate, is a trifle superfluous. It retards the immediate action, and does not benefit the story. Presently Kate and all the Europeans get into a boat; the Manipurese arrive, and fire at them from the bank; a massacre would ensue, and is only averted by the arrival of a rescuing party of Royal Irish Metropolitan Volunteers. At any rate, their uniform is that of the Royal Irish, and they must be Volunteers, because they have forgotten to fix bayonets when they charge. What is more, they only prod the Manipurese with the ends of their rifles, whereas if they had been Ghoorhas they would promptly have thrown their rifles away at close quarters, and have gone for the foe with their Ghoorkarees—large hooked knives having the edge on the inside of the curve, weapons with which they can do wonders.

The last act is one of brief explanation on the ordinary lines. It was rather upset on Saturday by a piece of scenery going wrong, but it sufficed. The play was cordially received, and the authors were loudly called for. Gilmer responded, and said they were not in the house. I have neither time nor space to tell you more about the show at present. It was well acted, and the scenery was excellent, barring the grounds of Stanmore Hall, which was crude in colouring, and included some flower-beds that were antipathetic to me.

As I have said, *The Star of India* will probably draw paying audiences until a better drama by the same authors is ready for the autumn.

Naturally, I could not be in two places at one time, and as the management at the Duke of York's would not give way in the matter of dates, I asked Rudolf to go there for me. This is what he says of *The Gay Parisienne* :—

"According to some, *The Gay Parisienne*, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Saturday night, was not to be anything like the current up-to-date musical pieces, but rather a return to the opera bouffé, with which Messrs. Henderson and Farnie drew all the town to the Strand, Globe, and Comedy Theatres. Unfortunately, the theatrical tipsters were anything but correct, as Messrs. George Dance and Ivan Caryll's piece is but another of the type which *In Town*, *Morocco Bound*, *All Abroad*, and many others, have familiarised us with; a result not wholly to be unexpected when it is remembered that *The Gay Parisienne* has for the last two years been touring the provinces successfully, and is only new in the sense that the author has added a few up-to-date lyrics, and Mr. Ivan Caryll is now responsible for all the music. No; a revival of opera bouffé seems as far off as ever; so we must be content with a farce attached to exceptionally pretty and catchy music, a crowd of show girls, some very handsome dresses, and a few good artistes, whose efforts to be amusing were much handicapped by a process known as making bricks without straw.

"The agents in advance, however, forgot to tell us, or perhaps they did not know, that the new version of *The Gay Parisienne* would serve to introduce to the stage a young lady possessing the quintessence of humour. In Miss Louie Freear the new management of the Duke of York's Theatre have secured an artist who will not only draw the town while their present piece is running, but will be heard of long after Messrs. Dance and Caryll's musical comedy is forgotten. As Ruth, the 'slavey from the Foundling,' she is the

quaintest little person possible, a female embodiment of Dan Leno and Little Tich, which was at once recognised by the audience, one of the occupants of the gallery putting everybody's ideas into words when he shouted, 'Go on, Little Miss Tich.' Best of all, the new comer does not rely upon any bodily malformation to raise a laugh. She is short, and possesses a quaintly humorous face; her neck possibly is longer than we should expect to find in a Venus; the costumier, too, had fitted her with a lengthy waist, and she wore elastic-side boots about three sizes too large for her; but that is, of course, permissible in a low comedian. She, like the other principals, had far too little to do, and it was not until the second act, after her song, 'Sister Mary-Jane's Top-note,' that the ripple of amusement evoked whenever she appeared changed into a roar of applause, which virtually set the seal of success on the piece. She dances neatly, sings well, and is full of quips and cranks, and it is to be hoped that she will be given something more worthy of her talents; but, even as it was, she was the hit of the evening.

"Next to the little droll came Miss Ada Reeve, who has vastly improved since she appeared in *All Abroad*. Her entrance and dance really started the fun, which in a somewhat long first act had been lacking. She wore a beautiful dress, and threw herself into the part of the French *demi-mondaine* straight from the Casino or Palais de Glace of Paris in a surprising fashion, and was well backed up by Mr. Frank Wheeler, who handled very gently a character that might easily have become offensive. Miss Ada Reeve's 'I am all the Way from Gay Paree,' and her share of the duet, 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee,' with Mr. Lionel Rignold, were excellent; but I did not care so much for the 'Cock-a-doodle-doo' quartette, which it had been indicated to me was to be the number of the evening. In the second act, Miss Ada Reeve as Julie Bon-bon goes through many adventures, but had only one good song, 'Sambo,' a sort of coon ditty, like those Miss May Yohé has previously made popular. In this, to the delight of the audience, she relieved herself of a rather unbecoming skirt, and looked far more dainty with very much less on.

"Mr. Lionel Rignold had a very dry but humorous part as the perplexed defendant in a breach of promise case, who is also a 'shining light' of a dissenters' chapel. As his wife, Miss Lily Belmore had very little to do, and although she looked charming, and danced with unflinching good spirits, was hardly as good as I have seen her in 'another place.' Mr. W. H. Denny, also, was not overburdened with his part. Miss Violet Robinson, whose voice seemed stronger than it used to be, sang well all through, particularly in a romance in the second act; and Mr. Edgar Stevens played and sang well as the barrister lover, who puts everything right at the end. There was a little too much made of the nastiness of the mineral water spring at the hotel at Shofenburg, and the quartette of the four male tourists was not a success. *The Gay Parisienne* will undoubtedly work into a success—Little Miss Tich is enough for that; but the pity is that the first act is so very much better than the second. Patrons of this class of entertainment invariably dine late, and so will almost certainly miss Miss Ada Reeve and Mr. Frank Wheeler at their best. Still, everything is possible in musical comedy, and who knows but in another week Act II. will be as good as Act I., if not better."

I shall certainly go and see the show myself in a night or two, and will let you know then what I think of it personally.

You ought to come up to town at once and see *The Sin of St. Hulda*, at the Shaftesbury. I hate serious blank verse plays, as a rule, but this one delighted me—barring the last act. The story is simple and sympathetic, and is told clearly and dramatically. The language is appropriate, graceful, and sometimes really beautiful. The play is finely mounted—the production cost, I believe,

about £2,500—and the acting is admirable. Miss Kate Rorke, Waller, and Cartwright worked magnificently. There were two or three enthusiastic calls after all the acts, save the last. But when the final curtain fell there were distinct expressions of dissent. Opinions also were widely divided. I feel that, whatever the ultimate result may be, one thing is certain. Mr. Ogilvie has written a remarkable and worthy play, and he has won for himself a considerable position as a dramatist. *Hyapatia* was good. *The Sin of St. Hulda* is better. To what height he will attain in his best work it is impossible to say; but his next endeavour will be awaited with the greatest possible interest.

Stage management is what they want badly at the Prince of Wales's. The new variety show, *Biarritz*, written by Jerome, with lyrics by Ross and music by Osmond Carr, contains as many possibilities as any of its class—perhaps more—but on the first night they did not all come out. The first act was all plain sailing; it was bright, tuneful, pretty, and the plot was simple and clear, barring one trifle. I could not make out why one of the characters, General Tommassino, was staying at an hotel under an assumed name, and thought that unnecessary stress was laid on the fact that he could not find his wife. Nothing irritates an audience so much as being put on a false scent. If anything had come of the lost wife, well and good. But, as nothing came of her, she was made too prominent.

It was not till the second act came that the show began to wobble. I cannot believe that all the clever people concerned in its concoction deliberately devised a piece of hopeless incoherency. It is an open secret that there was some friction at rehearsal, and friction means the absence of one controlling hand, which said hand is essential to the making of a theatrical success. All the elements of a good embroglio were before us. Given a clear and obvious motive, the hurrying, scurrying, and dress-changing of Arthur Roberts would have been most amusing. As things stood, however, they were only confusing. What is more, the play was overloaded with characters. The audience evidently wanted more of Roberts and less of the other people. I am bound to confess that I sympathised with them. Arthur has a vast following, and they come to see him. Good as his fellow players may be, his henchmen, when they ask for Roberts, want to see that they get it. And they did not get enough of it on Saturday night. My impression is that, if the authors insisted on their plot being plainly brought out, if Arthur concentrated his attention on expanding his own part, and if one or two superfluous characters were bodily cut out, *Biarritz* would have just as good a chance of success as, say, *The Artist's Model*, which was not more roundly damned on its first production, and yet ran over a year.

The reception of the piece was decidedly adverse, but, mark you, I do not think that there was prejudice against it at starting. The audience was thoroughly good-tempered. The show was given every chance. Even at a late hour, one of Roberts's songs, "The Farmer's Daughter," was encored to the echo. It was only when the final curtain fell that his admirers told their favourite, in emphatic terms, that they were disappointed. I hope, and I have every reason to believe, that in a few nights' time they will have every opportunity for reversing their verdict.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

NEW CYCLING SERIAL.

"The Wheels of Chance"

(By H. G. WELLS, and Illustrated by WALTER BAYES)

WILL COMMENCE IN

"TO-DAY,"

IN THE FIRST WEEK IN MAY.

There is no Waiver Clause, and no promotion money has been or will be paid.

The Subscription List will open on Wednesday, April 15th, 1896, and close on or before Friday, April 17th, for town, and the following morning for the country.

THE INCANDESCENT Fire-Mantel & Stove Company, Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1890.

**CAPITAL £125,000,
in 125,000 Shares of £1 each.**

Present issue, 95,000 Shares of £1 each. Payable—5s. on application, 5s. on allotment, 5s. one month after allotment, and 5s. three months after allotment.
30,000 Shares reserved for future issue.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Honourable Lord Headley, Aghadoe House, Killarney, and 24, Eastcheap, E.C. (Chairman).
Francis William Frigout, Esq., Cranmer House, Manor Road, Brockley.
Inspector-General John Fisher, R.N., Glens, Forest Hill, S.E.
G. W. Pierpont Harris, Esq. (Messrs. Harris Brothers and Co., Manchester Warehousemen), 31 and 32, Bridge Street, Bristol.
* Wilson A. Hughes, Esq., St. Margaret's Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. (Managing Director).
* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BROKERS.—Messrs. Scrutton and Son, 75, Old Broad Street, E.C., and London Stock Exchange; Messrs. Gillford and Son, Broad Street, Bristol, and Bristol Stock Exchange.

BANKERS.—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., and Branches.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Plummer and Parry, 49, Victoria Street, S.W., and Bristol Chambers, Nicholas Street, Bristol.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Elles, Salaman and Co., Chartered Accountants, 3, Bucklersbury, E.C.

SECRETARY.—Mr. D. Macphail.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—53, Victoria Street, Westminster.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the patents of the important invention known as the Incandescent Fire-mantel or Frame, invented by Mr. W. A. Hughes, together with the business and connection of the Incandescent Fire Frame and Stove Company.

In addition to the Letters Patent already granted for the United Kingdom, the Company acquire all the patentee's rights under the applications which have been made for patents for the Republic of France, the German Empire, United States of America, Canada, Austria and Belgium, together with all future improvements thereof, and the right to apply in all other countries.

This invention consists of an appliance easily fixed in existing ordinary open grates and stoves, and it is also intended to apply the principle of the invention to new grates and stoves, including roasting and other cooking apparatus.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

What the Incandescent Gas Light is to an ordinary gas burner, a fire made with the Incandescent Fire-Mantel is to any ordinary fire, the advantages of the patent Mantel when applied to any ordinary grate being exactly similar to those of the "mantel" fixed on a gas burner.

Greater luminosity and incandescence are obtained, cheaper consumption, freedom from smoke and dirt, and in the case of fire, greatly increased heat—together with durability of the appliance.

While it may be suggested that there are more gas burners than grates, it must be taken into consideration that only one-half of the householders in this country burn gas, while each and everyone has a grate, to whom an economical, pure, radiating fire is a matter of primary importance over everything else.

The invention is essentially a smoke-preventing appliance, and its importance in this direction can be estimated when it is considered what an active source of air pollution is the smoke from private houses.

The invention practically does away with the necessity of sweeping chimneys; it is an ornament to the fire-place, and a great protection from danger to children, as the burning fuel is securely enclosed, a fire guard being thus no longer required.

A very important fact is that for the expenditure of a few shillings entailed in the purchase of a mantel, every householder has the power to be absolutely independent of the most severe weather, and can keep thoroughly warm the largest drawing, dining or bedroom in the coldest weather, and with a heat that is thoroughly healthy.

The appliance was in operation during last winter, when the weather was unusually severe, and was very favourably reported on by many of the largest Railway Companies and London Gas Companies. It proved to be capable of making a fire which was proof against any severity of weather.

ESTIMATED PROFITS.

The vendors have been totally unable to cope with the large business indicated, and it is considered that the field for the supply of this invention is almost limitless. It is estimated that there are about seven millions of households in the United Kingdom where this appliance may be used with the greatest advantage and economy.

For the purpose of estimating the profits it is only necessary to take comparatively small figures. Dealing with Gas Companies only, it may be mentioned that of the 1,572 Companies in the United Kingdom 72 of the largest of these alone have a registered number of 1,768,016 consumers.

The supply of one Mantel to each of these, at a profit of one shilling per frame, would produce a sum of over £88,000, representing an income of considerably over sixty per cent. on the total capital, whereas it is estimated

the average profit per frame will be more than the sum named, and a large additional revenue is expected to be derived from the sale of open grates of which the Company will manufacture special patterns for burning coal and coke, roasting and other stoves, to all of which it is intended to fix the appliance. For trade reasons, it is thought undesirable to attempt to make a more exact estimate of profits, but what is stated above may be taken as the minimum.

Dealing with these figures only, which, after payment of all necessary expenses, would leave a large sum available for dividend, there still remains the registered consumers of 1,500 additional gas companies, and, in fact, every household in the United Kingdom.

The present is considered the most opportune time for the formation of the Company, as it will admit of sufficient time for the manufacture of the mantels and stoves in large quantities, and of executing contracts for the coming season. The orders on hand and the placing of agencies will be dealt with as soon as possible after the formation of the Company.

Applications for agencies, indicating an immediate and extensive business in the sale of the Fire-mantel, have been received from various important gas companies, gas-fitters and others, both in this country and abroad.

The very large number of gas concerns which are directly interested in the success of the invention as a means of profitably disposing of the coke produced by them may partly be seen by the list enclosed of those from whom orders have already been received, and the Company therefore has reasonable assurance of a very prosperous career.

VALIDITY OF PATENT.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., at whose chambers the appliance was tested, has expressed a very favourable opinion of the utility and validity of the Patent; and the Company has also received very satisfactory reports on its operation from a Consulting Gas, Specialist, and from practical Gas Engineers in different parts of the country, some of which accompany this Prospectus.

FOREIGN PATENTS.

The Foreign Patents, for which applications have been made, and which are the property of this Company, may be expected to realise when sold a larger sum than the Vendors are asking for the entire property.

PURCHASE PRICE.

The purchase price fixed by the Vendors is £75,000, and they are prepared to take in part payment the maximum number of Shares permitted by the Rules of the Stock Exchange at the option of the Directors.

COST OF FORMATION.

All the preliminary expenses in connection with the formation of the Company, up to and including first allotment of Shares, will be paid by the Vendors.

WORKING CAPITAL.

The Working Capital, £50,000, will be available as required. The immediate issue provides for £20,000, which is considered sufficient for present purposes.

CONTRACTS.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz., (1) a Contract between Wilson Alfred Hughes, John Frederick Toose Ingram and William Geary of the first part, and Paul Garnston Overbury, as Trustee, of the other part, dated the 11th day of December, 1895; and (2) a Contract between Paul Garnston Overbury of the one part, and Donald Macphail as Trustee for the Incandescent Fire-Mantel and Stove Company, Limited, of the other part, dated the 29th day of January, 1896.

The Contracts, Memorandum and Articles of Association, and Expert Opinions can be inspected at the Office of the Solicitors of the Company.

SHARE APPLICATION, ETC.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and sent with the deposit to the Company's Bankers. If the number applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on application will be applied towards the sum due on allotment. If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full.

Applications will be made in due course for a quotation for the Shares upon the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectus and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Office of the Company, and from its Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors. The Invention can be seen in operation at the Offices of the Company. It is also in operation at:

The Royal Arsenal.

The London Stock Exchange.

The Gas Light and Coke Company's Offices, London.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, London.

The Manchester Corporation Gas Works.

London and North Western Railway

Great Eastern Railway, etc.

IN THE CITY.

THE GLOBE INDUSTRIAL AND GENERAL TRUST CORPORATION, LIMITED.

In our issue of February 1st we directed attention to the position of this company, to the extraordinary general meeting that had just been held to sanction voluntary liquidation, and to the desire of the directors to reconstruct. We pointed out that the directors had persistently refused to publish a statement of their investments, that the company had never earned a dividend, though one was very improperly declared and paid, and that the way in which the company had been managed from beginning to end disintituled the directors to a continuance of confidence. Finally, we advised the shareholders to move for a compulsory winding-up order. Since then they have been called upon to pay up the whole of the £5 per share remaining uncalled.

We have now before us a circular letter from the liquidator, with a list of the company's investments annexed. This communication puts a much worse complexion on the matter, and it looks as if the resolution for voluntary liquidation had been obtained on false pretences, seeing that the circular issued by the directors, with the notice convening the meeting, suggests that, "having regard to the value of the securities," it would be possible to reconstruct the company, and make some return to the shareholders.

As stated by the liquidator's circular, the liabilities of the company amount to £175,872 11s. 7d. and the assets to £308,200 3s. 8d., but whilst the liabilities are very real, the assets are largely mythical. Upon this crucial point the liquidator writes:—

These securities (£308,007 3s. 7d. of the £308,200 3s. 8d.) are mostly of an unsaleable description, and even those which have a market quotation are extremely difficult of realisation, and can only be sold piecemeal. Taking as a guide the market prices, if obtainable, I am unable to place a higher value on these securities at the present price than £91,000.

Now the amount due to secured creditors is £20,907 19s. 4d., and to debenture holders upon the reduced basis £154,879 18s. 3d., together £175,786, or £84,786 more than the securities held by the company would realise, if sold to-day at the nominal market quotations. There remains the uncalled capital, and this is what Mr. Brand says about it:—

The only other asset available to meet the claims of the debenture holders is the uncalled capital, and, as the majority of the shares were held by the various members of the Murietta family, and some other large blocks are held by syndicates, whose ability to pay is at least doubtful, I am unable to estimate the call as being likely to produce more than £65,590.

Thus we have a deficiency of over £19,000 in the amount required to meet the reduced claims of the debenture holders.

There is one specially significant remark in our second quotation from the liquidator's report, namely, that "the majority of the shares were held by the various members of the Murietta family." Bearing in mind that the company was formed in 1889, shortly before the Baring crash, the fact that the bulk of the shares are held by the Muriettas and their connections is somewhat suspicious, as it looks as if the company had been formed for the purpose of relieving the parties named of a lot of worthless or unmarketable shares in companies with which it is well known the Muriettas were largely involved. If this is not so, the directors appear to have been singularly unfortunate in the investments made by them. No doubt a portion of the investments was made at a period of great inflation, but a portion of the capital invested was not called up until 1890 or 1891, when the directors certainly had had plenty of warning as to the value of speculative stocks.

When we suggested compulsory winding up, we did not suppose that the securities held by the company were as worthless as they have turned out to be, and the fact that the liquidator describes them as "mostly of an unsaleable description" would make it more difficult for shareholders to obtain a compulsory winding-up order. A fully-paid shareholder can apply for such an order, but he must allege, and prove, that he will derive substantial benefit therefrom, particularly if his application is against the wishes of the majority. It being very doubtful in the present case whether the shareholders will ever receive any return of capital, there would be considerable risk in presenting a petition. It is an odd state of law which enables shareholders to secure a compulsory winding-up order when only a portion of their property has been frittered away or misused, but deprives them of such an order, and leaves them to the tender mercies of voluntary liqui-

dation, when practically the whole of the share capital of the company has been lost. But so it is.

It may be well to give the names of the original directors of this company. They are as below:—

R. D. M. Littler, Q.C. (Chairman).	F. H. Hawkins.
Colonel H. Bagot Chester.	E. Dicey, C.B.
F. S. Collis-Saunders.	E. H. Hulse, M.P.
T. Wood.	

An eminently respectable board, and if some of the gentlemen who composed it—as, for example, Colonel Chester and Professor Dicey—had small acquaintance with business affairs, surely the chairman of the company, our old friend Mr. Littler, Q.C., might have been expected to know the proper securities for shareholders' money.

THE WESTRALIAN MARKET.

Whilst political complications prevent much improvement in the price of South African Mining shares, in nearly every instance Westralian shares show improvement as compared with prices at the close of last year. This is shown in the following table:—

	End of 1895.	This week.	Rise or Fall.
Associated Gold	1 1/2	2 1/4	+ 1 1/4
Big Blow	3	4	+ 1
Black Flag Consolidated ..	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
Burbank's Birthday	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
Colonial Finance	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
Gold Estates	2 1/2	2 1/2	0
Great Boulder	2 1/2	2 1/2	0
Hampton Plains	3 1/2	4 1/2	+ 1
Hannan's Brownhill	5 1/2	7	+ 1 1/2
Hannan's Oroya	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
Hannan's Reward	2 1/2	4 1/2	+ 2
Lady Loch	1 1/2	4 1/2	+ 3 1/2
London and Globe Finance ..	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
L. and W.A. Exploration ..	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
L. and W.A. Investment ..	2	2 1/2	+ 1/2
Mainland Consols	2 1/2	3	+ 1/2
Paddington Consols	2 1/2	3	+ 1/2
Pilbarra Goldfields	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
W.A. Concessions	1 1/2	1 1/2	0
W.A. Goldfields	5 1/2	8	+ 2 1/2

Taking the market as a whole, it may be said that the rises have been in the proportion of six to one to the falls.

In some cases, no doubt, this enhancement of values is warranted, but it cannot be said to be in all, or in very many. In the past two years no fewer than 150 Land and Exploration Companies have been formed in this country for exploiting Western Australia, and these companies have an aggregate nominal capital of close upon £15,000,000. How much have they spent, apart from purchasing mining properties, in Western Australia? How much are they likely to spend? It would be safe to say that their expenditure has been well within a million. What they have done is to float mining companies. Some 300 mining companies have been formed for working in Westralia, and the vast majority of these have been floated by the Land and Exploration Companies.

The three hundred and odd mining ventures that have been floated represent a capital exceeding £40,000,000, of which the provision of working capital is in all less than £12,000,000. Taking the Land and Exploration, and the Mining, Companies, and putting aside local ventures, which are numerous, and may be presumed to own some of the best ground, Westralia has already become responsible for about £55,000,000, of which at present £13,000,000 has been provided for the mining industry itself. That is to say, of the £55,000,000 about £42,000,000 is to go to vendors, promoters, and underwriters.

SOUND INVESTMENTS.

We referred last week to the excellent return to shareholders given by T. R. Roberts, Limited, and now we have the pleasant task of noticing two Drapery Companies brought out last year by Messrs. André Mendel and Co.—by the way, we were in error last week in saying that T. R. Roberts, Limited, was brought out by Messrs. André Mendel and Co.; theirs was the other Roberts'—which have more than fulfilled prospectus promises. We refer to Ben. Evans and Co., Limited, and to Louise and Co., Limited.

Of the first we wrote at the time of the issue of the prospectus:—

The net profits, and facts referred to elsewhere, warrant the expectation of substantial dividends on the ordinary share capital now offered to the public.

Of the second we wrote:—

The preference shares of this issue should be an exceptionally safe and desirable investment.

The prospectus promised the ordinary shareholders of Ben Evans and Co. 7 per cent., and 7 per cent. has been paid. With Louise

and Co. the prospectus took net profits at £13,699, and upon that basis promised the ordinary shareholders 7 per cent. dividends, leaving a surplus of £3,699. The actual profits of the ten months covered by the accounts were £13,257, or within a trifle of the profit promised for the twelve months. Both Ben Evans and Louise have more than fulfilled prospectus promises. Meantime, one of the earlier, if not the first, of the Drapery Companies brought out by Mr. Mendel, Harrod's, continues its wonderful growth of prosperity, and its £1 shares are now worth over £5 10s.

THE KRUGER SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

Upon the comments that appeared in our issue of last week on the prospectus of the Roodevand Main Reef Gold Mining Company, we have received a letter from the managing director of the Kruger Syndicate, from which we take the following:—

The property is an exceptionally valuable one, and all the reports received thereon confirm the estimates made originally by Mr. Phillips and by Bates Dorsey, and prove the claims to be on what is believed to be the main reef, more definitely described as the blanket formation, which is the characteristic formation of the Rand.

The valuation quoted as to these claims by Mr. Hammond, and by Goldman and others, are of the valuations made generally upon the undeveloped claims, including deep levels on the Rand, and they apply to our properties as well as to others of like character.

You ask, "Why, if each of these 100 claims is worth over £20,000, is it the Syndicate offers them to the British public for between £2,000 and £3,000 a-piece?" We would state that that valuation is based upon the amount of gold included in each claim, and only requires working to produce, within a specified period of time, the amount estimated as the value of each claim, and we consider that £2,000 to £3,000 is a fair price in its present condition, and a very cheap and moderate one for a property of this kind, especially considering that many properties not as well developed or defined as the Red and Acme reefs have been sold at double and treble this price to the public.

The working capital, which you take exception to, has been estimated by Mr. Dorsey and by Mr. Phillips to be amply sufficient to open up and develop these properties in conjunction with the water power, which has been promised to us, and the especially favourable and economical situation of the property for cheap and rapid developments.

We send you herewith, in case it might interest you, extracts from a report made by Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co., upon the Tigerfontein property, which you will see adjoins that of the Roodevand, or our property, and from 171 assays made the average shows 15 dwts. to the ton.

As all the information contained in this report is of very recent date, and is confirmatory of the reports contained in our prospectus, we think it might interest you as further corroboration of the value, and confirming the estimates made by our engineers, and out of the purchase money which accrues to the Syndicate you must not forget that we have to pay for these properties, which leaves the Syndicate a fair profit only.

THE EPSOM RACING STABLES, LIMITED.

A prospectus of this concern is before us, and it is headed with the following instruction:—"Applications for shares must be forwarded to the secretary of the company without delay to secure an allotment." Notwithstanding this plea for prompt application, those of our readers who may be tempted by the promise of "an interest in a racing stable, Participation in the profits, Reliable and exclusive information," to apply for shares, will do well to think twice about it. They need be under no fear that they will be too late if, later on, they decide to apply.

The company is formed "for the purpose of breeding, buying, selling, and running race-horses in the United Kingdom and elsewhere," the main object of the company being racing, and the bait to the public "tips." We are given a list, beginning with the Prince of Wales and ending with Lord Rosebery, of "winning owners during the last three years," the losing owners being conveniently forgotten.

The company is to acquire "six promising race-horses, and the well-known freehold training establishment known as Dove Cottage, Epsom, consisting of a large residence, with stabling for about forty-five horses," etc., with "a 3½ acres paddock adjoining the stables, and nice grounds and gardens to the house." For the horses, the cottage, and the paddock the public are asked to give £24,500.

It is, of course, possible that the six horses and the freehold training establishment are worth £24,500, but there is not a scrap of evidence as to value. For those who like to buy a pig in a poke the shares of the company may be recommended, but to nobody else.

A PECULIAR BREWERY COMPANY.

In our issue of April 4th we made reference to the prospectus of Pearson's Brewery Company, Limited, and in the course of our remarks referred to the directorate, and said it included "Mr. John Watts, who gives as his address 'Leeds,' and is said to be 'late of Messrs. Mew, Langton and Co., Newport, Isle of Wight.'" We have now received the following disclaimer from Messrs. Mew, Langton and Co.:—

Royal Brewery, Newport,
Isle of Wight, April 4th, 1893.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of Saturday last, under the heading of "A Peculiar Brewery Company," we notice that a Mr. Watts is referred to as "late of Messrs. Mew, Langton and Co., Newport, Isle of Wight." We may mention that we do not know of anyone by the name in question, nor of any other person who is entitled to represent himself as emanating in any shape or form from our firm, and should be obliged if you will publicly refute the association of our name in any way with the enterprise referred to.

Yours faithfully,
For W. B. MEW, LANGTON AND CO., LIMITED,
T. R. TITLING, Secretary

We readily give space for Messrs. Mew, Langton and Company's disclaimer. What has Mr. John Watts to say to it? And Mr. Richard Pearson, too, "brewer and maltster, Ripon," vendor and director of Pearson's Brewery Company, Limited. What does he say?

We hear of a new departure in Westralian mining enterprise—a diamond company—or rather, a gold mining company dealing with diamond ground.

NEW ISSUES.

Brownhill North (Hannan's), Limited. Capital £150,000.—Here is another instance of the over capitalisation, the preposterous profit of vendors, to which we have so often directed attention when dealing with Westralian mining matters. The company takes over two leases of twenty-four acres each, and for these leases it is to pay £100,000, of which £20,000 is to be in cash. "Fifty thousand shares are now offered for subscription at par." At par! It only wanted the demand of a premium to complete the picture! What is the public to get for its £20,000, and the other £80,000 it must pay before it owns these two claims? The answer is to be found, so far as it is to be found anywhere, in these reports. What do they say? Let us see—

No. 1 report is from Captain Oats, and this is the best he can say about the property:—"Judging from indications, it is my opinion that, on account of the vicinity of splendidly formed lodes showing, prospects are undoubtedly good."

No. 2 report is from Mr. H. W. Taylor, an interested party, seeing that he has charge of the development work, and the best thing Mr. Taylor can say is that he is satisfied that the company has "a most valuable mining property, which must prove to be one of the best in the district."

No. 3 report is from Mr. George Gray, who writes to Mr. H. W. Taylor, "Your leases are advantageously situated in regard to the proposed reticulation," and then, after striking out a passage that may or may not be important, Mr. Gray says there will be a very large supply of water available.

That is all the public has to go upon when it is invited to subscribe to a capital of £150,000, of which £100,000 is to go to the vendors. Will any sane man contend that that is a fair proportion to go to the vendors of a property which may or may not be valuable, but which, as it stands, has not been proved?

The Incandescent Fire-Mantel and Stove Company, Limited. Capital £125,000.—Formed to acquire Mr. Hughes' patent for the Incandescent Fire-mantel, or Frame, together with the business and connection of the Incandescent Fire-Frame and Stove Company. The invention is said to be very useful, giving "greater imminosity and incandescence," cheaper consumption, and greater cleanliness. If the invention proves to be half as useful to the householder as the prospectus says it will be, the company should do well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Loma Gold Mines. F. E. B. (Rugby).—(1) In our opinion it would be throwing good money after bad. (2) We would rather have the 5s. in hand than the 10s. share. (3) Hold Broken Hills. **Anglo-American Telegraphs.** A. B. (Sheffield).—The Preferred are likely to rise. **Cunliffe, Russell and Co.**—R. J. (Leisure).—They have nothing to do with the drawings, which, so far as we know, are conducted fairly. If you want some of the bonds it would be foolish to get them from Cunliffe, Russell and Co., who charge about 30 per cent. more than the market price. There would be no advantage in your sending us the bond. **Central Stock Exchange.** RUSTIC.—No. It is true that the 4 per cent. is lower than the rate charged by others, but you will find that it works out to a very handsome figure. **Provident Free Home Insurance Company.** INSURANCE (Edgbaston).—It is quite genuine. **Prudential Deposit Bank.** G. B. W. (Plymouth).—We will try and get the information for you. It was a poor investment. **Empire Economic Stores Produce, Limited.** CASH BANK (Harrogate).—Nothing very satisfactory. **Maynard's, Limited.** D. H. E. (Manchester).—Very speculative. **Korrenay Gold Fields Syndicate.** JORDAN (Tyler's Green).—You would be foolish to employ your £40 in the way suggested. **Royal Niger Company.** W. L. B. (Accra).—There are not many dealings in them. **Liability to Stockbroker.** UNFORTUNATE SPECULATOR (Gloucester).—The case of *Strachan v. Universal Stock Exchange* has no application to your matter. Upon your statement we should say that the broker is liable for the action of his defaulting clerk, but there are particulars you do not send us, and which might alter our opinion. You should consult your solicitors, and do nothing without consulting them. **Lisbon Berlyn.** W. H. (Dundee).—Sell. At present quotation you can do so without loss. We return the reports. **T. Lyons and Co.** J. K. (Acton).—Fairly so, but we should prefer another selection. **Sundry Shares.** J. T. A. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Better hold; there may be improvement by-and-by. **United Goldfields Exploration and Investment Company, Limited.** SUBSCRIBER (Middleton-on-Teesdale).—(1) No. (2) The firm you name are outside brokers, whose recommendations had better be avoided. **Bantjes.** H. F. (Bristol).—About 4. Hold; you will find it to your advantage. **London Drapery Stores.** R. S. T. (Hawick).—(1) We know of no "way out of it," unless you can dispose of your interest by private negotiation. (2) The Preference shares you speak of should be a better security, but if you can get rid of them without loss do so. **Underwriting.** JUSTITIA (London).—Yes; 30 per cent. is very heavy for underwriting. As for the issue being of preference shares, that does not carry so much weight as you seem to think. What the underwriter has to consider is whether the public is likely to relieve him of his guarantee by full subscriptions, and, with a rotten concern, the public may fight shy of preference as of ordinary shares. **The National Benefit Trust, Limited.** PRUDENCE (Manchester).—No. **Safe Investment.** KUDERAS (Sussex).—The insurance shares you mention would not be suitable for your purpose. The others represent a promising investment.

INSURANCE.

A. W. (Sheffield).—The reduction in premiums seems to us to be unfair to policy holders who are not members of the institution you mention, and moreover to bring down the price of insurance to an unremunerative rate. But it is the shareholders who will suffer, not they who accept the low terms.

CURIO (Stockton).—The company is sound and reliable, but we do not think its policies will turn out so well as those of several other life offices.

H. S. C.—The three you mention are fairly good offices, but there are at least a dozen others which do better for the public.

W. H.—In the long run you will do much better with the London company.

X. Y. Z. (Dublin).—Quite sound, and the office is likely to yield you a bigger bonus than any of the others mentioned.

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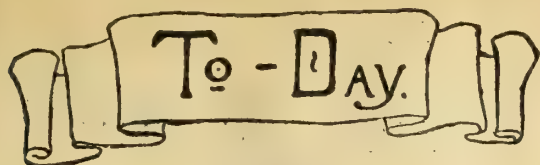
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories of not less than 700 and not more than 4,000 words in length. In every case MSS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, and no MS. will be returned, if unvailable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

LIEUT.-COL. ROBERTSON discusses in the *Irish Times* the question of landing thirty thousand British troops for the re-conquest of the Transvaal. The right or wrong of such a war is not the question. What I am chiefly interested in is Lieut.-Col. Robertson's estimate of our fighting strength. This gentleman, speaking as an army man, writes as follows: "We have not got thirty thousand men fit in every respect, as to age and the necessary length of service, to take the field against the Boers. . . . To re-conquer the Transvaal would take now at least fifty thousand men, and, as we have not got thirty thousand available troops, how is the re-conquering to be done?" To have to confess that we cannot put thirty thousand good soldiers into the field is tantamount to abrogating our position among the first-class Powers of Europe. We practically take rank with Spain and Greece. Is Great Britain content with this place in the European concert? It means that we only maintain our Empire by the courtesy of the other Powers. How long will they allow us to hold it? At any moment, if we do not improve our fighting force, they can take it from us, and degrade us to the position of a mere island on the outskirts of Europe. It is pitiful! it is rather shameful!

LIEUT.-COL. ROBERTSON says that no harin can come from the confession, seeing that the fact is well known throughout the world. It is small wonder that America bullies us, and that Lord Salisbury has to be careful not to offend the Sultan of Turkey. The British nation will never be content with any position less than the one it holds to-day. In case of war, defeat would follow defeat; our Empire would be wrested from us piecemeal. Then we should set to work to win it back. Britain, from Land's End to John-o'-Groat's, would become a training camp, and, after years of fighting, infinite misery, and bloodshed, we should regain our frontiers, and perhaps extend them. But how much might have

been saved by preparedness! We are like the lazy man who will not work until necessity drives him to it; then he has to strain every nerve, and to exhaust every resource. Not till the struggle is over shall we be ready. By making ready now we might, if we could not avert it, at least lessen its terrors; but I doubt our wisdom to do this.

I do hope that, by the time Mr. Jacoby's Bill for the regulation of street noises comes to be discussed, the sentimental journalist will have learnt silence. My good friend, Carados, of the *Referee*, particularly irritates me in this matter. He is, I know, of a soft-hearted, simple nature, and people have imposed upon him. A young writer—I forget his name at this moment—burlesquing Bret Harte, once wrote a beautiful little story, showing how a blood-thirsty murderer was lured away from his ninth victim by hearing a tune upon a barrel organ. He was about to slay the lovely girl, when there sounded upon his ear the distant strain of a ditty that he remembered singing by his mother's knee. He burst into tears, and did not do another murder for ten days. I fear that Carados has read this story, and has taken it seriously. I assure him it was only burlesque, and I wish he would give up his idea that evil men are converted, and that broken-hearted maidens are made joyous, by the strains of "Her golden hair was hanging down her back," ground by an ex-Italian convict out of a musical mincing machine.

WE hear a great deal about the barrel organ being the poor man's opera. We never hear of the sick poor men and women driven mad by its distracting jingle. In slum, and alley, and court, there must, in this sick world of ours, lie many an aching head to which the barrel organ brings torture. These people cannot lay acres of straw before their houses; they cannot give the man at the corner a shilling to go and fetch a policeman; they have to lie and suffer. I would give the poor man his music, and plenty of it; but I would give it to him at the right time and in the right place. I would give it to him on summer evenings, Saturday afternoons, and Sundays, in every park, in every open place in London; and it should be good music of its kind, played by competent bands.

THE strum and jangle of the barrel organ is a greater curse to the poor man than a pleasure. It amuses no one but a certain collection of loafers and larrikins, who would be equally pleased with a street fight—which, on the whole, is a quieter and more civilised form of entertainment. The sentimental journalist weeps with joy at seeing a dozen or so poor brats dancing round these instruments. If he knew that the poor mites were hired at sixpence a day to tramp through the muddy streets, and were worked off their little legs, he, perhaps, would not be so enthusiastic. If he wants a barrel organ, let him get one for himself, put it up in his room, and get the office boy to turn the handle while he works. But, in mercy's name, do not let him agitate for the continuation of the curse, to the annoyance and the misery of his fellow men and women.

THE *Daily Chronicle* means well, but it might have saved itself the trouble of inquiring into the question already settled by Mr. Bensusan, "Are Trained Animals

Tortured?" Mr. Bensusan interviewed most of the music-hall managers, and set forth their opinions. They were unanimous in stating their belief that brutality—consistent and disgusting brutality—did take place, always had, and always would, take place, in connection with the training of animals. The only new ground broken by the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent was the Aquarium. The manager tried to pooh-pooh the idea. Of course, it is not business for a manager of a hall where exhibitions of performing animals take place, to advertise the fact that most of these exhibitions are the result of gross cruelty. The opinion of the Aquarium manager must be too prejudiced for it to have any weight whatever. Others that the *Daily Chronicle* has interviewed confirm Mr. Bensusan's exposure. Professor Landeman, who has had plenty of opportunity for observation, said, "Go to a circus, and witness how animals are trained, and you will turn away from the spectacle. My wife will tell you of the dreadful beatings and kickings a performer of one music-hall in the country was known to inflict on his dogs. . . . I have seen a dog treated by a trainer in a most brutal manner, kicked, and almost shaken to bits." Professor Landeman went on to explain how bears are trained—tied up in cellars, and beaten with iron rods.

ANOTHER trainer interviewed by the *Chronicle* man said: "There is lots and lots of cruelty." Some trainers love their animals, and are kind to them; but it is so utterly impossible for the public ever to know how the result has been arrived at, that it would be better were all performances of trained animals tabooed. I have never been able to understand what pleasure can be derived from seeing the clumsy dancing of a bear, or the nervous antics of a horse on its hind legs. The great charm about animals is their naturalness and their unconsciousness. A performing animal is as painful a spectacle to me as a dumb child. A dog-fight I can appreciate much easier. The animals love fighting, which is their natural instinct. In the excitement of the contest they feel no pain whatever, and the courage and skill they display is, to a certain extent, in its way interesting. A bull fight, were it not for the horses who suffer, uncompensated by any excitement, would be less cruel than an exhibition of performing animals. Bear-baiting was a natural contest between bears and dogs. I am certain that any bear, could it speak, would prefer the old bear-pit to the modern circus. If we must have animals to amuse us, let us return to these simple and natural exhibitions. The modern substitute is more silly, and ten times as cruel.

I AM watching with some interest a horrible cruelty case at Leeds. A man named Frederic William Stanley, of Edgware View, Roundhay Road, employed as manager in a boot and shoe shop, has been charged before Mr. Atkinson, the stipendiary, with ill-treating a cat, between February 20th and March 17th. The evidence, if it can be relied upon, would prove Stanley to be not a human being at all. According to one witness, Stanley tied two cats together, and set them to fight. He then half hung one of them, and cut it down. Then he tied it up by its hind legs and flogged it, the cat moaning all the time. He then procured some vitriol, and rubbed it on what is described as a tender part of the cat's body (the reader's imagination will supply the detail), the animal moaning piteously. Of course, this evidence may prove to be a tissue of lies, and I sincerely hope

it will be so. The case has been adjourned, and I shall be obliged if any Yorkshire correspondent will keep me informed as to future proceedings.

AT Ryedale Petty Sessions, before Lord Feversham, Colonel Scooby, and Mr. Coverdale, a farmer named Kirby was charged with torturing a horse. He deliberately, apparently out of brute malice, starved it to death, cursing a labourer who, in response to the animal's groans, crawled through a hole in the wall to give it some food. The Bench satisfied themselves with fining this wretch two pounds fifteen, including costs. I say that such a decision is a disgrace to justice, a disgrace to the English Bench, and a lasting shame to Lord Feversham and his brother magistrates. The brute Kirby deserved six months at the very least. By such a decision, Lord Feversham and his friends stamp themselves as unfeeling brutes. Such men should not be allowed to sit on the bench.

THE Barnsley magistrates, I am glad to see, do not look with the usual magisterial favour on cruelty. They sentenced a colliery labourer to three months' imprisonment for pulling out the tongue of a pony. A case heard at Birkenhead shows the terrible cruelty sometimes inflicted on cattle at sea. A Captain Winterton was fined thirty pounds, and costs, and a Captain Taylor seven pounds ten shillings, and costs, for not seeing that the animals were 'put out of their pain.' These fines will make captains more careful. At Halifax, a man named Joe Smith, of Ovenden, was charged with cruelty to a dog. The brute held his Airedale pup against the wall and kicked it mercilessly, for which offence he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, with hard labour. It seems that at pigeon-shooting matches it is the custom to pull the tail-feathers of the birds out by the roots. For this cruelty, at Sheffield, a landlord named Topliss was fined merely a sovereign—possibly by pigeon-shooting magistrates.

WHAT is an "out-and-out Christian"? According to the Blackburn churchwardens, he is an organist who is not a well-educated musical man. In the opinion of these worthy elders, all organists who are well-educated musical men are, generally speaking, no Christians. I believe it is a tenet of faith in the Salvation Army that so soon as a man is converted he can play any musical instrument his fancy may select, but more particularly the cornet. Anyone who has listened to a Salvation Army band will easily be able to credit this statement; but one is inclined to think that, in some cases, the conversion must have been incomplete. Judging by some of the cornet-playing I have heard, I should say that there were backsliders in the Salvation Army ranks. The Blackburn churchwardens seem inclined to introduce this form of reasoning into the Church. If their future organist is an "out-and-out Christian," the organ-playing will come of its own accord. I believe it was once argued, in extenuation of a very bad actor, that he was good to his widowed mother; and the quaint organ-playing which is apparently in store for Blackburn will be forgiven by the congregation in consideration of the fact that the performer is an "out-and-out Christian." But, still, I do not see why no well-bred musical man can possibly be a Christian. I have always been given to understand that one of the chief attractions of heaven is its music. Perhaps that will not concern me, person-

ally, but on behalf of my friends I do sincerely trust that the Blackburn churchwardens are mistaken in their theory.

Of course, one is sorry for the victims; but, had it not been attended by any fatal result, I should have been inclined to welcome the accident to the Snowdon Railway. All the charm of a mountain is taken away when you can run up and down it in an hour, at your ease. Nature is vulgarised for the sake of shareholders, and the few solitudes left to man are invaded by the cheap tripper. The class of person who goes up a mountain on a tram-line has no business there at all. He does not enjoy it—Rosherville is his proper place. He goes out of mere curiosity, not from love of nature. He only stands about on the top, and makes silly remarks, wonders at the bottom of his shallow brain why he came there at all, hurries into the accompanying pub. for his Scotch cold, and is taken back to his dinner. The number of people who go about the world spoiling picturesque places by their presence, and only boring themselves, increases year by year. They would be a great deal happier at Margate.

On a mountain-top, they are matter out of place. Besides, no one has a right to invade these recesses of nature who is not willing to pay the price of patience and exertion. Our "fairy glens" are fenced round, and the admission to them is usually sixpence; our waterfalls are generally attached to tea-gardens. As I have said, nobody is benefited by a few shareholders. The crowds that throng these places, to gape at beauty they cannot perceive, merely do so because they are told by the guide-books that it is the right thing for them to see and enthuse over. Lynton and Lynmouth have been utterly spoilt by Mr. Newnes's trams. I expect that gentleman will, before long, be running a cable car down the High Street of Clovelly. We shall have a switchback railway over the Grampians before long, and the well-to-do 'Arry and 'Arriet, with their arms round each other's waists, will fly screaming from peak to peak.

PLUCK FUND.—C. S. Pike, Liverpool, sends me 2s. 6d. for this fund.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

CONSCRIPTION.—I quite agree with you; it should certainly comprise the navy as well as the army. The choice might be left to the individual, and were it found that one service was more in favour than the other, special inducements might be offered to draw men towards the less popular.

F. W. M. S., who writes me from Johannesburg, and who incidentally tells me that Uitlander should be pronounced as if it were eightlander—for which bit of information I thank him, as it will now enable me to talk about the subject with more freedom—assures me that the 26,000 male Britons assembled in Johannesburg were only too anxious to fight, and he promises on behalf of his own corps, the Scottish, that when the next opportunity comes they will show themselves to greater advantage than has hitherto been the case. I am delighted to hear it, but we must wait for the chance. So far as threats are concerned, we have heard this before; no doubt there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of brave men in Johannesburg, and no doubt the fault of the muddle was chiefly due to the leaders. That is a matter for the Uitlanders and their commanders to settle between them. They would certainly do well to secure a different class of leader in the future. The old Reform Committee seems to have considered that bluster and lies are all that is necessary for a campaign. These things are serviceable, but require other qualities mixed with them.

F. C. W.—Many thanks for your kind letter, which gave me great pleasure. Possibly one day I shall return to the subject.

J. D. McV.—Thanks for pleasant letter, which I have handed over to the Major. Its doggy information will interest him.

J. B. K.—Thanks for your letter.

ACTOR.—I can quite understand your making your mother cry by your recitation of Mark Antony's address to the Romans. I can also credit your recitation of "Jameson's Ride" being a superior performance to that of the professional gentleman who recited it at the Edinburgh Empire. I have not heard this performer myself, but I have heard other music hall artistes recite poems, and, as I have said, I am willing to believe that it can be done better. If you will write to the two gentlemen and give them good and substantial reasons for your requiring the essentially personal information you ask for, they would, perhaps, give it—or maybe they would not. I find myself unable to suggest a stage name for you. I am inclined to think you will possibly call yourself something with Hubert or Montmorency in it.

H. C. writes, agreeing with my remarks on the Jameson Ride. He says: "Can you tell me what, in the present century, has done so much to belittle this country as the raid of Jameson's band? When, in times gone by, have Englishmen ever cut such a sorry figure? When did they ever find themselves compelled to manufacture so many contemptible excuses for their folly? And when did they ever make such a miserable show of fighting, after all?" Unfortunately I cannot inform my correspondent.

A. E. G. writes me a delightful letter about many matters. He being a sailor, the defence of our Empire naturally interests him, and he discusses the possibility of a descent upon our Colonies and upon India. He thinks the former could look after themselves, but the coast of India he considers open to surprise. My vanity prompts me to quote a part of my friend's letter: "A few lines to tell you how much my friends and myself admire To-DAY. Though otherwise cut off, as you might say (we are sailors), from hearing much about the affairs of the day, it keeps us in touch with them to a great extent, and we anxiously look forward to mail days for fresh numbers. In my opinion, it would be hard to find any paper which comes nearer to the ideal of what a paper ought to be than yours is; all my friends agree with me."

V. C. R.—You would want an introduction to an amateur dramatic club. There are three or four in your neighbourhood; performances are given at Kilburn, at St. George's Hall, and at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill. Mr. French, of 89, Strand, might give you some further information. It would be necessary for you to know personally someone connected with the club to act as your sponsor.

R. M. F.—It is rather an unkind suggestion to make to an old friend, but if you would take the trouble to read *all* I have said about the Jameson affair you would better understand my attitude. My defence of my opinions would only be a repetition of what I have already written during the last two months. Under certain circumstances the surrender would have been right and proper; but as it is, only reckless courage could have justified Jameson's action from a military point of view. A mad raid of this kind cannot be conducted according to the law of the civilised campaign. Think of the harvest of trouble the Jameson surrender is preparing for us in Africa. In one moment he has wrecked the reputation by means of which alone we practically hold our Empire.

N. DE C.—I thank you for the report of the meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council on the question of Sunday bands. I read it with much amusement. Perhaps the Scottish Sabbath is useful as an object lesson to those of us who do not live in Scotland. It acts as a warning to us, and shows us to what a pass we might come were we to listen to the Sabbatarians of our own district. Friends of mine, who are always grumbling at the dulness and stupidity of an English Sunday, tell me, after returning from a visit from Scotland, that they think England quite a delightful place in which to spend the first day of the week. The thought of the Scottish Sabbath reconciles us to our own Sunday. For the benefit of English people, I would see it maintained.

A. C. G.—That law of Ohio, forbidding women to wear large hats in theatres, we have heard of more than once. It must have originated in the brain of some reporter whose wish was father to the thought. Woman is pretty dictatorial in England; in America she is all-powerful, and I would back her and her hat against all your Ohio legislators.

E. J.—A part of your letter gave me great pleasure, but, my dear young fellow, you have quite misunderstood me. No one has a greater admiration for pluck shown by the British in South Africa, as well as all over the world, than myself. I was expressing my grief at the thought that the Jameson affair had given a chance to these South African savages to misread us. The *Idler* was never published in weekly parts at threepence.

F. B. S.—The matter does not appear to me to warrant so much heat. It is a mere question of taste; besides, nobody is to blame but the public. If such posters did not attract them they would not be issued.

J. G. writes me an indignant letter. He is evidently one of those foolish medical men who consider the profession is to be exempt from criticism. But as he gives me an interesting bit of information I forgive his unnecessary excitement. He tells me that as far as the Scottish universities are concerned, graduates have to make the following affirmation:—"I, —, solemnly and sincerely declare that as a graduate in Medicine and Surgery of the University of —, or as a licentiate of the Royal College of —, I will exercise the several parts of my profession, to the best of my knowledge and ability, for the good and

welfare of all persons committing themselves or committed to my care and direction; that I will not knowingly administer anything to them to their hurt or prejudice, from any cause or motive whatever; that I will not make known anything I may have seen or heard while visiting the sick which it would be improper to divulge. And I make this solemn declaration in virtue of the Promissory Oaths Act, an Act of Parliament substituting a declaration for oaths in certain cases.—(Signed) —"

C. G. P. writes, agreeing with me in my attitude towards the Jameson Raid. He thinks that any man who had fought one fight (lost or won) in his school days would be bound to agree with me. Nor can he understand the shooting of Jameson's troopers. "They had a hundred rounds of ammunition each; they are described as the picked marksmen of the Rand; they fought for twenty-four hours, and only gave up because their ammunition was expended. They killed and wounded, at the most, five men." The whole business appears to me to be inexplicable and painful, and I shall be glad when it is forgotten; but I fear that our enemies will take care that it is not for a long time.

B. M.—You were quite right. I was suspicious that your letter was a hoax. If you are serious, I strongly advise you to go about the matter in a more customary way.

T. C. R. writes me, calling my attention to the cruelty inflicted upon performing animals in the street. His notice was drawn to the subject by seeing an unfortunate bear being dragged and beaten through the Edinburgh streets by a couple of foreign sailors. Bears, I believe, have one defence. They are delicate animals removed from their proper surroundings, and ill-usage kills them. I would be happy to see the public deprived of these exhibitions altogether.

E. G.—I sympathise with your sufferings from street noises, but you know what a London suburb is. Why not choose some quieter retreat? I do not quite understand what you mean by my attitude with regard to women. You speak of it as one of my weak points; I have heard it described so before, but with a different meaning attached thereto. I quite confess I do not understand women. I don't think I have ever made any pretence of doing so. Are you not rather too sensitive? Many women appear to regard themselves, as do some of my medical friends, as above criticism. But, my dear lady, your sex criticises ours pretty severely, and may it not tend towards more mutual understanding if you allow us sometimes to criticise you? I doubt the possibility of a freer education making women less small-minded. Their small-mindedness, their narrowness, is only the reflex side of their virtues. It seems to me that men and women are made to fit another; women's virtues correct men's virtues, as men's vices soften the Puritanism that women would impose upon the world, and so all things become balanced. Men admire women for the virtues they find in them. You must remember that evil and good are one; if you would take away from women all that is complained of, you would take away from them also all that makes them lovable. Make women more open-minded, and you would make them less domestic; make them more generous, and you would make them less staunch. Every decent man has a good opinion of women; and the best women I have met are the women who like men. I think, myself, a little too much sentiment is talked by both sides, and sentiment is often another name for the cloaking of the truth. Then, sooner or later, the poor cloak wears out, and the truth, which is beautiful when looked at with fair eyes, becomes painful to those who have gotten themselves accustomed to the tawdry drapery in which they themselves have dressed her.

ANTI-CRUELTY, writing from Belfast, tells me that the manner in which the magistrates of that city deal, with cruelty to animals is simple ludicrous. He thinks that more notice should

be taken of their shortcomings. I shall be pleased to do what little lies in my power if my correspondent will help me.

C. F.—I am glad to hear that you agree with me in hating the degradation of football by professionalism. On this question of women, I am more inclined to listen than to dogmatise. I do not attach much value to spoken opinions. On such matters we are all apt to say what we would be believed to think rather than what we know is the actual truth.

TRAVELLER.—I should not properly take notice of your letter, as it is anonymous, but perhaps this is merely an error on your part, and not intentional. Typing is certainly indispensable to a secretaryship in the ordinary way. Translation could only be obtained by personal introduction. I have no personal acquaintance with educational agencies, so cannot recommend any to you.

F. S. R.—I assure you, you are mistaken in generalising. I have come across many parsons whom I greatly admired; I have come across others whom I greatly despised. It is the man that seems to me important, not the profession. I had noted the case of the Darlington child flogged to death by its father. The man is under arrest, and we can only hope that he will get his deserts.

R.S.P.C.A.—I thank you for your letter and cuttings, some of which I have made use of. As regards the prize-fight at Liverpool, that is another matter. If two men like to knock each other about, I see no objection. Nobody makes them do it, and possibly they find it an agreeable way of earning money.

A. W.—I was dealing with generalities, and in the class of public-house I had in my mind—the East-end gin-shops—things are much as I described them. I thank you for your kind expressions.

A. P. H.—Medical men differ on the subject. Besides, you talk about people dying from hydrophobia daily, which is so silly a statement as to put you out of court in the matter at once. You have read sensational accounts until you have become unduly frightened on the matter. I shall probably, before long, have a series of papers written on this subject by a writer qualified to speak with authority.

W. Y. G. writes as follows:—"Regarding child life-insurance the following may interest you: A woman, who is a customer of mine, some time ago came to the shop to borrow some money; she said she had a child very ill, and she had just been to the agent to pay up its insurance money (she showed me the receipt), and she wanted to get some 'nourishment' for it, and had no money left, would I lend her something? You see, she made sure of the insurance money, and left the 'nourishment' to chance. If she had come for money to pay up the insurance, of course I would have refused her, but for the sake of the child I gave her 2s. 6d. About a week afterwards she told me the child was dead, and that she had got the insurance money. She is still owing the 2s. 6d., and, I suppose, will continue to owe it."

E. S. thinks it time that nurses were placed in line with the medical profession as regards the privacy of the sick room. She is quite correct when she states that nurses do make it a custom to chat about the affairs of their patients, and I can quite understand that much mischief may follow such gossiping.

J. W. F.—Why waste your time and excite your temper in writing me insulting letters? It would be so much easier not to take in the paper.

A. J. (Canary Islands), W. F., J. E. G., and A. H. will be replied to next week.

JUNGLE.—I cannot assist you.

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CLUB CHATTER.

Apropos of the possibilities of Charley Wood being seen again in the saddle this year, I am reminded of a curious story that he told many years ago at Brighton, in the smoking-room of the Ship. He had been out for a drive to the Devil's Dyke in the morning, and had been beguiled by that fat old gipsy who must have made a mint of money out of fortune-telling. "She says," remarked Wood, "that within a year my whole career will be changed, and, more than that, that I shall die hard up." Within the year Wood's licence was refused, and his splendid jockey career ended. Whether he deserved this or whether he did not, we are disposed to hope that the latter part of the prophecy will not be fulfilled.

Just after the bus had left Sloane Street, and was on its way to South Kensington, the only pretty girl said, "I have lost my purse! I have been robbed!" "Perhaps it was the well-dressed man who just got down," hazarded an elderly lady; "he was very close to you!" "Yes," she said innocently; "I felt him squeezing me, but I did not think he was trying to steal my money!"

THE Pope's letter to the *Chronicle* had been arranged for, barring accidents, for some time past. Mr. Massingham went to Rome, but it was Mr. Millage, the *Chronicle* Paris correspondent, who left last week, who probably arranged the celebrated communication. For years Mr. Millage has enjoyed the confidence of Cardinal Rampolla, and he is possibly more intimate with the Pope than any other English-speaking journalist.

IN regard to a recent attack I made upon the tipping system in cafés and restaurants, a correspondent, who signs himself "One of Your Polyglot Waiters," tells me that on the Continent their position leaves them no alternative other than that of practically silently demanding tips. In addition to paying for the permission to work, they have to pay for the newspapers (and, on the Continent, every daily, evening, and illustrated journal is provided), and in addition they have to supply all the matches for the stands. If this is true, the waiter is a thorough specimen of a morally courageless being, for a navvy would silently but firmly wring the neck of any employer who suggested any such conditions.

Two of the most famous of the beauties of Paris have had an unpleasant experience at the Hague. They thought to astonish the gentle Hollander by appearing in the streets in the hats such as are now worn by the Parisienne, and they succeeded in a way they did not bargain for. The enormous brims pained and annoyed the children, who followed and gibed them, and the cry was taken up by mothers and fathers, and the girls were hooted and jeered at. Stones were thrown, the dresses were torn, and every shopkeeper refused to allow them to enter for protection. Finally, a soldier found a cab, and they were able to get home in peace and pieces. All of which goes to show that the Dutch are neglected, and that they should be imported to solve the *matinée* hat question.

BEFORE it was presented to the public, the *Metropolitaine de Londres* (adapted from some English piece, and now running at the Menu Plaisirs, in Paris) had a curious experience. The night fixed for the dress rehearsal, when all the critics were present, the stage carpenter fell ill, or, at any rate, did something that prevented his attendance. The result was that the scene-shifting fell upon the actors. The work was new to them, and they forgot the play in their anxiety. The first act was gabbled through, and then those in the darkened theatre heard runnings, and cursings, and rumblings, and Act No. 2 commenced with the middle scene of a drawing-room, sandwiched in between a country lane and a wood. But at the third scene they broke down entirely. The action was laid in White-

chapel ("Wit Cheoppel," according to a French contemporary), and there they mixed up falling water with a running train. So the leading man came forward and asked everyone to go home, and, after four dreary hours' waiting, the critics found themselves in the street.

STAGECRAFT in France is notoriously behind that of London, just as London is behind Vienna. I remember seeing once at the Ambigu a splendid tragic effect turned into a farce. A woman was thrown into the Seine, and a minute later, on a darkened stage, her body could be seen floating down on the water, while a fisherman was poised ready to dive and save her. The curtain went down on this. But the gallery was enthusiastic, and the curtain was rung up, and for three mortal minutes that body zig-zagged up and down, and frantic appeals were made to the man not to keep fooling about, but to jump in. Which he could not do.

THERE has lately been a perfect epidemic of gaily-coloured ties. The particular thing I allude to is a tie made of some wonderful material, in which all the colours of the rainbow seem to have had a struggle for a place. All the colours are there, but without the artistic blending one finds in the rainbow. So far, these ties have only reached the shop windows, and I have not yet met a man with sufficient courage to wear one. This is a pity. The tie I am thinking of may not be in good taste, but there is no earthly reason why a very bright-coloured tie should not be made in wearable form. As long as these brilliant ties are allowed to remain in the shop windows we shall never get any more attempts on the part of the manufacturers to produce a good brightly-coloured tie. A change from the tie with the black ground and small coloured pattern would be very welcome.

My prophecy on the subject of soft-fronted shirts is coming true with a vengeance. Last year the favourite tie for wearing with this style of shirt was a neat self-tied bow; but this year the sailor's knot, either with narrow or wide aprons, will be very fashionable. Various shades of blue are the favourite colourings for the soft-fronted shirt.

I MADE a pilgrimage to the Canterbury the other day—the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties. There was a great deal of variety, of a dull, dreary description. The theatre itself is very pretty, large, and comfortable. The entrance is like the entrance to an enchanted castle. When the performance was particularly dull, I amused myself by walking to and fro from this entrance. Marie Lloyd was just finishing her song, about the things Johnny Jones told her, when I arrived. I had not seen the great Marie for some time, and I am more convinced than ever that she is an artiste. A little coarse, a little vulgar, perhaps, but, nevertheless, an artiste, just as much as La Loïe Fuller or Yvette Guilbert are artistes; and, as artistes are rare, *very rare*, in the halls, let us give unto Marie Lloyd due recognition as such. Yes; it seemed a pity that such a nice hall, under such nice management, had, with one exception, such a stupid programme. But perhaps I chose an unlucky night. I shall go again, and expect better luck.

MR. DAN LENO'S "North Pole" song is the best turn at the Pavilion just now. The audience are instructed how the people at the North Pole manage to get along in the cold weather, and the information which Mr. Leno has to give on the subject is received with close attention. In fact, there is a good deal of talk and very little song; but the audience don't mind this—oh, no! When I was present enthusiasm ran so high that the next turn—beautiful Miss Lily Harold—had a little difficulty in starting. This was a jolly shame. Fancy, groaning at the presence of Miss Harold! Of course, the grumblers were soon silenced, and then Miss Harold smiled bewitchingly,

and warbled a little song about a certain young lady who experienced some difficulty in determining what was wrong and what was right. Miss Harold's next song, "Push it along!" I did not care for so much, although her costume was a dream of loveliness. The next best two, after Mr. Leno and Miss Harold, are George Robey, with the "Man-who-wasn't-sure" song, and Eugene Stratton. These four are the tip-top best turns in the programme, but there isn't a dull one in the remaining twenty. Altogether, the Pav. is going very strong just now.

REPORTS have reached me that the trout-fishing has opened badly. I don't believe it. I have stolen a few days myself, and have cast a fly on the spring waters, and listened to the song-birds, and watched the primroses and yellow daffodils opening—and I don't believe these reports. Even if fish did not "rise" or feed well, the opening of "fly-fishing" could not be "bad." The fine weather, the flowers, the rippling brook, and hum of reel and buzz of bee, are sufficient of themselves to rejoice the heart of every follower of "Isaac." The Essex stream I whipped was in fine condition, and I averaged a dozen big trout an afternoon.

I HAVE discovered a "new" fly that trout will take when everything else fails. It has a gold metal twist body, light gauze wings, and a little pale gold hackle. The success of this "nondescript" was really extraordinary, so I give it to my readers as a really good tip.

I AM too old and too keen a fisherman to give the name or locality of the stream I fished, though!

THE Midland Railway Company's list of agricultural shows, just issued, contains an up-to-date catalogue of all important shows in connection with which the company

are prepared to convey traffic. The design of the card is neatly executed in red and black, and the size is conveniently folded for the pocket.

A SIMPLE little invention is the "Secure Collar Stud," manufactured by Messrs. Green, Cadbury, and Co., of Birmingham. After the stud is passed through the first button-hole the shirt is gripped by a screw-plate, and the wearer of even a soft-fronted shirt need not fear that the stud will slip out of the hole. This is the newest thing in studs, and I have the address of the inventor.

RECENTLY I referred to the best way to renovate a silk hat. My attention has now been called to the Corpolia Polish, which is capable of giving a glossy silk appearance to the silk hat. It seems to be a useful and economical renovator, and it can be secured at an address which I shall be glad to give to any of my readers.

THE proprietor of Mellin's Food has promoted another art competition, with prizes in money, gold, silver, and bronze medals, etc., to the value of £1,000. On looking through the advance proof, I see that it is given under two sections—the painting section, which includes original paintings in oil and water colours, and black and white sketches; and the photographic section, including almost every class of work done with the camera.

At the Empire of India and Ceylon Exhibition, Earl's Court, an opportunity will be afforded this summer of seeing both Indian and Singhalese workmen and performers plying their varied vocations, and endeavouring in their different ways to amuse the public.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

McBULGER.—During the play of a trick any player, whether he has played to it or not, may ask to see the last trick turned, and no more. It is not allowable to re-turn two tricks, even if no card has been played to the next.

R. T. MURPHY.—A whist hand with nothing higher than an 8 is very exceptional. The odds against a Yarborough, or one containing no card higher than a 9, are estimated at a little under 1828 to 1.

A. S. H.—Both sides have claimed a wrong penalty, and neither wins. The Solo hand could have called the cards shown him by his left-hand adversary; although this would be rather in the nature of a breach of confidence, but he certainly could not claim a trick as a penalty for the exposure, nor could his opponents claim the game on the grounds of his having shown his hand, which an independent caller is at any time at liberty to do. After all, it was a storm in a tea-cup, for having seen the cards over him, the caller could have trumped in with his knave, and so secured the fifth trick, whether he called the following cards or not. The whole call is invalid.

L. B. (Waterloo).—Your butler is right. It is not usual to don the full dress before afternoon tea-time.

CHAIRMAN (Ramsey).—You will get many useful hints from Mr. Holyoake's works on public speaking and debate.

CANIS.—The matter is easily explained. The rule abolishing cropping for Irish terriers came into force on December 31, 1889, but the regulation applies to all dogs (i.e., all breeds) born after March 31, 1895. The practice is illegal, and I strongly advise you not to attempt to get it done; added to which, you would ruin your chance at a show.

YSSERD.—(1) I do not know the firm. (2) A good tailor would make all your clothes, and it is quite unnecessary to go to one man for riding-breeches, to another for evening clothes, to another for lounge suits, and so on. (3) From personal experience I know that the "Kongola Hide" boots are well worth the money, and, as you truly say, they are extraordinarily cheap. (4) Yes, grey is always more or less fashionable for frock-coats, but I do not care for coloured morning coats. If you come across the right shade of brown, I am sure you will agree with me that cloth of that colour makes a very smart frock-coat suit. (5) I am glad we are at one on the subject of silk-faced morning coats; they are never likely to be fashionable, so you need not be afraid.

H. R. W. (Pontypridd).—Do not allow the cigarette holder to get very hot, and do not smoke the cigarette right down to the very end. You may clean the amber mouthpiece if you like, but not the other part. Meerschau is not a rare and precious stone. Any respectable tobacconist will supply you with a fairly good small tube for a few shillings, but, of course, you can go to any price you like, according to the ornamentation on the holder. Personally, I dislike the elaborate arrangements.

J. M. P.—I do not know the exact name of the collar. Like the schoolboy with the tarts, I always ask for "twelve of those" when I want some. Your best plan would be to draw the pattern on a piece of paper, and send it to Messrs. Poole and Lord, Oxford Street, London. Mention this paper, and you will be sure to get what you are looking for.

THE INCANDESCENT FIRE FRAME.

The Incandescent Fire Frame and Stove Company have just brought out an incandescent fire frame. Their offices are in Victoria Street, Westminster, and a great deal of attention has been attracted by the invention, which, it is expected, will prove a great boon to the public. The company consider that their invention effectually overcomes many obstacles which have stood in the way of coke being generally utilised for domestic purposes. The incandescent fire frame consists of a stout wire arrangement carrying two rows of small fireclay tubes, each of which is supported in circular sockets. The frame fits the grate in front of the fuel, and acts as a fire-screen. It is the invention of Mr. W. A. Hughes, who claims that it can be renewed from time to time at a purely nominal cost. Gas managers have given it a trial, and their reports have been very satisfactory. Householders are, of course, largely interested in the success of the frame. At the present time the company are unable to keep pace with the demand. Concerning it, a consulting gas specialist says it is remarkable in its simplicity of construction, and the ease with which it can be applied to any fireplace. By its adoption it prevents the waste of heat, and a fire of large and effective radiating power is produced, with a very small expenditure of fuel. The fire is perfectly safe with children, and is very clean. The makers consider that it is successful in its application to roasting stoves and close ranges, and it certainly appears to be true that the appliance has great possibilities before it, especially when we remember it is made in various shapes to suit every conceivable variety of grate.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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COOL & SWEET. **FLAKE**
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The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

I have much pleasure in announcing that I have made arrangements for the supply of **TINICO TOBACCO** specially prepared for Cigarette Smokers, and also

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Sample 2 oz. Packet of Tobacco sent post free for 1s. 2d., 2 oz. Tin Cigarettes for 1s. 9d.

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TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS
AFTER SMOKING.

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TO-DAY CYCLING PAGE.

BY THE MAJOR.

HEREFORD HOUSE is to be the home of the new wheel club, which is the outcome of the park cycling craze. It is a large, red-brick mansion, standing at the corner of Bolton Gardens. There is nothing famous or historic about it. It will be better known in the future than it has been in the past. It is being daily inspected by fashionable cyclists, and the rooms were not deserted even on Sunday. Intending members are pleased with it, and the idea promises to catch on. It appears to me to be an honest and sensible attempt to provide a fashionable club. That many think similarly is proved by the fact that there have been upwards of fifteen hundred applications for membership. This was mentioned by Mr. Oliver, the youthful-looking founder of the club, as he escorted a party through the spacious rooms and over the adjoining grounds.

"Then are you the founder of the club?" I asked.

"I am, and I think this will be a good thing. I founded what is, perhaps, the best ladies' club in London to-day. It is the one in which Lady Bedford takes such an interest."

"What letters of encouragement and promised patronage have you received?"

"I have received upwards of a thousand letters during the last few days. An interesting one has reached me from Mr. Chamberlain, who, while regretting that he cannot sit as a member of the committee, says it will give him great pleasure to put in an appearance at the club, and act the part of an ordinary member. Mr. Balfour has written me a similar letter, and I have received a great deal of encouragement from one I have had from the Duke of Fife."

"What members are likely to form your committee?"

"The names of the members of the committee are to be found in the list of patrons which is on the card. I would rather not single them out, as they have the right of black-balling applicants, and it might be a trifle awkward if their names were known. The patrons, however, include the Earls of Lonsdale and Portarlington, Viscount Maitland, Sir W. Marriott, Sir Thomas Carmichael, M.P., Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., Sir E. Hill, M.P., General Grenfell, Lady Hamilton, Lady Jane Taylor, Lady Alfred Churchill, Lady William Lennox, Lady Georgina Vernon, Lady Trelawney, Lady Kinloch of Kinloch, and Lady Tichborne."

"What percentage of ladies are joining?"

"There are two gentlemen for each lady, but the fact that there is to be a ladies' drawing-room will, I think, alter this sexual inequality."

"What arrangements are you making to improve the appearance of the building?"

"We are, this week, employing sixty workmen, who will renovate and decorate the building in all parts. We are spending several thousand pounds on this work, and when it is completed the place will be really attractive and comfortable. Outside we have the lawns, the wheel track, and other places for social enjoyment."

"Is there anything new in your programme?"

"Well, what do you think of a race-meeting in which the competitors will include four ladies and seven gentlemen with titles? Of course, the meeting will be of a strictly private character, and the public will not be admitted."

"When do you intend to open the club?"

"We shall open it before the end of the present month. That may seem impossible when you look at the state of the building to-day, but the contractor has promised to finish his work within two weeks, and, I think, we will be able to take possession before the end of this month."

The grounds are five acres in extent. In them there will be a cycle track of five laps to the mile, five tennis lawns, a riding-school 250 feet long, and premises for the storage of machines.

NOTES.

I HEAR that the Devonshire Club provides storage accommodation for cycles, and that the Reform Club management is contemplating making a similar concession to the cycling portion of the members.

It was recently reported in some sensational news-manufacturing quarters that Princess Maud of Wales, while cycling in the West end, met with an accident. The whole story was a fabrication, as Princess Maud never rides her bicycle in London streets. Her wisdom in not doing so is obvious.

An extraordinary development has just occurred in the Pneumatic Tyre Company, which has sent its £1 shares from under £8 up to £13. It is a gigantic scheme to buy the whole company for an enormous sum and refloat the concern. The sum rumoured is five millions, and the magnitude of the offer has caused the unprecedented rush for shares.

Whatever may be the chances for patent gears and wonderful chains to come to the front, they can at best be treated only as luxuries, and the users of them have to pay for them as extras; but every bicycle has to be built of tubing, and as there has been a tube famine in the trade there are very rosy prospects for the new tube-drawing concern which is about to be formed. It will be one of the most important businesses in the trade, and I shall be able to give some fuller particulars of it in

an early issue. At present the scheme is in process of elaboration, but it is bound to be a big boom.

Let none of my readers be misled by the advice recently given to carry baggage on their backs or in their pockets rather than on their machines. It is solemnly asserted that by carrying it themselves the weight is not "dead" weight, but "live." This theory will not bear a moment's investigation. The proper place for luggage is on the bicycle, as the rider does not want to transform himself into a beast of burden.

Fatal accidents to cyclists have become alarmingly numerous. Something will have to be done to diminish the numbers. Drivers of carts will have to be more careful, and cyclists must really display more common-sense and discretion. Every cyclist should have more than one year's experience before he ventures into crowded thoroughfares. It is a question of keeping a cool head, and that cannot be done without experience. Cyclists should practise in the suburban thoroughfares and country lanes, and everything should be done to discourage the inexperienced rider from appearing in busy places, where he runs a great risk of destroying himself and injuring the popularity of the pastime.

A side-slip on a greasy surface is not a pleasant experience in an open road, where nothing worse than a bruising and a dirtying of one's clothes is the result. It is a serious thing, however, in a busy thoroughfare, where a slip may precipitate a cyclist under the wheels of a passing vehicle. London streets, when watered, are very treacherous. The soot and worn road surface makes a compound more slippery than the country mud. Non-slippers, so called, are not a perfect protection, because it often happens that though the tyre does not slip on the mud, the top layer of mud will slip on what is beneath it. Side slip can be largely prevented by the employment of caution when riding on what appears to be a dangerous surface.

West-end ladies have much to learn. It is all very well to fall gracefully, but it is much more essential that the fallen one should be able to get quickly out of the way when danger threatens. Ladies cannot be too careful when riding with smooth tyres on wet roads, and there are many reasons why they should keep away from the busiest of the London streets.

One of the most attractive cyclists at Hastings during the holidays was undoubtedly a lady in a stylish green costume. She rode a Lu-mi-num machine, whose smartness attracted a great deal of attention.

Unless I am much misinformed, I believe that at the end of the year every single record will be left in France, although I certainly think that nearly every record will be established by English or American riders, who are prevented by the amateur regulations from riding under the N.C.U. Rules.

The cycling mania has almost reached its uttermost point in France. The results of the English races at Olympia are attended with as much interest as the returns from Autenil or Vincennes, and the betting is enormous.

Lumsden and Platt-Betts are anxious to meet Michael.

Mr. Watson, Secretary of the Lu-mi-num Company, has been riding in and about Amsterdam. On the banks of the Zuyder Zee, the natives were much interested in the safety upon which he made his tour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. J. (Walton).—Use either the Referee or the Shorland. It ought not to be necessary for you to send out of Lancashire for the tennis shirt or trousers. Manchester and Liverpool tailors are sure to have flannels in brown shades, or any of the best self colours.

H. B. (Derby).—See last week's issue. Doctors are favouring flannel or pure wool. You will find cotton cellular material safe and comfortable. In the summer many riders prefer it to woollen underclothing.

T. C. (Ramsgate).—In connection with my reference to the presence of Mr. Thaddeus, the artist, in the Riviera, where he is cycling, I regret to say that I cannot tell you what his intentions are as regards exhibiting. As he did not exhibit in 1895, his address is not in any of the catalogues to which I have referred.

L. W.—Many people seem to be under misapprehension as to the working of the safety sociable. The secretary of the Company a day or two ago showed me how simple it really is. Any ordinary roadster may be converted without difficulty. The chain drives the wheel exactly as in an ordinary machine, the only difference being that there are four pedals instead of two. Any difference in the weights of the two persons can be regulated by sliding the seats according to a scale. I saw a '92 machine, which had seen rough service in Russia and Italy, thus converted, and it seemed capable of doing as much more work. The price of the frame complete will not be deadly—£6 to £6 10s.

O. M.—I have read your letter descriptive of a North Devon cycling tour, and agree with you that the last day's run of 62 miles in such weather, and through a hilly country, was not in any way a poor performance. What you describe was a remarkable feat for a middle-aged wheelman.

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

It having been discovered that Mr. Eric Mackay is the author of "The Little Gods of Grub Street," that gentleman comes forward—not any too soon for good taste and honesty—and admits that he is responsible for the exceedingly silly book of ribald verse which it was my painful duty to castigate a few weeks ago.

Am just stocking Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality" (F. Warne and Co.; 6s.), a book which calls for serious consideration. For the plot of her story, Mrs. Burnett goes back to 1690; her keynote is—

"Were Nature just to Man from his first hour, he need not ask for Mercy; then 'tis for us—the toys of Nature—to be both just and merciful, for so only can the wrongs she does be undone."

Of course, the practised reader guesses that there will be a crime committed under extenuating circumstances; but, in this instance, one really feels very much relieved when the heroine, in a fit of passion, kills her betrayer, than whom a more loathsome and ornamental scoundrel never existed. He makes a bet with boon companions to win the affections of a young country girl—the heroine—and cuts off a long lock of her magnificent hair under somewhat equivocal circumstances. Then he deserts the heroine, and afterwards falls madly in love with her again, when she is about to marry the man she worships. A more rascally and unmanly villain than Sir John Oxon 'twould be difficult to imagine.

But it is the heroine who interests us. She is left, a motherless bairn, to be neglected by her fox-hunting, hard-drinking father. This is the story of their first interview. The child is six, and can ride like a man. She is very fond of one particular horse, and resents its being taken away for her father's use. She gets into the dining-room, where her father boxes her ears for spilling some powder:—

"'Damn thee! damn thee!' she roared and screamed, flogging him. 'I'll tear thy eyes out! I'll cut thy liver from thee! Damn thy soul to hell!' And this choice volley was with such spirit and fury poured forth, that Sir Geoffrey let his hand drop from the bell, fell into a great burst of laughter, and stood thus roaring, while she beat him, and shrieked and stormed."

When she is fifteen, Clorinda, the heroine, appeared in masculine attire (she found it convenient for hunting) for the last time at a supper given by her father:—

"She sprang up on her chair, and stood before them all, smiling down the long table with eyes like flashing jewels. Her hands were thrust in her pockets, with her pretty young fop's air, and she drew herself to her full comely height, her beauteous, lithe limbs and slender feet set smartly together. Twenty pairs of masculine eyes were turned upon her beauty, but none so ardently as the young one's across the table.

"'Look your last on my fine shape,' she proclaimed, in her high, rich voice. 'You will see but little of the lower part of it when it is hid in farthingales and petticoats. Look your last, before I go to don my fine lady's furbelows.'

"And when they filled their glasses and lifted them, and shouted admiring jests to her, she broke into one of her stable-boy songs, and sang it in the voice of a skylark."

The marvellous transformation of the girl to all that is pure and noble and lovely is worked by her great passion for her last husband. Mistress Anne, her sister, is somewhat unconvincing. She is drawn as so utterly characterless that it is difficult to conceive her bearing the burden of the heroine's secret in silence for many years. After all, with the exception of the death of Sir John Oxon (this is evidently meant for the great scene in a play), the first five chapters are the freshest in the book. I have devoted so much space to this work because it is the best woman's book which has appeared in the last three years. I know Mrs. Hodgson Burnett very slightly; but no woman without a touch of real greatness (and perhaps more than a touch) could have written this story. She deals with questionable topics without a trace of the filthy lewdness of the neurotic school; and there is much in the work before me that

will strengthen and comfort those who do not look upon fiction as a means of amusement only.

Am always prepared to neglect customers when I get in a new book of my old friend, "Q." His latest, *Ia* (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), is one of the most delightful of his books; and to say that is perhaps to say enough. If Paul Heathcote is something of a Cornish "Little Minister," that takes nothing from the value of the story. Paul himself is no extraordinary creation, but *Ia* is the work of a true romancer. She is one of those children of nature, inheriting the very soul of their native land, its superstitions, and its wild beauty, who, alas! are growing rare. The conventional proprieties are nothing to such an one. The world which is governed by these self-imposed morals must be astonished sometimes to notice how little they are regarded by the heroes and heroines of life; whom it must perforce admire.

Dr. Hammer is a strongly-drawn character, a fine man; and the elders of the Second Advent Saints are depicted to the life. What Mr. Hardy has done to make real to us the life of the Wessex farm-labourer, "Q." is doing for the Cornish fisherman. You shall read here how the typhus came to Ardevora, how the pilchards were late, and there was famine in the town. You shall read also of how the tragedy of life made a woman of the wild *Ia*. In the picture facing page 36 (G. Nicolet) the figure of the girl lying on the sand is most admirably drawn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. BROTHERTON.—The incident took place at Kingston Workhouse. A present of books was recently made to the workhouse, and two clerical gentlemen undertook to examine them. About 150 volumes were rejected as unfit for the inmates. The chairman of the guardians inquired, "But what is the objection to them?" "Oh," answered the reverend gentlemen, "they are extremely dry theological works, that's why."

"CAPE TOWN."—This genial, but unknown, friend sends the stanza from Bret Harte's "Lost Galleon" (Routledge), for which I have had several inquiries—

"Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry;
Never a mouth is curved with pain
That cannot be kissed into smiles again."

Always glad to have a chat with you, and "swap" anecdotes.

E. A. W.—As loose etchings they are worth 7s. 6d. D. C. Reid was an artist of Salisbury, and of no particular importance, as you seem to think. It is not the title-page you quote, but the dedication; therefore, your book not only wants some etchings, but the title also. D. D.—It is worth about 10s.; M. Fontaine, of Paris, would be a likely purchaser. E. R.—It is worth £1 to a bookseller. E. F.—They are comparatively common, and are worth about 5s. each. A. H.—Fullerton's (W. M.) "In Cairo" (Macmillan and Co.), price 3s. 6d.; Lane's "Manners and Customs of Modern Egyptians," 3 vols., price 12s. F. W. MOSELEY.—The value of the books is as follows: The Bible, 5s.; the "Genealogies" is not worth more than 10s. Bibles must be printed before 1600 to be of any particular value. If you had sent the name of the printer and the date it would have been quite sufficient, without all this elaborate copying of title-pages. The secret history is worth 5s.; and "Culpepper," from 15s. to £1. P. L. R.—Gil Blas is worth 10s., and Kay £2. F. M. E. S.—I believe the book deals with an old Roman custom of holding a family meeting, or banquet, to settle disputes. It is of no value. The date to which you call attention, 1550, is not early enough; I should call about 1460 early. Hugo.—(1) Your books are not first editions. "The O'Donoghue" first appeared in 1845; "The Martins of Cro Martin" in 1856. (2) You should get booksellers' catalogues if you wish to study prices.

T. C. S.—The books altogether are not worth more than 10s. There is nothing amongst them worth pricing separately.

"DOONEY."—The lines were written by Stephen Hawes, Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII., in his "Pastyme of Pleasure" (1506). The poem was printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1517. The lines run—

"For though the day be never so long,
At last the belles ringeth to evensong."

"GUILLAME."—I do not know of any except those by Burns. T. A. T.—There appears to be no agent in London. You might try the United States Press Agency, Fleet Street. New York is quite sufficient address for Frank Leslie's Paper office, as Times office, London, would be for the Times. "FOLLY."—(1) "Etiquette of Good Society," by Lady Colin Campbell (Cassell and Co.), price 1s. and 1s. 6d. (2) "How to Play Poker, by One of its Victims," Griffith and Farran, price 1s. "APPEARSOON."—The books are of no value to a bookseller.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

*Specially translated for To-Day by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.*PART III.—CHAPTER IV. (*continued.*)

THE streets were empty, and the Armourer and his daughter had reason to believe that they could reach home without its being known that they had gone out. This, however, was not to be. On turning the angle of the Calle Mayor, arriving at the Puerta del Sol, they observed half-a-dozen persons ranged along the walls and trying to hide themselves in the shadows, and saw at a little distance, almost in front of Don Antonio's house, a carriage drawn by two horses, apparently waiting. The coachman was on the box, reins in one hand, whip in the other, ready to start on the instant.

Borostidi instinctively started back, pressing his daughter's arm more closely to his side as he felt it trembling, and muttering—

"Can it be for us those people are watching?"

He stood still, uncertain whether he ought to go on; but after a brief pause he decided to proceed, and he and his daughter walked resolutely along the side of the square. Seeing that they had resumed their progress, the persons on the watch came out of the shade and slunk along the fronts of the houses in the direction of the carriage, forming a group before which Borostidi and Beatrix would have to pass in order to enter their house.

"Yes," said the Armourer, "it is clear that we are their object. But it is too late to go back. Courage, now, my darling!"

Beatrix made no answer in words, but her slender hand closed on her father's arm with a grip of steel, and she walked by his side, head up, stepping firmly. So they approached the spot where the carriage was stationed, and were only a few steps from the entrance to their house when a shrill whistle broke the silence, and at that signal the six persons unknown rushed upon them without a word.

Before she knew what they were doing, Beatrix was torn away from her father by three of the ruffians, who held her forcibly by the arms and legs, so that resistance was impossible. A strip of woollen stuff was wrapped round her head, stifling her cries, and she was thrust into the carriage, one of her captors taking his place by her side. Instantly the coachman cracked his whip and started his horses at speed.

She knew not what had become of her father in this tragic adventure, or why he had not come to her aid. But, her mind being perfectly clear, notwithstanding the violence that had been done to her, she fancied that Borostidi was seized like herself, bound, gagged, unable to follow and defend her, perhaps assassinated.

Then she felt that she must get free or die. With a desperate effort she stood upright, meaning to fling herself on the roadside at any risk of life or limb.

"Are you bent on making me bind you, Doña Beatrix?" said her companion, who held her by the wrist and forced her down on the cushions with a vigorous push, overpowered and terrified by the sound of his voice.

She knew now that she was in the hands of Juan Morera, and she made no further attempt to move, but crouched in her corner of the carriage, dumb and inert, knowing that the danger she was threatened with was not to be averted by open resistance.

"Hear me, Doña Beatrix," said Morera, "and take good heed to my words. I have no design against your life, and it depends on yourself to make the fate that is inevitable tolerable as well. We are about to alight from the carriage. If you consent to follow me submissively, no harm will be done to you; but if you resist I shall not hesitate to take any means whatsoever to enforce your obedience."

"Spare yourself violence, señor," she replied. "I will follow you."

"That is the best thing you can do."

He alighted without relinquishing his grasp of Beatrix and said—

"Step out and take my arm. Come; there are three steps here."

She did as he desired, and, leaning on him, ascended a staircase. She heard a door opened and shut, and then he said—

"We are in my home now, and in yours. You may uncover your face."

While speaking he removed the wrap from her head, and with a glance she took in the vast and lofty salon, which was hung with tapestry, and lighted by candelabra placed on consoles. This noble room was furnished both luxuriously and comfortably, and had been prepared with elaborate care for the reception either of Beatrix or some other woman who was to be indulged in every refined and feminine taste; but of the evidences that her prison was also a palace Doña Beatrix took no heed.

She stood before Juan Morera, as she questioned him, arrogant and disdainful, free from the terror that had possessed her for a while, and entirely given over to resentment.

"Why am I here? What would you with me? What are your designs?"

Her wrath made Juan Morera more cool and self-possessed than before. Over his dark face flitted an ironical smile.

"It is useless for you to be angry, señora," he said, as she repeated and pressed her demands. "All this wrath will make no change in my settled will. I have carried you off in order to conquer your disdain and your resistance. You thought to triumph over me; you mocked at my love. You hoped to escape from it, and no doubt you believed in your own victory when you learned this evening that Don Rafael had escaped from his prison. Perhaps you have even seen him, and laughed with him at my discomfiture. I am determined to prove to you how baseless are your hopes, how well-assured are mine, and to place a barrier between you and him which you cannot overthrow."

"Scoundrel!"

"Scoundrel, no! Madly in love, yes! That avowal, which you have heard before, explains my conduct. You are here, Doña Beatrix, in a prison from which no power can remove you, and whence, unless I decide otherwise, you never will go forth except as my lawful wife."

"Then I shall never leave this prison."

"You assert that to-day, but you will not always assert it."

"Rafael will deliver and avenge me!"

"Unless he shares your fate. We are on his track, and when we find him, we shall not let him go. Do not count on succour from him."

Beatrix made no answer. This threat appalled her.

"If you were to listen to reason," he continued, "you would cease to oppose me with that severity which has wounded, maddened, driven me to extremities. Ah, Beatrix! if you would but treat me with a little kindness, how soon you could transform me! I should become a new man if you would but warm my heart with a ray of hope. Listen to this: I might even be induced to set these doors open and restore you to Don Antonio!"

He feigned a tenderness which his base and cynical soul, buckled against every emotion, was incapable of feeling. His eyes were wet with an actor's tears. Beatrix was quite untouched. She was entirely absorbed in her love, and the efforts he made to divert her from that love constituted to her mind an offence which was the vilest of profanations.

"My father! How, after having torn me from him, do you dare to pronounce his name? Is he even living? Have not your accomplices murdered him?"

"Compose yourself, Doña Beatrix; they had orders, on the contrary, to respect his life, and to set him free so soon as you were out of his reach, and those orders they have obeyed. Your father is in safety. Say one

word to me, Beatrix—pledge yourself to become my wife—and I will take you back to him!”

“To promise would be to lie. I have no other answer to give you.”

Juan Morera's countenance changed. He had contrived to suit its expression to his supplication, but now its evil look returned, intensified, and his voice was sharp and hard.

“I will tame you,” he said, “if I should have to keep you a prisoner until your death. For to-night I leave you to reflect; but this conversation shall soon be resumed, when I may have to tell you that I shall take you with me on a very long voyage. When I have put the ocean between you and your betrothed, perhaps you will understand that you must give him up. Until to-morrow, señora.”

He stepped backwards to the door, thus treating her with an observance which was, perhaps, not altogether mockery; and, just before he went out, he said—

“In the next room you will find an attendant at your service. She has orders to supply everything you may require. Strike the bell on the table near you when you want her.”

With these words he left her, and she heard the key turned twice in the lock of the door. Hitherto Beatrix had restrained her tears; she would suffer no such sign of weakness to increase the triumph of her enemy; but they fell freely now, with heavy, heartrending sobs. She sank into a state of despair—beaten, notwithstanding her courage, by the excess of her misfortune.

This moral collapse did not last long. Her natural courage came back to her; her love of Rafael and her hatred of Morera lent fresh strength to her resolution to die rather than yield to the wretch who held her in his power.

When she had entirely recovered her composure, she made a careful examination of the room, first approaching the window and noiselessly lifting the hasp. She struck her forehead against iron bars, and so was apprised that there was little to see outside. She could just make out that a large garden lay beneath the windows on that side of the house. She then turned her attention to the interior of the room, felt the walls and lifted up the hangings, thinking she might find a second door. Finding none, she felt less dread of the hours before her. The first thing to be done was to barricade the only door by which she could be approached—not with any hope of serious defence, of course, but to secure the certainty of being awakened in case she should fall asleep. She collected a number of chairs, and dexterously piled them up so that the whole edifice would fall at the first push from outside.

“And now,” she said, half aloud, “may God protect me! If He forsake me, I am lost indeed! But He will not forsake me. I believe in Him, and I believe that His hand keeps the innocent in safety, and His justice, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty.”

Then she knelt down and prayed fervently. Rising from her knees, she debated the question of sleep or no sleep, and finally decided that she had better sleep if she could, as she would need all her wits and all her strength for the trial that lay before her, and she was already worn out by fatigue and exhaustion.

She lay down on the bed without removing any portion of her dress, and fell asleep almost immediately.

When Beatrix awoke it was broad day. She rose at once, feeling astonished that she could have slept so peacefully, and betook herself to her knees to thank God for His grace and protection through the much-dreaded night. She then took down the barricade of chairs, and, having put everything in its place, she struck the bell.

An old dueña presented herself, bringing the prisoner's breakfast of chocolate and bread, according to Spanish custom. She set the tray upon the table, and inquired what was the pleasure of the señora.

“I wish to see Don Juan.”

“Don Juan is absent, señora. He will not return until this evening, or perhaps to-morrow.”

“Am I to remain here until then?”

“The master's orders are positive. The señora must not leave this room.”

“Are you aware that by obeying Don Juan you become an accomplice in his crime, and that you will share the punishment he will certainly meet with sooner or later?”

“Alas! señora, I am only his humble servant. My duty is to obey.”

The old woman bent her head while uttering these words in a hypocritical tone, and cast on Beatrix a look expressive of the fear with which the mere notion of incurring the “Master's” anger inspired her.

CHAPTER V.

TO ARANJUEZ.

THE Condesa d'Osorio and her faithful friend and companion, the Marquis d'Esparbès, were in very low spirits on the morning after the escape of Rafael, and the abduction of Beatrix. The health of the Condesa had suffered during the long months of her son's imprisonment. She had been cut to the soul by the failure of her own efforts to procure the King's pardon for him—not on Rafael's account only, but because, to the sensitive widow, His Majesty's refusal represented ingratitude to her dead husband, and a slight to his memory on the part of Charles, whom he had served so faithfully. She had been carried away by the excitement of the moment when Stéphanie's strange proposal had been made and accepted, and for a short time she was buoyed up by the hope that the enthusiastic Frenchwoman would fulfil her rash pledge. The Condesa could not imagine how this was to be accomplished, but she clung to the “somehow” in which human beings will persist in believing, happily for humanity, in spite of sound reasoning and extensive experience. Her hopes were, however, dying out, her nerves were giving in, her spirits were declining to their lowest level, on this particular morning, and d'Esparbès had almost relinquished the attempt to console her, when their tête-à-tête was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed the Condesa that the Conde de Castrogeriz desired to speak with her.

The Condesa gave a cordial assent, and said, aside, to d'Esparbès—

“I wonder what brings him here? It is the first time.”

The Conde appeared at the door, breathless, after the ascent of twenty stairs, leaning on his stick, and dragging his legs, which bent under the weight of his fat body. D'Esparbès advanced to meet him, offered his arm, and helped him to a seat.

“Ah, Marquis!” sighed the Conde. “What would I not give to be as slight and active as you! I salute you most humbly, Señora Condesa.”

“Do you bring me good news?” she asked anxiously.

“Very good news—news that I wanted to announce to you in person.”

“My son has received his pardon?”

“No; but he is free, and safe in my house. It was Doña Stéphanie's bright idea to bring him there.”

“Can it be? Is it possible? Don't deceive me, Señor Conde!”

The Condesa walked about the room in sheer bewilderment.

“My coach is at your door, señora. If you will do me the honour to step into it, you will soon be in your son's arms.”

She was convinced this time, and, between laughing and crying, she was dressed to go out in five minutes, and in five more she was with Rafael. There had been no time to relate the details of his escape. It was the heroine of the exploit, Stéphanie herself, who completed the narrative, while the Condesa was exhausting her vocabulary in thanking and praising Stéphanie.

In the midst of these effusions, General Laguardia, Don José Benillo, and the Prior arrived, in answer to a summons sent to them early that morning by Rafael.

The new-comers congratulated him after their several fashions.

"This is the presage of an approaching victory," said Don José.

"This daring escape is a terrible blow for Manuel Godoy," said Laguardia, in his biggest and deepest voice. "The villain shall bite the dust, and Juan Morera with him! And we shall owe these great results to you, most illustrious of the daughters of France—to you and your noble husband!"

Here the general made several prodigiously low reverences to the agitated but delighted Stéphanie, whose face was radiant with joy and pride, while her eyes glittered with tears.

"God has visibly protected us!" said Don Francisque, solemnly. "Let us pray for his continual aid, and His blessing on our efforts."

Margarita de Castrogeriz looked on during the whole of this scene in silence; but her heart was stirred with joy at the manifest approach of the solemn hour that was to see justice resume its rights, and the guilty receive their due.

"We only want Beatrix," remarked the Condesa d'Osorio. "Is she not coming?"

Rafael acknowledged that he had already seen her on the previous evening.

"Then she was informed of your return before I was, Rafael?"

"Forgive me mother!"

"Yes, yes; I forgive you, my son. Is she not your betrothed, your wife, the rightful first in all things? I am not jealous of her, provided you keep my fair share in your heart for me."

Rafael folded her in his arms and kissed her several times.

"My heart is full of you, mother, and Beatrix is the reflection of me. Henceforth you have two to love you."

He had just spoken these words when a sound of hurried steps and loud voices was heard on the staircase, the door was flung open, and Antonio Borostidi, pale, dishevelled, trembling, grown suddenly old, appeared.

"Vengeance, señores!" he cried, in a voice half choked by sobs. "Help me to recover my daughter!"

Rafael rushed towards him.

"What do you mean, Don Antonio?"

"Beatrix was torn from me last night!"

Then all in a breath he told the story.

"Who has done this?" asked Laguardia.

"Who was there to do it," cried Rafael, "but Juan Morera?"

"I accuse him," said Borostidi. "I was unable to recognise him among the masked ruffians; but Juan Morera is the man that has robbed me of my child."

"You could not have defended her?"

"How was I to defend her, Rafael? I was violently dragged away from her, my eyes were bandaged, I was tied hand and foot, and gagged. The wretches left me in this state on the Puerta del Sol, and I should have lain there all night but for some people going home late, who lifted me up and set me free."

"But, since then, what have you done?"

"I have left nothing undone. During the night I sought my daughter in all directions. No one had seen her. I went to the head police office and made my statement, but no sooner had I ventured to say that I suspected Juan Morera than the zeal of the officials here cooled. None of them cared to move in a case involving Godoy's powerful friend. They will do nothing to help me to recover my daughter. I have only myself to depend on, and you, my friends."

"Let us go at once to Morera's house, and break into it, if necessary. When he is in our hands he must speak; he will have to tell the truth."

"Juan Morera is not in Madrid," said Borostidi. "I went to his house. His servants told me that he had gone to Aranjuez with the Court, and had not returned."

"Then let us march on Aranjuez! Let us take the people with us to demand justice from the King!"

The Conde de Castrogeriz interrupted him—

"A rising, Don Rafael! Have you considered the

consequences? If you are taken, it will be the scaffold this time!"

His mother flung her arms around him.

"For the sake of Beatrix, for my sake, do not risk your life!"

Hedid not reply to her entreaty, but addressed his host—

"Is it, then, inaction you advise, Señor Conde?"

"It is patience, my friend."

"Patience! Still patience! Has not ours lasted too long? If we had carried out our decisions sooner, we should be rid of our tyrants to-day. I should not have passed four months in prison, my betrothed would have been with us, and Spain would have regained her liberty."

"Are you sure of all this, Don Rafael? My age and experience secure me from the generous illusions of your youth."

"What is to be done, then?"

"Rely on me to take the necessary steps. I will go to Aranjuez to-day. As a member of the High Council of Castille, I have free access to the King. I will see His Majesty, lay the facts before him, and call on him to do justice."

Rafael consulted his friends by a look. Their attitude showed him that they thought the Conde was right, and he resigned himself to follow his advice.

"Let it be as you will, Señor Conde," he replied, with uncontrollable agitation. "The service you have done me binds me to obey you. Do you take our cause in hand. Go, plead with the King for the patriots, for Beatrix, for me. Before calling the people to arms, I must wait until you have tried to obtain justice."

The Conde was about to answer, but he was prevented by a clamour in the street, distant at first, but swelling with every second as it drew near. The noise only could be heard; what the shouts meant was unintelligible.

"What is that?" exclaimed the Conde.

"Margarita ran to a window and looked out.

"A crowd in arms!" she exclaimed.

"The people have risen to avenge Beatrix!" said Rafael. "Oh, brave people! They have understood, and outstripped me."

He was hurrying towards the window, but his mother threw herself before him.

"Do not show yourself, my son! If the police see you, they will arrest you."

"I am not afraid of them now!"

"Do as your mother bids you, Don Rafael!" said the Conde de Castrogeriz, sternly. "If you are indifferent to your own safety, at least consider those who have given you hospitality."

Rafael stopped short, putting strong restraint upon himself, while his friends looked into the street and reported to him what they saw. The crowd was coming along from the Calle Mayor in the direction of the Puerta del Sol. It was composed of some hundreds of persons of all ages and conditions; several women were of the number. The men were all armed, some with muskets, others with pistols, pikes, or swords, and they brandished these weapons with a continuous shouting. The cries could now be distinguished, and they told that the fury of the people was let loose at last.

"To Aranjuez! The King shall not go away! Death to the French; but Godoy first!" the distorted mouths kept repeating these words without pause or break, and the hoarse tones of the strained voices said more than the threatening phrases themselves of the popular wrath and hatred, so long kept down, but now at large in all their fury.

Borostidi, Laguardia, and José Benillo had gone down into the street to mix with the manifestation and learn its object. They saw the tumultuous group march past before the house, shouting their grievances to the passers-by, and urging them to join the insurgents. When the whole mass had gone past, they rejoined Rafael and the Conde de Castrogeriz, and related what they had learned.

(To be continued.)

SOME AFFAIRS OF HONOUR.

A CHAT WITH A WELL-KNOWN DUELLIST.

MONSIEUR PELLOT is a handsome man with iron-grey hair, rather tall, for a Frenchman, with keen black eyes, and an upright, elastic figure. He is one of the best fencers in Paris, and has probably been concerned in more *affaires d'honneur* than any man now living in the Gay City by the Seine. He is nearly seventy years of age, so he told me, though it was hard to believe it; and, notwithstanding this, would prove a formidable opponent for a much younger and more active man.

"Is duelling an evil or a benefit to mankind?" I asked, as I seated myself in M. Pellet's den.

"Nowadays, monsieur," was the quick reply, "it is neither. It, in a word, is a lamentable farce in only too many cases. A means of puffing (only Mons. Pellet used a French phrase even more expressive) oneself into a cheap notoriety. But in my young days there were duels—encounters where the combatants meant—ah! yes, *merci*—as you say it, 'business.' They were not content to discharge their pistols in the air, or call out that honour was satisfied if one of the principals was slightly scratched. In those days the duel had a good influence upon society, and, at all events, kept braggarts in their places. Bah! what is it now? A farce, I say; a farce from beginning to end. They neither of them want to fight, and, if they eventually do, it is for the same reason that people rush into each other's arms in the street—because they have taken such great pains to avoid doing so."

I laughed at monsieur's simile—a very good one, by the way—and then said: "How many duels have you been concerned in, either as principal or second?"

"I have fought about a score of times altogether," was the reply, as monsieur involuntarily put up his hand to a big white scar on the left side of his face; "and I suppose I have acted as second—well, I cannot be exact—perhaps twice as many times. My first duel? A little affair in the Bois de Boulogne one spring morning, about fifty years ago. What was it about? How indiscreet of you!" he continued, with a smile. "What, at that age, save *une affaire du cœur*? The eternal feminine in that case being a pretty, light-heeled *grisette*, whose acquaintance I had made at a then popular Latin Quartier ball. The *affaire* was one of pistols, and came off in a retired spot in the famous Bois. I received," continued monsieur, "a ball through the left wrist for my devotion. Alas! when I reappeared the next evening at the Café Mirabeau my little *grisette* was sipping absinthe with a bearded art student, and took not the slightest notice of me, with my arm effectively disposed in a sling. Such is woman! I remember thinking, as I crossed to another table, as far away from fickle Nini as possible."

"How did you feel the night before the duel?" I inquired.

"Very alarmed, I can assure you. You understand I was about, perhaps, to kill a *bon camarade*, or to even get killed myself. I did not sleep much, I assure you, monsieur, but even meditated whether Nini were worth it. After events proved that she was not. At all events, when my second came to wake me up, I was already dressed, and with a note for my mother, far away in Brittany, in my pocket, entered the carriage to go to the place of meeting.

"No; I have never felt so 'funky,' as you call it, since. You soon forget such things, and my legs have never trembled quite so much since as they did whilst I stood on the grass, just as the sun was rising, with a bird singing on a tree hard by, watching the signal to discharge my pistol. Every duel, of course, whether I acted as a principal or a second, served to toughen my nerves, and equally, of course, with the improvement in

both my marksmanship and fencing, I became less troubled in my mind as to the result. My second duel was over the Belgian frontier. I was acting as second to a well-known politician who was fighting an equally well-known journalist. It was not more than five or six months after my own little affair. We got safely and quietly to the spot. The distance was paced, and the two combatants took up their positions awaiting the signal. Somehow or other my friend's opponent fired quite a couple of seconds before the given signal, and Mons. M. fell mortally wounded, his pistol going off into the ground as he did so. I do not say how the mistake was made; it might have been caused by nervousness, or by an involuntary action of the muscles—I have certainly known such things occur—but it happened, and I felt compelled to take my friend's place. Did I kill my man? No; but I put a ball into his thigh which kept him in bed for a month; he didn't succeed in hitting me. In those days the Belgian frontier was a favourite duelling rendezvous, and so we hadn't much difficulty in getting my unfortunate principal's body back to Paris, where he was buried in Père la Chaise."

"In those days," said Monsieur Pellet, after a pause, "it was very easy to get involved in one of these affairs. For example, at the Opera Ball I once somewhat indiscreetly insisted upon a lady, with whom I had been dancing several times during the evening, removing her mask. She did so, and almost at the same instant a "Mephistopheles" struck me across the face. He proved to be her protector. We exchanged cards, and met near Vincennes a few days later. A cornet in a crack cavalry regiment, my opponent was an expert swordsman, and I received this cut on my face; but I managed to disable him a few moments later, when I got past his guard and ran him through the sword-arm, just below the elbow."

"You have been wounded several times, then?"

"Yes; mostly, however, mere bagatelles, I am glad to say. The only serious injury I received"—I smiled at this; but monsieur, seeing me do so, added—"pshaw! what I have mentioned are mere scratches—was whilst engaged in my only political duel. It was back in 1868; I was in the Café de la Paix one evening, when a gentleman in my presence spoke disparagingly of the Empress Eugénie, for whom I had, and still have, a great admiration. Several persons rose at once, the insult was so atrocious; but, happily, I was first to reach the offender, and a smart blow across the face with my gloves had the desired effect. He produced his card, and there and then, amid a scene of some excitement, and surrounded by a *cordon* of interested, and in some cases envious, spectators, the preliminaries were arranged. Pistols; and the meeting to be down the Seine, on a well-known islet, much frequented for such purposes. He proved an excellent shot," resumed monsieur, after a pause to refresh himself, "and lodged a ball in my chest which, if it had gone an inch to the left and a couple of inches lower, would have certainly killed me. I carry the mark to this day, and so did he, till his death during the siege two years or so later, my ball having broken the middle finger of his right hand."

"You have never killed anyone?" I queried.

"Once," rejoined Monsieur, "only once. It was during the German occupation of Paris; as you know, that only lasted some forty-eight hours. The affair came about in this way. I caught a German officer grossly insulting a young lady in a side street leading out of the Rue de la Paix. I was attracted by the girl's screams. I ran up. I have no love for the Germans. I struck him across the head with a cane I was carry-

ing, crying out (as far as I remember): 'Brute! German hog, you have crushed France, and now you amuse yourself by insulting her women.' He was much taken aback. As you are, perhaps, aware, there were very stringent orders against getting into conflict with citizens, but he could scarcely pass over the insult. It was soon arranged. 'Monsieur, I am entirely at your service,' I replied to his remark, made in very good French. 'When?' 'Immediately.' 'Very well.' 'I have a friend in the Rue de la Paix.' We went away together, and (he declined any time to obtain a second) in the court of my friend's house, when the doors had been shut and barred, half an hour later, we stood opposite one another, about twelve paces off, with pistols in our hands. My friend struck a gong. There were simultaneous flashes and reports. His bullet smashed a window just behind me, and embedded itself in the opposite wall, where it remains to this day, I believe. Mine went through his heart. He fell forward without a groan. The reports alarmed no one, such sounds still sang in most of our ears, and although I was told that there was a hue and cry raised about the missing major, his fate was never discovered. Men disappeared too often in those days for their absence to be long remembered. I felt bound to say, 'Serve him right.'

"Is it true that Parisiennes have fought duels?" I next inquired.

"Certainement. Do you not remember that case not long ago, when two jealous *blanchisseuses* almost did one another to death with knives? And then there was that other *affaire d'honneur*, about five years ago, where two well-known *demi-mondaines* fought with swords down the Seine, near Suresnes, in private grounds. The only *duel des femmes* in which I have taken part was more than forty years ago. It was after the abdication of Louis Philippe. Two young ladies

who had been attached to the Court quarrelled desperately. They would not listen to reason, but determined (and when women determine, interjected Monsieur, with an expressive shrug) to fight a duel. One of them came to me—of course, the thing had to be kept quite to ourselves—and asked me to act as second. I could not for several reasons refuse, and hoped to possibly settle matters with the other second without an appeal to arms. I failed to bring about an amicable settlement, however, and it was finally arranged that the meeting should take place in a wood near Saint Cloud. One morning, therefore, we left Paris ere it was light; the two women disguised in boys' suits. They fought with light rapiers, and after a period of five minutes the younger one, Mdlle. R., managed to 'pink' her opponent in the breast. Strangely enough, in staggering forward, the wounded one raised her point, which inflicted a nasty wound on Mdlle. R.'s thigh. Honour was satisfied, the surgeon made a very well-judged appearance, and they kissed and made friends, travelling back to Paris the next day.

"What is the strangest duel I have ever witnessed you ask? I have been concerned in several strange ones; but, perhaps, the most singular was one fought by two students, neither of whom knew how to shoot or use a sword. They fought it on the Belgian frontier, down among the sandhills. We took a couple of spades with us, and dug two holes about six metres apart. Into these two holes the combatants stepped, only their heads, shoulders, and chests being visible to one another. At a given signal, they both fired. One received a bullet in the neck, and the other had his arm grooved from the wrist to the elbow by his adversary's shot. They were both perfectly satisfied," concluded Monsieur, with a smile, "were friends immediately, and, I believe, plumed themselves when with their *camarades* on being such excellent shots."

GLOVES.

BY BARRY PAIN.

He had purchased the new gloves at Charing Cross, and put them on there. They fitted beautifully, and were in perfect harmony with the general excellence of his clothes. He had the old pair in his pocket; as he entered the train at Charing Cross he pulled them out and looked at them. The old gloves were very bad indeed, very dirty, and full of holes. He decided that he could never wear them any more, and that he did not want them. He accordingly left them on the seat of the carriage when he got out at the Temple station. As he was going down the platform, a breathless porter came up to him, handed him the old gloves, and said, "You left these in the carriage, sir."

From sheer force of habit, he took the gloves and gave the man twopence.

* * * * *

Later in the day he left the old gloves in a cab, and felt quite thankful that he had got rid of them.

On the following morning he happened, by a curious coincidence, to take the same cab again. The cabman opened the trap and handed down the old pair of gloves, remarking that he had been just going to take them to the Yard.

"That's all right," said the man; "you can keep them if you like."

"They wouldn't fit me, sir," said the cabman. So the man gave the cabman twopence, and sat pensive, wishing that the cabman had been less honest. Indeed, it seemed to him that the world was far too full of honest men, and that the stories of Diogenes could have had no foundation in fact. He decided once more to try leaving them in the train.

He had made all his preparations now. If a porter rescued them, and brought them to him, he would declare that they were not his. It would be a lie, but he could not help that, and it seemed to him that there were quite enough honest men in the world, without his coming in and unduly overcrowding the profession. He had the compartment of the carriage entirely to himself, and there was no danger of some officious fellow-passenger handing out the gloves to him. He leaped out of the train, and found to his relief that no porter followed him. It was not even necessary to lie. As he watched the train steaming out of the station, he thought with joy that he had at last left those gloves behind him.

So, as a matter of fact, he had.

And the new gloves as well.

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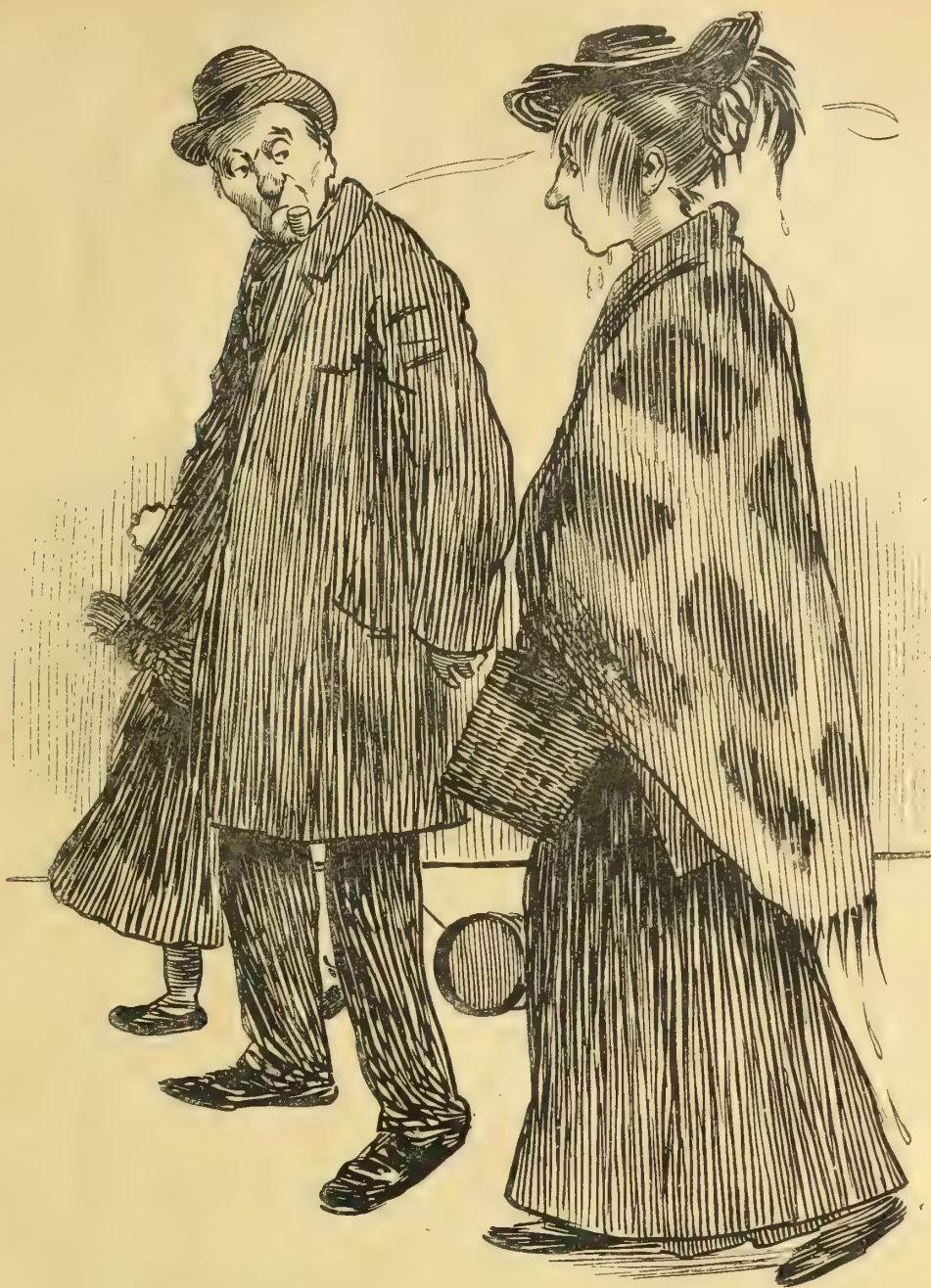
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'THE HAPPY DAY. BY HASSALL.



MR. 'ORK—It'll be a long time afore I takes yer out for a 'appy day agin. Yer've done nothing but grumble since I shoved yer off the end of the pier.

YAWNING AS A SANITARY FAD.

A CELEBRATED Belgian physician says that yawning is an exceedingly healthy function. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. It is recommended that every person should have a good yawn, with stretching of the limbs, morning and evening, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and tonifying the muscles of respiration. An eminent authority claims that this form of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and ear troubles, and says that patients suffering from disorders of the throat have derived a great benefit from it. He makes his patients yawn, either by suggestion, imitation, or by a series of full breaths with the lips partly closed. The yawning is repeated six or eight times, and should be followed by swallowing.

AN ALUMINIUM SKATE.

ONE of the most important aluminium novelties of the year is a racing skate that is almost without weight, and at the same time sufficiently strong to stand the tremendous pressure brought by skaters ambitious to break Donoghue's record of a mile in 2 min. 12 3-5 secs. The skate is composed of a steel runner eighteen inches long, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and almost as thin as the blade of a knife. The blade is supported by a peculiar shaped aluminium support, on top of which is a light strip of mahogany, making a beautiful and artistic skate. One of the greatest problems skate manufacturers have had to contend with was the production of a skate with a knife-like runner eighteen inches or more in length, strong and rigid, and yet light enough to make their use practicable. This objection they have now overcome. There is at least one shop in London where the skate can be purchased.

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Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PODGELEY'S RIDE DOWN TOWN.

BY

FRED. WHISHAW.

Illustrated by FORREST.

I AM, in a way, Podgeley's godfather in the gentle art of cycling. I gave him his first lesson, which lasted half-an-hour by the clock, but which lasted me a very much longer period, for during that half-hour Podgeley and his bicycle lay about all over me very freely, and took liberties with my epidermis which it needed weeks to repair. Podgeley was not hurt, of course; I got the knocks. When he fell off or with his machine, I was always on the spot to be lain down upon, you see, so that naturally Podgeley was all right.

For all that, he did not learn to ride in that first half-hour with me for teacher. He learned nothing then, unless it were a few new words which I may have taught him when he rammed me backwards into a stone wall, with his front wheel between my knees and the handle of his machine in my watch-pocket. I may have said something original when he did that; I don't know; I remember that I didn't like the position, and that I admired it still less when Podgeley shot forward, with his fingers all over my face and neck, and dragged me sideways down the wall in a sort of general chaos of spokes and treadles and handle-bars and Podgeley and me.

That was the end of the first half-hour's lesson, and I went to bed after it; and it was while I lay a-mending there that Podgeley went and had fourteen shillings'

worth of tuition at the Crystal Palace. He had four lessons for this sum, but I would bet my last shilling that it required four different men to give Podgeley four lessons. No one man could survive the lot, and it is extremely improbable that any single individual would be well enough to teach Podgeley even twice within a week or two. And, if he were well enough, he certainly would not be foolish enough—not for three-and-sixpence, at any rate. Podgeley ought to be taught from a gallery; that would be the way with Podgeley.

The teacher could stand there in safety, and shout out his instructions; only the supporters to the gallery must be strongly made, for, if they received anything like the punishment Podgeley and his machine gave me, they would be shaken to their very foundations. That machine of his, you see, was a very demon when roused; and it seemed to rouse it to have Podgeley in the saddle. I am bound to say that any bicycle might fairly lose its temper with Podgeley "up"; I don't blame the machine a bit; it must be a maddening thing to have a rider on one's back of Podgeley's stamp, and if I were a bicycle, and he behaved on me as he did on that wretched machine, I dare say I should go as mad as it does, and dash my head against every obstacle I came across, and



I GAVE HIM HIS FIRST LESSON.

buck, and rear, and skid, and play Old Nickolas generally, in order to get rid of him.

It is very generous of me to speak like this of his bicycle; for, as a matter of fact, that machine hurt me very much, and at the time I was not at all inclined to make allowances for it, and was disposed to regard its loss of temper, and the general abandoned recklessness of its conduct, as very unbecoming to a seventeen-guinea machine, even on deferred payment—for those

were the terms upon which some confiding individuals sold it to Podgeley. If they had known a little more of my friend as a rider they would have reflected that there would not be the remotest chance of recovering any portion of the thing bigger than a penny piece after Podgeley should have ridden it for a week or two, and supposing that the payments had become overdue. Why, it is not even now more than six weeks since Podgeley bought that machine, and I am sure he does not know where any of it is at this moment! The fact is, it is dead and distributed long since, and that is partly why I am so generous in speaking of it. *De mortuis*, I have always thought, *nil nisi bonum*; which may be translated for my less learned readers, "Don't jump on dead dogs."

I think I ought to admit that there are compensations even for those who have suffered for trying to teach Podgeley.

On my bed of sickness, or rather of contusion and abrasion, I lay and reflected much, and the remembrance of Podgeley's little short, fat figure, cocked up on that bicycle, cheered and consoled me very greatly. His legs are very short ones, and do not reach the treadles even when the saddle is dumped down as low as it will go. Thus Podgeley, in order to set the machine going, is obliged to kick at the treadles as they go round, for he cannot keep his feet upon them all the time. Sometimes Podgeley comes down fairly upon the treadle, and sometimes he does not. When the latter happens, he gets tipped forward, and nearly falls off. Well, the bicycle hates it, of course, and bucks, and dashes often enough in a bee-line for the first lamp-post or kerbstone it sees, anxious to pay out Podgeley for kicking at it.

Of course, it is very awkward for the man who is holding Podgeley up on these occasions, for the bicycle does not think of anyone's interests but its own, and involves all concerned in ruin because of Podgeley. Still, it is rather funny. I don't know what the four teachers at the Crystal Palace did; but I know that, when I tried to teach Podgeley, I found it safer to retain a hold of him all the while, because in that case one knew where one was—although, if one let him fall on the far side, one barked such-and-such a skin and bumped such-and-such bones against the framework, while the treadles play such-and-such Old Nickolas with one's epidermis whenever they happened to catch you. One knew, also, that if Podgeley was to be let down on the near side he would lie down on the top of you. You would try to leap out of the way, of course, so as to allow him to have the falling all to himself, but the treadle or the spokes would catch your foot, and you would be ready for Podgeley all right when he came avalanching down on the top of you. But if you let go of the fellow, in hopes that he would ride a yard or two away and then fall down like a gentleman without involving others in the ruin, one knew absolutely nothing of what would be the next thing to happen.

He never rode away and fell off quietly by himself, like a gentleman, that is quite certain. On the contrary, he generally pursued you, as it were, open-mouthed, shrieking to you to get out of the way, but giving you no opportunity to do so, because wherever you went he followed immediately, and generally brought you to earth about ten yards away, either in the gutter, or on the pavement, or against the stone wall. When this happened one suffered, besides the physical pains inflicted by the machine, the odium of the rider, who would, after helping to extract one from among the spokes and things, begin to explain to what lengths of idiocy and treachery those human beings went who, under the pretence of teaching a friend to ride, took pleasure in putting every possible obstacle in the way of his learning, in order to see him tumble about, and then laugh at him. It was useless to urge that one's bleeding shins and racking bones ought to prove that what had happened had not been purposely brought about; Podgeley thought otherwise, and said ridiculous and ungentlemanly things.

Podgeley is a gentleman all right on *terra firma*; it is only when he is perched upon the saddle of a bicycle that all his refinement and good feeling go by the board.

It was soon after his fourteen shillings' worth of lessons at the Palace that Podgeley came to me and suggested that I should squire him in a trial ride "down town." We live in the suburbs, and we have a High Street of our own. There is a fried fish shop in it, and sometimes it is a very "high" street indeed. It was into this busy thoroughfare that Podgeley desired to burst, in the pride of his newly-acquired character of trained cyclist.

"Wait a bit, Podgeley," I said; "are you sure you can ride?"

"Of course I can!" said he.

"Who taught you?" I asked.

He said he had had four lessons at the Crystal Palace. I inquired whether his four teachers were getting better.

"What do you mean?" said Podgeley. "What four teachers?"

"One man didn't teach you all four times, Podgeley, I'll bet!" said I.

Podgeley declared that all men were not such clumsy idiots as myself. The same man had given him all four lessons.

"When's his funeral?" I asked.

Podgeley lit a cigarette.

"What about his widow?" I pursued.

This conversation was doing my shins a lot of good, and even my side and my head felt better, too. Podgeley asked me not to try to be funny. I said it was no effort at all. Then he repeated his inquiry whether I would accompany him down town.

Then I spoke out.

"Podgeley!" I said, "you will never get to the town; but, even if you did, it would be the last thing in the world that I should do to accompany you. Bring me a suit of steel armour, and I will walk beside you. In ordinary clothes I will not come near you; as for riding with you, thank you very much, Podgeley! I will do it if you have two men with red flags, one before and one behind—not otherwise!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because of the pavements, Podgeley, and the lamp-posts; the perambulators, Podgeley, and all that in them is; the shop windows, the vans, the trams, the infuriated populace, the frightened steeds, the policeman, lynch-law, and your weeping relatives. I hate funerals, too!"

"Come part of the way with me!" pleaded Podgeley, somewhat cowed now. "I shall never learn if I don't make a start in public streets."

Well, I agreed to go part of the way with him, on condition that, if he got into trouble, I should ride on, and Podgeley was not to claim acquaintance with me; and to those terms he agreed.

We started. Our road is not a busy one. There are trees, and garden gates, asphalt pavement, and so on. It leads into High Street at the bottom end; we live at the top. There was a butcher's cart coming up, and we waited until that had passed along; then we mounted.

Podgeley was all right for about thirty yards. Then somebody with a clothes-basket came out of the garden gate and walked down the pavement a score of paces in front of us. The sight of that person seemed for some reason to infuriate Podgeley's machine. He appeared to me to be quite a harmless-looking individual; but Podgeley's bicycle thought otherwise, I suppose, for it went straight for the poor doomed fellow, like an arrow from the bow.

Podgeley couldn't hold it. I shouted to him to lean over to the right and steer away from the pavement, but I might have saved my breath. Off went the bicycle, straight for its quarry; over the kerbstone it leaped, full of fire and fury, and down the asphalt pavement it careered—silent, but certain as death.

I saw Podgeley madly grab at his bell in order to warn the victim of his tornado-like approach. It was

too late. In an instant the bicycle was upon him with a rush and a crash, and the next, Podgeley, clothes-basket, harmless pedestrian and bicycle were merging in one heaving, surging, vituperating mass, in which I was very glad to have, for once, no hand.

It was the most unprovoked assault I have ever seen, and I rode away, as per agreement, rather than appear to have any connection with so unprincipled a character as Podgeley. I dismounted, however, at a distance, and looked back. They were sorting themselves gradually, I found, and there had been no casualty; but there was a great deal of linen lying about the pavement, and the clothes-basket had the front wheel inside it. Also, there was much talking and arguing, and I observed Podgeley hand the other a card and something that looked about the size of half-a-crown before they parted, and his victim limped away down the street.

Podgeley watched him safely round the next corner before he picked up his bicycle to remount; then he shouted to me, and I returned.

"I don't think he's much hurt," said Podgeley, "but it cost me five bob, and he's coming for more if it still pains him by to-morrow. What on earth made the blamed thing behave like that?"

I told Podgeley that he had lost his head, and leaned over on the wrong side; but he didn't believe me, of course; according to him, the machine went one way because he tried to steer it the other, and because it was possessed of the devil.

Then we met a horseman. I could not help reflecting what a very unfortunate young fellow that horseman must be to have met a Podgeley in the way, and, knowing what must happen, I rode rapidly on. The horse had already begun to dance around on its tip-toes when I passed it, and as I looked over my shoulder, I perceived the inevitable already in process of coming about; that is, I saw Podgeley and his bicycle heading straight for the nervous steed and his pallid rider.

I never heard for certain whether there was any actual collision on this occasion, for Podgeley is ever modestly reticent about his achievements; but I know that a couple of minutes later there was a very great clattering of hoofs behind me, and as I escaped to the side of the road, horse and rider hurtled past me at full gallop, evidently routed by Podgeley, who pursued them as far as my hind wheel, into which he ran for want, I suppose, of anything better to run into. I don't know what became of the horseman, but I gather he must have gone round another way if he desired to reach the place he was originally making for.

When Podgeley had finished explaining how wrong

it was of me to have got in his way, since he was only a beginner, he remounted, and so did I. I hoped that he would now turn and ride back the way he had come; but Podgeley, unsatisfied with his triumphs, was resolved to ride into High Street.

"What's the good, Podgeley?" I said. "You'll only ride in at the first shop window."

But Podgeley would have it his own way, and there was nothing for it but to go home and leave him to his fate, or hurry along in front of him, and watch his movements from a distance so great that no one would suspect me of being in any way connected with him. I decided to adopt the latter alternative, because, as I explained to Podgeley, it would be interesting, in a mournful way, to see which lamp-post the infuriated crowd lynched him to. His people would like to know

it, and perhaps might find comfort in buying the lamp-post and burying it with him, or something of that sort. After this fulmination I rode on.

I was not quite right, nor yet quite wrong, in my prediction as to what would be Podgeley's first proceeding on reaching High Street. I had said that he would ride in at the first shop window, but he just missed it and shot in at the second, which, luckily for him, was a greengrocer's, and had no glass in it. I had turned when I observed that Podgeley really did intend to ride in at a window (he said afterwards that he did not intend anything of the sort, but that my silly remark had made him nervous, and as soon as he saw the window he was obliged, *malgré* Podgeley, to go straight



I OBSERVED PODGELEY HAND THE OTHER A CARD.

for it; of course, it was really his demon machine that overheard and took the hint!), and I was just in time to see Podgeley lying on his stomach among the vegetables, his waistcoat in a basket of Brussels sprouts, and his nose deeply embedded in a dish of tomatoes, while his bicycle and two little girls lay together on the pavement below, and somebody with a parcel stood over them, and rubbed his shin. I did not stop to take Podgeley out of the vegetables, but rode past, and when—five minutes later—I repassed the scene of the tragedy, Podgeley was conversing in a heated manner with the greengrocer within, while a policeman led his steaming bicycle up and down outside, which looked broken kneed and aged, and the two little girls and the parcel man waited about to be paid.

Then I went home.

Podgeley arrived somewhat later. I saw him walk past my study window, and I put out my head, and asked him where the machine was.

Podgeley pretended not to hear me and walked on;

but I learned afterwards that the bicycle had suffered considerably, and had been taken to hospital. Podgeley always declared that the man with the parcel vented his spleen upon it by kicking it violently about the spokes; he had a right to be angry, for he had a shin and two little girls damaged by it. The children were dreadfully mixed up with the thing, I am told, and had to be cut out; while one or two people declare that there was a third little girl there when Podgeley descended upon the party, and that she disappeared altogether. I really don't know about this. If she really was there, she must have remained in the bearings, I suppose, unless they found her afterwards buried among the Brussels sprouts and things.

After this experience, Podgeley elected to ride no more "down town," for the present. He headed the other way, and tried daily to get into the country. But the change of tactics didn't do him any good. Podgeley could never learn to ride like an ordinary person, or else his bicycle could never forgive him for his short legs and kick-treadle style of riding; or, again, Podgeley is one of those men who are pursued by an evil destiny, and never have any luck, how much soever they may court the favour of Dame Fortune!

For whenever Podgeley rode out he met an enemy in the way. Of course, everything he met *was* an enemy to a rider like Podgeley, even innocent babies in perambulators, and was treated as such. Podgeley began to have a very bad name among the nursemaids of our suburb. He became as greatly feared and hated by them as that very old Nickolas himself, of whom mention has already been made; for as sure as ever he saw a perambulator he went for it. The nurses scrambled and hustled and flew, lightning-like, out of his way; but their efforts were generally futile, for the demon machine would not be denied. The babies in the perambulators soon got to know him, and started crying as

soon as he appeared in view. He is said to have killed hundreds, but this (to do him justice) he denies, and I think myself that report has exaggerated the true state of the case.

Of course, Podgeley charged vans and cars and riders and things, as well as perambulators; he was very impartial, and treated all comers alike, and so matters went on for a week or more.

Then the bicycle died, and its best and truest friends agreed that it was a happy release. I myself saw the poor thing lying in its stable in — I should say — about eight thousand pieces.

"Why, Podgeley," I said, "have you been having a rough-and-tumble with the Flying Scotchman? What on earth has happened to it?"

"This!" said Podgeley, showing me a pickaxe of enormous dimensions, "and it's done the job nicely, hasn't it?"

And this is all I could get out of Podgeley as to the fate of his machine. I do not know to this day whether he did the deed himself, in a fit of despair and remorse, or whether some member of the infuriated populace took upon himself to express the feelings of the district by bat-

tering everybody's enemy into scrap iron; at any rate, the machine was dead, and there can be no resurrection for it, and it is said that the nursemaids are getting up a subscription list for a local charity in token of their gratitude.

I really cannot tell you what Podgeley did with the pieces, but I should say that if he fed the birds with them, it could not have hurt them much, so minute were they. Perhaps he buried them; they are not in the stable now.

It must be aggravating for Podgeley, I should say, when each term for a periodical payment comes round, and he has to dole out an instalment for the poor dead thing. It is like being haunted by its ghost!



PODGELEY BEGAN TO HAVE A VERY BAD NAME AMONG THE NURSEMAIDS.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

BY
CLEMENT SCOTT.

THEY say that confession is good for the soul. I hope it is, because my dramatic soul has been burdened for more years than I care to remember with a sin of youth, a sin of downright cheek, a sin of reckless inexperience. Oh! the horrors that I have inflicted from time to time on my unoffending fellow-citizens! They never criticised me half so severely as I have criticised others, and I deserve their reproaches far more, because—well, the murder will out—there was no earthly reason, save sheer vanity and a love of the stage, why I should take to sham play-acting, and become an amateur actor.

The first dreadful deed was done, if I remember rightly, at an amateur theatrical establishment that existed in Catherine Street, Strand, on the site of the *Echo* office. I think they called it Jessop's. I was inveigled there by a fellow War Office clerk, called—well, never mind his name—a mildly-mannered and quite inoffensive young man, with fair hair and apple-blossom pink cheeks, who "accounted himself a good actor." He was looked upon with awe at Jessop's because he had once played Hamlet with considerable success. When I got down to Jessop's, and was duly introduced, I found they were casting *All that Glitters is not Gold*, and I was asked what part I would like to play. I blushed modestly, and said that was for my superiors to decide. At which they burst out laughing, and the director inferred that the part given to me was exactly the one for which I could afford to pay the most money! The rule at Jessop's was, that the leading characters were put up to auction, and, if you had saved up enough money from your War Office salary, you might virtually play anything, from Romeo to the Stranger.

On this occasion there had been a fierce and animated competition for Toby Twinkle. The low comedians were daggers drawn because the part had been secured by a mild youth who had not a vestige of humour in his composition. My friend Clinton secured Stephen Plum, for so conscientious an artiste was he that he would save up his spare cash, and forego even his daily luncheon, in order to gratify his love of art. As for my modest self, the part of Sir Arthur Lascelles, a downright villain, fell to me, at the not exorbitant sum of ten shillings. Being a beardless boy, with no particular proclivity for vice, I had a wild fancy for wearing a pair of jet-black Piccadilly weepers, à la Lord Dundreary, and a coal-black plastered wig. This was in imitation of another War Office clerk, who sat in my room in Pall Mall, a friend of mine, but one I secretly envied, because he was highly esteemed by the ladies. He was not a particularly fascinating youth in real life, but I fancied that the black whiskers, the plastered hair, and the eternal eye-glass had much to do with his triumphs at balls and dances which we mutually attended. Our leading lady at Jessop's was, I thought at the time, extremely lovely. She was an opulent blonde, and I envied my friend C—his chances of constant embraces on the stage, and *tête-à-têtes* in quiet corners at rehearsals. She was not exactly a professional, but she considered herself quite equal to one, for she was the daughter of a costumier in Bow Street.

That reminds me of a good story told me by my dear friend, E. L. Blanchard. On one occasion he attended a banquet given by old Benjamin Conquest, the father of George Conquest, at the Grecian Saloon. An amusing speech was made, for once in a blue moon, in replying to the toast of "The Army." As the speech had nothing whatever to do with the military service, and was purely on theatrical topics, Blanchard asked in what regiment this witty old gentleman had served.

"Served? Nowhere but behind the counter!"

"But is he, or is he not, in the army? And, if not, why should he reply to the toast?"

"For the very excellent reason that he sells *military*

portmanteaux in the Strand. He claims the toast as a trade privilege!"

I never go up to Lord's cricket ground, along Park Road, having passed Tom Thorne's old house, where the "boys of old," including Henry Irving, James Albery, Harry Montague, Johnnie Toole, Tom Smale, George Delacher, Joe Knight, and David James, spent the jolliest evenings in the world—nights past, never to return—but I cast a reflective gaze on No. 1, Kent Terrace, the corner house, for here were the headquarters of our most select and private drawing-room amateur performances. I was introduced here by another gay War Office friend—George Mariette, an Eton boy, an athlete and oarsman, but, true to his Gallic origin, a good and vivacious actor. It was here, I think, that "Jimmy Molloy" came upon the scene—James L. Molloy, the famous song-writer, whom I accompanied to Ransford's, in Princes Street, Oxford Street, to sell his first song—and a lovely song it was—called "White Daisy," written by Tom Hood, in which song was buried a romance of Regent's Park.

Our private theatricals at Kent Terrace and elsewhere were presided over by a liberal clergyman of the name of Owen, a great talker and ardent Freemason, who was the indirect means of securing for me my first appointment as a dramatic critic on the *Sunday Times*. Discovering that I had a budding literary taste, and knowing that my father was a celebrated author and journalist, Mr. Owen, of whom we rather stood in awe, appointed me as a kind of Kent Terrace poet, to write prologues, epilogues, and occasional addresses for the company.

What a daring thing to do at the age of nineteen, with the famous Shirley Brooks living a few doors off—Shirley Brooks, the *Punch* writer, and a delightful versemaker!

However, I was asked to do it, and I did it; so, in addition to the sorrow I caused as an actor, I inflicted on them my poetry as well, which was better received by my critics of 1861 than by my detractors of 1896. But those were the days of milk and sugar; the hot water comes later.

My first Kent Terrace performance was in a farce called *Two Heads are Better than One*. I was supposed to be in love with a pretty milliner, and I had a desperately jealous rival. In order to hide me she cut a round hole in the table, through which I had to place my head, as representing a milliner's block. On my head she pinned her newly-made caps, bonnets, laces, and fal-lals, and if I winked or sneezed I was lost. It was an ignominious proceeding, but I did not mind it, for the embraces that were denied to me at my very first essay were now showered upon me in profusion, and I don't suppose any boy, however bashful, objects to be kissed by a pretty girl, even though his head is in a vice, and decorated by a bonnet. I was on the point of losing my susceptible heart to the fair-haired milliner; but, alas! she left the club and went to India.

I was next promoted to the part of the bashful Edgar in *The Dowager*—a loathsome part, in which I failed hideously. But they graciously kept me on, for I was beginning to write for the papers, and they thought I might be useful, to them.

In this dreadful nightmare of dramatic recollections four horrible dreams stand vividly out from the rest. I cannot help it; I have promised to confess, and there is no getting out of it now. In the old days there existed in Pall Mall, as part and parcel of Her Majesty's Theatre, a smaller theatre, called the Bijou Theatre, which was used principally for amateur performances and entertainments. Here Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews gave an entertainment on the plan of the celebrated evenings of the elder Mathews, and I possess a photograph of my old friend, the gay, delightful, and fascinating "Charley Mathews," dressed up as an old charwoman, with a frilled cap on his head and with a pail and a mop for properties. Charles Mathews cannot be wholly dismissed from this discussion, because my experience as an amateur has always brought me in contact with someone or other on

whom the mantle of Charles Mathews was supposed to have fallen—in the amateur world. My friend Augustus Spalding—a very celebrated amateur actor, as all know who have seen “The Old Stagers” act in the Canterbury cricket week—was always supposed to have received the Charles Mathews inspiration at the fountain-head. His Dazzle was no doubt an irresistible performance. James Molloy was another amateur Charles Mathews in disguise, and his Woodcock, in *Woodcock's Little Game*, when played by us all at the Bijou Theatre in Archer Street, Bayswater, was, in our opinion, so good that we spoke of it with bated breath.

As for me, I was content to follow in the footsteps of my old friend, Harry Montague, so I took the part of the gay and frivolous Christopher Larkings, and I had for my wife an enormous blonde lady, twice as tall as myself, whose waist I could scarcely clasp. Had I been able to do so, I should not have dared, for her husband, an extremely jealous man, was always hovering about with menacing attitudes.

I think it was on this occasion that W. S. Gilbert played Swansdown—or was it C. J. Stone, of the Arundel Club? At any rate, I have a distinct recollection of seeing the gifted Savoy author as a servant called David, whose menial office was represented by a pair of white Berlin gloves. Promoted gardeners or stablemen always wore Berlin gloves on the amateur stage. I rather think that my valued friend, Arthur à Beckett, was also a candidate for the dropped mantle of Charles Mathews, but his intense love of practical joking spoiled his chances as an amateur actor. He also made his confession in that delightful book of his, “Green-room Recollections,” and I can only say that the story he tells of us both, when we were degraded “supers”—well-dressed supers, I may remark—at the St. George's Hall, when we recklessly gambled for one another's coats, hats, and boots, and spoiled all the scene, was perfectly true.

It was at the Bijou Theatre that Jimmy Molloy brought out his first opera, *A Student's Frolic*. On this occasion I was degraded again to a mere chorister, and I listened with delight to the singing of the lovely young tenor, the only one of us who became a regular professional, and is now well known on the stage as Willie Herbert. He was then of the house of Eden.

But the most dreadful deed I ever accomplished at the Bijou was to play Fleance, in *Macbeth*, in a shock-head of Scottish hair and a kilt. Dear old Palgrave Simpson, an enthusiastic amateur, was the most comic Macbeth

ever seen on any stage, as I was emphatically the very worst Fleance. He contented himself with new business, I with forgetting old words. Why did not Arthur à Beckett add this wonderful performance to the humorous collection of stage stories? Has he forgotten how, when Lady Macbeth sounded on the bell to the effect that her lord and master's “nightcap” was ready, Palgrave Simpson executed a pirouette, leaping into the air in his kilt as if he were engaged in a sword-dance?

I fear that costume has a great deal to do with the vanity of amateur actors. I had got beyond the Lord Dundreary stage; I pined no more for black weeping whiskers or sable wigs. But I had an earnest desire to appear before the footlights in knickerbockers and scarlet stockings, which were then fashionable. The part I selected was that of the impudent boy in *A Scrap of Paper*, who has to sit on a stool to be lectured, and to dash out of a conservatory to kiss a pretty waiting-maid. I did not mind that at all. The Prosper Couramont was again Jimmy Molloy; the jealous baron was Hubert Jerningham, now Sir Hubert Jerningham, Governor of the Mauritius, who did not award to us the historic “praise from Sir Hubert,” which to us would have been praise indeed.

I suppose I made a success as the boy, Archie; at any rate, I was more successful in flamingo legs than in black whiskers, for I received two love-letters—one from a fair-haired school girl, and another from one of more mature age, who asked me to tea in Oxford Terrace, imploring me to appear in scarlet hose.

But the strangest experience of all was at an amateur performance at St. James's Hall. Behold me suffering agonies of pain in a dentist's chair. The tooth-drawer was the relentless James L. Molloy. I was playing in a farce for a Catholic charity, written by no less a notability than his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. The farce had, I believe, been written for the edification of the students in the English College at Rome, but now it was acted for the first and only time before an English audience. The fine old Cardinal, who had recently confirmed me, sat in front, brave in scarlet, in an imposing chair, surrounded by priests and monsignori. The cardinal author, as I well remember, made a capital audience. He laughed heartily at his own farce as he looked through his golden spectacles. I often wonder if Cardinal Wiseman suffered as much from my acting as I was supposed to do in the dentist's chair. If I pained the learned author, he readily forgave me, for I was included in a general Episcopal blessing!

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I NEVER 'ad no fancy fur cats. I ain't set against 'em, sime as some is. I've knowed men as 'ud sweat and go as white as the driv'ling snow if they 'ad a cat in the room with 'em. I ain't like thet, but still I don't keer fur the beasts. They is a lizy, greedy, 'eartless, mischeevus lot, is cats. And the row as they kicks up when theer art on the hi-tiddly-hi of nights, it ain't 'uman. But, 'arrever, my old gel said we'd mice in the 'ouse, and traps was no use, and she'd 'ad the hoffer of a tom-cat. “Well,” I says, “yer can 'ave 'im, if yer likes, as long as 'e's a tom, and yer keep 'im art o' my wye.” So she gort thet cat, and afore long she gort reg'lar fond of 'im, sime as women will. “'E is a 'and-some cat,” she remawks ter me one night. “Very likely,” says I. “'E's gort thet small 'ead as all tom-cats 'ave, and follers me abart, sime as if 'e were a dorg.” “'As 'e done fur them mice yet?” says I. “Well,” says she, “'e's new ter the plice, but I don't dart as 'e'll stawt on 'em soon.” But 'e never did.

I dunno why it was. Per'aps it were liziness. 'E'd gort more food nor 'e cud eat, as it was; kep' like a Chrischun, 'e were, and 'e didn't see why 'e shud go a-bustin' of 'isself arter mice. Any'ow, I'd come in and sye, “'As Jim caught any o' them bloomin' mice yet?” And the answer were alwise the sime: “I ain't seed 'im

catch none, but 'e mye 'ave done. Jim ain't a cat as does things fur show.” Well, arter a time thet irritated me, and I said, “Look 'ere, nar, we 'ad that cat fur the mice; if 'e don't kill 'em, it's artside fur 'im, and strite—that's whort it is.” But, theer, my missus wouldn't 'ear of it. She'd rigged up a kind o' bawskit fur 'im, so as 'e cud sleep by the kitching fire, sime as if 'e'd bin the Prince o' Wiles, and mide a reg'lar pet of 'im. She wouldn't 'ear of 'is goin'—said it 'ud brike 'er 'eart if she pawted with 'im. Whort one cat eat made no diff'rance, and theer were no license ter pye, as if 'e'd bin a dorg, and the likeli'ood was as 'e'd kep' the mice awye, even if 'e didn't ketch 'em. Thet was 'ow she put it, and she said as I ought ter be ashimed o' myself fur talkin' o' turnin' the pore creechur art o' doors. “Ho, very well,” says I, “'ave it your own wye.” And so she did, until one night, when I gort 'ome, she said, “I'm afride as Jim's disgriced 'isself.” “Whort's 'e done?” says I. “'E's 'ad kittens,” says she. “They're the prettiest little things as ever you seed; can't yer come and look at 'em?” “Whort fur?” I asks. “Ter see which of 'em yer wornt ter keep.” Yes, that were it. I bruk inter a bitter lawf; so bloomin' likely I were goin' ter turn my 'ouse inter a lyin'-in 'orspital fur frauderlunt tom-cats as turned art ter be she's, and then pervide for their orf-spring! No, thank yer. Them kittens 'as bin disposed of, but we still 'as Jim, and the missus still speaks of 'im as if 'e were a tom, though to my mind thet's wore a bit thin.

ABORIGINAL GLIMPSES.—V. BY T. E. DONNISON



THE BALL.

IN A JUNGLE STORM.

PEOPLE who have never been in a jungle talk of the sky as a painter talks of the horizon or a seafaring man of the offing—as if, when you wanted to see it, you only need use your eyes. But in the jungle you don't see the sky—at least, you only see a few scraggy patches of it overhead, through the openings in the twigs and leaves. Neither do you feel the wind blowing, nor get burned and dazzled by the sun, nor even see that luminary, except by momentary glimpses about midday, from which it follows that a jungleman does not usually pretend to be weatherwise. If he does, he is even a greater humbug than the rest of the weather prophets. On the afternoon about which we are speaking, I remember setting forth on my walk in the still glow of the tropical calm, and wondering rather at the intense stillness of the surrounding forest. Then the air grew cooler, and the green of the foliage in front seemed to deepen, and presently there was a sound as of a giant waterfall in the distance. Waterfalls do not, however, grow louder every second, whereas the noise in front did so. Then there was a loud, angry growl, as of a dozen lions. A minute more, and the whole jungle began to roar as if fifty squadrons of heavy cavalry were coming up at a gallop. Then came a drop of rain, and a peal of thunder which seemed to make the world stop. Then the storm began. The sky above darkened; the trees clattered; the brushwood beneath hissed and bowed itself. A deluge of raindrops blotted out the narrow view. Down it came, soaking through the densest leaves under which one fled for refuge, striking the grass and sand with millions of dull thuds, dashing furiously against the leaves as if they were so many hostile shields, streaking the air with innumerable perpendicular lines, and hurling itself down with the force of bullets. In such a downpour one may as well walk and get wet as stand still and get wet. Unfortunately, one did not know where to walk to. The "circumbendibus system"

presupposes the fact that the waggon wheels and bullock tracks can be seen and noted; but when the cart track is no longer a cart track, but "all turned to rushing waters," such tracks cannot be seen, and, unless you have a pocket compass, you may as well try to fly as to get back to where you came from. When one reads of travellers lost in the backwoods, they always steer by the sun—and probably very badly; but when there is no sun, what are you to do?

NEVER GIVE UP!

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And, in all trials and troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be—Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on!
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thundercloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!

ETIQUETTE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

(Continued from last week.)

18. BEGIN to eat when you are served. It used, centuries ago, to be the fashion to wait; but it is now only done by the lower classes. 19. I should not advise you to ask for beer unless others are drinking it. Of course, you must do so if there is nothing else you can drink; but you might feel uncomfortable if it had to be fetched expressly for you from the servants' quarters. It is possible that it might be served at lunch and dinner, especially the former, when all would be smooth for you; but just for the first few days, when your new relatives will be studying you, it would be well to take some other beverage. 20. Face the audience. 21. No, unless there is very pronounced applause—an unusual thing in English drawing-rooms, even when the performance is of a very high class. 22. Yes. 23. A general greeting will probably be sufficient, but in this, and other matters of the kind, you will soon discover the custom of the family, and can follow it. In fact, you will learn more by seeing what others do than I could teach you in a whole number of *TO-DAY*, if I had it at my disposal. 24. Yes, after having asked permission. 25. No. 26. Yes; immediately on sitting down to dinner (the only meal, except a supper-party at which gloves are worn in England). Guests in out-door costume at lunch are gloved, but they unglove on sitting down to table. 27. Tart, pudding, dinner gateaux, pies, preserves, and jellies are eaten with spoon and fork—spoon in right hand, fork in left—and it is well to remember that, whenever the fork will answer in conveying these to the mouth, it is used for that purpose, the spoon only being brought into requisition when there is syrup, or cream, or custard, etc. Cakes of the non-pudding sort are eaten with the fingers, but these are served at tea, not at dessert. Ices are eaten with the spoon alone. *Apropos* to this, the attendant will place before you, when dessert is served, a plate bearing a d'oyley and a finger glass. You must take up the latter and place the d'oyley immediately on your right, putting the finger bowl on it. If there are ices, the butler or parlourmaid will put a glass plate and a spoon on your dessert-plate, and will afterwards, when the ice course is finished, take it away, leaving the dessert-plate for your use. 28. It is usual to wait some moments. Very few persons drink champagne while it is foaming, nor is it necessary to finish the glass at a single draught; in fact, it would be bad form. 29. It would not seem at all affected to refuse all other wines. Most girls do. 30. Lay it on the table to the left of your plate, after slightly rolling it together. 31. From half-a-crown upwards, unless you have given a great deal of trouble. If for your maid and yourself, 4s. or 5s. will be ample. 32. Such heavy "tips" would not at all be expected from a young girl. A sovereign to the housemaid, and a similar sum to the butler or parlourmaid, and, if you ride or drive much, a sovereign to the groom or coachman, will be ample. As you will have your own maid with you, you will not need the services of your hostess's; but, should you have to avail yourself of these, you would have to give the maid from a sovereign to 30s. at the end of so long a visit.

SPRING CLEANING.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

To resume the subject of Spring Cleaning, interrupted last week in order to find space to reply to the thirty-two questions of a puzzled reader of *TO-DAY*, let us take the details of "turning out" the rooms, one by one, as the judicious housewife arranges to do. The first thing, with a bedroom, is to take off all the blankets, and, carrying them down to the garden, give them a thoroughly good shaking and beating. Then, folded carefully away, out of the risk of dust, they can wait till the bedstead has

been washed all over, in all the crevices and interstices, and then polished up with dry cloths. The spring mattress must first be lifted off, and every atom of dust be wiped away from the laths beneath it, the maid not being allowed to omit passing the duster between them where they cross each other. The ironwork all round the bed and the brass at the top and bottom must be thoroughly cleansed, and then polished up.

As to the wire-woven mattresses, it is a common delusion in the servant world that they can look after themselves in the matter of cleanliness. They certainly are delightfully clean and tidy things, as compared with the stuffed spring mattresses and the old-fashioned feather beds; but anyone who conscientiously attacks them will soon discover that they are capable of retaining many ounces of dust. The best plan is to turn them upside down, or lean them upright against the wall, with the under side towards the operator. Then a long-haired clothes-brush must be used to evict the dust, which will fly out in clouds. The bristles of the brush must be long enough to reach the inner twists of the wire, which, if neglected, will certainly develop rust. Having cleared the under side by vigorous applications of duster and brush, the next thing to do is to pass the former along all the woodwork, where the dust will have collected. Then the upper side is brushed and dusted, the whole thing replaced on the now clean bedstead, and the bed must then be made, and covered over with dust sheets, every scrap of it, head and foot, and both sides.

Meanwhile, some of the workers will have taken down the pictures, washed them, and laid them in another room ready to re-hang; taken down the short muslin blinds, the curtains—if there are any—and lifted the long blind clean away upon its roller. This must be scrubbed upon the kitchen table, and hung out to dry, either indoors or out. All the chairs and smaller pieces of furniture are taken out of the room, and, when the worst of the dust has been swept out, the next thing is to wash down the walls, if they are painted—as all bedroom walls should be—or clean the paper with dough, if it has become very black.

This plan is far better than that of cleansing wall-papers with bread. Any baker will sell the dough by the pound, and about one-and-a-half pounds will be enough for a small room. Standing on the steps, the housemaid takes a large piece of the dough and begins as close to the moulding of the ceiling as possible, working downwards in long, straight, steady lines. The amount of dirt that can be got off in this way is astonishing. The steps are then moved further on, and in this way the upper part of the walls is soon done. For the lower part no step-ladder is needed. While this is being done, the charwoman will be washing the paint round the windows and the frame of the windows itself with soft soap; also the sill, the door, and its frame, the wainscoting, and, finally, scrubbing the floor and black-leading the grate. The pictures can then be re-hung, the blind restored to its place; and the next thing is to polish all the furniture with linseed oil, rubbing it with a will until it shines again.

Unless one's servants are very careful in looking after furniture, it will be found that tables, bookcases, chests of drawers, wardrobes, etc., will all have to be lightly washed over with a not too wet cloth and a little soap, before beginning to polish them. The drawers are all taken out, washed, dried, and furnished with clean paper. The recesses into which they fit must not be forgotten. They are favourite homes of dust. After this washing, inside and out, the furniture must be dried well before the linseed oil is applied, and care must be taken to put on only a little at a time.

If the carpet should be too large for servants to shake—but in the case of sleeping rooms it should never be too large to be taken up readily and carried out of doors to be beaten—it must be sent away. The comparatively new way of cleansing them by means of forcing compressed air through them by steam, is to be recommended. I have had mine done in this way for years, and would not think of going back to the old plan of beating and shaking

by hand. It is almost impossible to get all the dust out of a carpet in this way.

Servants have rather a tendency to put carpets, rugs, and mats down while the floors and passages are still wet. This rots and destroys them, and the maids must be circumvented in this particular. The rest of the work in cleaning bedrooms is light. The books must be carefully dusted and put back on their shelves. The marble top of the washstand has to be washed with milk and soap—no soda—the drawers taken out and cleaned, with their recesses, and the woodwork polished up with linseed oil. All the crockery has to be washed, and every ornament in the room has also to share in the cleansing process.

Should the margin of the boards be stained, it may perhaps be necessary to re-stain them after the vigorous scrubbing they have received. This can be done by the charwoman, and, when they are quite dry, a home-made varnish will bring them up to a condition of brightness. Get from the oilman a bottle of turpentine and a shilling's-worth of bee's-wax. Of the latter, take a piece of the size of a hen's egg, put it in the bottom of a pint jar, such as jam is sold in; fill it up nearly to the top with turpentine, and put it in the oven. This will be found an excellent and inexpensive varnish. It must be rubbed well in with cloths kept for the purpose. They will be quite unsuitable for any other use. To polish up the gas brackets must not be forgotten. This is a favourite "forget" of the ordinary housemaid. The windows must have an extra clean, in order to do honour to the delightful cleanness of everything else in the room, which will be agreeable to both eyes and nose, proclaiming to both its absolute freedom from dust.

But, alas! for how short a space! Why can we not keep our rooms always at this pitch of perfection? We ought. But in a world of grime it is extremely difficult. And then, it must be confessed that we have far too many hangings and draperies, too many stupid ornaments of every kind. Bedrooms should be kept as free as possible of all useless frippery, so that the maids can successfully combat the dust every day, instead of wasting their time in dusting twopenny-halfpenny vases and the scores of cheap ornaments of every kind that a democratic age brings into the houses of even the wealthy. I know a bedroom on the walls of which hang eight brackets, and on those eight brackets there are exactly ninety ornaments, chiefly little beasts, such as dogs, elephants, lizards, toads, cats, small black demons with red bodies and extensive tails, lambs, poodles, zebras; and, in addition, there are vases of every shape and colour, specimen glasses in duodecimo, curios from China and Japan, and figures from India. Just think how much of the housemaid's morning is taken up with dusting all these.

Some of us find that books, like a rising tide, overflow everything. A quarterly raid on them results in packets for patients in hospitals and children in crippled homes, with much consequent happiness. But, even with this reduction, the tide keeps rising. I know a sideboard which ought to have nothing on it but what relates to eating and drinking, and perhaps a lamp or two. But the way in which books invade that sideboard is remarkable. One end of it magazines have marked for their own, and seem to draw to them railway guides, district and post-office directories, Whitaker, and the whole army of ephemeral pamphlets, which have a curious knack of being always in the way when no one wants them, and never being at hand when really needed.

But the subject of that sideboard is a sore one—so, adieu, dear readers, until next week.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

RUM AND MILK BLANCANGE.—One ounce packet of Swinborne's isinglass, five ounces of loaf sugar, one quart of new milk, the peel of a lemon, one wineglassful of rum. Soak the packet of isinglass in the quart of milk, add the lemon peel and the five ounces of sugar, and boil for one minute; strain through muslin; stir occasionally till nearly cold; add the rum, and pour into moulds. [Note.—The combination of isinglass and milk is most nutritious; the above recipe will, therefore, be found most useful in the sick room. It is inexpensive, and is easily and quickly prepared.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAN anyone come to the assistance of a reader of TO-DAY who writes as follows:—"In this house we are infested with mice; have tried every kind of trap and other remedies without success. The last I tried was bird-lime, but that did not answer. Would you kindly suggest something that would prove effectual in ridding us of these pests?—M. A. L. T."

MEG.—It is very sensible of you to be married in your travelling dress, as your father is so poor, and you have so many brothers and sisters dependent on him. I wish every girl were as unselfish about her wedding. Brides are rather apt to be the reverse. I should recommend a straw hat trimmed with flowers, not a toque. The straws, black and coloured, are to be had at all prices. I saw some green and mauve ones in an Oxford Street shop window, marked 1s. 6³/₄d. Or why not have a biscuit-coloured coat and skirt, a cream silk blouse, and a Panama straw?

ELEANOR.—Black Louis velvet, trimmed with jet and worn with some pretty lace at the throat, will do admirably. Have a bit of black satin ribbon at the waist. I know from experience that this velvet wears splendidly. For a walking dress, green cloth, trimmed with black braid, would be suitable; the jacket short, and filled in with a front of black or green silk. This would do for the east windy days before us, and would come out quite fresh for autumn wear.

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Price complete only 10/6. Satisfy packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Sizes in stock fit figures measuring 34, 36, or 38 ins. round bust under arms, skirts being 38, 40, and 42 ins. long in front; larger or special sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra.



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Lengths 38 40 42 44 46 50 ins.
 Prices 8/6 9/6 10/9 12/- 13/6 each.

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KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS

are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge with saddle top, long full sleeves and pocket, at the following prices:—

Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45 ins.
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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—Nothing whatever is happening with considerable persistency.

Owen Hall's long-looked-for Japanese opera ought to have come out on Saturday, but it was postponed at the eleventh hour. No reason has been given, but I hear that a kind of panic seized the company at the dress rehearsal, and everybody was so exceedingly "fluffy" in the matter of words that George Edwardes very sensibly refused to risk an imperfect first performance. On Saturday next we shall, no doubt, witness an unusually smooth representation. The production will be on a scale of exceeding magnificence, the dresses and scenery being very beautiful indeed.

You will be delighted to hear that Charles Wyndham is rapidly recovering from his recent indisposition, and so the run of Carton's charming play, *A Squire of Dames*, will be immediately resumed at the Criterion. Later on will come the great Wyndham celebration, and then, if the volatile Charles is wise, he will take the rest that he has wanted for months. I don't mean a three-weeks-at-Margate rest, but a real six-months-at-sea, Australia-and-back, rest. London theatre land would be dreary without him, and he owes it to his numberless admirers, as well as to himself, to take a pull before nature makes him.

If his health had not necessitated this course, I do not think there would have been much doubt about his migrating to the Haymarket when Tree went over to the new "Her Majesty's." As it is, the failure of the Haymarket is shrouded in mystery. Robertson and Harrison have discovered that high-class melodrama is what the public want, and the Haymarket is hardly adapted to it. Where they will go when they leave the Lyceum I do not know, but I cannot see why somebody should not build a theatre for them. A new theatre in a good locality is nearly always an attraction in itself, and is a first-class investment for money. There is room in London for another fairly big playhouse, because, if anything is clear just now, it is that two sorts of show, and two only, are booming—i.e., musical farce and melodrama. Either will fill a big house. *One of the Best*, at the Adelphi, has never played to less than £1,000 per week since it started. By the way, Miss Millward and Billy Terriss have just arranged to remain with the Gattis for another four years. *The Star of India* is filling the Princess's, and even the most nervous ladies can now witness the show without anxiety, for, in deference to their feelings, Sims and Shirley have eliminated the exploding bombs and nearly all the firing. *True Blue*, compressed and smartened, is going well at the Olympic, and Sir Augustus Harris is contemplating a dramatic revival at Drury Lane when his opera season has ended.

What musical farce is doing I need hardly say. You can see its influence spreading everywhere. The "unlucky" Duke of York's is packed to suffocation by *The Gay Parisienne*; *The Shop Girl* runs on over its 500th night; *The New Barmaid* promises to grow old and grey at the Avenue; *Biarritz* is already a very different entertainment to what it was on the first night. Miss Cissy Graham is panting for a theatre wherein to produce Clay and Yardley's *On the March*; and rehearsals of the new musical piece by Seymour-Hicks will begin next week. It is a mistake to call this an American opera, by the way. There was, once upon a time, an Armenian opera that gave great offence to the Sultan, and a certain English syndicate purchased it. Some of the music is said to be excellent, but the book is impossible for this country. Hicks, therefore, will have to invent an entirely new book, plot, and characters, utilising only portions of the Armenian music, and interpolating numbers better calculated to suit popular taste over here. It is possible that he will introduce a part exactly suited to Miss May Yohé, who has been absent from the stage too long.

I told you last week to go and see *The Sin of St. Hulda*, at the Shaftesbury. I tell you so again, and I

add, hurry up, for I regret to hear that the play is not meeting with the success that, in my opinion, it so thoroughly deserves. This is very regrettable. It is a clever play—a clever and wholesome play, with a lofty aim. If the public does not encourage plays of this class, it is useless for critics to howl about the degradation of the drama, and urge managers to put up serious and artistic work. *The Sin of St. Hulda* may have faults, and I do not say that it has not; but its first three acts are undoubtedly good, and I do not know which of our dramatic authors could have done anything better in the way of verse-writing. If the play ultimately fails, I shall believe more than ever that people do not really care for blank verse. Shakespeare is a tradition, like Christmas plum-pudding, and equally indigestible. It is marketable, not because it is liked, but because it is considered "the right thing." For *the Crown*, I shall always maintain, succeeds because of its melodramatic elements; while *The Sign of the Cross* runs on a religious "boom." This is not sympathetic to our Licensor of Plays, who has just prohibited a play on the subject of Joseph in Egypt. It has been performed with success in Australia, and I have not heard that public opinion was vastly outraged, so I cannot see why it should not be played over here. I do not like religious plays myself. I do not think that religion is a proper subject to discuss on the stage at all. But, at the same time, I consider that the public, and not any individual, should settle this question. Personally, I dislike religious pictures. They never realise our ideals. Nine times out of ten they grossly materialise our highest conceptions. Still, it is impossible to deny that religion has inspired some of the greatest painters to their grandest work. Should we stand an edict forbidding the exhibition of any religious picture at the Royal Academy? No; of course we should not! Don't forget that the Licensor of Plays was created to suppress anything offensive to religion or morals. A reverent play, like a reverent picture, cannot be called offensive, though it may be antipathetic to the individual. This being so, it is the public, and not the one man, who should be left to protest. Remember, the relative merits of Paganism and Christianity are nightly discussed at the Lyric, and there are not wanting endless parsons who applaud the argument. If we may hiss Nero, why mayn't we encore Joseph—even in the scene where he leaves his coat with Mrs. Potiphar?

Beerbohm Tree is commencing an agitation concerning the copyright laws, and every honest individual will wish him success. The law, as it stands, simply puts a premium on speculation. The great difficulty in the way of any reform is indifference. Few story-writers are dramatists, and very few stories are dramatised. You cannot get people to combine, therefore, and spend money in protecting a very remote and uncertain interest. Still, the paternal Government ought to do it for them, in the form of a clear and equitable law. But then, as you know, "the Law is a Hass!"—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

A CERTAIN vestry meeting was in full swing, when the proceedings were stopped by a very well-known gentleman, who must be nameless.

"What is it?" asked the chairman.

"I object to Mr. So-and-So being present here!"

"On what grounds?"

"Well, he don't pay no rates, and he ain't got no *locus standi*!"

The attacked one rose and demanded an explanation. He explained carefully that he knew the *locus standi* was intended as an insult, but he desired to know what he had done to deserve the rebuke.

"You must explain yourself," said the chairman, turning to the objector.

"Well—er—the—er—explanation is perfectly simple. The *locus* is a insect what comes from the East: but I confess you has me with regard to the *standi*."

TO NEWSAGENTS.—Special arrangements will be made with all newsagents obtaining subscribers for TO-DAY for six or twelve months. For particulars apply to Manager, TO-DAY, Howard House, Abchurch Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMY.

ITS ORGANISATION AND EQUIPMENT.

RECENT occurrences in our relations with foreign Powers have led the people of Great Britain to measure with more than ordinary interest the fighting forces of the Empire. In regard to our sea forces, the result has been entirely satisfactory, and affords good ground for confidence, and even complacency.

To those who study the question, not merely from a naval, but from a military point of view, there is something almost pathetic in the implicit trust and reliance which Englishmen place in their fleet. And that trust is thoroughly justified. When regarding it, one sees clearly that nations, as individuals, are guided by the instinct of self-preservation. England's belief in the fighting power of her ships exactly corresponds to that feeling which leads a person requiring assistance, and having two friends—one strong, helpful, and vigorous, the other weak, or of doubtful strength—to cling to and trust in that one of the two whose power inspires confidence and a feeling of security. The Navy is unquestionably our chief defence against aggression abroad, and almost our sole protection against invasion at home; and it will be a dark day for England when it ceases to be so.

For some time past a vastly important discussion has been going on in Service circles as to the necessity for an army. Most people, in regard to military matters, take it for granted that things are all right. They have a hazy kind of an idea, no doubt, that our Army is not quite so large as the armies of our Continental neighbours; but the comforting "one-Englishman-can-beat-three-Frenchmen-any-day" theory amply compensates, in their minds, for any little discrepancies in numbers and organisation. It will be the object of this and the following papers to make clear to the readers of *To-Day* that the Army is entirely inadequate for the duties it would be called upon to discharge in war, and is lamentably deficient in organisation and equipment. No doubt the Government is now making some attempt to remedy the evils arising from the neglect and carelessness of the past; but at this present hour the condition of the land forces of the Crown is such as to constitute a grave national peril. The two great duties which the Army has to perform are—first, to resist invasion at home, should the fleet, by some combination of circumstances, be overpowered or out-manœuvred; and, second, to protect the colonies and possessions of Great Britain in various parts of the globe. Is it competent to properly discharge these duties, or either of them? I assert that it is not, and I shall endeavour to prove the truth of my assertion.

Neither in numbers, equipment, nor in organisation—the last least of all—is the British Army in a position to resist invasion at home, or—with the possible exception of India—defend our possessions abroad.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF INVASION.

I shall first take the question of invasion. It has been admitted by the highest military authorities, from the Duke of Wellington to the present Commander-in-Chief, that invasion of British soil is not only possible, but even probable, in the event of war with a first-class Continental Power.

It is an omen of somewhat sinister significance when it is remembered that every *attempted* invasion of England has been successful. The failure of the Armada cannot be taken to be an exception. At the time the Spanish expedition was defeated by Drake and Howard, the immediate object of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia was, not to land in England, but to effect a junction with the Prince of Parma at Dunkirk, and from there make the attack on our shores. Napoleon's threats of invasion, there is some ground for believing, were never more than threats, and

were designed to cover his schemes of conquest in the East. Louis XIV. attempted unsuccessfully an invasion of Ireland in 1690, and in 1719 and 1720 there were some fears of a Russo-Swedish inroad. Later on, in 1724, a scheme was planned at Bilbao, but it came to nothing.

None of these, however, were actual attempts at landing; and against them must be placed the successes of the expeditions of Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans, and even the landing of the Young Pretender, in 1745.

In face of these events, it surely behoves Englishmen to spare no cost or pains to secure that enemies, who regard our wealth and power with envious eyes, shall not find us unprepared to resist any attempt upon our rights or liberties. Unless the nation possesses an army commensurate with its wealth and population, there will never be security from the possibility of successful attack. The Duke of Wellington, in a famous letter, published against his wish, declared:—

"I have examined and reconnoitred the coast over and over again, from the North Foreland to Selsey Bill, near Plymouth. . . . In that space there are no less than seven small harbours and mouths of rivers, each without defence, of which the enemy, having landed his infantry, might take possession, and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibres, and establish his communications with France."

Lord Wolseley, in a speech delivered almost immediately after he became Commander-in-Chief, equally recognised the possibility of invasion, and almost vehemently declared that, if either of the Services had to go short, we must by all means secure that the Navy was not stinted in any way; thus recognising, as plainly as language could say it, the unpreparedness and incompetency of the branch of national defence of which he is the head, and its unfitness for the task that would fall to it should there be a failure of the first line of defence. It was the expression in milder terms of the Iron Duke's forcible speech: "By God! they must not be allowed to land!"

Yet an incident that occurred in 1882 taught a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, how easily the fleet might be evaded, and our shores left open to invasion. At the commencement of the bombardment of Alexandria the French vessels, thirty in number—the very pick and flower of the naval strength of the Republic—steamed westward, passed Gibraltar undetected, with their lights extinguished, and were not heard of from the time they left Egypt until they turned up in the northern ports. At that moment seven French army corps, by a singular coincidence, were mobilised in the northern provinces within a few hours of the ports. It sends a cold thrill down the back of any Englishman to think what might have happened then had France seen fit to declare war. We had only six ships in the Channel—none of them of the first class—to oppose thirty of the best French ships and two hundred thousand men. The rest of the fleet was away, ten or twelve days distant, at Alexandria, partially damaged after its encounter with the Egyptian forts; and the dockyards would have required a month to get another fleet ready for sea.

IF THERE WAS AN ADVANCE ON LONDON.

If 150,000 or 200,000 men were landed in England—a force which Russia, Germany, or France could spare without sensibly reducing their armies—there are no troops in this country capable of successfully contesting their advance, and London would be at the mercy of the invaders within four days of their landing. No one—least of all the present writer—questions the bravery or devotion of our Regulars or Volunteers; but the former are too few, and the latter insufficiently trained and organised. Bravery and numbers would avail little against the highly-trained troops that constitute the continental armies. France poured out treasure like

water, and sacrificed life without stint or measure, in the war of 1870; but the heroism of her raw levies, hurriedly raised after Sedan, availed nothing against the perfectly drilled Germans.

A similar lesson is taught by the American Civil War. It lasted so long, and was so prodigiously expensive, because neither side had any effective organisation, and both were ignorant of the art of war. Competent military critics have declared that had the North at the outset possessed seventy or eighty thousand trained soldiers, the war would have been over in six months. Yet the North alone raised a surprising number of men, a large proportion of whom "were enlisted, organised, armed, equipped, and sent into the field inside a month."

Numbers, without organisation, are useless, and serve only to give a fictitious appearance of strength, without adding to the real fighting power of the country. Unfortunately, we have neither numbers nor organisation, as compared with our possible enemies. Modern war will not, as in the old days, drag on so slowly that an army, or even a navy, may be organised while it is in progress. War now will be sudden and short, owing to the facilities afforded for rapid concentration of troops, and the necessity for bringing it to a speedy conclusion, owing to its stupendous costliness. The nation that is not ready to spring forth, fully armed, the instant war is declared, and to put forth its whole power at the first blow, is almost certain to be defeated. Our population is amply sufficient to provide an army adequate for the needs of the nation; but now, as always, our organisation is defective and inadequate for the duties required of it. England has been taught lessons enough in this respect, God knows; and paid dearly for them in blood and treasure, but without effect. We have never been able to fight on the Continent without allies from the days of the Black Prince to this hour, and our military strength has never sufficed for the duties that our position imposed upon it.

One of the best authorities on this subject—Captain W. H. James, R.E.—in a lecture delivered in the Royal United Service Institution, at the beginning of the present year, with the Commander-in-Chief in the chair, discussing this very point, asked: "Where should we have been in the Peninsula without our German and Portuguese troops? Do we at all appreciate the fact that at Waterloo we had only 22,000 British troops out of the 67,000 on the field, in the Anglo-Belgian German Army, commanded by Wellington? Do we remember how hideously our military system broke down in the Crimea, and that we endeavoured to supplement our deficiencies by the miserable expedient of the Foreign Legion? Our military system never has given us the numbers we require, and statesmen never seem to have appreciated the fact that we require an army somewhat proportionate to the task required of it."

THE ART OF THE JAPS.

LIKE that of the Chinese, the art, both decorative and architectural, of the Japanese gravitates between unimaginative naturalism and fantastic, almost grotesque, delineation. It is one of the delights of Japanese architects to introduce into work that might have been almost sublime, that incongruous wooden style, decorated fantastically or with monstrous shapes that would seem to emanate from a diseased imagination. Their cabinet work, too, while marvellous from a technical point of view, is invariably unsymmetrical in the arrangement of the drawers and the like; and inlaid work would seem to avoid order of design with peculiar "cussedness." Their vessels, vases, etc., frequently assume a distorted and goblin-like style; for, the moment the Japanese imagination breaks loose, like that of the Chinese, it makes for the grotesque. Occasionally, vivid conception and accurate observation of nature do show themselves—as, for instance, in those well-known Japanese candle-

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

This same writer continues: "Had we possessed an adequate army, the career of Napoleon might have been brought to an end in 1807. This year was the second phase of Napoleon's invasion of Prussia. In 1806 he had swept all before him, and the Prussian army had surrendered at Lubeck and Prenzlau. But, in the beginning of the next year, he had to deal with the remnant of the Prussian forces, and with their Russian allies, who had come up to help them. He fought the battle of Eylau on February 7th, which, to say the least of it, was a very doubtful victory. The weather was terrible, and the French in a sorry plight. At this juncture, Russia begged us to help them in that struggle. Had we had a properly organised army available to aid our allies, we should, in all probability, have driven Napoleon back to the Rhine; but, while we were organising and hesitating, unable to make up our minds, there came the French victory of Friedland, and our opportunity was gone. Had we been able to act, how many hundred thousands of lives would have been spared, how many millions of money have been saved! Let me give you one more example of what the want of proper military organisation has cost us. I refer to the American War of Independence. It began in April, 1775, when we had some 10,000 men in the country. We raised our strength to 13,000, chiefly by means of foreign mercenaries; but I do not believe we ever had 15,000 on American soil. Now, until 1778, when France turned against us, we certainly had the command of the sea, and could, had we possessed any adequate military organisation, have put 50,000 men in the field, which would have settled the question. We did nothing of the sort, and in that year, 1778, we even took 5,000 away to conquer St. Lucia, St. Pierre, and St. Miquelon—a striking example of the fatuity of our rulers. We spent £100,000,000, we lost territories and prestige, in that struggle, terminated after eight years by the peace of Versailles, because our statesmen were absolutely and entirely ignorant as to how they should make war, or that an army was wanted for it."

England requires no monuments to keep before her the military achievements of her Ministers. The National Debt is a standing reminder of their crass incompetency.

Having thus shown the absolutely vital necessity for a strong, well-equipped army, I shall now proceed to consider in what respects our military forces fall short of the requirements. On paper, Great Britain possesses, all told, a land force of 718,000. Unfortunately, like the French army of 1870, it exists to a fatal degree only upon paper, and, should war occur, we would run appalling risks of being overtaken by a fate similar to that which befel France. Three-quarters of a million men, even on paper, have an imposing look; but I shall show that we could not rely on anything beyond a mere fraction of that number taking the field as an effective fighting force.

sticks, where the slender heron is standing on the broad shell of the tortoise, and is holding in its beak some water-plant, into the spreading blossom of which the candle is placed. The Japs would seem to be gifted to a remarkable degree with a natural aptitude for drawing and painting, but in this branch they are the hardest realists. Nature is excellently copied—sometimes the exactness leads to caricature—but it is seldom that a breath of feeling is evinced. Beauty is entirely foreign to this mode of art, and to excite the imagination of the artist is only to elicit the hideous and the crazy.

MAUD—I could never marry a man with a past.

Willie—Why not?

Maud—Because I have enough for two. I am looking for someone with the same quantity of a future.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess great advantages for CARRIAGES as for Cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

TO-DAY CYCLING PAGE.

BY THE MAJOR.

THREE houses are being provided by the new Wheel Club. The central building is Hereford House, to which I referred last week. I now hear that the management have completed negotiations for the use of a building which they will convert into the Hyde Park branch. The third building will be between Richmond and Surbiton. The applications for membership have reached 1,700 in number, and are of a kind well calculated to encourage the friends of the new club movement to believe that success is certain.

The Home Secretary is finding it necessary to busy himself with a new Parliamentary subject. He is being admonished by politicians to place a firmer hand upon the brainless scorchers and the too confident novice. Well, that ought not to be a difficult task for such a resourceful Minister as Sir Matthew White Ridley. But it is also being pointed out to him by practical cyclists that his wheeling education has been neglected—that, in fact, he has yet to learn how, when, and where those frightful cycling fatalities occur. This is all very bewildering to Sir Matthew. If he has a mounting ambition, it has nothing to do with the bicycle. He is one of the best judges of shire horses I know, but I can imagine there is not anywhere a worse judge of a bicycle. This will account for the rush that is being made to provide him with instruction in the rudiments of cycling. He has suddenly found himself provided with boundless sources from which to draw his information.

Mr. E. R. Shipton, Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, is amongst those who have come forward to counsel and assist Sir Matthew. He attaches great importance to the dangers of side slip. I do not look upon this as the most prolific cause of accidents. Corrugated tyres have minimised the dangers of skidding. They have not, however, in the least increased the coolness of riders. Want of nerve in a moment of danger is responsible for many collisions. Failure to realise danger is also the cause of some of the most serious accidents. Sometimes I am asked by beginners if they should venture into busy thoroughfares. If anyone really wants to experience, in a short space of ten minutes, all the dangers and vicissitudes of a ride in the midst of heavy traffic, let him start at Charing Cross and finish at Ludgate Hill crossing. No matter where you are riding, if you have not a cool head the most stringent police supervision possible will not prevent you from doing damage to yourself and your machine. While touching on the matter of police supervision, let me say that, while everyone desires to see the police properly controlling the speed of the wheelmen, very few will consent without protest to see cyclists confined to the gutters. We cannot expect a decrease in the number of accidents so long as bicyclists are continually increasing in number, and I am not altogether certain that mechanical means of locomotion will lead to an improvement on the present state of things. Bicyclists, however, cannot be too careful, and inexperienced riders should not foolishly rushed into thronged places. It is to be hoped that the influence of Sir Matthew Ridley will be employed for good in this serious matter, and I feel sure he can be trusted to refrain from unfairly limiting the privileges of metropolitan wheelmen.

The particulars of the death of the young student, Herbert M. Wells, are extremely painful. When returning to his home at Lewisham, he had to descend a dangerous hill leading to Newington. He attempted to get clear of a van by riding on to a footway, but the hind wheel failed to rise at the kerb, and he was thrown under the horse's legs. One of the wheels passed over his head and death was instantaneous. The driver was not to blame. A steep hill is never safe, no matter how smooth the surface may be, and it is a perilous business to ride down when a cart is moving about.

A new departure in cycles was seen in the Strand last week. It was the latest method of hand propulsion, the rider pulling and pushing at a rocking lever with both hands, the feet being at rest. The machine was evidently being handled by an expert, for it was steered accurately, and at a good pace, through the intricacies of the traffic.

A very foolish lady recently rode down Cheapside at the busiest time of the day, with both hands off the handles. This is an accomplishment no one need be proud to show off, as it is too common to be particularly clever, but it amounts to foolhardiness to risk the consequences of a little slip or wobble in such surroundings.

We are fast approaching the 6th of June, when the Simpson chain will be tested, and in a day or two Mr. Simpson and Dr. MacCabe will meet for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries.

S. Johnson is coming from America for the matches. He will attempt to lower the world's one-mile record for the Simpson side, and will be paced by specially built quintettes. "Quads" will be employed in the MacCabe interest. Everybody expects to see a wholesale breaking of records.

The Acarie circlets, very pretty when secured in silk, will regulate the position of cuffs, hold cycling trousers, or act as ladies' garters.

What can little Michael really do, if he is pushed to it?

He made a hack of Bonhour last autumn over fifty kilometres, and yet Bonhour can run away from the mighty Huret. The last time I saw Choppy Warburton he told me he considered Michael, if properly paced, completely unbeatable.

A new thing is the Welsh non-slipping strip, which can be fixed to smooth covered tyres.

The London Secretary of the Lu-mi-num Company says that when the two factories are completed they will be able to turn out between 500 and 600 machines a week.

Dunlop tyres, suitable for use in tropical climates, are being made by the Pneumatic Tyre Company. If on a hot day a tyre blows off the rim, you may be certain it is not a Dunlop.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. JOHN SUGGIN, managing director of the Lu-mi-num Company, writes:—"We notice in TO-DAY a mention of a new tube-drawing concern, and an allusion to its rosy prospects, the reason given being that every bicycle has to be made of tubing. Although we quite agree with you that there is every prospect of a prosperous future for this concern, we wish to point out to you that it is incorrect to state that every bicycle has to be built of tubing, and a misapprehension is likely to be caused by this statement being published. Up till this year it was correct, but the Lu-mi-num bicycle is built on an entirely new system, the frame being moulded in absolutely one piece of metal, without joint at any part, no steel tubing whatever being used. Tests have shown that this method of frame building produces a frame far stronger than any frame built of steel tubing; and although, of course, it is likely that a large number of bicycles will continue to be built in the old-fashioned way, we think it only right to point out to you that it is no longer necessary for every bicycle to be built in that way, the Lu-mi-num frame being a decided advance on the old method of construction."

J. P. (Uttoxeter).—Get the material you mention, and give it a trial yourself. If it is worth anything you will not regret it. "A positive cure for preventing pneumatic tyres from puncturing" would cause a lively sensation just now. Remember, however, that anything pliable placed between the inner tube and the outer covering takes the life out of a tyre and diminishes the speed. If the material you mention happens to pucker up, it will deform and endanger the tyre. Study the difference between the racing fabric and the ordinary roadster canvas, and you will find that the latter is more than a mile slower than the former. No puncture-proof band will be successful if it diminishes the speed. However, give your idea a practical trial.

K. S. C. (Manchester).—You say you are nine and a-half stone in weight, thirty-two years of age, and willing to pay from £12 to £15. The other day I assisted in the purchase of a Gamage at a price that came within the top figure you mention. You want a good second grade machine. In Manchester you ought to get just what will suit you at the Swift, Raleigh, or Rover establishments. A remarkably good Lancashire-made machine is the Rothwell. The Bros. Rothwell have their factory at Oldham. Don't ride anything heavier than 28 lbs. I am heavier than you, and ride a lighter machine. Avoid a high gear at the start.

MRS. G.—Thanks for your nonsense verse commencing—"There was a young lady of Frew."

S. C. (Glasgow).—Yes, a cycle is, by the Local Government Act, 1888, technically a carriage, but even before the passing of this Act there were several decisions in the courts determining the rights of riders, and giving them an equal footing with other carriage users.

O. S.—Keep your left foot on the pedal until your right leg has got clear of the saddle. Dismount from the pedal, not from the step. I cannot tell why you manage to fall down so frequently, unless you are uncommonly clumsy. A member of my profession has just learned in a single day to ride and mount and dismount. If, when you stretch your leg fully out, you can touch the pedal with your heel, you are riding at the right length. I get many letters from riders of your age.

F. W. O.—Am pleased you place such a high value on the cycling page. Ordinary dress questions are answered in "Club Chatter." Brown cycling shoes, with straps instead of the usual laces, are comfortable and popular. You evidently refer to the Shorland. You can get them for either racing or roadster work.

J. B.—To carry 12½ stone, you ought to get a light roadster. A road racer would not carry you for three years. If you make up your mind to purchase on the hire system, £2 per month, with £5 down at the start, would be fair and reasonable.

C. (Leek).—The machine is very little known. Don't be led away by a "cost price" offer.

L. W.—It is not often that complaints are made concerning the adjustment of saddles. If you have a machine for your own exclusive use the present plan should suit you. It is simple. If you have a tandem frequently ridden by different persons, then you will be apt to find the nuts twisted to pieces by the constant shifting of the saddle-adjusting arrangement. There seems to be something in your idea, and I see no reason why you should confine it exclusively to paper. I am afraid, however, you will be told that a series of holes in the frame of a machine constitutes a source of weakness.

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

IN THE CITY.

POLITICS AND PRICES.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

THE Kaffir market remains dull, and we see little likelihood of early improvement unless the difficulties in the way of President Kruger's visit to this country are removed, and it is officially announced that he will come over. If that announcement should be made, prices will go up with a bound, but at present the outlook is not very encouraging.

We have before us a letter received by the last mail, from which we have permission to quote. It is written by an Englishman resident in the Transvaal, a man of wealth and large business connections, whose name, if we were at liberty to mention it, would be recognised by all acquainted with the Transvaal as that of one of high authority. This gentleman writes:—

I am altogether disgusted as an Englishman with the lies and scandals regularly published by the local press, which is supposed to represent the feelings and aspirations of my countrymen. Anything more transparently dishonest I have never seen. I can honestly say that a great majority of the Englishmen in this country, more especially those who have lived here long enough to understand their own requirements, although desiring more political privileges, are averse to any change of Government, especially if to bring about that change war, with its attendant troubles, were necessary. As for the gang of self-elected, so-called Republican leaders, the less said about them the better. I think the greatest mistake the Government has made is in prosecuting such inane specimens of "leaders of the people." Meanwhile, by their agitations, and as a result of the bad blood stirred up in January last, people on both sides are unsettled, and I fear it will be some time before things again resume their normal swing.

The danger of the situation lies in the possibility, we had almost said the probability, of Mr. Chamberlain insisting upon concessions to the Uitlanders. Very strong influence is being brought to bear upon him to induce him to take up the position that England has the right to insist upon concessions to the Uitlanders. England has no such right, and if it is urged, there will be trouble. The franchise is about to be given to a certain number of the Uitlanders, to men who were faithful to the Republic at the time of the Jameson raid. But for the malcontents, the men who plotted to upset the Government, there will be no such concession for some time to come. If the President declines to come over, and Mr. Chamberlain changes suggestions into demands, there will be war—a war in which the Free State and the Dutch of the British colonies will join hands with the South African Republic. If other nations did not interfere we should win in the end, but let no man think we should win without a tremendous effort.

Meantime Mr. Chamberlain has stated from his place in the House of Commons that the Chartered Company will be required to pay the cost of the operations in Matabeleland, and Chartered have fallen to 70s. upon the announcement. Even at that price they are very much above their value.

WESTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

Westralian registrations for the past month show a marked falling off as compared with those for the two preceding months of the year. The comparison is as below:—

Month.	1895.		1896.	
	Number of Companies.	Aggregate Capital.	Number of Companies.	Aggregate Capital.
January	13	£1,347,000	30	£4,242,500
February	25	1,448,700	41	4,598,509
March	23	2,012,002	24	2,589,007

Of the twenty-four registrations of last month, fifteen are mining companies.

The gold output of the three months cannot be said to be very promising. Here it is:—

January	16,350 oz.	Value	£62,130
February	17,922 "	"	68,105
March	11,085 "	"	42,123

Total for first quarter of 1896 } 45,357 oz. ... Value £172,358

If we were to take this output as an indication of what we may expect for the year, 1896 would give an output of 181,428 ozs., or about three-fourths only of the output for 1895. But it would be foolish to assume anything of the kind. The drought,

and the railway block, had much to do with the decrease in the output for last quarter. These difficulties have now been removed, and some of the most promising companies will soon be added to the producing list. Still, when every hopeful circumstance is allowed for, it is pretty safe to assume that Sir John Forest's estimate of an output of 1,000,000 ozs. for 1896 will be three times in excess of the actual returns for the year.

THE LONDONDERRY BUSINESS.

It is now more than eight months since Colonel North called together the shareholders of the Londonderry Company to decide upon the future of the concern. It will be remembered that at that meeting Colonel North stated that he was prepared then and there to return to shareholders the £77,531 in cash, and the 63,325 shares, which represent his profit upon the deal, and that his co-vendors, Lord Fingall and Mr. Myring, were prepared to return their profits. It was understood that if the meeting had wished it, the board would have agreed to liquidation, and the sum named above, less the small costs of winding up, would have been available for distribution.

But whilst Colonel North made this offer, he urged that the money refunded by him and the other vendors should be left in their hands for the purposes of a new company. An Exploration Company was to be formed to thoroughly test the large area owned by the Londonderry, and the working capital was to consist of the cash portion of the profits relinquished by the vendors. The Londonderry shareholders were to be given preference shares in the new company, Colonel North, Lord Fingall and Mr. Myring taking deferred shares, not entitled to anything until the Londonderry proprietors had received 100 per cent. on their original investment from one or other, or both, of the companies.

The shareholders agreed, and they have waited patiently for the formation of the new company, and recovery of the money they invested on the strength of Colonel North's name. Since August many companies have been floated whose shares are now at a substantial premium; but the New Londonderry, if we may so call it, has still to be brought out. At last shareholders are becoming impatient, and Lord Fingall and Mr. Myring have thought it desirable to send a letter to the *Financial Times*, of which the following is the most important passage:—

At the present time legal actions and negotiations are proceeding in Melbourne between the Australian vendors of the Londonderry mine and Lord Fingall, as representing himself, Colonel North, Mr. Myring, and Mr. R. G. Casey. These proceedings involve a very large sum of money, and, although we have reason to believe that the ultimate result will be distinctly favourable to the shareholders, we are legally advised not to put into effect our exploration scheme until the Australian complications are cleared up.

This explanation will seem to most shareholders, unless we are much mistaken, very unsatisfactory. Why is it "legal actions and negotiations" in Australia make it undesirable to bring out the Exploration Company? We could understand the delay if the working capital of the new company was dependent upon the result of these negotiations. But the sum which Colonel North told the shareholders at their meeting in August last he and others were prepared to hand over at once, if the meeting so desired it, exceeded £100,000. Why, then, wait for the result of legal proceedings in Australia? If these proceedings result in other people besides Colonel North and his co-vendors, Fingall and Myring, disgorging, so much the better; but the funds available for the formation and working of an Exploration Company, available in August, and presumably available ever since, are ample for the purposes required, and, in fact, larger than the cash at the command of any Westralian company at the time it began mining.

THE MACCALL SYNDICATE.

Referring to our comments on the Epsom Racing Stables, Limited, a correspondent sends us a prospectus of the MacCall Syndicate, which, as he thinks, and we agree with him, throws the earlier effort into the shade.

This Syndicate is formed, with a capital of £10,000, "to buy and run six first-class horses during the season." We have the usual list of winners, from the Prince of Wales to Lord Rosebery, trotted out, and subscribers to the Syndicate are promised a "life-long independence and luxurious ease." Here are two paragraphs from this precious prospectus:—

With the £10,000 I propose buying six of the grandest horses it is possible to get, and have them trained at the best racing establishments at Newmarket and Epsom. To finish their preparation for any race, I propose renting a small farm, with a good gallop attached, in a neigh-

bourhood where we shall be able to keep clear of horse-watchers and reporters, and thus get good prices about our horses, owing to the fact of nothing being known about them.

Farther on we read :—

By investing 20s. in this Syndicate you have the same advantage as if you had laid out the whole £10,000 yourself. You can watch what work the horses are doing through the training reports.

We are assured that transparent and contradictory rubbish of this kind is good enough for the purpose aimed at—that is to say, for raking in the money of fools. It is difficult of belief, but so it is.

THE LONDON DRAPERY STORES. LIMITED.

Referring to our remarks upon this company in our last issue, a correspondent writes : "In the list of shops to be acquired by this company it is stated that there are *two* in Acton, 'High Street' and 'Market Place.' As a matter of fact, there is only *one* shop, which stands at the corner of these thoroughfares, with an entrance from each. If the other statements in the prospectus are on a level with this, anyone who has invested in the company would have good grounds for demanding his money back."

THE BITER BIT.

In our issue of February 15th we referred to a case at the Dundee Sheriff Court, in which that impudent land shark, Leopold Gordon, sued a market gardener for the balance of a debt negotiated upon what the sheriff described as a "thoroughly fraudulent" statement. Gordon is one of the most notorious and unscrupulous of money-lenders, and we are glad to be able to state that the executive committee of the Glasgow Hebrew congregation has unanimously passed the following resolution :—

That intimation be sent to Leopold Gordon that the congregation could no longer consider him a seaholder after the expiry of his present letting, and that they had taken this course in order to mark their strong sense of disapprobation of his conduct in connection with recently disclosed scandalous money-lending transactions.

The following motion, which has also been adopted, is, too, much to the credit of the congregation :—

That any member or seaholder who, in the conduct of his business, shall have been found guilty of actions which bring discredit on him, and through him, his co-religionists, shall, on the matter being brought before a general meeting of the congregation, be liable to the instant deprivation of all rights as member or seaholder.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

Milner and Co.—We had occasion some time ago to direct attention to the methods of these people, who describe themselves as "merchants and manufacturers of watches." Since then they appear to have developed their peculiar methods. A Dublin correspondent tells us that one of their canvassers saw a servant of his and induced her to take a watch valued at £5, to be paid by instalments if she liked it, and to be returned if she did not want it. The man promised to call again to have her decision, but did not. Instead, the girl received several letters from Milner and Co., asking for instalments due. Finally, she took the advice of our correspondent, who wrote to Messrs. Milner and Co., requesting them to send for the watch. They did so at once, rather to the surprise of our correspondent, but since then they have been dunning the girl for the payment of 7s. 6d., as hire of the watch, in accordance, apparently, with a stipulation at the foot of the agreement she signed.

Of course, if young women are foolish enough to sign documents, they must take the consequences; but there can be no doubt that these watch canvassers are most unscrupulous in their statements to servant maids, and other ignorant people, and it is to be regretted that as the law stands it does not seem to be able to touch them.

Tanqueray and Co.—Exposed in this country, these people seem to be moving in Paris. We take the following from the *Petit Parisien Illustré* :—

GRATIS. PORTRAITS AU CRAYON-FUSAIN. Pour vulgariser nos magnifiques portraits au crayon-fusain, dans votre ville, nous vous faisons, l'offre suivante : Si dans un délai de quinze jours de cette date du journal, vous nous envoyez une photographie de vous-même ou tout autre membre de votre famille, vivant ou décédé, nous vous ferons un agrandissement fini au crayon-fusain d'une valeur de 100 francs absolument gratuits pourvu que vous nous promettiez de montrer ledit portrait à vos amis en leur recommandant notre maison. Ecrivez votre nom et votre adresse très lisiblement au dos de votre photographie et envoyez-la à M. Tanqueray, Directeur de la Société Artistique de Portraits, 20, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris (Maison fondée en 1840), elle vous sera retournée intacte avec le grand portrait. (Indiquer le journal ou l'on a lu l'annonce).

T. Boyd, 18, Westbourne Grove, W.—This racing tout continues to send out his ridiculous circulars, and to advertise in the misleading way we have already exposed. In a circular before us he tries to justify the deception. "Different persons," he tells us, "have different opinions on such matters." We do not think

there can be two opinions amongst honest men upon the conduct of a man who advertises with the object of persuading the public that he is engaged in an ordinary trading business, when, as a matter of fact, he is a racing tout.

Folks in Dublin are in clover just now. Many of them have made a nice thing out of the three million deal of the Pneumatic Tyre Company. The new company, with its capital of £5,000,000, is to be floated shortly. There is a big business to be sold—but five millions! It will take a lot of business to pay a dividend upon such a capital, and the possibilities of competition have always to be reckoned with.

NEW ISSUES.

The Hesperus Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital £100,000.—Formed to acquire and work 48 acres of ground at Hannan's Hill, Kalgoolie. The property is said to be on the line of the lode of the "Chaffers" and others. Considerable development work has been done, with very encouraging results. Captain Oats and other authorities speak very highly of the property. The ore increases in value in the deeper levels; there is plenty of water, and £25,000 will be available for working capital. It looks a promising venture.

The New Alburnia Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital £180,000.—This company takes over a going concern, the property of the New Alburnia Gold Mining Company, in New Zealand. According to a New Zealand Government report, "This has been one of the dividend-paying mines of the Thames, and from what is known of the present working it is likely to continue so in the future." This is from the report of the Department of Mines for 1894-5, and should carry weight, but we do not find any particulars of the dividends paid in the prospectus before us, which is a little strange if they have been satisfactory, and are still paid. We are, indeed, told that 101,581 ounces of gold, valued at £270,500, have been taken from the property and sold to the Bank of New Zealand, but that is not quite the same thing. It is admitted that the ore is of low grade.

The Menzies Gold Development Company, Limited. Capital £250,000.—This company takes over seven leases in the Menzies district of Western Australia, for which it is to give £200,000. It is an enormous price for ninety-five acres of land. What is there to show that the property is worth it, or anything like it? Nothing, so far as we can see in the prospectus. The promoters seem to have a vague notion that something must be said in defence of the purchase price, and so they tell us that the Menzies United Mines, Limited, near by, has a capital of £300,000, and that its shares "are now being dealt with in the market." But we are not told that the shares of this company are at a discount, and if it were otherwise it would be no proof that the leases owned by the Menzies Development Company are worth £200,000, or as many pence.

The Bunyip Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £150,000.—Formed to acquire and work two mining leases, covering about thirty-nine acres, and situated in the northern portion of the Coolgardie fields. There are various reports, set out at length, in all of which the ore assayed is said to have given excellent results, and very high returns are predicted from the general body of ore. The purchase price is £120,000, which leaves £30,000 available for working capital. There is said to be plenty of timber, and good promise of water. If the reports may be relied upon, the property is a very valuable one, but the purchase price of £120,000 is excessive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Chartered. ANXIOUS (Ripon).—It is difficult to advise under present circumstances. We think these shares must go lower. Apart from the war, even at their present price they are, in our opinion, much above intrinsic value, but if the Government insist upon the Compagnie paying the costs of the Matabele war, as Mr. Chamberlain's recent statements seem to say they will do, the outlook will be serious. Even if the company has only to pay a part, it will be serious. Moreover, the Jameson business is not over yet. We should be disposed to sell, but if you can afford to wait an indefinite time, hold. **The Globe Music Corporation.** BERT (Manchester).—We have no information as to the company. **Outside Brokers.** ROTHESAY (Nottingham).—You have been badly advised, and so has your friend. We fear your money is lost. Why not have asked our advice before you sent your money to utter strangers, whose circulars, with their ridiculous statements, should have warned you of their character? **United Gold Fields.** E. W. E. (Leatherhead).—We agree with the opinions expressed in the notices you send us. Send us the papers. **Two Indian Mining Shares.** C. N. (Jersey).—We think Champion Reefs and Mysore worth their present price; but, of course, the purchase of even the best mining shares means risk. **Perpetual Investment Building Society.** COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER (Scarborough).—It is a well-managed and sound society, but there are no dealings in the shares on the Stock Exchange. We do not think, however, that you would have much difficulty in disposing of them. We think them worth the money you gave for them. **National Bank of Australasia.** APRIL (Ennis).—If you continue to hold the shares, you must, of course, pay the calls. **Land Development Association.** T. J. (Surbinton).—We will try and ascertain for you. **Broken Hill Proprietary.** G. K. G.—We should hold. The De Lamar Mine represents a good mining investment. **Elmore Wire Company.** INVESTOR (Bishop Auckland).—Certainly not. **Elmore's French Patent Copper Depositing Company.** T. E. H. (Peterhead).—We fear there is nothing to be done, but Messrs. Maddison's, of 20, King's Arms Yard, E.C., might be able to give you some information. **Value of Circular.** H. D. (Manchester).—Its place is the waste-paper basket. **Outside Brokers.** W. G. (Cambustang).—We know nothing against them but the question that has suggested itself to you should save you from sending your money to them for Stock Exchange speculation. **The Lidyard Gold Mines, Limited.** B. (London).—We cannot assist you to place 5,000 shares of this mine on the London market at 23s. to 25s. each, or at any other price. **Hutchinson's Prefs.** GRESHAM (Sheffield).—(1) A fair purchase. (2) We do not advise purchase of United Alkali. **J. Edwards and Co.** A. T. C. (Bath).—We advise you not to send money to these people. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** LIFFEY (Dublin).—Yes, we think them a good speculative purchase at the present quotation. **Albion Brewery Debentures.** BREWERIES (Taunton).—We think them a safe investment. **Louise, Limited.** SHAREHOLDER (Southsea).—We do not know why the ordinary shares are at such a small premium. Market values do not always represent intrinsic values. In our opinion these shares are pretty certain to go a good deal higher before long. **Two Westralian Mining Shares.** A. G. N. (Glasgow).—Better keep out of both of them. **Chartered.** A. P. (Ripon).—We do not recommend you to buy in order to average just now. They will be lower by-and-by. **The Touranna Gold Mines of Western Australia.** S. C. (Middlesbrough).—(1) No. (2) We know nothing about the agency. Our advice to you, as to everybody, is to deal with a member of the Stock Exchange.

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April 29	"El Fuego de la Chanza."	Godfrey Phillips & Sons.
	"Challenge" Flat Brilliants, 2.	R. P. Gloag & Co.
April 30	"La Sagera."	Goodman & Harris.
	"Keystone."	London Tob. Association.
May 1	"Garcko."	Tobacconists' Supply Synd.
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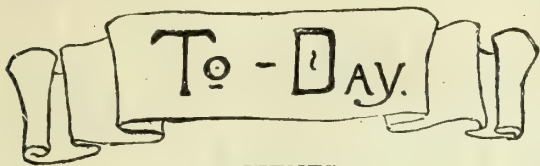
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories. In every case the MS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, or returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has done a useful work in calling attention to our want of men for the Navy. Our Army, it has long been known, is chiefly an Army on paper. We have it on authority that England is incapable of putting thirty thousand good soldiers into the field. And now, it appears, we have the ships, we have the money, but—it is considered by the authorities a mere detail—no men. It is the old story over again. England, from the time of Ethelred, has ever been unready. Every thinking man in the country knows that only a miracle can avert the death-struggle that is before us. Another Indian Mutiny is preparing for us in Africa, accompanied, in all probability, by a war with an enemy who has three times defeated us. France is so keen to obtain allies who will help her to injure us in Egypt, that she is prepared to go to the degradation of fawning upon even such a thing as the Sultan of Turkey. Republican France will not allow the enemies of the Sultan within her borders, and threatens to expel them with ignominy from her territory, if they dare to ask from her friend, the Sultan, the mere right of man to live. From Cairo to the Cape, before many years are out, we shall be struggling with Europe and Africa combined, with the necessity of cutting our way to Bombay before we can land or recall a single battalion. Ships are good; but, without men to fight them, it is simply building them for the purpose of making them a present to the enemy. Armour-plating and big guns are good in their way, but behind the armour-plating and behind the big guns it is Jack and Tommy that we shall have to depend upon, and the sooner we grasp that fact, the better for us.

THE creature, Frank William Stanley, manager of the Métropole boot shop, Vicar Street, Leeds, who used to amuse himself by the slow torturing of cats during his leisure hours, has been found guilty by the Leeds magistrates. The evidence was not quite clear, so the beast got off with a fine of five pounds, and will continue to sell boots, I presume, as heretofore to the Leeds public. I set forth the details of the charge against Stanley last week, so I need not pain my

readers by repeating them. One would like to say that such creatures as this man are not human beings at all, but mental abortions. But, unfortunately, one is bound to admit that they are only active specimens of a common type. Man is the only creature on this earth that loves cruelty purely for its own sake. He revels in it; he gloats over it.

THERE is a side to this question of cruelty that would only be discussed with freedom in a medical journal. To the understanding of the subject, however, it is necessary that this aspect of the case should not be lost sight of by the general public. There are thousands upon thousands of men so constituted that the infliction of cruelty excites in them all the emotions of the sexual instincts. It is a horrible thing to contemplate, and I do not wish to dwell upon it needlessly. But when lads such as the shop-boys who assisted Stanley are engaged in torturing animals (and not one per cent. of the cruelty practised by lads is ever discovered, for it is naturally performed in secret, and with cunning device against exposure), they are enjoying the greatest physical delight of which their vile nature is capable.

No other living creature that God has created has been fashioned in this manner. One wonders through what hideous ancestry, from what nameless horror, the human race must have developed. In old days this physical delight in cruelty was allowed to continue as part of a man's nature. The whole people loved cruelty, and indulged in it. The breaking of a man upon the wheel, the burning of some wretch at the stake, was no mere act of savagery ordered by a despot for his own individual satisfaction; it was an entertainment for the citizens. Men, women, and children came to enjoy it, and would not have missed a single dying agony. Slowly—terribly slowly, alas!—we are moving upward, working out the ape and tiger. This passion for cruelty is kept under—is, among the more intelligent, being slowly eradicated.

ALL the tendencies that make for civilisation are against it. Public opinion has been brought under control, and most boys, as they grow up, find it necessary to fight against this instinct. But with many it is never controlled. Mr. Stead, in his famous *Pall Mall Gazette* articles, touched upon it; and were the dark places of our modern Christian cities to be laid bare, it would be known that this instinct still clings to men, and is indulged in so far as the opportunities of the present day permit. From all time it has been with us; now policy, now religion, now science, has been employed as an excuse for its indulgence. From the dungeons of the dark ages, through the secret chambers of the Church, to the vivisectionist's laboratory, with its background of excited student faces, it has travelled. Occasionally in our prosaic police-courts we catch a glimpse of it. Through Puritan America it creeps to attend each negro lynching.

RECENTLY a book, written by a well-known man of letters, appeared, and attained a large circulation. As a divining-rod it served a useful purpose. It showed that the monster still lurks among our cultured classes of

this day. It is a link that joins the human race to Hell, and one of the most remarkable features in the history of the race is the studied care with which the reformer and the teacher in all ages and in all countries has avoided every reference to this, the greatest of our vices. One is almost tempted to imagine that the evil is so strong, so universal, as to defy denunciation. The Christian religion has chiefly concerned itself with the elaboration of dogma and the denunciation of Sabbath-breaking. It has skirted round this terrible question, fearing to touch it. Our reformers have waxed eloquent on the subject of pointed beards and long-toed shoes. If there be a devil amongst us, his name is Cruelty, and, whether from fear or favour, he has been left unmolested.

A CASE heard recently at the London Sheriffs' Court threw light on the question of exhibitions in London. It seems that these exhibitions do not pay. The Buffalo Bill Show at Earl's Court lost seventy thousand pounds; the Italian and Spanish Exhibitions resulted in a loss of thirty-five thousand; the French lost twenty thousand; and the German over twenty-five thousand. The reading of these figures must have afforded delight to the theatrical managers of London, but they should bring woe to the public. It is a thousand pities that these exhibitions do not pay. On a summer evening the tired Londoner does not want to sit in a theatre listening to the inanities of the musical farce or the indecencies of the problem play; and what other form of entertainment is open to him? If exhibitions continue to result in loss they will disappear, and we shall be the losers. But, surely, there must be something wrong about the management of them. If the weather be at all favourable they are always crowded, and an enormous sum is spent in them, apart from the admission money.

Is it that they give too much? The pleasant grounds, good catering, good music, are all that the public has a right to expect for a shilling, and all, I am sure, that it requires. One drops into these places to walk about, and talk, and dine or sup, and to listen to the band—not to study museums. Of late years, in all things, the tendency has been to give more to the public for their money than can possibly be afforded. It is a foolish plan, bringing no good to anyone. It loses money to the promoters, thereby discouraging enterprise; and it spoils the public, who accept what is given them without thanks, and merely clamour for more. Let us have an exhibition that can pay at a shilling. The class of person who wants half-a-crown's-worth of entertainment for his bob can be left outside. He is always dissatisfied, and he interferes with the enjoyment of the man who simply wants his money's worth.

Is the medical profession going to sit down tamely under the insult offered to it in the person of Dr. G. M. Stocks, of Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh? Dr. Stocks had been called in to a case almost at the last moment. The patient, a girl, had been subject to the unskilful treatment of students. As the only possibility of

saving her life, Dr. Stocks performed an operation which, under the circumstances, was perfectly legitimate—an operation that often has to be performed, and often is performed. The girl's own weakness, and the carelessness of others, brought about her subsequent death, upon which Dr. Stocks is charged with murder. He is asked no questions, allowed no explanations; he is handcuffed between pickpockets, and imprisoned in a common gaol. Then the authorities responsible, whoever they may be—and one is anxious to know who is to blame in the matter—begin to make inquiries, with the result that the Crown orders proceedings to be stopped, and Dr. Stocks is released, acquitted of any and every charge against him. If this sort of thing is to pass unchallenged, every doctor is at the mercy of any spiteful busybody. The case should be taken up by the profession and fought out to the end. The persons responsible for the injustice inflicted upon Dr. Stocks should be punished as a warning.

WITH regard to child insurance, a doctor, practising in Belfast, writes to me as follows:—"You have my thorough sympathy in your worthy crusade against child insurance. I have seen a good deal of its effects when resident-surgeon to the Bristol Children's Hospital, and also since starting in Belfast. I believe child insurance is responsible for more crime and suffering than any other single cause whatever. I am morally certain in many cases that the child is neglected with the view of getting the money, but it is very difficult to prove. I was seeing a child here some weeks ago; the mother told me another had died a few months previously, and she had got £3 insurance money. 'And,' said she, pointing to the child I was attending, 'there is wee Lizzie, and if it is the Lord's will to take her, I have £5 on her.'"

ANOTHER correspondent draws my attention to a paragraph in the *Glasgow Evening News*. In Bothwell Street, Glasgow, a correspondent of that paper was accosted by one of three men (all described as drunk and very jolly) who asked to be directed to the office of an insurance company. The man's child had died that day. He showed the *Glasgow Evening News* man the registered certificate of death, the policy on the child's life, and the book in which the weekly premiums had been entered. He and his companions were in a hurry to get to the insurance office, and to draw the money. Few and far between would be the parents who would deliberately murder a child for the sake of the few pounds that would come to them as insurance money. Murder is risky work, and the penalty unpleasant. But neglecting a child until it becomes sick, and helping a sick child to die, are very much easier tasks. It is a pity that so many useless children are born into the world, and the poor little mites themselves are perhaps better well out of it. But this trade in death is hideous. That parents should be allowed to make money out of the death of their children is an insult to our Statute Book; it is a shame to the whole nation.

PLUCK FUND.—I have pleasure in acknowledging a subscription of 4s. 6d. from Mr. E. W. Gray, Cliffe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

J. R.—There are plenty of books published on the subject of etiquette, but they all appear to me to be rather foolish. You might certainly assume that your clergyman, having thrice promised to call on you and not having done so, does not wish for your acquaintance. But you do not want a book on etiquette to tell you that. Any simple point that you may write about the Major will be happy to deal with.

R. A. S. (Colorado).—I thank you for your letter. Shall always be interested with any information on the silver question in your quarter.

G. A. S.—Cruelty cuttings are often sent me by many correspondents. I do not remember your letter, and should have replied to it had I received it. Would you mind asking the questions again?

E. E. R.—Send the story to the papers that seem to you most suitable. Use your own judgment.

F. G. T., R. S., and H. A. H. will be replied to next week.

L. M. C. A., D. R. F., J. W. B., S. Y. F., H. L. S., N. V. C., T. Y. R., and W. M. are thanked for their letters.

A. P. B.—If you were behind the scenes of the business, you would understand a lot of things. Do you know, there are many periodicals published that lose five, ten, and fifteen thousand a year. I quite agree with you in all you say, and if I ever see my way to carrying out the suggestion, I shall certainly adopt it. The bust you speak of I have often seen in the study of the gentleman referred to. It is difficult to speak from memory, but I am under the impression that it struck me as a rather clever piece of work. I know the doctor admired it himself.

O. B.—Marriage was established not to please the man and woman—they could get on very well without it—but for the benefit of the children. The idea that must have been in the mind of society was the securing to the children of a permanent protector until such time as they were able to shift for themselves. Divorce, therefore, should be by no means made easy. To dissolve the marriage-tie the moment it becomes burdensome to those who have had their eyes open when they contracted it, would impose infinite suffering on the unfortunate results. All this has nothing to do with you, except that you ask me if I do not think that the divorce laws should be made easier. Your case is an exceptionally hard one, but, forgive my saying so, it seems partly to have been your own fault. You appear to have married, not with any idea of love, a man you supposed to be wealthy. He turns out to be a fraud and a blackguard, and you are compelled to leave him, taking your child with you. Alas! many women do marry blackguards, and alas! many men are cursed with wives that make their lives a burden to them; but it is impossible that general laws can apply to individual cases. A law that would give you a right to a divorce would give the same right to any woman who, without justification, left her home. The world is full of wrong, and no human laws can right it. There will be wronged wives and wronged husbands as long as the world rolls, and you are one of the wronged ones.

W. McD.—Your self-consciousness and awkwardness comes merely from want of experience; it will wear away with time. Some of the nicest lads are often the shyest. Don't trouble about it; be as agreeable as you can, but be yourself—don't try to assume a manner. If you are shy, your friends must take you with your shyness, and appreciate you for your other qualities. You are at a very awkward age. Carlyle's theory was that lads between sixteen and twenty-four ought to be shut away from the rest of the world in hermetically sealed boxes. But, unfortunately, this method is not practicable, so you must jog along, and try to fit yourself in with people. I should think there was something wrong with a boy who had no shyness in him. At its best, it is the result of extreme sensitiveness; at its worst, it is an indication of excessive self-consciousness. The less you think about yourself, the more comfortably you will get on.

S. S.—Subscription sent in through a bookseller is not subject to deduction of postage. The bookseller merely acts as agent, and the paper will be forwarded from the office.

F. M. H. writes me a letter that may well claim to be a human document. "From the time when I first realised that I was a woman, it has been one continual battle with the worst side of myself, and sometimes the fight is very hard and wearying. I am only young still, just over twenty-one, and my mother, who was my dearest friend, was so sweet and good that I was afraid to tell her of my own wicked thoughts. She died more than a year ago. Luckily, I have a good deal of work and responsibility, my father being an invalid, and not overburdened by any means with wealth, and I am the only girl at home. . . . Often, when I lie awake at night, I wonder if our thoughts, as well as our words and deeds, will be judged; if so, we surely should have been given more power to prevent evil thoughts from coming to us. My outward life, as seen by my friends and relations, is that of any ordinary middle-class girl, but I should be very sorry to think that my inner life was as common a one." I do not know whether it will comfort or grieve my correspondent, but I am inclined to think that her case is more ordinary than she imagines. Often the young man wonders if he, and he alone, is this creature of evil thought. He converses with elder men, and finds them all purify; he

reads books and articles written by men, all breathing high morality, and the lad grovels in the dust before his own conscience, convinced that he is cursed, above all mankind, with an evil heart. We are naturally silent on these subjects, and it is only by accident that we catch a momentary glimpse of the real brother behind his mask of sentiment. Now and then the world is startled by the discovery of evil in some fancied saint. Poor world! One fancies it might have known better, with its many thousand years' experience. Solomon knew human nature well when he wrote, "He that overcometh himself is greater than he that taketh a city." The tiger and the ape lie lurking in us all. By ceaseless watching they can be lulled to sleep, but they never die. Good and bad come unbidden. It seems to me that the most we can do is to encourage one, and discourage the other. It lies with us whether we give them birth and make them immortal by action, or bury them still-born.

W. W.—Were you a reader of To-DAY, you would not have needed to write. Last week I commented upon the Globe Advertisers' Agency in my Editorial Notes.

M. D.—We are merely differing as to terms. I used the word guess-work to designate any science that was not founded on exact knowledge. When you say, "Certainly, medicine is not and never can be an exact science, since the human body is such an inconstant and uncertain factor," you agree with my thinking entirely, and I go no further than you do yourself. You say, "Of course, it is founded on a basis of fact and law"; but so is the science of horse-racing. I consider juries' verdicts are often guess-work. Of course, when I am using the word "guess" in such a sense, I am not applying to it its colloquial sense; I merely use the word in opposition to actual knowledge. I regret, with you, the misrepresentations and exaggerations indulged in by the anti-vivisectionists, and I have never joined them, though more than once pressed to do so, as it seems to me that they weaken their cause by their want of fairness. But you medical men make a great mistake in imagining, as you evidently do, that the lay camp is divided into rabid anti-vivisectionists and those who agree with vivisection. The great bulk are stirred to indignation merely at the thought of cruelty. They would not object to a million animals being vivisected if the operation took place under anæsthetics, and the animals were slaughtered before regaining consciousness. Medical science has gained so little from its long devotion to vivisection that it is difficult to understand why doctors should defend the custom so vigorously. I am inclined to think that pride enters somewhat into the argument. Not to defend vivisection would be to admit the enemy in the right. I have heard more than one doctor say that he considered vivisection had led more to error than to knowledge, and that, personally, he was opposed to it. But none of them dare speak in public as they speak in private; they say, "It would offend the profession—it would make me unpopular with the profession." These words have come from men who have themselves practised vivisection, who have given it a trial, who have studied their subject, who are well up in their calling, and whose names are famous. One cannot make public the confidences of the dinner-table or smoking room; but I assure you on my word that I have heard this talk. To argue against vivisection in England might be considered idle, for I am convinced that it is practised very little and hardly ever in its crueler forms. But you must be aware that, abroad, horrors are perpetrated that the human mind revolts from—horrors, the perpetration of which is a degradation to our common humanity. Nothing can lessen it but public opinion throughout the profession, and if English doctors persist in defending vivisection, what hope of a change of feeling abroad? Justice Hawkins' suggestion that men should offer themselves to vivisection is no unreasonable one; it is a logical one, and no argument that is not sentimental can oppose it. The vivisection of a man could lead to no error, but only to exact knowledge. He could answer questions during the operation, and be of active assistance to the vivisector. You shudder at the idea, but that is mere sentiment. As regards the rest of your letter, I must ask you to take me as you find me. You are asking me to be two or three distinct temperaments. In one paragraph you praise my outspokenness; in another you blame my want of judicial reticence. Now a man either speaks strongly what he thinks or speaks weakly. It is a mere question of vitality. If I do not speak strongly, I take no interest in the matter at all, and I must either write strongly or leave the matter alone. There is no lack of newspapers dealing with subjects in a gentle and non-committal manner, but I do not care to add to their number. The reading of tame comment never interests me; of the writing of tame comment I am incapable. If I could oblige you, I should not be myself.

A. W. sends me a cutting from the *Macclesfield Courier*. A woman went into a stable, and in cold blood began to beat a pony with a stick. The animal kicked out in self-defence, and killed her. The *Macclesfield Courier* calls it a "Sad Fatality," and is apparently shocked at the disgraceful conduct of the pony. Were a few more ponies possessed of this one's spirit, there would be a great deal less cruelty inflicted.

VISTOR writes me as follows, from the Canary Islands, with reference to the cruelty to animals practised there:—"The poor creatures which drag the public conveyances, and are at the disposal of tourists, are nearly all half-starved, their food

being little else than chopped straw, their stables dirty and without bedding, their skins irritable with sores (on which myriads of flies settle), and they are often urged beyond their strength by the cruel use of the whip. . . . I may add, too, so great is the indignation of visitors at the cruelties they witness in these otherwise delightful islands, that, unless they are checked, other winter resorts will probably be sought, where laws exist for the protection of the dumb and helpless." My correspondent's last paragraph is suggestive. Cruelty of this kind can be checked by the public very easily. If tourists refused to enter carriages drawn by emaciated animals, the drivers would find it pay them better to feed their cattle. It is the callousness of the public, their indifference to anything but their own convenience, which is at the root of much cruelty.

A. J. writes me on the subject of hydrophobia:—"During ten years' hospital and private practice I have never seen a case," but my correspondent believes that cases of genuine hydrophobia do occur. To hear people talk one would think that this evil was as common as influenza during the winter. My correspondent goes on to defend the medical profession, and to criticise my attitude towards it. His letter I find kindly and sensible, but I cannot understand why I am supposed to need reproof. The medical profession stands in no need of praise. Its honesty, its unselfishness, its devotion to science are established facts, but no man, and no body of men, can claim to be above criticism, and a newspaper exists to criticise, not to praise. I could fill my columns week after week with honestly felt, eulogistic paragraphs concerning the conduct of medical men throughout the kingdom, but of what use would that be? Even editors of papers have to put up with criticism. I really do not see the right of my medical friends to be exempt from it. My correspondent goes on to deal with the question of child insurance. His remarks on this subject will be of so much service to me that I retain them for my editorial columns.

J. E. G.—Religious teaching does not alter human nature, unfortunately; religion only controls those who are willing to be controlled. The criminal will always exist.

W. F.—I am doubtful of moving the Home Secretary on this subject, but pegging away at him can do no harm, and may result in good. I thank you for your efforts.

S. C. M.—The thing, if not exactly a swindle, is a piece of humbug; but it is so palpable as to be almost harmless. People do not sell gold watches worth ten pounds for five, unless they are mad.

S. S.—I am sending your letter on to the culprit.

A. H. C.—There are many teachers of elocution, but, knowing nothing about them personally, I cannot recommend any to you. A good but cumbersome volume has been published by Deacon and Co., entitled "Voice, Speech, and Gesture."

F. J. G. M. tells me that he receives one of the Globe Advertisers' Agency circulars, on an average, once a week. I can only hope I have saved any reader of To-DAY from being done out of his money.

A. H. has an idea for a vessel that would be propellable and navigable in mid air. He attempted to persuade the Admiralty to listen to him on the subject, but they would not. The wonder would have been had that body done so. I believe inventors find it difficult enough to persuade them to give ear to plans far more plausible and feasible. If my memory serves me rightly, the idea of propelling ships by steam was scouted by our Admiralty in Nelson's time. The air-ship may be a possibility of the future, and Lord Tennyson's dream of an aerial battle may become a reality. But it will be many years before our Lords of the Admiralty will pay serious attention to the inventor of an aerial ship. Mr. Hiram Maxim is taking an interest in the subject of aerial navigation, and perhaps would keep an open ear for those who are on the same tack.

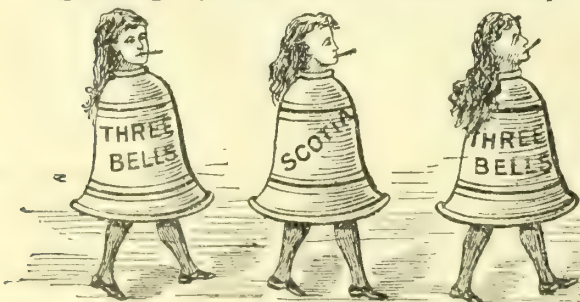
SECRETARY, W. A. R. F.—I replied to you, or to someone on your committee, some weeks ago. Honestly, I consider the

kindest thing to do in Armenia is to let the poor creatures die out. Starvation will be a happy release to them from the cruelties ordered from Constantinople. Europe has decided to stand by and fold her hands while the Armenians are butchered in cold blood by this hideous Turkish Government. If by the help of such funds as yours a certain number of poor wretches are kept alive till next year, it will only be to afford sport for the Sultan and his brutal soldiery next winter. In the name of mercy, let them die, and die quickly.

CONCERNING THE SPHINX.

A GREAT deal more is known to students of ancient lore about the Sphinx than most people have any idea of; and, though original disquisition on such a well-worn subject would be a futile occupation for any but an expert, yet there is much connected with the great "inscrutable" that is not generally known, except to archæologists and those who have visited Egypt. Below the surface of the sand there exists the whole body of the Sphinx, in shape not unlike those monsters that keep their everlasting watch at the base of Cleopatra's Needle. Excavation has shown that the Sphinx was once the scene of religious ceremony. From the level of the plain, a succession of flights of steps, broken by broad terraces, leads to a paved courtyard, walled in by the extended forepaws of the great stone monster, which measure fifty feet in length, and are cased with hewn stone. Against the breast of the Sphinx, at the end of the courtyard, is an altar-table of solid granite, with two others at right angles to it, on which, in forgotten ages, the priests (probably of Isis) were wont to offer sacrifices. The body of the Sphinx is of uncut natural rock, and patched with sandstone masonry (certainly very clumsily executed) to bring it into the required shape. No entrance has ever been discovered, so it is assumed that the interior is solid. The head of the Sphinx, still visible above the sand, is thirty feet from the chin to the top of the forehead, and was once, it is thought, surmounted by a cap. The features are disfigured, and it is impossible to form any idea of what they originally were. Tradition says they were once beautiful, but then beauty is open to different conceptions, with the flight of such ages as have passed over the Sphinx. This enormous monument has at various times received many names. Its present *sobriquet*, "Sphinx," by which it is known to the civilised world, does not mean the "Riddle," as is often supposed, but is a Greek word, meaning "The Strangler," because the Sphinx was supposed to strangle those who could not solve her riddles. The Egyptians, who had time to be poetic, called it "The Sun in His Resting-place," and the Arabs of to-day know it as "The Father of Terror." Once there was a wall (traces of which remain) that prevented the sand from slipping back. It is proposed to rebuild this, but the work entails such difficulty that it is doubtful if it will ever be an accomplished fact, and perhaps, at a future age, the Sphinx will find herself telling her secret to the sands of Time.

"IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH"
The Three Bells



BELL'S
SCOTIA
CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTES. J. & F. BELL, LTD, Glasgow.

CLUB CHATTER.

A VERY graceful and charming habit of the Prince of Wales's, to supply his Sandringham guests with a souvenir of the visit, is to give them roots and cuttings from the gardens, to be replanted in their own homes.

THE Steinlen-Daudet affair is amusing. Steinlen caricatures Leon Daudet in a French paper, and the latter goes down to fight the manager, which is illogical; although, from a writer's point of view, it is, perhaps, as well that the manager should settle these affairs, and so leave the editors in peace. I suppose no artist has made such a name in the world of the very modern art in so short a time as Steinlen. He is still under forty, and up till ten years ago was a working draughtsman. To-day he is the idol of the Paris art world. He is a Socialist, and some of his illustrations have got him into trouble with the police. On one occasion it is said that his expulsion was suggested. His capacity for work is enormous, and he is responsible for half-a-dozen full-page drawings in colours and crayon every week. He lives in luxury, and has a mania for cats, even neglecting his work to romp with them.

I HOPE I shall not be taken for a very superior individual, but, if what a correspondent in Paris tells me is correct, it is about time that the Britisher on his travels had a little more consideration for his country's reputation. During the Easter week, when Paris was crowded with English, he tells me that their costumes and conduct were sufficient to put back the wheels of Time. Men who in London, would win at the idea of smoking a cigarette in the public street, went about eating apples and buns, and pulled up dead in front of the cafés to stare at the *consommateurs*, as though they thought they were in some branch offices of the Zoo.

At night they were to be seen dining at fashionable restaurants in golfing costumes, and sporting violent patterned clothes in the stalls in the theatres. Two thorough-paced lunatics were prominent figures everywhere in Highland costumes. Worse than that, there seemed to be a premium set on shouting out orders in French-learned-at-home-in-one-week accent, and laughing at the confusion of the waiters.

WHY do you do this, my countrymen? Why do you save up all the old clothes that, at home, you only wear when you want to paint the pigeon-house, in order to don them in the most fashionable city in the world? Why do you guard for a year the regrettable habit of eating fruit and buns in the public street, to lavish it on foreign nations? Why, in point of fact, can't you live up to our reputation, and take your pleasures a little sadly?

THE newest thing in racing coats is very much like an elongated frock-coat, with the collar and cuffs made in velvet. The main difference is in the back of the garment. The racing coat has two openings—one on each side of the back—in place of the usual frock-coat tail. For tall men these new racing coats are especially suitable. They are made in various shades of fawn. Of course, the front is not faced with silk, as in the case of a frock-coat; in all other respects they resemble that most stylish of all men's garments.

THERE are no very startling novelties in men's clothes this season. Fashions are very much like last year's, especially in the cut and style of trousers. A feeble attempt was made by some tailors to introduce check trouserings, but the effort was futile. The most fashionable material for trousers is cashmere, and it is made up in various shades of blue, bluish grey, and grey. If we have very hot weather, fawn trousers will be worn by men who have an eye to comfort as well as to appearance. If the fawn is the right shade, they really look very smart

under a black coat. There is one kind of check trousering that is always more or less fashionable—that is, the black and white "shepherd" check. They are neat and stylish if the check is not too large.

DESPITE the recent wet weather, spats are not being worn to any extent, and the brown spat has completely disappeared—at least, you never see them on a man who desires to be thought a fashion follower. The only spats that are permissible just now are those made in white, and, for some unaccountable reason, they are chiefly worn by elderly gentlemen.

THE most fashionable umbrella this season has a plain stick, mounted with a gold or silver knob, unornamented. I am glad to notice the disappearance of the very flashy-looking umbrella-handles that were so much in evidence a season or two ago. To my mind, they always had a kind of tawdry appearance. A good, plain umbrella handle is really much more stylish.

It must be rather difficult to invent a whip that shall be unlike the ordinary whip of commerce; but I dropped across a new style in whips last week. In place of the ordinary flat silver band, the silver is worked on, so that it is flush with the stick, and when the stick is knotted the silver is made to resemble the knots. In fact, the whip has the appearance of being first cut in two, and then joined together again, with about two inches of silver between the join, the silver being fashioned to represent the wood.

A NUMBER of correspondents have written me this week to inquire the best way of keeping one's coats in good order and free from creases. The absolutely best method is to buy a wooden "hanger" for every coat. The sort of thing I mean is simply a piece of bent wood, in the middle of which is a metal hook. The ends of the hanger are put into the sleeves of the coat, which is then hung up by the hook. This plan is only to be recommended for men who have space enough in which to hang their coats properly. When a coat is hung up it must have all the room it wants, or the result will be worse than if it were folded up and put into the drawer in the ordinary way.

NEVER have I seen a more sensibly-made brace than the Acarie. To begin with, ornamentation has been dispensed with by the manufacturers. The steel arrangement for the regulation of the length is very simple and effective, and the material of which the brace is made is elastic and porous. It is strong and light. But it is more than a trousers suspender. There is attached to it a little clip for supporting the drawers.

WHAT are known as the Scotia cigarettes, manufactured by Messrs. Bell, of Glasgow, are becoming extremely popular in London, where this well-known Scotch firm are noted for the excellence of their different brands of tobacco.

It is a most annoying thing, when you are in a hurry, to come across a collar with button-holes ironed out as hard as a board. This need no longer worry one, when it is possible to procure a stud of the kind made by H. J. Cooper and Co., called the "Fortis." There are no sharp edges about the head, and the stud can be easily inserted and relied upon to always keep collars secure and dress fronts in a proper position.

On the first Monday in May Yvette Guilbert will return to London, and appear at the Empire for a few weeks. Her ovation, though perfectly well deserved, always amuses me, because not more than twenty per cent. of her audience understand what they listen to. I am not for one moment ashamed to reckon myself among the majority. Yvette's songs are written in the French of the

NERVOUS people ought to smoke "Tinico" Cigarettes.

boulevards, and are comprehensible to very few Englishmen. It is delightful to watch the anxiety of the audience to applaud and smile at the right moment, to see men looking on with a cynical smile, as if they appreciated the grim humour of the words. No wonder they hasten to applaud when the final bars of the music announce the termination of a song. They can't be wrong then, and their applause is justified, even more than they imagine.

I HEARD Yvette some years ago at the Ambassadeurs, where a Parisian friend explained her songs to me. When she came to town for the first time, I was unable to understand anything more than an occasional verse. Coming into the lounge after the turn, I met a bore. "Isn't she splendid, dear boy?" he said, with a horrid drawl. "You like her songs?" I said innocently. "They're simply grand, my dear fellow!" he replied. "She's a real artist! I haven't been so moved for years, 'pon honour!" "Well, I'm very glad," I said, "because you will be able to explain them to me. I couldn't understand half of them!" It would take too long to fully describe the effect of my suggestion upon the bore. He mumbled and muttered, took refuge in commonplaces, and, finally, fairly ran away. Since then he has left me severely alone; so that Mdlle. Guilbert's use of *argot* has rendered me one good service.

THE alliance between science and the music-halls is well worthy of notice. Cinématographe, Animatographe—what an ugly pair of names!—Röntgen Rays, all are brought before the public, sandwiched in between ballets

and serio-comic turns. Lumière's invention cannot be protected—or, at any rate, is not—and, in the course of a few months, imitations, possibly improvements, will be seen everywhere. Luckily for the enterprising Lyons inventor, his English representative, Trewey, is fully alive to the condition of things. "As soon as the weather improves sufficiently," he said to me the other evening, "I am going to get some typical English scenes for the machine." And he proceeded to tell me of certain ideas that I cannot fairly make public yet awhile. Meanwhile, at the Alhambra, Mr. Paul has gone one better by getting coloured effects, and has added one or two new pictures. No doubt, in the long run, science must benefit by music-hall competition, strange though it seems.

ANOTHER good effect, of which science is the cause, manifests itself in the interest taken by people to whose narrow minds the music-hall has always been an abomination. "I went to the Alhambra last week," said the mother of a large family to me, "and I found nothing objectionable." I fear the good lady expected me to express surprise, for there was an undertone of regret in her voice.

By the way, the Alhambra management will present a new ballet, *Donnybrook*, by name, in about a fortnight. It will replace *The Gathering of the Clans*. The following production should be *Sardanapalus*.

A SPANISH Market Bazaar has been held at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone. It attracted large numbers of the county and townspeople. Each stall was the model

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Disagreeable breath arising from decayed, artificial or unclean teeth, or from smoking, has often caused displeasure to friends, and even breach of promise of marriage. To keep the breath perfectly sweet, and arrest all decay of the teeth, a few drops of Contra Septine should be used on the wet toothbrush every morning. A gentleman writes: "I used to be a martyr to toothache, but have been quite free for ten years, during which time I have regularly used MAWSON'S CONTRA SEPTINE."

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sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, &c. Ag. to the Rev. F. Haselick, who tells them at low prices, if suitable sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor. No number of All Saints Mission District, Grays, Essex. All persons will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are made. Nothing is too much worth a disputation.

of a building to be seen in some town in Spain. Some of the stall-holders wore the characteristic lace mantilla, but many chose to wear ordinary *toilette de ville*. They were assisted by a bevy of fair ladies, dressed as peasant girls, and wearing bright-coloured skirts, velvet bodices, white chemisettes, and gay silk caps. The bazaar was designed and painted by Mr. G. M. Bridges, the bazaar artist, of King's Lynn.

The bazaar was opened by Lady Seager Hunt, with Sir F. Seager Hunt, M.P. for Maidstone. Appropriate speeches were made by Sir F. Seager Hunt, Canon Dyke, and the Mayor, Mr. Barker. Lady Hunt wore a dark blue dress, trimmed with white and pink-flowered silk; black toque, trimmed with red roses. Miss Barker, the Mayor's daughter, looked well in heliotrope and black glacé silk; her green straw hat was trimmed with roses. Mrs. Stapleton (Lady George Gordon Lennox's daughter) was very *distingué* in a brown and white *toilette*. The Misses Whatman wore neat green dresses, green straw hats, trimmed with mauve and yellow flowers. Mrs. Seymour was dressed in dark green velvet, with white silk vest. She wore a straw hat, trimmed with flowers.

The Countess Stanhope, who opened the bazaar on the second day, was dressed in a black silk coat and shirt; small black bonnet, trimmed with jet. Everyone was charmed with her manner as she went from stall to stall, making purchases. Lady Emily Hart-Dyke wore a brown cloth dress, with bonnet to match. Miss Foster, of Gore Court, looked well in a violet cloth dress; as did also Mrs. Herbert Monckton, in brown and white. Colonel and Mrs. Urmston, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, Mrs. Whatman, Mrs. Tasker, Mr. and Mrs. Spooner-

Hardy, Colonel and the Misses Gully, Mr. W. and Mrs. Laurence, Mrs. and Misses Hughes, Mr. Fred Argles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Haynes, the Rev. W. and Mrs. Cave-Brown, Colonel and Mrs. Warde, Dr. and the Misses Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. Hulburd, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Spencer, were busy buying at the various stalls.

The New Barmaid, running with great success at the Avenue Theatre, reached her 281st performance at the Parkhurst Theatre, Holloway, on Monday. The company includes Messrs. Wilberforce Franklin, Maurice Drew, Laing, Lawrence, and James Stevenson, Misses Maude Bowden, Mary Thorne, Ida St. George, Annie Brophy, and Miss Agnes Delaporte. The business manager, Mr. Eade Montefiore, is to be congratulated on the success of this musical comedy.

THE Riviera Palace Hotel has been greatly improved by the new suite of rooms lately added. A not unnecessary addition, as accommodation has been taxed to the uttermost this season—amongst others, by Lord Cross (in attendance on the Queen); Lord and Lady Pirbright, Lady Anna Chandos Pole, Sir Edward Lawson, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft.

NICE still continues to hold many besides the Royalties. An attraction, however, has been lost. Sir Henry Tichborne and his Indian servant have departed. If Sir Henry is not distinguished, he is at least distinctive. Not content with the notoriety which an expensive lawsuit gave his family, and the £500 fine which he had himself to pay as an absentee High Sheriff, he is attracting a fair amount of attention at the Grand Bretagne, where he sleeps, and at the Grand, where he dines, by the

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invariable attendance of an Indian servant. One would suppose that, if the Prince of Wales can go to Monte Carlo to dinner without bringing a servant to wait upon him, Sir Henry Tichborne might find the ordinary waiters sufficient. But it seems I am mistaken.

THERE will be numerous attractions at the "Smoker-ies" in the Royal Agricultural Hall. During the exhibition there will be a free distribution of £1,000 worth of cigars, cigarettes, and tobaccos, and the band of the Hon. Artillery Company will be present each day.

ON the question of proposals or acceptances in Solo whist on five trumps, without any prospective tricks in the other suits, which was under discussion last week, I regard an acceptance on such a hand, unless the trumps include ace, king, or king, queen, Jack, as more risky than a proposal, for if on such a partnership the proposal is also based upon trumps, and they cannot be used singly for ruffing, the combination must be defeated. With a single honour in trumps, it is nearly always best to pass a proposal, unless the latter comes from the dealer and you are first hand, with the opportunity of opening down to your partner. And, again, if you held the five trumps with even two honours, and first hand proposed, it would make but a shaky acceptance unless you were dealer, and, consequently, last speaker.

FOR in the latter case the inference would be that first player declared not mainly on trumps, but on all-round strength. If he had declared on trumps only, all the mastery in the three plain suits must necessarily be with the two following hands, in which case one of them would doubtless have been glad to get a partner who was presumably flush of trumps. Both having passed, the dealer can place strength in the plain suits with the proposer, and may accept on five trumps only with reasonable certainty of success—the only position at the table which would justify such a course.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

E. G. W. (Sheffield).—The best map of Russia I know (though there may be better) is in the *Allgemeine Hand Atlas* by Richard Andree, published in Leipzig. Riola's "How to Learn Russian" (Trübner, I think) combines grammar and reader, and is the best book for a student. "Russia," by Mackenzie Wallace, is the authority on the institutions, etc., of the country. For outdoor life, and a true picture of the peasantry, I can recommend Mr. Fred. Whishaw's "Out of Doors in Tsarland" and "The Romance of the Woods" (both Longmans). The best dictionary (English, French, German, and Russian) is Reiff's, in four volumes. You should also get the Russian-English and the English-Russian volumes, which give the German and French equivalents for each word.

R. E. F.—You would find the Westminster, in the Unterlind, a very comfortable hotel. The charges are moderate, and it has an English porter. The following also are all good hotels:—Central, Kaiserhof, Bristol, Savoy.

MEDICO asks what is the most fashionable summer overcoat suitable for a broadly built man of medium height? To tell the truth, summer overcoats are not worn very fashionable, but Medico might try a light grey Chesterfield cut rather short. The collar should be of the same material as the coat, and the front should be made so that the buttons are invisible. For a change, Medico would be quite right with a long paddock coat, made of a very thin cloth either in fawn or very dark grey. The latter being the most uncommon, would be the best. The paddock coats are made with velvet collars; velvet cuffs or turned back cuffs add to the stylish appearance of the coat.

W. H. sends me the information that the lady in the green cycling costume who attracted so much admiration at Hastings during Easter week, was the graceful Miss Irene Vanburgh.

J. B. sends me a rough sketch of a buttonless coat, for which he claims the following advantages: (1) Will keep coat-front straight, especially about the shoulders; (2) no buttons or button-holes necessary; (3) no frayed button-holes; and (4) no losing of buttons. Steel bands and patent canvas are employed, and there appears to be something in the idea, which, my correspondent says, he wishes to place before a manufacturer, or someone who will pay a royalty.

DISGUSTED.—I quite agree with you that Jews are very often hardly used, but I can take no further notice of your letter, as you do not give name and address.

P. E. T. (Brighton).—You shall have an occasional note of interest to the followers of the gentle craft. Thanks for the invitation to the head-quarters of the Piscatorial Society, where, I am pleased to know, you have such snug rooms. Your pike of thirty-seven pounds and trout of seven pounds, are, as you say, likely to set the fingers of anglers itching to be the captors of their brothers and sisters. Anything above seven pounds is a big fish. I hope some of your local fishermen will be skilful enough to catch some of the seven-pounders in the private waters of your club.

J. VANDYKE.—The rule varies according to the custom of the table. Where a caller is at liberty at the outset to declare either 'Nap,' 'Wellington,' or 'Blucher,' he cannot, should he go 'Nap,' and be superseded by 'Wellington,' overcall with 'Blucher'; but he can do so when the practice is that these calls can only be made in regular progressive order.

R. MCA.—I thank you for your pleasant letter, and the cutting you enclose.

BALLYHOOLEY.—I am unacquainted with any card game known as "Solitaire." Are you sure you have got hold of the right name?

HAROLD.—An admirable illustration of cribbage possibilities, but the hand scored seven less than that given by "L. S. W." in the issue of March 21st. Your kind observations are very gratifying, and I shall be glad to hear from you again.

BBLACKMORE.—A player leading out of turn in a misère must pay the stakes to the winning side. The game must be played out, and the caller can subject the irregular led card to the same restrictions as if it were against a Solo or Abundance. He can call a suit from the rightful leader.

F. W. O.—No, don't have the two slits cut in the back of your lounge coat. I know that a few such coats are about, but they have become rather common now, and are being discarded by well-dressed men. They are in reality only an imitation of a stableman's jacket. Have your lounge coat fitted well to the shoulders and over the hips, but with a fairly loose sack back. You would not be wrong with a summer suit made in the brown material I mentioned a few weeks ago, but in very hot weather you would find a light brown or fawn more comfortable. The thinner materials have the same style of colourings as those we have been wearing this winter, and there is a dash of green in almost all the suitings that will be worn this summer. For a tennis "get-up" you would be quite correct with dark coloured flannel trousers, a soft-fronted blue shirt, white collar, and dark bow tie, which must be self-tied. A made-up bow won't do. White shoes are, of course, all right, but be sure you have them whitened every time you wear them, or they will spoil the appearance of the best suit a tailor ever made. There are several things sold for whitening tennis shoes, which can be used quite easily. For putting on after you have finished your game, have a lounge flannel jacket made of the same material as your trousers. You have certainly not asked too many questions; I shall always be very pleased to give you my advice whenever you want it.

STAGE.—"The Dramatic Peerage" would give you all the information you are seeking. It is published by Messrs. Raithby, Lawrence and Co., 1, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, at one shilling.

C. N.—You could not do better than place yourself unreservedly in the hands of Messrs. Bingham and Co., 29, Conduit Street, Bond Street, London. They would tell you exactly what to have, and if you mentioned my name you would be sure of receiving every attention. With regard to waistcoats for wearing with morning and lounge coats, you can certainly have some in a light, cool material. A pale fawn looks well, and will go with any coloured coat. A thin, cool dust coat is made in a light drab or grey material. They can be had in various shapes, but perhaps the smartest is a long coat, reaching almost to the heels. For river wear have a flannel suit. Messrs. Bingham and Co. will show the latest shades, which are very smart this season.

W. R. J. (Cardiff).—Shall think over the portion of your letter referring to the sample fly. Send me angling information at any time. Yes, you may expect a few paragraphs now and again.

ACCOUNTANT.—Send a line to Mr. Chadwick, accountant and auctioneer, Rochdale, Lancashire, and he will give you the information. He is a pleasant correspondent, and a gentleman with a good deal of reliable information about the matters referred to in yours. Write me again.

J. D. B.—The skate you ask about is known as "The Norwegian," and may be seen at Gamage's stores, Holborn.

C. S.—You do not say if your husband is engaged in business or a profession. If the former, blue serge or a dark tweed would be very suitable; if the latter, black or dark grey would be more correct. You will find Cubitt and Co., 85, New Oxford Street, both reasonable and reliable. You cannot do better than carry out the plan you have adopted.

CONSTANT READER.—The best book on dumb-bell exercises is Sandow's. It is published by Messrs. Gay and Pollen, Paternoster Row, E.C., at 15s. There are many books on the other subject you mention. What particular branch do you mean?

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

HAVE just been stocking that grimly powerful and impressive story, "The Earth Mother," by Morley Roberts (Downey and Co., 3s. 6d.). It originally appeared in *TO-DAY*, and excited a good deal of comment, favourable and unfavourable—favourable, because of the artistic manner in which the story was worked out; unfavourable, on account of the repulsive theme selected by Mr. Roberts. Richard Garth's sweetheart has been induced to marry another man (Falconer) under false pretences, and the story opens with the scheme of Garth's revenge. He kills Falconer honourably enough. It is in the disposal of the body, and the grim means adopted for this purpose, that Mr. Roberts grips the reader. No detail is left to the imagination; and then, Garth's successful vengeance becomes the Nemesis which goads him into his own undoing. The unities are preserved as admirably as in a tragedy of Æschylus.

* * * *

Mr. Morley Roberts has two other books coming out shortly. I should like him to take a couple of years in writing a book on a big scale. I frequently meet him, and his handsome, melancholy face gives one the impression of tremendous power and resolution, somewhat sapped and fettered by the cumbering influences of civilisation. Some few years ago Mr. Roberts went forth to the Great Earth Mother, and lived as one of her primitive children, on the plains, among the Red Indians, as cowboy, rancher, and a hundred other callings which bring a man face to face with realities. Now, alas! he is a dweller in cities, a frequenter of clubs. Antæus-like, he best renews his strength when coming in contact with the earth.

* * * *

The writer of the following letter (Mr. Lorin Lathrop) is American Consul at Bristol, and familiarly known by those who have the honour of his friendship as "The Government of the U.S." "The Government" has been kind enough, at my urgent request, to write me out the account of an international episode which occurred some years ago. Mr. Lathrop, with another author, has just finished a long story, the co-workers being combined in the pseudonym, "Lorin Kaye." Their book, "Her Ladyship's Income" (MacQueen), will appear shortly:—

"My dear Bookseller,—A very respectable-looking man once called upon me, admitted himself a prodigal son, showed me affectionate and appealing letters from a fond mother in the United States, and asked me to keep him until remittances should reach him from home. The frank honesty of his appeal touched my tender heart, and I became responsible for his lodging, and incidentally lent him sufficient ready money to get a collar or two washed. Having been observed by my maid in genial converse with me on one or two occasions, he was one afternoon unsuspectingly admitted into my sanctum in my private house, to await my coming. He did not await me, and with him went a fairly good overcoat (for a man, that is, in my modest circumstances), a bottle of rather special rye whisky, and a dollar's worth of American five-cent stamps, which some idiot had sent me, under the confiding belief that American stamps were current all over the universe.

"When I discovered his shameless ingratitude my heart was bitter; it, nevertheless, was not sufficiently bitter to induce me to go to the expense of printing circulars that should warn my brother consuls. I wrote a letter, however, to my nearest neighbour, the consul at Cardiff, telling in full my tale of grief, and asking him to forward the letter to the consul at Birmingham, who should, after perusal, speed the warning missive along. The name adopted by the prodigal was Fowler; he was light-haired and fair of face; and my letter began: 'A short, Saxon-looking man, named Fowler.'

"After the lapse of two months my letter came back to me, endorsed with all those mirthful and jocular comments which men would naturally make when somebody else has been robbed. It had passed through the hands of some twenty consuls. Among these were the hands of Bret Harte, and he expressed his sympathy in rhyme. Here is the rhyme. I ought to explain one expression: a pack of cards in the West is sometimes called a 'deck,' and a false pack is called a 'cold deck':—

"'I'm acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction, that is offered up by strangers at the consul's open door; And I know all kinds of sorrow, that relief would try to borrow with various sums, from sixpence upwards, to 'a penny more'!"
And I think I know all fancy styles of active mendicancy, from the helpless Irish soldier who mixed in our country's war, And who laid in Libby prison, in a war that wasn't his'n, and I sent back to the country—that he never saw before.
I know the wretched seaman who was tortured by a demon captain, till he fled in terror, with his wages in arrear, And I've given him sufficient to ship as an efficient and active malefactor with a gentle privateer.
Oh! I know the wealthy tourist, who (through accident the purest) lost his letters, watch, and purse from the 'cold deck,' coming o'er,
And I heeded that preamble, and lent him enough to gamble, till he won back all his money on a 'cold deck' here ashore. But I never, never, never, in beneficent endeavour, fell into the meshes—wicked meshes—by the Saxon Fowler spread, And it seems to me a pistol used judiciously at Bristol would have not too prematurely brought this matter to a head."
"BRET HARTE."

* * * *

The daintiest, lightest, and best-printed book I have ever seen at the price is No. 1 of Messrs. Dent's new series, "Odd Volumes," published at 1s. 6d. "As-teck's Madonna, and other Stories," is the first book of Mr. Charles K. Burrow (whose verses have charmed many readers in the *Idler*). It is a book of exceptional merit. The first two pages are enough to show that the author has great gifts, a sense of the fitness of words, an ear for the rhythm of fine prose—a style, in fact. But he has more than these. He has observed keenly and felt deeply the moods of nature and of human nature; he writes with knowledge and from the heart. Two main ideas I find informing the book—a love of the great peace that lies near the heart of nature, and of the courageous spirit (born of that peace) which enables a man to look life in the face, fight its battles, and enjoy its fruits.

* * * *

Am getting a few copies for town friends of Sam Wood's "Random Rhymes" (W. R. Massie, Barnsley), and find his range limited, but full of a certain daintiness and originality. Here is a pretty little serenade. It appeals to one far more than a dully pretentious epic:—

"Summer again, and roses,
And twilight lingering late;
The sound of reaping, and keen scythes sweeping,
But still I wait, and wait.
Lilac has bloomed, and hawthorn,
And cherries are red on the tree;
The birds have mated, but I have waited—
How long must I wait—for thee?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. B.—The lady referred to is not a man.

"MATAPAN."—Burton's "Arabian Nights," advertised in April catalogue of Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone, W. 16 vols., £30. Lady Burton's edition, 6 vols., 34s.

J. B. W.—Strong sense of rhythm. No chance of acceptance, because not a public subject.

W. M. M.—Thanks for your note. I fully agree with you that the relief of Chitral would make a stirring subject for the Laureate; too stirring, I fear, for the present one. Your own verses on the subject have a very manly ring about them. The metre is a little bit halting at the finish.

A. A.—It is an open secret that Mr. Louis Zangwill wrote "A Drama in Dutch." I don't know of any other book with the same title. I have never heard of "Elstey Zeitin" as an author. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to tell you about him.

T. H. R.—Your best plan would be to write to Messrs. Tregaskis and Co., High Holborn, who would be better able to put you into communication with likely purchasers than myself; they will also probably be able to supply your second want with regard to "Robinson Crusoe" of 1820.

W. T.—"The London Printing and Publishing Company," London, is quite sufficient address. J. J. W.—If the books are clean they are worth 10s. to a bookseller. O. A. R.—You do not say how many plates the book contains. Send particulars to J. and M. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London, and they will offer you a price for it. J. C. H. S.—Your edition is of no value whatever, as it is quite out of date. The last edition is the ninth.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for To-Day by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

PART III.—CHAPTER V. (*continued.*)

The troops had sided with the people when it became known that the French were approaching the gates of Madrid, and that the Royal family, fleeing before them, was about to proceed to Cadiz with the intention of embarking for Mexico. The people would not allow this to be done, and the insurgents were marching on Aranjuez to prevent it.

Such was the first result of the counsel given by the Queen to Charles IV., and backed by the Prince of the Peace.

"Are you still of opinion that I ought to have patience and wait, Señor Conde?" asked Rafael excitedly. "Is not my place at the head of that crowd?"

"Any insurrection that menaces the Crown is criminal," said the Conde de Castrogeriz. "I have, however, no longer a right to restrain you. Events are too strong for us. I give up going to Aranjuez. Go you there, Don Rafael, and, if the King is in danger, remember that it is your duty to defend him."

"I will defend him if he gives me back Beatrix," was Rafael's reply.

* * * * *

A few days had sufficed to put an end to the baseless hopes and self-deception of the unfortunate King of Spain. His ally had effectually "jockeyed" him. He had taken possession of the country under the pretext that he was going to fight the English in Portugal, and had established himself so strongly in the places he occupied that he could be dislodged only by an heroic effort on the part of Spain. The country, taken at a disadvantage, seemed incapable of this. Murat was marching on Madrid. A few more days, and the Spanish Monarchy would be at the mercy of the conqueror.

The King and his counsellors had no other thought but flight. It was possible to conceal their intention so long as it had not to be put into effect; but when the growing peril demanded that it should be realised, its disclosure became inevitable. The numerous persons whom the King reckoned on to accompany him had to be let into the secret. While they were getting ready for the exodus, His Majesty was making his own preparations on a monumental scale, inspired by "the Braganzas," as the Queen called them, who had departed to Brazil with their full Court and all their riches.* Charles IV. insisted on carrying with him his treasury, his most valuable articles of furniture, his diamonds, plate, arms, and collection. The Aranjuez palace was given up to the Court officials, and workmen, upholsterers, carpenters, and packers swarmed all over it. Waggon for the transport of the King's property were ordered. All this was done in the presence of so many witnesses that it was downright folly to suppose that it could pass unnoticed. Nevertheless, the hope that it might so pass was actually entertained.† The departure was to take place on the 16th of March. The Court was to set out in the evening, and to make forced marches in the direction of Andalusia. But on that very day, early in the morning, the news of the Royal flight spread through Madrid, laying a gunpowder train as it passed, and arousing equal indignation and alarm.

For the Court to have decided on flight, the peril must be formidable and imminent, and yet the more formidable and the more imminent it might be, the less explicable was the conduct of the cowardly King, who

* The finale of that adventure is too recent to be forgotten by the reader.

† Again a repetition of Bourbon history. The flight to Varennes of Louis Seize and his family a few years earlier was arranged so clumsily that it had become a *secret de Polichinelle* before it came off, with the well-known result.

fersook his people at such a moment. This roused their fury in the first instance; but as the Spaniards could not bear to accuse their King of such base cowardice, they attributed the inspiration of his action to Manuel Godoy, and their old grievances revived, their smouldering sentiment burst in a moment into flame.

While one division of the mob bore down upon the Alcuddria and Buen-Retiro palaces, yelling threats of death against the favourite and pouring abusive epithets upon the Tundo sisters and Juan Morera, and failing to find any of the objects of their vengeance, broke into pillaging parties and devastated both buildings, several hundreds of resolute men set out in orderly fashion upon the march to Aranjuez to prevent the departure of the King.

The cry of "Wolf" had been raised so often with regard to a popular rising that the police had ceased to believe in any such probability, and, being surprised by events without having been able to take precautions which had proved efficacious on former occasions, they were speedily reduced to permitting what they could not prevent. The agents would infallibly have been massacred had an attempt at organised repression been made.

Besides, the police were probably with the insurgents at heart, just as the troops were. The authorities could not venture to put them in motion, lest they should swell the force of the insurrection. The Minister of War confined them to barracks, and did nothing beyond despatching orderlies to Aranjuez to inform the King of the events that were taking place in his capital.

This intelligence filled the palace with confusion and consternation. The King knew not what orders to give for its defence, and actually did give a number of contradictory ones.

The Queen, who had also lost self-control, thought only of Godoy.

"Hide yourself, Manuel," she urged, imploringly, "it is you whom they blame and pursue."

But Godoy, who, in spite of his vices, was a man of courage and resolution, refused to yield to the entreaties of Marie Louise. He actively set about organising resistance, summoned the officers of the Body Guards, and obliged the King to address them, reminding them of their duties.

Only when he had done all that was possible did he consent to obey the Queen, who again implored him with tears to seek a place of safety. He left the palace with Juan Morera, and returned to the house which he occupied with his wife and daughter when the Court was at Aranjuez. He calculated that the insurgents would proceed at once to the Royal palace on their arrival, and that by not showing himself he should be safe from them.

Towards six o'clock a great clamour arose at the entrance to the town. The insurgents had arrived, having taken nearly the whole day to accomplish the ten leagues between Madrid and Aranjuez. Every sort of vehicle had been pressed into the service of the insurgents, but the supply had proved inadequate. The mounted contingent arrived intact, but a great number of those who had attempted the journey on foot were left hopelessly in the rear, and many succumbed to fatigue at a comparatively early stage. Nevertheless, it was a determined and formidable force that had come to Aranjuez.

They had found the road open before them all the way, and they were not stopped at the gates. Such impunity revived their strength, and redoubled their daring. With fierce shouts they rushed into the streets, one portion of the armed crowd making for the King's palace, the other for the residence of the Prince of the Peace.

General Laguardia, José Benillo, and the Reverend Don Francisque accompanied the first party, Rafael and Borostidi followed the second, being anxious to restrain the angry passions of the men who were vociferating shouts of "Death to Godoy!"

From the first floor of his house, which was defended by a company of the Guards, the Prince of the Peace saw them coming. At his side stood Juan Morera, cool and

courageous as himself, in the face of the howling mob seeking their lives.

"If the Guard allows itself to be forced," observed Juan, "we are lost."

"It will resist."

"Are you sure? Stay! The officer is parleying with the insurgents instead of firing on them."

They listened. The officer in command of the Guard was actually exchanging words with the front rank of the crowd, for he dared not order his men to fire lest he should not be obeyed.

"We must have Godoy!" growled several voices.

"His Highness is not here. He is with the King," replied the officer.

"We won't believe that until we have made sure of it ourselves, and have searched the house from top to bottom."

"You will frighten the Princess. She is ill, and keeps her bed."

"We have nothing to do with her. She shall be respected. Let us pass, Señor Capitano."

While this parley was in progress the crowd had closed in upon the circle formed around the officer. He turned to the Guards behind him, ranged before the door, and gave the word—

"Forward, men! Disperse these rebels!"

This command exasperated the crowd. Before Rafael, Borostidi and the Prior, who were lost in the tumultuous mass, could intervene, the foremost ranks flung themselves upon the soldiers, who quietly submitted to be disarmed. Some of them, indeed, sided with the insurgents. The latter made a rush at the door and burst it in. Then they poured into the house.

"Stop!" shouted Rafael.

"Do not disgrace our cause," cried Borostidi.

But they were utterly disregarded. The insurgents hurried up the staircase, tearing the hangings and smashing the handrail, and so reached the first floor.

Godoy and Juan had not lost a detail of this scene.

"Do you still believe in the staunchness of the Royal Guard?" asked Morera with a sneer, as he drew two pistols from his waist-belt. "These ruffians have not got us yet," he added, with a pale face and clenched teeth. "Do as I do, Manuel. Defend yourself."

"To attract attention, and have us killed at once? Put up your pistols. We may still save ourselves. Come!"

He opened a door concealed under the wall-tapestry, which revealed a staircase, and thus they gained the top storey of the house. There, under the roof, was a range of garret-rooms dimly lighted by the fading sunshine which came through the skylight. Godoy led the way into one of the garrets.

"They will not come to look for us here," he said, "and we will stay until this rascally crew have left the house."

"If they *do* come to look for us here, we shall be like mice in a trap," remarked Morera. "Listen. It sounds like their coming."

Godoy looked all round their dismal place of shelter. "Perhaps we could get out on the roof," he suggested.

"And be seen from the street! What an idea!"

Then the doctor began in his turn to look about for a way of salvation. Presently he exclaimed—

"Hah! here's something that will hide us."

In a corner of the garret lay several huge rolls of matting, each of them forming a cylinder into which a man might creep. At a sign from his companion, Godoy looked and understood.

"You are right," he answered quietly.

In a minute each had slipped into a mat and was effectually hidden.

"Now may the devil take care of us," muttered Morera. "For all that, these curs shall pay for the fright they have given me."

During this time the insurgents were busy in the rooms on the first floor. At first they found no one there, with the exception of a few frightened servants, who either

fled at their approach, or fell on their knees, praying for mercy. To them no attention was paid. The crowd wanted Godoy, and sought none but him. Becoming exasperated by failing to find him, they wreaked revenge for their disappointment on the objects in their path, poking holes in the pictures, smashing the statuary, marble consoles, clocks, and furniture, and sacking the cabinets and wardrobes.

Suddenly a young dueña appeared, standing before a door, and covering it with her body.

"Señores," she stammered, "respect this room. It is the Princess's sleeping chamber."

"Perhaps Godoy is hidden there."

"I swear to you, señores, that he is not."

But they pushed her aside roughly, the door was quickly battered down, and the rabble rout invaded the apartment of the Infanta, Princess of the Peace. She lay in her bed, her daughter was standing by her side. At the sight of these armed men, the mother and the daughter screamed with terror. A young man darted out of the crowd. It was Rafael d'Osorio.

"Your Highness must not be frightened," he said. "You are in no danger."

"None," said several of the men, speaking together. "You have never done us harm. But you must get up. We will take you to the King."

"Obey, señora," said Rafael. "That is the surest way of safety. Let us leave the Princess to dress herself," he added, addressing the insurgents.

They obeyed him with perfect docility. The room was instantly vacated, and while a few men under the orders of Borostidi waited at her door for the Infanta, the others continued their devastating search for Godoy in the house. Darkness was now falling upon this scene of violence and destruction, and they pursued their quest and did their smashing by the light of lanterns.

After they were quite satisfied that the quarry they were hunting was not concealed anywhere on the first floor, they swarmed up to the higher storeys, stabbing the beds with their swords, and driving the points of their pikes into everything which they regarded as suspicious. Thus they reached the garrets, and by this time so full were they of the rage for destruction that they no longer made a selection, but just struck for the sake of striking, without knowing what or why. They were headed by a cook armed with a spit which he used as a lance.

At the far end of one of the garrets there was a roll of reed matting, and into this the valiant cook struck his spit with a strong arm and a good will; whereupon the roll of matting rocked itself about like a live thing, and a dreadful groan made itself heard amid the tumult of angry voices. That sound, eloquent of agony, was wrung from Godoy.

It was answered by a shout of triumph, and a shower of blows upon the mat, and then he was dragged out. He had a thigh laid open, his forehead was deeply gashed, his face was covered with blood, and one eye was nearly knocked out.

They were about to kill him outright, but Rafael again interfered.

"Leave this man to his judges," he said in a tone of command. "To kill him now would be to liberate too soon. He must die on the scaffold."

A few minutes later, the Prince of the Peace was shut up in a room in his own house, closely guarded by Rafael and Borostidi.

CHAPTER VI.

"VIVA EL REY!"

GENERAL LAGUARDIA had assumed the command of the band of insurgents who were making for the Royal palace, in the hope of being able to restrain them by his presence from the violence to which they might be tempted.

He was supported on either side by José Benillo and Don Francisque, and the three were agreed that only in case of the King's persevering in his determination to

leave Spain, and his refusal to dismiss Godoy, should aggressive action be taken. The insurgents advanced in good order. When they came within sight of the palace they beheld a singular spectacle. Before the great door were several vans. The horses were in, and some of the vehicles were laden with boxes and trunks; others were still awaiting their load. Porters, bending under the weight of packages which they had brought from the inside of the palace, were coming to the vans, placing their loads and returning for fresh ones. These preparations were carried on under the superintendence of guards belonging to the Royal Corps ranged before the door with grounded arms.

It was time, then. The Court was taking flight at the approach of the French; the King was deserting his post at the moment of danger; he was abandoning his kingdom to invasion, without any care for its defence.

A cry arose among the insurgents.

"Unload the vans."

"Cut the traces!"

Laguardia turned quickly, and cast a piercing and confident look upon his following.

"If it is not your pleasure to obey me," he said, "you are free. But you must choose another leader. I want to command citizens, not rioters."

The warning had its effect. The cries ceased. The compact body of remonstrators continued to advance, and the officer in command of the Guard stepped out to meet them.

"Halt, señores."

"Halt!" repeated Laguardia.

Alone, with his sword sheathed, he advanced towards the soldiers. Their ranks opened, a chamberlain passed out, and addressed the old man in uniform, who marched at the head of the band.

"What is your desire, General?"

"We wish to speak to the King."

"You are too numerous to be admitted to the Royal audience. Name your delegates."

Laguardia addressed the men behind him.

"Whom do you designate to speak in your name?"

"You, General, you," was the answer from numerous voices. "And Don José Benillo. He is a lawyer; he knows how to plead. And Don Francisque; he preaches well, he does."

"That makes only three delegates," said the General.

"Three are not enough. Choose some others."

The choice was soon made.

"You see, señor," said Laguardia to the chamberlain, "we have obeyed you. Will you now refuse to conduct us to the King?"

"That, General, would be to fail in my own obedience to the orders I have received. Come, señores, the King expects you."

The deputation was about to enter the palace. Laguardia rangued his following—

"We rely upon the good faith of the King," he said.

"But if our expectations were deceived, if we were arrested—"

His companions did not allow him to proceed.

"We would deliver you, General!" cried one of them.

"Yes, yes, depend upon us," shouted the others.

"You hear, señor," said Laguardia to the chamberlain. "You answer for us?"

"I answer for you."

Charles was both frightened and irritated by the revolt of his subjects, but he had been advised by the Queen to receive their envoys, and, being aware that to reply by arms to a manifestation which was pacific so far, would be too dangerous, he had consented to do so. When the delegates entered the great hall where he awaited them, Charles was seated on a chair of state, dressed in his hunting costume, which he usually put on when he rose from his bed. His wife was on one side of him, his eldest son on the other, the personages composing his household formed a semi-circle enclosing the three, and a squad of the Body Guards was on duty.

"What do you want of us?" he demanded, repressing

his wrath by a great effort. "Since when do our subjects present themselves to us like rebels?"

"We are not rebels, sire," replied Laguardia. "Our present proceeding is the proof of that. We come to request the King not to withdraw himself from his subjects; his place is in their midst."

"Are we then a prisoner? Have we no longer right to move about as we please?"

"Your Majesty has not the right to leave Spain, when Spain is threatened."

"We are going to Andalusia. Andalusia is a province of our States."

"We desire that your Majesty should not leave Aranjuez except to return to Madrid."

"You dare to oppose my will?"

Laguardia bowed without reply. But his silence was significant.

The King understood, and, quivering with anger, he said—

"It is well. We renounce our intention of departure for the present. Retire, señores."

The deputation did not obey. They stood there, motionless.

"We thank the King for the decision he has made," resumed Laguardia. "We solicit another."

"What is it?" demanded the King.

"The dismissal of Manuel Godoy."

"We give orders. We do not receive them."

"As yet, this is only a prayer, sire. Manuel Godoy is the enemy of our country. The maintenance of him in power humiliates and hurts us."

This demand exasperated the King.

"He is our friend," he said angrily. "We will not sacrifice him to unjust prejudices."

A murmur arose among the delegates.

"Then, since your Majesty refuses to grant the unanimous prayer of your people, your Majesty will not be surprised if we take justice into our own hands."

The King fell back in his chair of State, crushed by his fears, and was probably about to endeavour to gain time by making promises which he had no intention of keeping; but the Queen, wholly unable to control herself any longer, broke out at this point.

"Are you aware that you are speaking like an insurgent, General Laguardia?" she shrieked, "and that the King has but to give a sign to have you punished?"

Laguardia smiled disdainfully.

"I am protected by the pledge that has just been given me in the name of his Majesty, and I have entire faith in that pledge. It would be a misfortune, too, were it to be violated. If a hair of my head were touched, there are valiant citizens at the gates of this palace who would avenge me. Sire," he continued, "I entreat your Majesty to give heed to the advice that I offer. This is a solemn hour. The nation is incensed by the spectacle of a foreign invasion, and accuses Manuel Godoy of having brought this scourge upon our country."

"The nation is wrong!" cried the King. "Spain is the victim of Napoleon's treachery."

"Spain accuses Godoy. Spain is weary of being oppressed, enslaved, exploited. Dismiss Godoy, sire, if you desire to save his life, if you desire to recover the affection and the confidence of your subjects."

The poor old King, scared by these threats, which were the more formidable because they were conveyed in all the forms of respect knew not how to answer. He appealed by his looks to the Queen, who was nearly choked by her impotent rage, to the Prince of the Asturias, who remained quite impassive, and avoided his eyes, and to his disconcerted courtiers.

"What am I to do?" he muttered at length. "What am I wanted to do?"

A tremendous uproar furnished the answer. It rose from the outside, where the tumultuous crowd had begun to resent the duration of the conference and were calling tumultuously for Laguardia.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE PEACOCK.

BY BARRY PAIN.

ALBERT BORSTONE was the very worst story-teller I ever knew. That being so, it is hardly necessary to add that he was always telling stories. Similarly, I have noticed that a man hardly ever takes seriously to reciting unless he has an impediment in his speech.

I am blaming Borstone, not because his stories were seldom good or new. There are not very many good new stories. Nor can I in justice blame him for forgetting the point of them, since he never did forget the point. It was only that he was such a very long time getting to it. He was discursive. Discursiveness was what was chiefly the matter with him as a story-teller.

My first intimation that Borstone had a story about a peacock was received some months ago. He caught me up in the street, and said—

"Have you heard my little yarn about the peacock? I think you'll say it's one of the funniest you ever came across!"

"No, Borstone," I said; "I haven't heard it. But I'm catching a train! Will you have time?"

"Oh, yes! It's quite a short story! I'll walk with you to the station, and tell it as I go. You must know that old Sir Charles Ambley (you've heard of him, of course) used to keep pea-fowls. He didn't keep them actually in the garden, but quite near the garden, in one of those wire-netting enclosures; you must have seen the sort of thing I mean. We never kept fowls at home ourselves. I believe my father would rather have liked it, but when you come to go into the arithmetic of the thing you'll find there's more expense than profit about it. Not that that was the only objection. You see, an aunt of mine was living in the house, and she was always a light sleeper. And, of course, fowls do make the deuce of a noise in the early morning. That was a very queer thing, too, my aunt not being able to sleep well, for when she was a young girl she always used to be getting into trouble from her sleepiness; and——"

Well, he rambled on in this way until we got to the barrier. By that time he had worked round to the question of capital punishment. They would not let Borstone through the barrier, because he had no ticket; so he asked me if I would not miss that train and take the next, in order that he might finish the story. I was afraid that I could not do that, as I had an appointment; but I said that I should hope to hear the rest of the story on some other occasion.

A week or two afterwards I found Borstone at lunch in a restaurant. I believed that I was undetected, and selected a table as far from him as possible. Immediately afterwards a waiter brought me a message that Mr. Borstone would be glad if I would go and sit at his table. I sighed, and surrendered. He began at once.

"How do you do? I wanted to finish that story about the peacock. You must know that Peter——"

"What Peter?"

"Hadh't I mentioned that? Sir Charles's friend, Peter Sadley. Peter had a great reputation as a wit. Whether he deserved it or not is another matter. It's just the same thing with stories. People have got to know that I sometimes tell a little yarn, and they come up to me and say, 'Hullo, Borstone! what's the latest?' just like that. Well, as likely as not, I may——"

"You were saying that Peter——"

"Oh, yes! I ought to have told you that Peter had a great reputation as a wit. I did say that, didn't I? Did I tell you that Sir Charles kept pea-fowls? Well, the under-gardener, seeing them coming——"

"What under-gardener? Seeing whom?"

"Sir Charles's under-gardener, seeing the fowls. I

remember now; I hadn't told you about the fowls getting out. Every now and then, you know, they *did* get out, and, upon my soul, I don't blame them! I've often thought that, if I were a horse, or a fowl, or a pig, or any pet that's kept chained up, I shouldn't like it. You may depend upon it, they have their feelings and their love of liberty, just the same as we have. I've noticed that many a time. I noticed it when we lived in Shropshire. My father used to say——"

It was three o'clock before I got away from the restaurant, and Borstone protested warmly against my leaving when he was in the middle of a good story. For some things his memory was unailing. For instance, he never forgot that he wanted to tell me the story of the peacock. Whenever he saw me he pounced down upon me, and always and invariably started away with that story, and always and invariably wandered off into something else.

The last time I saw Borstone I was on a station platform, and he hailed me from a carriage window of a train just on the point of starting.

"Here!" he said; "we've just one minute, and I'll tell you that peacock story as shortly and quickly as I can. Sir Charles Ambley kept pea-fowls. They would come into the garden, and the gardeners didn't like it. Sir Charles had a friend, Peter Sadley, who had a great reputation as a——"

At that moment the train started, and in the accident which subsequently followed Borstone was killed.

The extraordinary thing is that, though I never wanted to hear that story while there was a possibility that Borstone would finish it, I am now consumed by a desire to hear the rest of it. I lay awake at night, thinking of plausible conclusions for the story; but I have got nothing satisfactory yet.

IRISH LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.*

IN Mr. Mathews' new book there is an excellent description of the life of an Irish gentleman in the olden time:—

"Sir Malachi would sooner have thought of walking to Dublin than of riding without men to obey him; and it was the custom for people who had servants to prove it by taking them everywhere. Travellers took horsemen to carry the valise, and the hamper of wine, and the netted bag full of lemons; and I have seen my grandfather go away with so many behind that it was all they could do to discover enough burdens, for each of them was supposed to be laden, although their number was a proof of his rank, and they were useful to frighten robbers or bailiffs. They lived in neighbouring cabins; but the servants of visitors slept in the drawing-room, because they preferred its sofas to the seats in the book-room.

"Sir Malachi and his visitors spent the mornings on horseback, and most of their other hours in the dining-room; for nobody used the bedrooms much, as it was always considered more sociable to sleep at the table, or under it; and the dinner began at four, and was followed by sipping claret, till supper, at nine, would give the signal for drinking. The servants were sent away about midnight, after they had loaded the sideboard; and my grandfather finished his four bottles at a sitting, even in his old age; but the memory of the feats of his youth is lost to his country, for the tales are incredible. Certain it is that the footmen, going into the room, in the fresh hours, would find Sir Malachi sober and singing at the head of the table. Often, then, I was roused by his singing and his calls for the chorus. If there was no answer, because his friends were limp in their chairs, or stretched at ease on the carpet, he gave the chorus himself; and then, while the servants awoke the others, or carried away obstinate sleepers by the head and the heels, he would stride out to the hall, and clap his three-cornered hat on the back of his wig, and saunter off to the farm with the dogs."

* "The Wood of the Brambles," by Frank Mathew. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

DYSPEPTICS should smoke "Tinico." See under "Club Chatter."

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ON THE NESS.

BY

L. COPE CORNFORD.

Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

OPPOSITE the town of Tormouth, overlooking the harbour, with its tangle of shipping, looms the Ness—a red escarpment of cliff with a plume of woods upon the summit. Standing on the little space of turf between the margin of the copse and the cliff edge, the beholder looks out upon a vast half-circle of changeful sea; or, gazing inland, sees towering into the distant sky a crag of misty blue, from whose recesses a silver ribbon of river winds between luxuriant slopes, broadening gradually till it ripples on the timbers of the bridge that spans the upper harbour.

As I loitered here one morning, chatting with Tom Holderness, the coastguard, we espied a small boat which, drifting swiftly down river with the tide, was carried against a post of the bridge. The coastguard put up his telescope with the single, accurate movement of the practised seaman.

"She's broadside on, and filling," he said, with the glass at his eye. "There's two men in her, and they're climbing on to the timber-work. If the stream's running down on you it's no manner of use staying in the boat."

As he lowered the telescope, I noticed a drop of blood trickle from beneath his sleeve across the back of his hand. He glanced at it, wiped it away mechanically, and went on talking.

"Ay! that's just what happened to my wife afore we were married. Did I never tell ye? She was rowing down to Tormouth, and the river being full after rain, and the tide on the ebb, the current took her unawares and brought her broadside-on to the bridge timbers. The boat swamped, and she got wet to the skin, and then climbed on to the framework and sat there in a bitter cold wind till they could take her off. I was away at the time, drafted to another station to take the place of a man in hospital; and, when I come back to marry her, she was bedridden with the rheumatism, and she's never walked since. I mind well the evening I come back. 'Twas just such another as when I left her—the sunset all red and gold, and shining in the water like in a glass, and no sound but the oars creaking on the



"IS IT YOU OR YOUR 'FECH, LASS?"

thole-pins as I sculled up to Tinmore, where she lived with her mother. I thought to myself, 'tis so peaceful and all, 'tis too good to be true; and, sure enough, I found my lass in pain and sickness. 'You'll have to give me up, Tom,' she says. 'What'll you be doing with a poor cripple like me?' 'Marry you first,' I says, 'and then we'll arrange.' She wouldn't at first, but the end of it was Mr. Gurney Helmstone come up and read the service in her mother's house—the sound of the river comin' in through the windows the while, I mind, as pleasant as though it had never played us such a trick. Afterwards we shifted into the coastguard quarters—you can see the roof through the trees there."

"Can nothing be done for your wife?" I asked.

"The doctor does all as can be done," replied Holderness slowly; "and the parson, Mr. Helmstone, he give us some advice, but whether or no 'tis any use, I'm making trial of, in a manner of speaking."

"What did he advise?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you what he said. 'Tis cur'ous to think on, too. I went to him, seeing such things is his business, and I says, 'If you could ease her mind a bit 'twould be a kindness; for the pain she must bear, and what troubles us is, there don't seem no sort of use in it.' 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' says Mr. Helmstone, glib-like, without thinking. 'Sir,' I says, 'with all respect to you, that doesn't seem quite to meet the case. Do you think it does yourself?' He looks at me surprised-like, and 'I'll think it over,' he says, 'and come and see you.' And so he did. He come in one afternoon and talked a good bit, and from what I could make of it, the gist of his meaning was that there is just so much pain has got to be endured in this world, and therefore, he argued, when it seems useless, 'tis really being suffered in place of someone else—kind of unknown exchange. Seems a queer thing. What do you think about it, sir?"

But I declined to commit myself, and presently the coastguard took his leave. I watched his figure dwindle out of sight along the cliffs, and wondered what he meant.

A week passed before I visited the Ness again, and then I struggled up the hill at sunset against a south-westerly gale. The wind thrashed among the trees, lodging little quivering clots of spume among the branches; and below, out of sight, the waves beat loudly upon the soft red earth of the cliffs. I found Holderness on duty, and gazing out to sea, where a scarlet rift in the grey sky burned at the water's edge. The shouting of the storm swallowed up all other noises, and he did not perceive my approach. I was shocked to see his face. It was dead-white, except for the deep shadows under the brows, drawn and lined as if by utter weariness. I laid a finger on his arm, and he leaped at the touch like a man on wires.

TO CELIA.

If you were near, instead of far away,
Near, that my arms might hold you close and fast,
In life there might be less of gloom and grey,

If you were near!

And when the firelight and the shadows play
About my room, now mingling, now astray;
When safe without, the blustering wintry blast
Buffets the oak, and strews the beechen mast,
I sit in solitude, and sigh, and say,

If you were near!

—ERIC BROAD.

"How like two women!" exclaimed the veteran expert, as the two red billiard balls kissed each other; "how like two women!"

"You don't mean because they are so easily read?" inquired his puzzled friend.

"No; it's because their kisses don't count!"

"She's no better," he said, as if I had spoken. "It's no use. Parson's wrong, or else it ain't allowed. And I doubt I'm at the end of the rope; and she no better—no better!"

The wind lulled for a moment, and I heard a thin voice calling from the copse behind us.

"Tom! Tom!" it cried.

I turned, and saw through the twilight the figure of a woman in grey with a red shawl over her head, emerging from the dusky wood.

"There's someone calling you," I said.

"Ay, ay!" returned Holderness, without moving. "You've a-heard it, too? Then my watch is near over, I can tell you that! It's 'lights out' for me, mate! I've heard it before—nights—but I hoped I was dreamin'. 'Tom!' it says; 'come back!' it says; and then 'Tom!' again."

"Tom!" called the voice from the trees. "Tom! Come back! Tom—quick!"

At that moment came a clap of wind that shook the cliff. I felt the ground tremble under my feet like some huge animal, and a black zig-zag line opened in the turf half-a-dozen yards from the spot where we were standing. I clutched Holderness, and we ran like rats up the bank of turf that was rising in our faces. Scarcely had we gained the shelter of the wood before some thousand tons of earth slid bodily into the sea with a thunderous explosion of sound. The woman in grey put her arms round Holderness, sobbing, and fell to kissing him; but he took her by the shoulders and held her off, staring at her, and trembling all over.

"Great Christ!" he said; "is it you or your 'fetch,' lass?"

Next morning I happened to meet my old friend the doctor, jogging homewards from his rounds.

"You know Holderness, the coastguard, don't you?" he said. "Most extraordinary thing. I was called in to see him this morning, and found his wife, who's been bed-ridden this twelvemonth, up and about, as spry as a girl. It seems she felt he was in some danger last night, just before the landslip, and rushed out to warn him—the Lord knows how! That's curious, though I've heard of similar cases. But what puzzles me is the man himself. I found him very sick, and he sent his wife out of the room and told me he hadn't been to sleep for a fortnight, except now and again upon his feet, when he had frightful dreams—and, by George! when I came to examine the man I wasn't surprised. He's been wearing a kind of torture-shirt, like the chaps in the Middle Ages. He said he'd no further use for it, so I brought it away with me as a curiosity. Now, what the devil made the man do a thing like that? He's not mad, so far as I can make out."

"No—I believe he's very much attached to his wife," I said.

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MAHOOLY—Phwat has become of yez bye, Mich. ? Mich.—Faix, an' isn't he studyin' Geology, thin ! Mahooly—Geology, is it, be Gob ? An' where is he studyin' ? Mich.—It's at the fine Government school at Portland, sure.

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will be un-
usually strong
in

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To-Day

A WEEKLY
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Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF CHIEF ABEOKUTA.

BY

A. J. DAWSON.

Illustrated by W. O. BOWMAN.

"I du believe it's wise and good
To sen' out furrin missions—
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' ortherdox conditions;

I mean nine thousan' dols.
per ann.,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

"I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen,
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin'.
It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudent course is
steadied;
I scent wich pays the best,
an' then
Go into it bald-headed."

—*The Pious Editor's Creed.*

In a certain small settle-
ment not very far from Accra,
in West Africa, two otherwise
godly men are thirsting for
each other's gore. The Wes-
leyan minister has never
spoken to the incumbent of the
Church of England in that
town since Chief Abeokuta
married the half-caste girl
from Cape Coast Castle, and
both have placed on record

several bitter sermons, dealing trenchantly with
each other's little failings, and causing the coloured
portion of their respective audiences to grin audibly
and with much gusto.

The white men at the settlement—there are very few,
and their lives are deadly monotonous—enjoyed the

fun, too, while it lasted. I am inclined to think the
Rev. Bulstrode James, of the Established Church, rather
liked it; but there was no doubt that his reverend friend,
Mr. Park, of the other denomination, took the matter
very much to heart.

Mr. Park was young, and new to West Africa. He had
all the wonderful enthusiasm which distinguishes men
who have not had their first bout of fever, and who still
cherish the beliefs of their college days in the matter of
the cultivation and reformation of their "cull'd bred-
'ren." One of the first men he tackled after his arrival
at the settlement was a wealthy and powerful chief named
Abeokuta. Now, Abeokuta had more slaves than he
could count, and his trade with the coast in palm oil

was immense. He had corals
and pearls worth a king's
ransom, a costly taste in
champagne and machine guns,
and a fine disregard for every-
one's convenience but his own.
He had never pretended to
become converted to any
white man's religious doc-
trines, and cared very little
about even Ju-Ju, the god of
his own people. However,
the Rev. Edward Park
"allowed," as the American
missionary put it, that he
would convert Daddy Abeo-
kuta to the faith of John
Wesley, and it was the one
humorous thing in life at the
settlement to watch him in
the process.

As is customary amongst
very new arrivals on the
Coast, the Wesleyan clergy-
man took his breakfast at
eight or nine o'clock in the
morning, instead of half-
past eleven, and thought
nothing of walking about in

the sun from nine till noon, or later. The white men
at the big "factory" used to pull their lounge chairs
up to the windows at about nine or half-past, and watch
Mr. Park instructing the guileless Abeokuta in the way
he should go. Now, Abeokuta, when he was staying in
the settlement, was a man who went to bed very late,



and was scrupulous in the matter of being thoroughly drunk before finally retiring for the night. This was a weakness of his, for which he accounted to Mr. Park by saying: "Long time me always be drunk in de ni'-time. My fadder, 'e be all same same, an' s'pose me no be drunk, den me no get sleep no mor' nuffin."

One would have thought that a clear and logical argument like this would have convinced the most rabid prohibitionist; but it was not so with the Wesleyan minister. He tried to reason with the chief, even on this point.

When Abeokuta woke in the morning at about eight or nine o'clock, he would wander flabbily on to the verandah of a native trader's house, and settle down with a couple of bottles of dry Monopole. He would lie there, stretching and yawning over his champagne, till eleven or twelve o'clock, and it was during this period that the work of his conversion was proceeded with. When the minister walked briskly up to the verandah out

Abeokuta took a long pull at his bottle, and then said: "You Park!"—the West African knows not the "Mister" of civilisation—"you talka me plenty time that de man who b'leeve foh yoh Ju-Ju 'e go 'evin' (Heaven) for suah! No be so?" The clergyman nodded. "Well, my brudder, 'e b'leeve foh yoh Ju-Ju, an' 'e be good man, so 'e mus' go 'evin'. No be so? Now, you say 'evin be fine place—all man 'e go dere 'e be happy. So what foh you be sorry? What foh you be vekis" (vexed) 'cos by brudder 'e die? You white man, you be foolish like I dunno what! You no get sense! You say when good man 'e go die 'e be happy; den yoh say 'nudder man mus' be vekis, an' no drink 'cos his good brudder die! What foh yoh no be glad, eh?"

Mr. Park's replies to this and many other questions were not placed on record, but his conversation must have made some impression on the mind of Abeokuta, for after a few weeks it was announced that that respected chief had become converted, and was to be re-



KNOCKING THE TOP OFF A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE DURING THE LONG PRAYER.

of the glaring sun, and saluted Abeokuta as though he were speaking to a parishioner in an English village, the chief would always bob his woolly head, and invite his visitor to drink Monopole from the broken neck of a gilt-topped bottle. This was how the fun used to begin, and the men at the big "factory" roared regularly at this pantomime, though they witnessed it every day.

The native chief liked to have the white man's parson pay him regular visits and talk earnestly to him. He took it as a tribute to his power, and was grateful, though after the first half-hour he did yawn pretty frequently as he stretched his great black limbs on the boards. He made some rather good remarks, too, at different times, in talking to the Rev. Edward Park. On one particularly hot morning the parson found him very muddled before ten o'clock. He had been sitting by the bedside of one of his brothers, who had died before sunrise, and Mr. Park remonstrated plaintively with him for drinking on so sad and solemn an occasion, when his brother lay dead a few yards away.

ceived in the bosom of the Wesleyan Church. The good Mr. Park was jubilant, and wrote fully to Exeter Hall authorities of this, his first and important conversion. Here was a splendid example to throw at the heads of the old hands on the Coast, who mildly ridiculed his enthusiasm!

Sure enough, when the first Sunday after his conversion came round, Abeokuta marched into the little Wesleyan church with a retinue of followers that nearly filled the place. It is true he rather disconcerted the congregation by knocking the top off a champagne bottle during the long prayer, but his inexperience was considered sufficient excuse for this.

Two or three days afterwards the chief went away on a trip to his own territory, and induced the clergyman to accompany him. As soon as his large feet were firmly planted on his native jungle he informed the clergyman that he wished to marry, according to the rites of the Wesleyan Church, a young half-caste girl named Mara, who was looked upon as being the beauty of the district.

Mr. Park gently pointed out that, as Abeokuta was then the proud possessor of twenty-three wives, the prejudices of the Wesleyan denomination would make it rather hard for him to be united in the holy bonds with yet another maiden.

The chief passed over this trifling objection with lofty indifference, and said, "Dat be all same same, Park! Dis girl, she be bes' past all dem udder wimmin! Me no care foh dem no moh dan nuffin'!"

Mr. Park quietly but firmly persisted that, as a representative of the Wesleyan Church, he could not perform the ceremony for a man who was already so numerously married as Abeokuta. Then the clergyman had a glimpse of the real native as he was. The chief said: "You, Park, you sabe dis! Me be chief here; you be Ju-Ju man parson. Dat's all same same. Me go foh marry dem girl in de Weslin Church. S'pose you make um proper, all right! S'pose yoh no make um proper, me tink um better yoh go 'way quick, case some man 'e go kill yoh! Sabe?"

The end of it was that Abeokuta got into a towering passion at the parson's obduracy in refusing the rites of the Church in the matter of this twenty-fourth bride, and Mr. Park had to return to the settlement rather hurriedly.

Three days afterwards Abeokuta marched in with a tribe of slaves and supporters, and, calling on the Rev. Bulstrode James, expressed an earnest desire to become

a member of the Established Church. The Rev. Bulstrode smiled, and received the convert from a dissenting body with open arms.

A week later it was announced, much to the horror of the Wesleyan section, that arrangements had been made for the celebration in the English Church of the settlement, of a marriage between Chief Abeokuta and Mara, the half-caste girl. Mr. Park openly expressed his indignation against the Rev. Bulstrode James, but when the day of the marriage arrived the little church was crowded, and all the white residents turned out to witness the binding together in matrimony of Abeokuta and the beautiful half-caste. Several white men signed the register, and at a very swell breakfast given by the bridegroom after the ceremony, McLaren, the English doctor, said—

"How did you manage about those other wives of yours, Abe, old boy? Did you get an all-round divorce?"

The chief grinned till he had exposed quite a valuable consignment of ivory, and replied—

"Ho! me sabe dat palaver proper! Me sell um sevinteen to me brudder, an' sis—six—to me son, an' make plenty money so, cos dey be fine wimmin!"

And this is really the reason of the coldness still existing between the reverend pastors of the Wesleyan and the Established Churches in that settlement.

SOCIAL PARALLELS. BY BARRY PAIN. I.—THE FRIENDLY CHAT.

"I'd a penny ter spend yes'day, and spent it, too."

"Ho!"

"Yur never 'as nutthink."

"Per'aps I do, an' per'aps I don't."

"Whort der yer mean?"

"On'y fawther's dorg bit a perleeceman the other dye, and I saw it."

"Go it—allus braggin'."

"It ain't braggin'—it's terewth. And if it was, 'oo begun it? You with your mucky penny, whort yer've never 'ad."

"We shall see you at the duchess's, of course."

"No, we are not going."

"You never seem to go out anywhere. It is a shame that people don't ask the really nice people."

"Perhaps they do ask us, and we don't go."

"I don't quite see what you mean, dear."

"Only, Herbert and I made up our minds, when we married, that we would live the higher life, and we do not care for some forms of amusement."

"Of course, dear, you're very clever, but do you think you ought to despise everybody like this?"

"I don't—I only state the facts. And surely it is you who are so ready to despise people, on the strength of the invitation from the duchess, which you've got out of her at last."

II.—A PROPOSAL.

"Srow it, 'Erry!"

"Garn! 'Oo's afride? (*Kisses her again.*) If yer ain't as tistey a little bit as theer is on the 'Eath!"

"Oh, I dessay! Whort are yer gettin' at?"

"Merridge, an' strite."

"Ho yuss! Surposin' I ain't fur tikin' of yer?"

"And surposin' yer awe. Yer knows I'm fond of yer, Hagnes."

"Well, yer do keep on at it so. If yer really—oh, then, anythink to please yer. (*Aside*) 'Mrs. 'Erry 'Aniford'—it sarnds pretty clawssy."

"HARRY! Please!"

"Don't be afraid of me, dear!" (*Kisses her again.*) Heaven never dreamed anything more beautiful than you."

"Ah, I wonder! (*Sighs.*) What does this all mean?"

"That I love you—that you must be my wife." ♦

"Must?"

"Ah, you will not say No! You know how I adore you, Agnes."

"You are so—so persistent. If you love me like this, I—take me then, Harry. (*Aside*) 'Lady Haniford'—but, of course, it's not the title that I care about."

TWO HARPS.

It seemed to me, two harps before me lay,
One old and worn, the other golden bright,
With taut-stretched strings, that echoed back the light;

The other's loose, all rusted, and astray,
And I took up the one so bright and gay,
Struck a full chord upon the strings drawn tight,
A chord that swept the stillness of the night,
But held a discord as it died away.
So then I took the other, old and worn,
And tenderly I touched the frayed-out strings,
That sent out first a melody forlorn—
Like some sad thought that from the memory springs.
But, as I played, a sweet, true chord was born:
And then I laughed, for Love, I knew, had wings.

—ERIC BROAD.

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AMONG THE IMMORTALS.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

How it came about I can't for the moment remember, but I was out on business, and stood in what an uneducated eye would have taken for the corner of a lumber-room. There were tables, and a grand piano, and a lot of machinery and paraphernalia; while, turning round for a moment, I could see—but that is another matter. There was a sound of music, and occasional applause.

I was talking to a sedate-looking gentleman, who seldom smiled. I forget the subject of the conversation, but recollect that he suddenly stopped, remarking—

"Here come some of your friends!"

As I turned round, a pretty feminine voice said, "How are you?" To my surprise, I found the voice proceeded from no less a person than the Goddess of Painting, whose face seemed familiar. I replied that I was well, but startled.

"Some time since you've been here!" said Painting pleasantly.

I muttered something about having been very busy.

"Have you?" replied Painting, sympathetically enough. "Hullo, here's Poetry!"

And, sure enough, one of the Muses—whether Euterpe, Erato, or Calliope, I can't say—made her appearance.

She wasn't in the least way proud, and shook hands with me as cordially as if I, too, had been an immortal.

"A long time since you've been this side of the house!" she remarked. And I replied hurriedly that I'd been to see a man about a dog.

"I think you look very charming!" I said to the two goddesses.

"Do you?" said the Muse firmly. "I disagree! We look like clowns!"

Thereupon I changed the subject, and talked about the weather.

Just then Venus passed, in a hurry, and Cupid followed his mamma.

"Where's your choirmaster?" I said to the Muse; and she pointed to a far corner, where stood Apollo, stately and handsome, as usual; while on the other side his sister Diana was arranging her bow and arrows. Not far from Apollo, the Goddess of Sculpture was busy; and, where the shadows congregated thickly, I could catch a faint glimpse of Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, all wearing more than Canova has associated with them.

They were talking eagerly, and the severe-looking gentleman with whom I had been conversing held up a finger in reproof.

They thereupon hushed their conversation; though why a mortal should domineer over the Three Graces is more than I could understand.

While trying to think the matter out, I was agreeably interrupted by the arrival of Terpsichore herself. The great Muse smiled affably, and came up for a moment's chat. I fenced about through a few sentences, to get the opportunity of asking her to get me a good tip for the Two Thousand Guineas from Castor or Pollux. Unfortunately, before I could work the conversation round she was called away.

I returned to my conversation with Painting and Poetry, and was feeling very comfortable, when, on a sudden, one cried "Look out!" and the other pushed me into a corner.

It seemed sudden, but effectually saved me from joining the immortals permanently; for some fiends in human shape had taken advantage of momentary darkness to entirely dismantle the dancing saloon at which I had been gazing, and had pushed two huge sections of a wall just past the spot whereon I had stood a moment before. My recovery was sudden, and I looked round to thank those kind goddesses, but they had disappeared.

I readjusted my glasses. Strange though it must appear, the dancing academy was no longer before me, but instead was a beautiful salon, with a conservatory at the

far end. All round were the goddesses whom I had previously noticed; but they were on pedestals, inanimate and silent.

Diana looked so charming that I wondered whether Actæon is as much to be pitied as people suppose. I looked at Venus, and felt that, though Vulcan was unfortunate, nobody could blame Mars.

Then a nice-looking little boy came into the *salon de danse*, and Terpsichore fell in love with him, came down from her pedestal, and waved her hand.

Instantly the statues woke again to life, and came down, hesitating, as though awakened from strange, beautiful dreams. Soon the music—from some invisible orchestra—woke the pictures on the walls, and Mdlle. Sallé came down from her picture and danced as she did in days of old, when Louis XV. reigned in France. Then came Taglioni, and tripped on the light, fantastic toe—first by herself, and finally with Carlotta Grisi, Lucile Grahn, and Cerito, forming the historic tableau over which our fathers and grandfathers went into ecstasies. Truly, I looked upon a strange and rare scene!

I glanced round to the side, where sat the gentleman I came to see. He was by the side of a lady whose face I could not recognise, because she had turned round for a moment. My friend was looking on with a strange unconcern, as though the charming sight did not specially appeal to him.

Meanwhile Terpsichore herself led Taglioni to the front, and invited her, in dumb show, to dance.

From the place invisible to me came a shower of delicious melody, and the great dancer moved delightfully to the sound; while on the steps leading to the conservatory, certain of the gods and goddesses looked on in silent approval.

Soon after, there was a bad accident. Some spirit of the modern perversion of dancing—probably escaped from Tartarus—came forward and went through a performance that made Taglioni hide her face, and Terpsichore shed tears.

But this horrid Mdlle. Fin-de-Siècle cared nothing, and finished her performance with the "splits."

It was too much even for the Muse in whose name this outrage was committed. She went back to her pedestal and straightway changed to stone. The good-looking mortal tried to wake her again, but without success.

He turned round. The statues had all returned to their pedestals, and stood motionless. It was too much for the poor fellow's nerves. He fainted, and as he fell to the ground a strange thing happened.

It darkened. The statues jumped from their pedestals, and ran away as though pursued by mad dogs. Past where I stood there was a stampede by Painting, Sculpture, Venus, and Cupid. On the other side the Graces forsook their rose-wreaths, and joined Sculpture and Apollo in making themselves exceedingly scarce. There was a loud orchestral crash; then the darkness disappeared.

In that moment I turned round, and recognised the lady whom I had not clearly seen before. It was Mme. Katti Lanner, and, when I saw her, I could locate myself.

I was on the prompt side of the stage of the Empire Theatre, whither I had come to see Mr. Capel, the stage-manager. The gods and goddesses, the Muses, the celebrated dancers, had all been summoned back to life by the genius of Mme. Lanner, and it was to her charming pupils that I had been talking. Where I was standing, auditorium and orchestra were alike invisible.

To tell the real truth, I had had some idea of the truth all along, but to have given it away before the end of my narrative would have been foolish.

MISS PACEMAKER—Are you looking for an early spring, Mr. Newbike?

Mr. Newbike—On the contrary, as I begin lessons on the bicycle to-morrow, my mind is dwelling on an early fall.

THE KING
OF JEWELS.

ABORIGINAL GLIMPSES.—VI. BY T. E. DONNISON.

FROM the earliest times, gems appear to have had a subtle and fascinating influence on all manner of men and women, especially the latter. A history of half a dozen well-known precious stones would contain more romance—tragedy preponderating—than half a dozen novels. Lives have been lost in their gaining, their working, their losing; and the love of them will never die in the human race. In classic ages, the passion for gems has been pushed to excess, like the art of their engraving. This latter art is so ancient, that its origin is as unknown as that of Egypt, whose people were the most skilled in the working of rare stones the world has ever known. Among precious gems, the diamond has always taken the premier position. It is the hardest substance known, and can only be cut by its own dust or by another diamond. It will burn away without leaving any residue, being of pure carbon. Diamonds are for the most part colourless, though



THE GOLFER.

not unfrequently tinged with yellow, pink, orange, blue, green—even black and brown. These are known to the trade as Savoy diamonds. The ancients used the diamond in its rough state, with its natural facets alone; Pliny is the first to mention diamond working proper. Till a very late date, they never hit upon the device of cutting the stone with its own dust, though they used the diamond for cutting other stones. In fact, it received its name “adamant,” or unconquerable, owing to the idea that it was impossible to cut it artificially. And even when they did find out how this was to be done, the discovery was of little use to them until they pos-

sessed the knowledge of the mathematical combination of figures necessary to give it proper brilliance. At present the diamond is cut in two forms. On the upper surface is a large plane, round which are cut the many facets that form the so-called *dentelle*. The rose diamonds form, in place of the *dentelle*, a pyramid with numerous facets.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I DON'T go in fur much readin' o' books myself. I likes my noosepiper nar and then when theer's anythink goin', but books I 'as never run to. I knowed a young chap in the sime imply as myself, and 'Ickson was whort 'is nime was, and 'e took up with books. Yoosed ter git 'em art of lendin' libraries and sich, an' took in a piper ev'ry week as 'ad stories in it, and it never did 'im no good—did 'im awm, thet's whort it did. They tuk 'is mind horf 'is wuk. 'E gort that wropt up in 'em 'e couldn't think o' nutthink else. Yer see, these stories in the piper they come art in bits—one bit ev'ry week, and 'e were alwise in a stite of egstement as ter 'ow the next bit were goin' on. 'E brought that piper ter me one dye with a story, “The Blood-red 'And,” runnin' in it. “Look ere,” 'e says, “ow this week's bit ends.” I tuk it, and I read: “At this momint the 'eavyfoldin' doors was flung apawt, and 'oo shud enter but the markis 'isself.” “Well,” I says, “and whort o' thet?” “Why,” says 'e, “by rights thet markis is dead. They murdered 'im on the front pige three weeks back, and they've bin tryin' ter find art 'oo done it ever since, and nar, blimey, if the markis ain't turned up agin as right as paint.” “Thet'll hall be cleared up, if yer on'y wite,” I says. “Likely

enough, the markis as were murdered were not the markis as entered. It ain't anythink ter egbsite yerself abart, seein' as they'll eg spline it all nex' week.” “Ho, yuss!” 'e says, “they'll eg spline it all next week, but thet's seven mortal dyes afore I kin find art 'ow the blimey thing 'appened. Why, I knew whort man 'ad done it. I seed through it all along, and 'ad my finger on the murd'rer. And nar they seem ter 'ave sort of unmurdered 'im agin. Ah, it's a parful story—catches 'old of yer!” Well, thet were the kind o' wye as 'e went on. While thet story were comin' art 'e never sim'd ter 'ave no peace from week's end ter week's end.

Then 'is himaginishun, it used ter bolt with 'im, so ter speak. Theer were one story 'e'd gort as were hall abart the sea, an' pirts, and tikin' a reef in the bowsprit, and sich-like 'anky-panky. Thet seemed ter fairly knock 'im. 'E couldn't talk abart nutthink egsep' the sea, and 'e couldn't think abart nutthink egsep' the sea. When it come ter 'is callin' 'is 'bus the lugger, and syin' starboard instead of off-side, it were a bit thick. Ho, yuss! one dye 'e were stan'nin' on 'is 'bus a dreamin' o' coril hiluns, and sich, when a jumper got in. “Boarded by a bloomin' buccineer,” 'e says ter 'isself. But 'e learnt 'is lessing hall the sime, fur 'e'd give no tickits and tuk no money, and theer were a pretty 'owd-yer-do all rarnd. No, I don't tike on with readin' books. Gimme a lump of hingquests in a Sunday piper, and I'm 'appy.

MDLLE. DEGABY AND BRIGHTON PRUDES.

HER IMPERSONATIONS OF STATUARY.

MDLLE. DEGABY, whose *poses plastiques* have, during the last year or two, been one of the attractions of most of the big Paris halls and variety theatres in succession, is now one of the most popular turns at the Palace Theatre. Possibly, interest may have been stimulated by the action of some Brighton prudes, who objected to her impersonations of nude statuary as indecent, and characterised what unbiased opinion has pronounced a singularly high-class and artistic exhibition as shameless. Be it as it may, Mdlle. Degaby, with her Parisian show, has in due course migrated from the Brighton Alhambra, where she met with so signal a success, to the Palace Theatre, where her reception has been equally flattering.

"I found her," writes an interviewer, "a charming, though somewhat retiring, little lady, of about medium height, with a handsome figure, which more nearly approaches the sculptor's ideal than 999 women out of every 1,000. Mdlle. Degaby was quite willing to give me any information I sought, and to chat brightly in her own tongue, for as yet she speaks but little English.

"Where were you born, mademoiselle?" was the first question.

"Oh, I am French," she replied, smiling—as if anyone could doubt the fact. "A Parisienne, too, and very proud and attached to the city of my birth, I can assure you! I have not left it for long at a time."

"May I ask at what theatres you have appeared, before you came over to show us what real Parisian *poses plastiques* are like?"

"I have given my representations in the Théâtre des Varieties most recently before coming to Brighton; previously to that, at the Eldorado, Casino de Paris, Jardin de Paris, and at Olympia, at all of which places I was very successful.

"Have I posed for a painter? you ask. No, never. I only know one artist, who is Monsieur Marquet de Vasselot, a sculptor. I know many artistes in *poses plastiques* sit for 'the altogetther,' but I, never."

"Have you appeared on the stage as a *danseuse*, *comédienne*, or singer?"

"No; as yet I have done nothing of that sort. But I have studied such things a good deal, and I hope to accomplish something in that line later on."

"People have been talking about those wonderful white garments of yours. Is there anything special about their make?" was the next query.

"Nothing unusual, of consequence, although you can easily see that they are beautifully and most carefully constructed."

The "tights" to which Mademoiselle referred are of thick, dead-white silk—so thick as to give quite the illusion of marble at a little distance—differing slightly,

however, from the ordinary articles, in that they, instead of ending at the wrists and ankles, are made to entirely cover these extremities, thereby aiding the illusion, and obviating the harsh line which would otherwise occur at these points.

"They are made in Paris by a very celebrated maker," Mademoiselle added, after a slight pause.

To ask a Parisienne if she be a *cycliste* generally results in a reply in the affirmative, and it was so in Mdlle. Degaby's case.

"I cycle a little," she replied, with a smile that might have meant amusing experiences with the wheel; "but I much prefer to ride a horse.

"What do I think of England?" exclaimed Mademoiselle, repeating the question. "Well, what I have seen of it I like immensely—that is"—with a *moue*—"when

there isn't a fog. Oh, these fogs! We do not get them in Paris, and I am therefore not used to them."

Asked if she did not feel nervous the first time she appeared in *poses plastiques*, she replied—

"Certainly I did! Indeed, I even now feel a little ashamed to appear in my undraped representations. But I cannot help it. I am obliged to gain my living in this way, my parents"—with a smile—"having unfortunately forgotten to leave me a fortune, which would make my doing so unnecessary."

Of the two English theatres at which she has appeared, and of the London theatres generally, she spoke in terms of praise, and of her English audiences none the less warmly.

"Do you find your poses either difficult or very fatiguing?" was the next question.

"Neither one nor the other," was the response. "Of course, the immense amount of practice I have had has, no doubt, a good deal to do with my not feeling the strain."

In reply to a query, Mdlle. Degaby explained that she was considered by competent judges as being well—most

would have said beautifully—proportioned. Her waist may not be that of a modern Parisian Venus, but it approaches very nearly in proportion that of the Venus of Milo, being (as she laughingly explained) exactly twice the circumference of a remarkably shapely neck—which, in plain English, is somewhere about twenty-six inches.

Mdlle. Degaby is alone responsible for her show. She poses unaided, having first carefully studied the particular bit of statuary she seeks to represent. How well and artistically her posing is done, those who have seen her are able best to judge and appreciate.

On parting, Mdlle. Degaby obligingly gave me a photo of herself in *pose plastique*, for reproduction with this interview.



MDLLE. DEGABY.

MR. H. G. WELLS'S NEW BOOK.*

DR. MOREAU is a vivisector, who has selected a little uninhabited island in which to carry on his experiments. The only other men on the island are the doctor's assistant, Montgomery, and the teller of the story, Edward Prendick. The latter was shipwrecked not far from the island, and was brought to shore by Montgomery. The doctor's studies are best explained in his own words. He is talking to Prendick, who has been considerably surprised at the presence of certain living things on the island. The doctor says:—

"These creatures you have seen are animals carven and wrought into new shapes. To that—to the study of the plasticity of living forms—my life has been devoted. I have studied for years, gaining in knowledge as I go. I see you look horrified, and yet I am telling you nothing new. It all lay in the surface of practical anatomy years ago, but no one had the temerity to touch it. It's not simply the outward form of an animal I can change. The physiology, the chemical rhythm, of the creature may also be made to undergo an enduring modification, of which vaccination and other methods of inoculation with living or dead matter are examples that will, no doubt, be familiar to you. A similar operation is the transfusion of blood, with which subject, indeed, I began. These are all familiar cases."

The doctor has made some sixty experiments, more or less successfully. He has managed to produce a number of animal men. These creatures have human speech. One of the most wonderful chapters in this amazingly clever book is that giving an account of the laws which these beast-folk have framed for themselves. Prendick, the teller of the story, has discovered the dwelling-place of the animal men.

"It was a semi-circular space, shaped like the half of a bee-hive, and against the rocky wall that formed the inner side of it was a pile of variegated fruits, cocoanuts and others. Some rough vessels of lava and wood stood about the floor, and one on a rough stool. There was no fire. In the darkest corner of the hut sat a shapeless mass of darkness that grunted 'Hey!' as I came in, and my Ape Man stood in the dim light of the doorway, and held out a split cocoanut to me as I crawled into the other corner and squatted down. I took it, and began gnawing it, as serenely as possible, in spite of my tense trepidation and the nearly intolerable closeness of the den. The little pink sloth creature stood in the aperture of the hut, and something else, with a drab face and bright eyes, came staring over its shoulder.

"'Hey!' came out of the lump of mystery opposite. 'It is a man! it is a man!' gabbled my conductor. 'A man, a man, a live man, like me!'

"'Shut up!' said the voice from the dark, and grunted. I gnawed my cocoanut amid an impressive silence. I peered hard into the blackness, but could distinguish nothing. 'It is a man,' the voice repeated. . . . 'It is a man. He must learn the Law.' . . . I was puzzled. 'Say the words,' said the Ape Man, repeating; and the figures in the doorway echoed this with a threat in the tone of their voices. I realised I had to repeat this idiotic formula. And then began the insanest ceremony. The voice in the dark began intoning a mad litany, line by line, and I and the rest to repeat it. As they did so, they swayed from side to side, and beat their hands upon their knees, and I followed their example. I could have imagined I was already dead and in another world. The dark hut, these grotesque, dim figures, just flecked here and there by a glimmer of light, and all of them swaying in unison, and chanting—

"'Not to go on all-fours; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"'Not to suck up drink; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"'Not to eat flesh nor fish; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"'Not to claw bark of trees; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

"'Not to chase other men; that is the Law. Are we not Men?'

"And so, from the prohibition of these acts of folly, on to the prohibition of what I thought then were the maddest, most impossible, and most indecent things one could well imagine. A kind of rhythmic fervour fell on all of us; we gabbled and swayed faster and faster, repeating this amazing law. Superficially, the contagion of these brute men was upon me, but, deep down within me, laughter and disgust struggled together. We ran through a long list of prohibitions, and then the chant swung round to a new formula—

"'His is the House of Pain.

"'His is the Hand that makes.

"'His is the Hand that wounds.

"'His is the Hand that heals.'

"And so on, for another long series, mostly quite incomprehensible gibberish to me, about *Him*, whoever he might be. I could have fancied it was a dream, but never before have I heard chanting in a dream.

"'His is the lightning flash,' we sang. 'His is the deep salt sea.'

"A horrible fancy came into my head that Moreau, after animalising these men, had infected their dwarfed brains with a kind of deification of himself. However, I was too keenly aware of white teeth and strong claws about me to stop my chanting on that account.

"'His are the stars in the sky.'

"At last the song ended."

A SUNSET PHANTOM.

In Life's warm, mellow afternoon,
Where shadows come so silently,
I saw an unfamiliar shape
Against the glow of sunset sky.

It was not bare with tattered scarf,
Tangled with nettles here and there;
It was not murdered Hope, or Love,
For these, tho' wounded, still are fair;

It was not Death, with sable plume,
Bannered and draped with mournful crape;
It was not Wrong, with burning touch,
Nor Slander, with its mouth agape.

It was a solemn, dusky form,
Whose cloudy wings went to and fro,
And darkened with their shadow deep
The ruddy, peaceful afterglow.

I did not know her till she turned
And bowed, and bent her head again;
Ah! then I saw and knew her face,
The haggard face of Human Pain.

I shut my eyes—I turned away—
Yet through closed lids I saw her still,
And whispered, "Oh, unwelcome guest,
Why hast thou come? What is thy will?"

"I come, oh, friend, that brighter far
The glad beyond shall clearer show,
Because I stand awhile between
Thy noonday and thine afterglow."

DISPEPTICS should smoke "Tinico." See under "Club Chatter."

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* "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells. (W. Heinemann.)

THE MANAGEMENT OF SERVANTS.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

A CORRESPONDENT has written to ask some questions about the usual arrangements with servants. The "day out" is an important question, which must be settled with the servant when she is engaged. It has now become usual to allow each servant to have one day out in every month, in addition to alternate Sunday afternoons, and an occasional evening. The entire day is often a great inconvenience to the mistress, and I find that servants usually prefer to have a good dinner before they go out, and consequently show very little reluctance to abridge their holiday so far as to get the family luncheon over before they set forth on their day's pleasuring. The holiday then resolves itself into the afternoon and evening. When a servant's home is at some distance from town, a week or so in every autumn is usually granted her, and it is occasionally arranged that this shall take the place on the monthly holiday.

The cost of each female servant, exclusive of wages, may be set down, at the very lowest, at £50 per annum. I reckon it in this way: between £30 and £40 a year for food, £2 12s. for washing, £3 or £4 for wear and tear of bed-clothes, etc.; and to this is to be added on the cost of their breakages and the things they ruin by carelessness and wastefulness. Then come their wages, to be added on to this. It may be said that £50 a year is more than the cost of an ordinary servant's board, lodging, washing, and waste, and, of course, much depends on the sort of food they are given, which varies greatly in different households.

Some housewives allow their servants bacon, eggs, or fish at breakfast; others give only bread and butter. Again, there is a great difference in the supper allowed in some houses for the servants. Bread and cheese is the rule in many establishments, but in others meat or fish, or the remains of some dish from the dinner-table, is permitted. In the matter of dinner itself there is equal variance. In some families there is abundance of good food at the servants' table, while in others parsimony reigns.

The usual allowance for servants is, per week, half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of tea, one pound of loaf sugar, and a daily pint of beer. There is no restriction as to bread, but it should be a rule in every household that all bread must be a day old before it is eaten. Not only is this necessary for economy's sake, but it is beneficial to health.

The usual bill of fare for the kitchen in middle-class houses includes bacon, eggs, or dried fish for breakfast, joints and pudding, or soup, cold meat and pickles, for dinner, tea and bread and butter at half-past four, and bread and cheese for supper. It is well, in engaging a servant, to say "I do not give meat suppers," if such be the intention. But it is not necessary, on that account, never to give anything but bread and cheese.

It is necessary to see occasionally that servants regularly open the windows in the bedrooms, and that they do not read in bed. If they imagine that the mistress of the house never goes near their sleeping quarters, a condition of sad neglect may just possibly ensue, and the dangerous habit of reading in bed very probably becomes a habit with the least conscientious. An occasional excursion to the upper regions after going up to bed will have a salutary effect. If any lights are seen at the mistress' bedtime, there is something wrong which needs to be inquired into. By all means let servants enjoy their privacy, but at the same time do not permit them to think that they are not supervised.

THE CHAIR-CANER AND HIS WORK.

THE old man was sitting down upon something. This much was certain, but his resting place was so very small, and so near the ground, that he might just as well have been sitting on the pavement. Judging from the old man's expression, I should say that a nice smooth piece of the pavement would have made a much more comfortable seat. He spoke deliberately, and his conversation revealed him to me as a very good kind of pessimist. While he talked he worked at a broken chair.

"Chair-canin' ain't what it used to be; them wooden-bottomed things with perforated holes are all the go now."

"Business is bad, is it?"

"Bad! Well, it couldn't be any worse, and that's somethin' to be thankful for. I sometimes go a whole week, and don't earn more'n three shillin's. Years ago I used to make five or six bob a day."

"What is your price for caning a chair?"

"It used to be eighteenpence, now it's ninepence. The cane costs threepence, and a chair takes about an hour and a quarter to do, so it ain't a very fat livin'."

"But you get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and——"

"Oh, yes; plenty o' that. Walkin' about all day—nice job. You'd like it, wouldn't you? No; my old missus has been a caner all her life, an' now she 'as the rheumatics pretty nigh every day, through bein' out in all weathers."

"So you are both in the business?"

"Yes. I'm sixty-six, and I took to canin' when I was fifty-one. I was a bricklayer's labourer before that, and I wish I was back at my old work."

"Well, why did you give it up?"

"Dunno. I got old, you know, and the masters think that the old 'uns can't go to their work as well as the young 'uns. Then, my missus being a caner, she taught me. It took me two years before I could do it properly. You 'ave to split the cane yourself with a razor. It's just the ordinary kind of cane that you used to 'ave at school, only we buy it in longer bits."

"Do you work in London all the year round?"

"No; we goes to Kent for the 'oppin'. That ain't what it used to be—not 'oppin'; they ask you to pick six, seven, and eight bushels for the same money as you used to get for four. But the canin' is better in the country than it is 'ere. We gets eighteenpence a chair in Kent—nice place, Kent. But it's a poor business, takin' it all the year round. High Wycombe, that's the place for cane chairs! The men make the woodwork, and the children are taught to do the canin'. And they do it—at twopence-halfpenny a chair! Awful, I call it."

"But you don't have such a bad time, do you?"

"Well, it ain't always three bob a week; sometimes it goes to nine and ten—but what's that? Then the kitchens ain't as convenient as they was. I get asked to take the chairs and do 'em outside—same as I'm doin' now—instead of 'avin' a bit o' grub with 'em indoors. But occasionally I comes across a good 'ouse, where they give you somethin' to eat, and p'raps a gent will stop in the street and talk, and then——"

The inevitable happened.

THE NEW CYCLING SERIAL.

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"TO-DAY"

THERE WILL BE COMMENCED

"The Wheels of Chance."

By W. G. WELLS.

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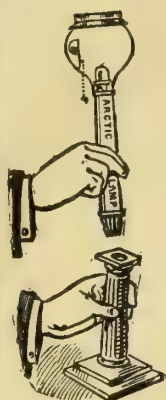
"You have a very fine climate here," said the visitor to a resident. "Such a bracing air!"

"Yes," replied the resident gloomily; "but then there bicyclists come along and pump the air into their pneumatic tyres and carry it off!"

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMY.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

SIXTEEN years ago it was decided by authority that the strength of our Army should be eight army corps. That is, that Great Britain should permanently maintain on a war footing, ready for immediate mobilisation, 240,000 to 250,000 men. We are still some distance from that ideal position. The Under-Secretary for War, speaking in present session of Parliament, on the introduction of the Army estimates for the year, spoke of *three* army corps, and seemed to think that successive Governments had done very well indeed, when they had managed, in sixteen years, to organise considerably less than one-half of the minimum military force which, it was admitted on all sides, was required for national defence. But Mr. Brodrick went a little further. He had the audacity, or the ignorance—one cannot very well say which—to speak of the *three* army corps as if they were ready. They are nothing of the sort; and the Under-Secretary for War, if he has the most rudimentary knowledge of his work, or understands, even dimly, the figures with which he is supplied by the permanent officials of the War Office, must know that to be so.

MINISTERS AND THE ARMY.

Ministers have a very simple and usually effective way of answering criticisms in the House of Commons. If anybody complains that the Army is below its proper standard, they add to the numbers serving the Reserves and any other bodies of troops they can with any show of plausibility incorporate in the total, and then parade the whole as if it represented a properly organised force. Mr. Brodrick ought to have known that we have not three complete army corps, much less eight. The detail of the three corps he referred to is laid down in Army Orders of February 1st, 1896. The first army corps is the only one of the three in accordance with the field establishments for home defence. The second has no balloon section, and, instead of a field company of engineers, has a garrison, and therefore an immobile, company attached. What is the state of the third corps, which Mr. Brodrick would have people believe is composed of regular troops ready for war? The third corps has three of its brigades composed of Militia instead of Regulars; it has Volunteer bearer companies, has no pontoon troop, no telegraph section, no balloon section, and has, instead of three Royal Engineer companies, a makeshift composed of one Volunteer and two fortress companies. And yet this is one of the corps ready for modern warfare. It is all very well to avert discussion in the House of Commons by the skilful manipulation of statistics, but the country in her hour of need will want something sterner than the smart answer which turneth away inquiry. The utmost that the War Department could do at present would be to get one complete army corps in the field, and the mobilisation would require at least three weeks. They could also probably add 4,000 or 5,000 men to cover the lines of communication, but seven or eight weeks would elapse before the second corps could be in the field.

Great Britain pays annually a sum of twenty millions sterling for the Army. In return for this expenditure the country gets a total force of about 700,000. This figure includes Regulars, Reserves, Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers. Practically speaking, only about 100,000 men of all this number, or about three army corps, taking the most optimistic estimate, are on anything approaching a war footing. Germany, for an expenditure of twenty-eight millions, gets twenty-two and a-half army corps and eight cavalry divisions; France, for twenty-six millions, gets twenty army corps and seven cavalry divisions; while Russia, for thirty-one millions, can maintain twenty-two army corps and

an equal number of cavalry divisions. So that our Army is about six times as expensive, man for man, as that of any foreign Power. All critics, both home and foreign, are agreed that in organisation and preparedness for war it is lamentably behind. At present our Regular Army consists of 148 battalions of infantry, thirty-one regiments of cavalry, and 108 batteries of field and horse artillery. These numbers do not represent any per-centage of the population required for war, nor do they convey any idea of the proportion of troops needed for the various requirements; they are simply the utmost limits to which successive Governments, anxious to keep down taxes, would go in the matter of national insurance.

ARMAMENT.

With regard to armament, the condition of affairs is even more hap-hazard and erratic. There are three types of rifle—the Lee-Metford, the Martini-Henry, and the Enfield-Martini—at present in use. I believe, however, it is proposed to arm all the troops with the .303 magazine rifle. In this weapon it has been found necessary to abolish the Metford barrel, because it would not stand the wear and tear of cordite and the nickel-coated bullet. Otherwise it is a reliable rifle, and the equal, if not the superior, of any foreign magazine rifle. In field-guns our experience has been more unfortunate. During the space of twenty-five years there have been six different types in use—a 9-pounder, 12-pounder, 13-pounder, 14-pounder, 15-pounder, and 16-pounder. The “changes in warlike stores” for February introduce a 15 lb. shell for the 12-pounder gun, although it was stated by the Secretary of State for War some little time since that the shell would be only 14 lb.; the reason assigned for using the lighter shell being that the 15 lb. shell, owing to its length, “wobbled” during its flight. “Wobbling,” however, seems the natural method of progression in military matters in England, and the heads of the War Department have adopted the “wobbling” projectile, possibly out of sheer sympathy and fellow-feeling. If the 12-pounder gun cannot be bored so as to take a shell equal to those they would have to deal with in the field, it had better be replaced. It is worth noting that the corresponding gun in the French service fires a 19½ lb. shell. The increased weight of the French projectile might interfere with the mobility of the batteries to some slight extent, but its greater range and superior destructiveness would more than compensate for this defect. In addition to the list of guns given above, the Volunteer position batteries are armed with 20-pounders and 40-pounders. What would be the condition of mind of the artillery officer in charge of the ammunition column of a British Army with eighteen different sorts of projectiles to serve out—that is, three for each of the six varieties of gun with which our Army would take the field?

A NATIONAL SCANDAL AND DISGRACE.

Confusion on the field, and consequent disaster, would be the inevitable result. During the manoeuvres at Aldershot last autumn, it was noticed one day that one only of the three horse artillery batteries attached to the cavalry was able to come into action, the other two, armed with a different nature of gun, being absolutely silent. It seems these last two batteries were the latest productions of the factories, and included some new and, it was expected, highly useful improvements. The “improvements” certainly would have been useful—to the enemy—as the guns could not be fired at all. Six other guns, sent up from the same factory, broke down after firing a few blank charges. To supply such guns to the Army constitutes a terrible danger, and the bare possi-

bility of such things occurring is a national scandal and a disgrace to those responsible for the ordnance factories.

Coming back to the question of men, the total number of Regulars and Reservists on the regimental establishments at home cannot be estimated at more than 110,000. If they were required for service abroad, the number must be reduced by nearly one-third, because 30,000 of them are boys and youths under twenty-one, with only twelve months' or less training. This deduction would reduce the available force to about 75,000. That is to say, with 190,000 Regulars and Reservists and 108,000 Militia on the roll, only a little over one-third could be relied upon to cross the seas to carry the war into an enemy's country. Of course, thousands of the Volunteers would eagerly accept foreign service, but it would be little short of murder to pit them, trained and officered as they are at present, against French or German troops. A glaring defect in our military system is the fact that the Volunteers and Yeomanry are not available for service in Ireland. In war, between 30,000 and 40,000 troops would be locked up in that country to guard against possible disaffection. The remedy, obviously, is to provide that all our auxiliary forces should be liable for service any-

where in the United Kingdom, and the Militia for service in Europe, Northern Africa, or Canada. It comes then, to this, that for all purposes outside India only 75,000 troops would be available. India, with about 30,000 additional white troops (Lord Roberts estimates 50,000), would probably be safe against either invasion or rebellion, and may be left out of the calculation. How far would the 75,000 men go, suppose it were necessary to land an expedition on the Continent? France and Germany can each put 3,000,000 men in the field; Russia, 2,500,000; Austria, 1,500,000; and Italy, 1,000,000. If we were to attempt, say, the conquest of Algiers, we would require at least 100,000. If we are to help the Canadians in case of difficulty, there would be 150,000 required, and about the same number would be required if we landed troops in Europe to assist an ally. To do all this, we have 75,000 men, out of which reinforcements would have to be provided to strengthen the garrisons of fortresses and coaling-stations abroad, and 10,000 additional for Egypt, and at least 30,000 for India. It will be evident, therefore, that the Army is not only powerless for over-sea service, but, in the event of the fleet not securing us from invasion, would not be sufficient for defence at home.

ABOUT THE NEW DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. ARTHUR DU CROS.

IN connection with cycling there is nothing of greater importance at the present time than the sensational purchase of the Pneumatic Tyre Company for £3,000,000. It is a gigantic commercial speculation, which is bound to have a great influence on cycling as a pastime and tyre-making as an industry. The gentlemen who have brought it about are naturally interesting figures in the cycling world just now. On these pages are the portraits of the principals—Mr. Harvey du Cros, Chairman of the



MR. HARVEY DU CROS.

company, and Mr. Arthur du Cros, the General Manager. No one knows more about the new company than Mr. Arthur, who has been at the right hand of his father from the start. He is a smart and shrewd young gentleman in business, a lover of cycling and athletics generally, and a person from whom it is a pleasure to get business statistics and details.

I saw him in the spacious building, 14, Regent Street,

where he is at the head of affairs, and he very readily conversed about the history and prospects of the company.

"Have you anything fresh to tell me about the new company and its valuable tyre?" I asked.

Resting his arms on the table, and looking quite happy about the business, he queried, "Will you allow me to tell you something that is old, but which is made interesting by the great change that is now taking place in our company?" I instantly assented, and he said, "Let me tell you how this tyre was invented, and then I will carry you along with me to the latest things that have happened in the history of our company. The old story of the start will bear retelling to-day. Mr. J. R. Dunlop was a veterinary surgeon in Belfast. This is how he was led to invent the pneumatic tyre. In 1888, his son, a schoolboy, complained of the uncomfortable vibration experienced when riding his solid machine. This led the father to think seriously about a new invention. How clearly he thought and how hard he worked I need not tell you. He accomplished his task, and the pneumatic tyre became a reality."

"How did Mr. Harvey du Cros come to be connected with the tyre-making industry?"

"The members of our family have always been athletes. In 1878 my father won the amateur boxing championship of Ireland. As a fencer, he was acknowledged to be one of the best in that country. He was a born gymnast. We inherit from our father a love of gymnastics. But the particular branch of sport to which we devoted ourselves most enthusiastically was bicycle racing. The moment we tried a pneumatic tyre we realised its immense value from a racing point of view. As racing men, we instantly saw its worth, and adopted it. It was looked upon as a curious and clumsy innovation. Promoters of sports and racing men fought shy of it. Fortunately, we didn't. My father, who had the commercial spirit strong within him, viewed it in its commercial aspect. He was wiser than his sons, and was the starter of the original Dunlop Company."

"Can you indicate briefly the progress you have made?"

Treating the company historically, Mr. du Cros said, "We started with a capital of £25,000, and up to

the present time the shareholders have paid into the concern £262,000. The company is now being purchased for the sum of three millions, and the shareholders have, in exchange for the £262,000, received the sum of £3,545,620, which includes dividends. For every £1 in the original company the individual shareholder has got back £52. We have 100 original shareholders on the books to-day."

"And had you any difficulties to face?"

"The introduction of the tyre was opposed by the cycling trade."

"Why?"

"Well, they considered we were introducing it at an inopportune moment. That is, perhaps, too general. As a matter of fact, then, it was in the middle of the season, and the manufacturers considered that the popularity of the new idea would necessitate a complete change in the patterns then being used at their factories."

"Why do you continue to have your head-quarters in Dublin?"

"That is merely a sentimental matter. We lived in Ireland; the company was started there, and I suppose it will remain in Ireland so far as the head-quarters are concerned. Everything is manufactured in England and sent to Ireland."

"You have branches all over the world?"

"We have. Wherever there was business to be done one member of the family introduced himself and laid the foundation for the vast business connections which we have in various countries to-day."

"And have you sent Englishmen out to these countries?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, they are mostly Irishmen who have gone out, but we have many Englishmen and Scotchmen in our continental and colonial branch establishments. Most of the managers of our branches are young men. Need I tell you why? It is necessary to have young men concerned in the management of cycling concerns. You see, the pastime of cycling is really modern. Everything connected with it must be up-to-date. We, therefore, carefully select young men of enterprise— young men who, in a practical way, know what riders require, and young men who are on the alert and always watching to gauge and cater for the public taste."

"You have efficient staffs and good organisation."

"We have everything we can desire in the directions you refer to. Let me tell you that the new company does not propose to disturb the splendid organisation created all over the world. This perfectly reliable and active organisation is the source of the company's greatest strength and success. I may tell you that it has been a pleasure to those who founded the company, and especially to my father, to arrange for the setting aside of £84,000 to be distributed amongst the employés. This sum, distributed as a kind of bonus, will be some little recompense to those who have done so much good work in connection with the old company."

"Do you anticipate large developments in the near future?"

"We propose to acquire at least one very large business. As you know, we have already secured the Clincher Tyre concern, which is next to the Dunlop in popularity and magnitude. Therefore, you see the new company will be exceptionally strong. In addition to this, we have acquired other good going concerns, of which the public will hear more when we get the prospectuses issued."

"What do you think about the future of the pneumatic tyre?"

"In a few years' time all wheeled vehicles will run on air. It is only eighteen months since we started to perfect the pneumatic tyre. Since then we have carried on a rapidly increasing business. Now we have been compelled to purchase the large factory occupied by the Singer Company at Coventry, where we will manufacture carriage wheels and tyres."

Motor cars, he is sure, will increase the business of the new tyre-making company.

Mr. du Cros gave me some pointed answers to several important questions. I asked him how the pneumatic tyre behaved when being wheeled over sharp stones and flints.

"It is just where many would expect it to deceive the owner that the tyre wins approval on account of the



MR. ARTHUR DU CROS.

surprising freedom from cuts and accidents. It absorbs sharp obstacles, and if occasionally there is a cut, it is superficial, and never can be denominated a puncture. Small cuts can be solutioned, and they do not make the tyre less safe."

I examined the tyres in the show-room. Bicycle tyres are not simpler—indeed, the carriage tyres being larger and stronger appear to me to be easier to manage than the smaller ones. There was only a very perceptible bulge where the wheels touched the floor, and the inflation was not only easy, but most satisfactory when finished. These carriage tyres do not skid; they run smoothly over tram lines and all indentations, and when they are kept properly inflated they will run, I am told, at least 2,000 miles. "There can be no doubt," added Mr. du Cros in conclusion, "that the 'going concern' taken over by the new Dunlop Company must inevitably become one of the greatest commercial enterprises of the age."

TO-DAY CYCLING PAGE.

BY THE MAJOR.

By far the largest part of the century, on the eve of which we now are, will be horseless. At any rate, that is the opinion held by the leaders in the Motor Car Company promotion movement. Foremost amongst those who have absolute faith in the new system is Mr. Harry J. Lawson, who, as far back as 1876, was interesting himself in carriages to be driven by petroleum engines. I don't know anyone who has clearer ideas about the situation to-day, and he is certainly a gentleman whose opinions with regard to the future ought to be considered of some interest and importance.

"What is the latest development—is there anything sensational in it?" I asked him this question in Holborn, the other day.

"There is something sensational in the manner in which the public are beginning to realise the importance and magnitude of this new system of locomotion. Two or three days ago I was in Coventry. I saw a large number of little children, many of them tiny things, not more than five years old, going along the roads on bicycles. I said to a manufacturer who was with me, 'What does this mean? Have you got juvenile bicycling

clubs?' He said 'No, they are children going to school; and the parents are buying bicycles for them as fast as we can supply them.' I noticed that the children all carried school bags, and that many of them rode up to the very doors of the Board schools. I said, 'What do they do with their bicycles when they get to school?' and he answered, 'Our schools are provided with accommodation for the bicycles of the scholars.' Coventry is the pioneer in juvenile cycling; but in a few years you will see children wheeling all over the country."

"What do your Coventry experiences teach you?"

"They teach me that people are wrong when they say the boom in cycling is going to suddenly cease, and that in the future few homes will not contain a bicycle. The man who was talking to me on this subject expressed my own opinion when he said that children will one day learn to ride bicycles with less trouble than they learn to walk. Besides, you can go faster and further than the swiftest animal. The best going horses can be beaten by the cyclist. For instance, where is the animal that can equal Shorland's performance in the twenty-four hours?"

"What is the position of the pneumatic tyre in relation to the motor car?"

"I am Chairman of the second most important company. We are next to the old Pneumatic Company. The pneumatic tyre has killed the iron tyre. No one can regret this. Iron tyres break up the roads, destroy vehicles by causing vibration, kill people when they run over them, and make a rattle which, in a city like Manchester, where they have rough roads, destroys many of the pleasures of street life."

"What is the latest improvement in pneumatics?"

"I have just tested one. What do you think it consists of? It simply consists in the employment of pneumatic tyres in a half-inflated state, instead of in a tightly blown-up condition. Tight tyres do very well on bicycles, but they do not work well on motor cars and horse-drawn vehicles. When the pneumatic tyre is only partly filled with air—when, say, there is a pressure upon it of about 15 lbs. to the square inch—punctures are practically impossible. You cannot, even with a hammer, drive a sharp nail into a tyre inflated in this sensible manner. The resiliency is such that it is impossible to puncture the motor car tyre, and it is only when a tyre is tight that sharp stones pierce it. In America, they are using tyres nearly a foot in diameter, and the people there are in advance of us in discerning the advantage of a partly blown-up tyre. Across the Atlantic, tyres are like pillows—they are so much flattened out. Why, you can go over a ploughed field with one of those American tyred machines, and never feel the least jolting. Now, when you publish this in *TO-DAY*, I shall be told that those tyres are extremely ugly. But then you can educate people up to anything, and I believe that in a few years the thin pneumatic of to-day will be looked upon as unshapely and uncomfortable."

"What other advantages are likely to arise out of this latest invention?"

"Surely, the roads have to be considered! When these bulky tyres are in general use the roads will not be destroyed and torn up as they are now by the iron tyres. So many immense surfaces moving over the roads will keep them level and in good condition. Of course, these tyres will meet with the opposition and condemnation of coachbuilders. Carriages, and especially wheels, will last longer when these tyres are used."

"What have you to say concerning the financial side of the invention?"

"People would look at us incredulously if we told them about the profits we are making on a small capital. In the course of a few months, the whole of the facts will be made public. A syndicate has offered to buy us right out at once, and £8 per share has been offered and refused. Why, even £16 per share has been suggested; but I do not think we are likely to accept even that large and flattering price. Our capital being so very small, and our profits so very large, we will have to be offered a much higher price before we will be likely to close in the matter. There are other phases in this motor car question which will be quite exciting in the near future. The public have not yet had time to discern them. There is, for instance, the rim-making business. In rim-making much money is being made—it fact, it is a splendid business just now—and there is one rim-making company whose shares will be offered at a big price shortly. Wood rims are a failure. Only metal rims will stand the strain put upon them by our English roads. The making of rims for the motor carriages will constitute a new industry before long."

Mr. Lawson has unbounded faith in the future of motor cars. He regrets, however, that the inventive genius of Englishmen is not being more employed in connection with the new state of things.

"I deeply regret," he said, "that the British people are not encouraged in the spirit of invention. We shall have to go to America to get our machines, because those invented over here are not given the same encouragement, and are not nearly so useful as those made across the Atlantic. I look upon this as a most deplorable feature in the important matter of inven-

tion, and something should be done at once to foster and encourage the inventive genius of our people."

NOTES.

Mr. Harry Woodhouse has gone into the cycle-selling business. He has numerous friends and admirers. I like to think of him as a society entertainer. He was always remarkably good, original in song and talk, and a favourite with everybody. He is a keen cyclist, and perhaps it is only natural that he should attach himself to such a promising concern as that founded by the Badminton Cycle Company. I dropped in to see his new quarters the other day. They are in Bond Street—just the place to suit a fashionable *clientele*. He was always original, and in business he certainly has new ideas. One of them I like extremely well. He thinks that a dainty salon, and not a large shop, is the place where a lady or gentleman prefers to look at a cycle. After seeing his rooms, I am inclined to agree with him. At any rate, he is to be found at 167, Bond Street, where the excellent Badminton machines may be examined without the least fear that anything in the shape of obnoxious pressure will be brought to bear on the visitor for the purpose of making him buy. He has a courteous staff.

The Badminton, with its gracefully curved handle bar, its dark red spokes, and its high-class appearance, is one of the finest machines I have seen. Mr. Woodhouse, himself a rider of the Simpson chain, prefers to use it on the Badminton, but he is always ready, with the greatest pleasure in the world, to substitute the ordinary chain.

I have given the Lu-mi-num machine a trial. I took it at a fast rate of speed over some rough roads in the North of London. I did not spare it in any way, although it was a light roadster with racing wheels. The gentleman who was riding with me swerved and fell immediately in front of my wheel. I dashed upon him and his machine, flew out of the saddle, and saw my own machine go crashing along the road. My friend ploughed up the road, and was badly cut. The machines, both of the Lu-mi-num make, came through the ordeal uninjured, although the bells and lamps were twisted and smashed. I cannot undertake to test any other machines in such a thorough manner.

The details for the chain match on the 6th of June have been completed. On the Simpson side, the pace makers will be Frenchmen, and their mounts will be specially built quintettes. The opponents of the chain will employ for pacing purposes four quads and five triplets. All racing men engaged in the contest will be professionals, and we may expect to see some brilliant riding at the Catford track.

Ninety per cent. of the machines to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris are hired. A friend who knows the owner of one of the "stables" there, tells me that, on an average, 4,000 machines are left there to be guarded on fine Sundays.

A Simpson chain has been fitted to the Beeston Humber ridden by the Duke of York.

I anticipate great popularity for the combination lamp-lighting table, looking-glass and pin-cushion, sent to me by the Pneumatic Tyre Company, and brought out principally for the use of the ladies.

The Czar, who is a well-known cyclist, has done everything in his power to encourage cycling among his officers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H. (Bristol).—The address is Gamage, Holborn, London.

W. F. (Leicester).—I know they are busy at their works in Derbyshire, but still, your questions are fair and reasonable, and I recommend you not to place your order with them until you have secured business-like answers. If they refuse to give you the information, I will get it for you.

J. B. P. (Sheffield).—Almost all the best makes are made with the Dunlop rim, and, of course, to them the Dunlop tyre can be easily fitted. I hardly understand what you mean by ball joints. Do you mean ball bearings? Thirty pounds, with all on, is a popular weight to-day.

D. W. E. (Edinburgh).—The Welch non-slipping strip has very little effect, if any, in reducing the speed of a machine. It may be fixed on with a special, or indeed, any ordinary fixing solution.

WINTONIAN (Colchester).—I believe the Royal Progress is a good make.

BLACKHEATH.—When there are so many good makers it would be invidious to make a distinction. Of the two makes you mention, I think the first-named is much the better. Most firms will enter into such an arrangement as you mention, but you must remember that they will charge you from fifteen up to thirty per cent. more than their list prices.

C. H. (Whithorn).—I should certainly advise you to pay the extra 20s.; you will find that the difference in the material will compensate for the difference in price.

A. C. (Rotherham).—It would not pay you to fix the "Grappler" tyre to your machine, as the proper rim is so cheap. If you really wish to have that kind of tyre, you cannot do better than get the rim and tyre complete.

THE HUMBER CYCLES. These unrivalled machines are ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the King of Italy and the Belgians, and ten other Royalties. Catalogues obtainable at 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, where the Cycles may be seen.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN revolutionises Cycling. It diminishes exertion, increases speed, makes going up hill easy, and gives lady riders perfect grace of action. It is used to-day by T.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and Prince George of Greece; also by Lady Jeanie and all the aristocratic lady cyclists. On view at 16, King Street, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

IN THE CITY.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

It is plain from the repeated statements made by Mr. Chamberlain on the subject that it is his intention, his present intention, to make the Chartered Company pay the cost of the suppression of the Matabele rising, and, if we are to accept as correct a summary of President Kruger's reply to Mr. Chamberlain, which appears in the *Times*, it is the intention of the Government of the Transvaal to demand an indemnity for the Jameson raid. Assuming these demands are made upon the Company, the question arises whether it will be able to meet charges that may go into very large figures.

According to the figures of the balance-sheet for the year ended March 31st, 1895, figures only submitted to shareholders six weeks ago, the year's business of the Company, with which the figures dealt, showed a deficiency of about £175,000. Up to the end of March, 1895, the loss of the Company's operations was £1,372,000; and if the Company paid off its debentures and all other debts it would have at the present time a cash balance of about £600,000 in hand. As to what it is likely to do in its future, the following figures, bearing upon the past, are instructive:—

	Income.	Outgo.	Deficit.
Year ended 31st March, 1891	£3,961	£475,394	£471,433
" " " 1892	15,812	394,073	378,261
" " " 1893	38,290	139,840	101,550
" " " 1894	47,656	*293,350	245,694
" " " 1895	124,175	299,993	175,818
	£229,894	£1,602,650	£1,372,756

* Including £113,488, part of cost of Matabele raid, but not the million odd given for the shares of the United Concessions Company, etc.

We can make no guess at the cost of the raid and the revolt to the Company, but it is highly improbable that they will be in a position to meet these charges, should they be made, without a further appeal to the public. Under these circumstances, and having regard to the position of the Company apart from these two demands, the present price of 67s. for Chartereds is far beyond any reasonable estimate of value.

THE BARNATO BANK.

Some two years ago we gave our readers the opportunity of studying for themselves the leading provisions of the trust deed of the Johannesburg Investment Company, Limited. It is safe to say that no one outside the Transvaal, or the officials of the company, had seen the deed, for, like all the Barnato companies, the Consolidated was registered in the Transvaal, and Somerset House knows it not. It is equally safe to say that our readers read it with amazement, for under it the shareholders of the company were bound hand and foot to the Barnatos and their henchmen. The permanent directors—that is, the Barnatos and their nephew Joel—had the company and its assets at their mercy. They were immovable; the shareholders were powerless even to inspect the books, or to obtain accounts, without their consent. They could raise capital, disperse capital, pay dividends or withhold dividends, at their own sweet will. In a word, the moneys of the shareholders of the company were as completely in their hands as those of a ward in the hands of her trustees, with this vital difference—that, whereas trustees are bound by stringent regulations, the Barnatos were protected, let them waste the assets of the company as they might, in all sorts of ways. No one but a fool, knowing the tenor of this trust deed, would put his money into the company.

We are reminded of our exposure of this trust deed by similar service rendered to the public by the *Corporation of British Investors*, which has just published the principal clauses of the trust deed of the Barnato Bank, Mining and Estates Corporation, Limited. We may remark, in passing, not only that the term "bank" in this connection is a misnomer—that we have often said before—but that the State Attorney of the Transvaal compelled the Barnatos to renounce the right to do any description of ordinary banking business. Here is what he says in a memorandum to the Registrar of Companies:—

If there be an article added—added to the Articles of Association—

by which the right of carrying on ordinary bank business is removed, I will have no objection against the registration.

It will be seen that this so-called bank is expressly prohibited from doing banking business. It may do many things, but it may not do banking business. How many of the shareholders of the Bank know that?

We pass to the directors. As with the Johannesburg Consolidated, there are to be three permanent directors; these permanent directors are to be the brothers Barnato and their nephew, Solomon Joel, and the company is at their mercy. The permanent directors retain office for life; if one of them dies the other two draw to themselves all the powers of the original three; if two of them die the remaining one may appoint two of his friends, clerks if he so chooses. As for the ordinary directors, they are mere dummies. Note Clause 85:—

With regard to ordinary directors, who may at any time hereafter be appointed by the permanent directors, such permanent directors may define, limit, or restrict the powers of such ordinary directors, and may fix and determine their remuneration and duties, and such permanent directors may at any time, by a resolution passed by the majority of them at any meeting of such permanent directors, remove any ordinary director from office, and may thereafter appoint some other shareholder or shareholders having the necessary qualification, in the place and stead of such ordinary director or ordinary directors who shall have been removed from office.

And whilst the ordinary directors are powerless against the permanent directors, so the latter can do what they will with the company, irrespective of the wishes of shareholders. Clause 119 gives the directors power to dispose of the assets of the company as they please. We quote from the clause:—

It is hereby declared that the board shall have power to enter into contracts for the sale or lease or abandonment of any part or parts of the assets of the company, or the absolute alienation of a part or parts of the real and personal property of the company, and the easement and rights belonging thereto or connected therewith, without the consent of the shareholders, and to sign all documents and do all acts necessary to effect transfer of the property sold, but the board should not have the power to sell or alienate the whole or major portion of such assets of the company without the sanction of all the permanent directors.

The Barnatos and their nephew can sell, or lease, or "abandon" any of the assets. As for the capital of the company, Clause 120 enacts:—

Notwithstanding the provisions contained in Clause 43 of this deed, it is hereby specially provided that the board may, from time to time, by resolution, increase or decrease the capital of the company by such amount as they may think fit, subject to obtaining the approval and consent of the majority of the permanent directors.

If they find that the articles of association do not quite cover all they want to do, then the permanent directors can alter these articles. Clause 18 provides that—

If the directors shall, under the provisions of Clause 120 hereof, increase or decrease the capital of the company at any time, then they are hereby authorised and empowered to alter these articles and to frame supplementary articles, and to provide for such increase or decrease.

Our readers may remember that under the trust deed of the Johannesburg Consolidated Company the shareholders had no right to information respecting the position of the company. They were at the mercy of the directors. It is the same with the Bank. Clause 133 runs as below:—

The board of directors shall from time to time determine whether, and to what extent, and at what time and places, and under what conditions and regulations, the accounts and books of the company or any of them shall be kept open for the inspection of members, and no member shall have any right to inspect any account or book or document of the company except as conferred by statute, or authorised by the board of directors, or by resolution of the company in general meeting.

It may almost be said that powers are taken for cooking the accounts. According to Clause 143—

Every account of the board, when audited and approved of by an ordinary general meeting, shall be deemed conclusively correct, and shall not be re-opened, though if any error is discovered therein within three months next after the approval thereof, the accounts shall forthwith be corrected, and shall thenceforth be deemed conclusively correct.

It is needless to quote more. We have quoted enough to show that, monstrous as was the trust deed of the Johannesburg Consolidated before it was revised, it was not more monstrous than the trust deed of the Barnato Bank, Mining and Estates Corporation, Limited. Small wonder that the Barnatos never register a company at Somerset House. But what is to be said of the folly of British investors who are content to put millions into the hands of such men on the conditions we find here. It would be folly for investors to leave themselves absolutely at the mercy of any board, even though its members were men of the highest commercial standing; but to show such confidence in the Barnatos and their nephew—surely that is something more than unwise.

ACCURATE INFORMATION.

Probably no politician of the day talks less nonsense than Mr. John Morley, but some of his remarks at the Press Club dinner

were very nonsensical. Take, for example, his observation that—

Journalists are men who take every care to inform themselves carefully as to the facts with which they deal, and they have a full regard to their responsibilities to the country at large.

Now, Mr. Morley is himself an old journalist, and nothing ever went into the *Pall Mall Gazette* whilst he was its editor—nothing, anyway, went into its editorial columns—that was not authenticated. But we have only one John Morley, and he is no longer the editor of a newspaper. Mr. Morley knows—no one better—that so far as foreign affairs, our affairs in foreign parts, are concerned, the daily press teems with error, and error that is often malignant. Take the telegrams that have appeared in the columns of the *Times* upon affairs in the Transvaal since the beginning of the year. Will Mr. John Morley seriously contend that the *Times* has “taken every care to inform itself carefully as to the facts”? We take its South African telegraphic news of the past week. On April 20th the following, which purported to come from its Barberton correspondent, appeared in all the glory of big type :—

The German steamer *Bundesrath* arrived at Delagoa Bay on the 14th inst., and at Komati on the following day. A large number of passengers from the above steamer were congregated together, and seemed indisposed to allow their luggage to be examined. The searchers unearthed uniforms, top boots, helmets, and other military trappings. A German officer subsequently produced passports, and the party proceeded to Pretoria.

This is intended to convey the impression that German soldiers were being brought into the Transvaal to aid the burghers in war with England. But what are the facts? We take them from the *Times* of April 25th :—

An official inquiry into the alleged landing of Germans from the steamer *Bundesrath* at Delagoa Bay and Komati with military uniforms, shows that no German military men travelled by the steamer in question, and that the incident at Komati was caused by the Italian Consul's at first declining to have his luggage inspected. When, however, his luggage was opened, and his uniform was seen, an impression was created that he was a German officer.

An Italian official has a squabble with a Custom House officer, his luggage is examined, and it is found that he has a uniform bearing some resemblance to one of the hundreds of uniforms worn by Germans. And so this one poor Italian becomes “a large number of passengers,” the one little uniform “uniforms, top boots, helmets, and other military trappings,” and the Italian Consul at Delagoa Bay is transformed into “a German officer,” who with his “party proceeded to Pretoria.”

Does Mr. Morley think that “every care” was taken by the *Times* to verify the earlier of the two telegrams we have quoted? Perhaps he will say that even the *Times* must trust its representatives abroad. True, though some of us think they are trusted overmuch Johannesburg way. But surely something in the way of verification might have been done at Printing House Square? If it had been, the *Times* would not have committed itself to the absurdity that “the German steamer *Bundesrath* arrived at Delagoa Bay on the 14th inst., and at Komati on the following day.” It would have found out that it is as impossible for a steamer to go to Komati as it would be for it to go to Birmingham, Komati being on the borderland of the Transvaal, the river that connects it with Delagoa Bay being quite unnavigable. No, Mr. Morley's praise of the “care” taken by the Press is not warranted. At any rate, in foreign affairs the Press, for the most part, is ill-informed and most mischievous.

WESTRALIAN CRUSHING RETURNS.

Below we give the crushings of the leading mines up to mid-April. There is sad delay in adding to the list of mines giving returns, but it is only fair to remember that many mines would have been crushing before now if only they could have got up their machinery. But it has been lying, and much of it continues to lie, at the port of debarkation, owing to the breakdown of railway and other transport arrangements :—

	End October.	End February	Mid- April.
Bayley's Reward	53,726 oz. ...	54,391 oz. ...	54,491 oz.
Great Boulder	19,328 „ ...	30,134 „ ...	35,637 „
Murch. New Chum ...	12,071 „ ...	16,536 „ ...	17,136 „
Consol. Murchison ...	10,770 „ ...	12,167 „ ...	13,353 „
Star of the East.....	11,879 „ ...	11,879 „ ...	11,879 „
Lake View	8,826 „ ...	10,723 „ ...	12,616 „
Londonderry	8,000 „ ...	9,365 „ ...	9,754 „
Mainland Consols.....	8,250 „ ...	8,500 „ ...	8,500 „
Totals	132,850 oz. ...	153,695 oz. ...	163,366 oz.

In our issue of March 28th some comments appeared upon the Darlot Exploration Company which require supplementing.

Messrs. F. O'Driscoll and Co. were not the promoters of the company; they were simply vendors of a property for which they got the best price they could. When, on development, the property was found to be of less value than it promised to be, Messrs. O'Driscoll and Co. consented to a large reduction in the sum to be paid to them, and found additional properties, they believe to be of great value, for the company. They did more than they were bound to do—at any rate, legally—to make the company a success.

Under these circumstances we wish to make it clear that, so far as our information extends, Messrs. O'Driscoll and Co.'s action has been entirely creditable to them.

We have received a novel kind of prospectus, that of a Whisky Company, which offers a £1 share in a company to every purchaser of a case of its whisky. As this case can be got for 35s., and is warranted to be good liquor, it is not easy to see how it can be done. We should be in a better position to appreciate the offer if this enterprising company mentioned the amount of their capital. We observe, by the way, that in a list given in the prospectus of customers who are willing to speak well of its whisky, this Scotch company does not quote a single Scotch consumer.

NEW ISSUES.

The Yalgoo Public Battery and Gold Mining Company. Capital, £100,000, in shares of 8s. each. Present issue, 37,500 shares.—The prospectus of this company is one of the most meagre of recent issues. The company is formed to carry on the business of public crushers, and to acquire and work three mining leases. If, as we read in the prospectus, “the current price paid for crushing is from £2 10s. to £3 per ton,” and this price is likely to be maintained, the company may, no doubt, do a profitable business; but upon this crucial point not a scrap of evidence is at hand. As for the mining claims, all we are told is that some assays have given good results, and that the company's manager has cabled that he “can fully confirm reports in all essentials.” What reports is left to the imagination. The public would be foolish to subscribe upon such bald statements.

The Towranna Gold Mines of Western Australia. Capital £125,000.—Formed to acquire and work two leases at Towranna, in the north-west goldfields of Western Australia. Here the drafts upon faith are less heavy, but still considerable. We have the report of a Mr. A. H. Salmond, who is described as “Government Mining Surveyor and Engineer, of Roeburn,” who says that “it may be looked upon as proved beyond a doubt that a large body of valuable gold-bearing quartz awaits raising;” but beyond this opinion there is little to go upon. Upon the cost of “raising” this quartz the prospectus is silent. Some development work has been done, but there is nothing to show that the directors are justified in saying that “the permanence and worth of the mines have been proved beyond doubt by the result of practical working;” £100,000 of the £125,000 is to go to the vendors.

The Cavendish Waterproof Asbestos Sole Company, Limited. Capital £100,000.—Formed to work a patent for the better protection of the feet against cold, damp, and heat, by lining or interlining boots with asbestos. The company takes over a concern which is said to be already doing a large business in this kind of boot, which is spoken of highly by experts, and by a large number of persons who have worn it. The idea seems an excellent one; the patent is said to be all right, and assuming that the asbestos lining does not add materially to cost—and we are told that it does not—the company should do well.

The Coolgardie Austral Gold Mining Proprietary, Limited. Capital, £90,000.—Formed to acquire and work three mining claims near the Coolgardie Railway station, and known locally as the Austral Syndicate Gold Mining Leases. Mr. Zebina Lane says that “the work already done demonstrates beyond any doubt the existence of a strong lode, which, with water procurable by sinking, should pay very well.” And various other authorities confirm this opinion. A large quantity of good, payable ore is in sight, and it is believed that ten stamps can be run continuously at a good profit. There will be 25,000 shares available for working capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. STOCKS AND SHARES.

Various Shares. T. W. A. (Inquisitive).—None of the mining shares in your list are desirable purchases, and the same must be said of the cycle shares. **Two Westralian Shares.** OLD SUBSCRIBER (Newry).—Yes, they are fully paid. It will be some time before there are any crushings. **Birmingham Breweries, Limited.** CANTAB (Dewsbury).—We should prefer another selection. **Birkbeck Bank.** MACNAB (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Perfectly safe. We cannot advise you to have dealings with the second concern you name, which is a bank only in name. The other “Bank” has just suspended payment. **W. Hopkins.** D. G. (Cardiff).—We are obliged to you for the cutting. It is amusing. **Railway Stock.** F. B. C. (Leeds).—We should hold both. **Miner's Dream.** A. B. C. (Glasgow).—It would be a very speculative purchase. The shares are quoted at about par. **Pigg's Peak.** IBEX (Galway).—Sell. **New Guadalcasar Quicksilver.** H. M. B. (Northampton).—Better, perhaps, than nothing. **Purchase of Shares.** E. T. (Newham).—You must buy through a broker if you want to buy, but if you take our advice, you will not dabble in Stock Exchange speculations. **Beeston Pneumatic Tyres.** J. K. (East Dulwich).—Yes, we think so. **Platino Brazilian Bonds.** L. C. W. (Leek).—There are no dealings. **Palace Hotel.** PARADO (Buxton).—We do not know enough about them to enable us to advise you as to purchase. **Adler's Consols.** L. B. M. (Bath).—The company has excellent properties. We do not know the date of meeting. **Hastings Harbour Mortgage Bonds.** P. O. F. (Halifax).—No. **Melbourne Brewery Company.** ENQUIRER (Brockley).—Yes, it is our intention to do so by-and-by. **Three Shares.** — (Nottingham).—No. 1 is the best of the bunch. **Douglas, Hungerford and Williams.** A. B. (Nottingham).—If you read TO-DAY you must know our opinion of the statements put forward by these people. The only advice we can give you is not to be misled by them. **Four Shares.** P. E. J. (Dundee).—They are all fairly good speculative purchases. **Outside Brokers.** G. B. A. (Exeter).—We know nothing against them. **Campsie Glen Whisky Company.** D. S. J. (Manchester).—We are obliged to you and many others for sending us copies of the prospectus issued by them. We have referred to it elsewhere.

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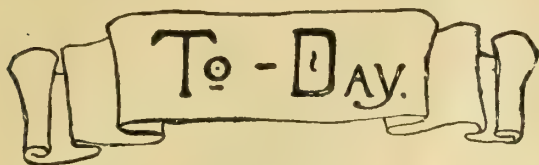
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to consider interesting articles and short stories. In every case the MS. must be type-written on one side of the paper only. No contribution will be read unless this condition is complied with, or returned, if unsuitable, unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

THAT war is not a thing to be avoided, nobody in their senses would argue. But that it is of service to humanity in encouraging self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, in developing courage without which man is a mere wind-bag, and in creating for him ideals of manhood, no man capable of thinking for himself can deny. The heroism of Trooper Baxter, who gave his life for that of his friend in the skirmish with the Matabele outside Bulawayo, is of far-reaching service to the world. Corporal Wise lay wounded; death in the shape of the Matabele assegais was all around. Without a moment's hesitation, Trooper Baxter, springing from his horse, lifted his wounded comrade on to the saddle, and then turned to face his fate. Peace is a great blessing; it gives us opportunities to develop the arts and the crafts. Under its shadow we become expert business men, clever financiers, excellent shopkeepers. We can eat and drink, and after our good dinner throng the Empire or Alhambra promenades. By all means let us pray for peace; but peace can do little more for us beyond making us comfortable, ease-loving animals. If the human race aspires to anything higher, it must thank bloody war for teaching it the highest lessons that can be learnt upon this earth. War has its cruelties and its horrors, but its lessons are worth the price it charges. Trooper Baxter purchased with his life the safety of his friend; but he did much more. He has taught the world the meaning of the word "duty." By his death, he has done more to raise the standard of manhood than all the sermons ever preached. It is men like Trooper Baxter who are the true teachers of mankind, and war is their pulpit.

THE enamelling of iron is a business entailing great danger to the workers. Young girls are employed in part of the process, many of whom die from lead-poisoning. In one Birmingham factory alone five deaths have occurred. At the inquest held, the manager explained that there was no need to use lead at all. Other sub-

stances can be employed, the working of which would not be dangerous. But to substitute other materials in place of lead would render the whole working more expensive. The manager explained that his firm would be pleased to dispense with lead, but they could not do so unless all enamelling firms were compelled by Act of Parliament to dispense with lead also. Here is a grim question for the public to answer! To get our enamelled iron cheap, we must ruin the health of the workers, and even kill many of them. By paying a little more for our enamelled iron, we can give our sisters their lives. The whole matter is extremely simple. Let one firm dispense with lead, let them tell the public that they are bound to charge more for their enamelled iron in consequence, and let us see whether the public will buy this expensive enamelled iron, or will leave it alone, and continue to purchase the iron enamelled at the cost of human life.

I VERY much fear that the firm who tried the experiment would soon be ruined. The public will sympathise with wrong very readily; they will cry out for reform indignantly; they will denounce as many people and as many customs as you like. But will they pay for their humanity? A few years ago, great indignation was caused by the sweating revelations. The wailing "Song of the Shirt" passed over London once again. Tears came to our eyes when we thought of the grim struggle with starvation being waged day and night by our brothers and our sisters. We visited the squalid garrets; we listened to the moans of the hungry children; we cried out that it must not be; we drew savage caricatures in our comic papers of the Sweater; we denounced him in eloquent language; we called aloud for somebody to come and alter this terrible state of affairs. I should be curious to know how much good the outcry has accomplished. Has starvation been banished from these East-end hovels? Are the men and women we sympathised with now living wholesome lives? Is a millionth part of a farthing more paid to them to-day than was paid to them three years ago?

THE whole question lay with the public. Would we say to the shopkeeper, "These clothes you sell us are cheap, but their cheapness is purchased with the misery and the death of our fellow-creatures; their blood is on these clothes that you are offering to us; this linen is salt with their tears; they are cheap enough in coin of the realm, but they are too dear for our consciences to buy; give us shirts and trousers that are dearer, that have not cost this price"? A community cannot exist on the laws of political economy alone. There is a fair price for everything, and that price, some way or other, has to be paid. If I buy my brother's labour at a price that is unfair, that does not allow him to live, I am cheating the community, and the community, sooner or later, has to pay. We are so bound up with one another that a wrong cannot be done to one man and end there. It vibrates through the air, and eventually comes back to us. What we save in wages we pay for in our workhouses, our hospitals, and our prisons. Laws and Acts of Parliament deal only with the surface of things. We build them for refuge against our own selfishness. There would be no need of them if the individual man and woman thought and acted honourably. The true Socialism lies in the hands of the people. When we acknowledge that our duty is not only to ourselves, but to others also, the burden of life will lie lighter on us all. It is the indivi-

dual man that inflicts the greatest suffering on mankind ; it is the individual man who alone can remove it.

My batch of cruelty cases this week is so heavy that I can only deal with a selection. To begin with the pleasant side of the matter, I congratulate Liverpool on the possession of a sensible stipendiary in the person of Mr. Kinghorne, who sentenced a young blackguard named Harry Banks to three months' hard labour for driving a mare to death ; and the Liverpool papers, taking, I am glad to see, a new departure, agree with the sentence. At Edgware, our Savoy friend, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is giving a good lead to his brother magistrates. The other day he sent a man to prison for seven days for cruelly beating a horse. At York, before Major Sandys and others, a horse-breaker named John Shepherd was sent to prison for one month with hard labour for cruelty.

On the other hand, at Wootton Bassett, before Messrs. Wykeham-Martin, Storey-Maskelyne, and others, a dealer named Mathews, a member of the Parish Council, was summoned for working a horse in an unfit state. It was described as in a dreadful condition—one mass of corruption, lame, and covered with wounds, aged, and totally unfit for work. Blood was flowing from it. The Chairman, Mr. Wykeham-Martin, was exceedingly anxious that the case should be dismissed. But even his fellow magistrates could not quite stand this, and expostulated, with the result that the technical fine of one shilling was imposed. The defendant thanked the Bench, and well he might. I suppose they are proud of themselves. A curious feature in the case was the statement of the defendant that he had, since the summons, sold the horse, and that the present owner was working it. Perhaps, when the present owner comes before the Wootton Bassett Bench (as, if the Society does its duty, he is certain to), Mr. Wykeham-Martin will present him with a shilling out of the poor-box. At York, before the Lord Mayor, a poulterer named Franklin, of Tollerton, was fined two pounds for plucking a fowl alive. It seems it is the custom in York for fowls to be plucked alive, as it causes them to look plump.

CHARLES FARDELL, contractor and carman, of Cartwright Street, E., is a wretch whose conduct the public press have once or twice had occasion to comment upon. This brute, who is in a large way of business, is a carrier; he buys up and works to death wretched, worn-out horses that are fit only for the knacker's yard. Over and over again has this man been charged with cruelty for driving such poor animals. Last week his horse-keeper, named Parsons, and one of his drivers, named Smith, were summoned at the Guildhall for cruelty. Alderman Samuel, I am glad to say, sent Parsons to prison for seven days, and fined the driver twenty shillings and eighteen shillings and sixpence costs. The Alderman asked what was known of the defendant; the gaoler replied, "Parsons has been here before, while the firm have been fined £33 in six months for cruelty." It is a disgrace to the City of London that Fardell should be allowed to continue in business, and anyone acquainted with him who does business with him is as big a blackguard as Fardell himself. It is an absurd law that punishes the unfortunate underling and lets the real criminal

go scot-free. Fardell goes on his way chuckling and grinning. His horrible method of business pays him well. The man deserves tarring and feathering.

I AM glad to see that my remarks on the conduct of the magistrates of Newmarket in letting off a brute with a fine of 2s. 6d., have had some effect. The *Newmarket Journal*, writing in the interests of the Bench, is highly indignant with me for my daring to criticise these big wigs, and in a hysterical leader calls upon me to withdraw my remarks. I will withdraw my offensive epithets when the Newmarket Bench of Magistrates withdraws its leniency towards cruelty, which is offensive to justice.

THE other week, puzzled by quaint views emanating from Blackburn, I asked, in all sincerity, the question: "What is an out-and-out Christian?" A correspondent, to enlighten me, sends me a pamphlet, which is in circulation in Blackburn, and which answers the query somewhat fully. This delightful little publication starts with asking the reader if he is a Christian. In case he is not quite sure of the answer, it goes on to explain to him how he may know. Twenty indications are given; I quote a few of them. In number six he is told that if he does not attend any place of worship he is not a Christian, and adds for his information that he is going to Hell. Number seven tells him that if he ever uses profane language he is not a Christian, and is going to Hell. Number eight says: "If you bet you are not a Christian, and are going to Hell."

By number eleven he knows that if he sells drink, or loves drink, he is not a Christian, and is going, etc. If he works on the Sabbath, buys or sells on the Sabbath, he is also going there. If he speaks disrespectfully of religion or religious people, he is not a Christian, and is going there. Number nineteen runs as follows: "If you use tobacco, go to theatres, love dancing, attend balls, play cards, frequent football matches, and indulge in foolish conversation, the probability is you are not a Christian, and are going to Hell." Number nineteen really makes me nervous, and well it may, seeing that I do use tobacco, often go to the theatre, have often attended balls, though I cannot say I love dancing (but that is only because it makes me hot, and I don't show to advantage while performing), play cards (though I trust that the inveterate ill-luck that follows me will be considered in mitigation), and frequent football matches.

THE only thing I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say I do not do, is "indulge in foolish conversation." My own conversation is invariably brilliant and wise; but when I am told that everybody who indulges in foolish conversation is going to—you know where, I tremble on behalf of my friends. Much of their conversation is not only foolish—it is inane. I shall show them this pamphlet, but I fear it will not reform them. Did I think it would do so, I would subscribe for five thousand copies, and send them round among all the people that one ever meets at dinner parties or "At Homes." A religion that would seriously set itself to abolish foolish conversation is the need of the age. Seriously speaking, I regret whenever I come across

silly pamphlets and speeches dealing with religion. Such things are written by well-meaning fools, but they must do an immense amount of harm. They bring religion into contempt, they make it appear ridiculous. If our poor old Devil were only as cunning as he is supposed to be, he would tuck in his tail, dress himself up in a black frock-coat, write tracts of this description, and leave pious idiots to circulate them at their own expense.

THE probability is that duelling will eventually disappear from France and Germany, as it has disappeared from England. But there is more to be said in favour of the practice than occurs to the glib moralist. During the last century—which was, perhaps, the most artificial period that the world has ever lived through—duelling became a fashion and a folly (somewhat synonymous terms) and nowadays it is, generally speaking, little more than a farce. But the custom was founded on justice, and has done good service to the cause of civilisation. It was made for courtesy and for honour. Occasionally it may have helped the bully, but more often it must have checked him. Shakespeare was dealing in plain sense when he wrote, "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." A strong sense of injury to be avenged would nerve a fighter's arm. There are times when a man feels that his life is of small importance compared to the satisfaction of revenging an insult or punishing a villain. Such a man would go into the duel with a set determination to risk all things, rather than let his enemy escape; while opposed to him would be one to whom victory would be no satisfaction, and to whom the slightest slip would mean death.

IN old, rough days, when the law was powerless to protect, many a blackguard remained a decent man, kept in awe by the duelling sword or pistol. Schooled as we have become to the soothing sound of the word "damages," the question yet occurs to one, "Are we right in always leaving our honour to be settled by a jury of petty tradesmen?" There are wrongs that the law can never right; there are insults and injuries that not even "thumping damages" can quite compensate. One wonders whether, as men, we are any the better for determining, at all hazards, to save our skins, and to fight only with our pockets. Nowadays the rich man can sin without fear of punishment. His army of sharp lawyers and smart barristers can nearly always save him, even in those few cases where the law can be invoked. At the worst, everything is settled by a cheque. There are times when justice would be better served by the more ancient method.

PLUCK FUND.—I have to acknowledge a subscription of 1s. 6d. from Dr. Josiah Williams.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents, and cannot undertake to reply through the post.)

M. A. L.—I hardly know how to answer you. Your letter disgusts me, and I can offer you very little sympathy. Man is born to wrestle with temptation, and few of us are in a position to sit in judgment upon one another. But you, by your own showing, appear to have made no effort whatever, and I cannot help regarding you with a certain amount of abhorrence, much as I wish to keep a temperate mind upon these matters, and to look on human nature as it is, and not as I think it ought to be. The answer to your question would be a varying one, depending upon the particular case, and you should consult a doctor. In the case of most men, it would a matter to be left to their own judgment, but you appear to have none.

P. H. C.—Thanks for letter and enclosure. I am glad to find that Liverpool can boast of a Mr. Kinghorne in addition to its excellent stipendiary, Mr. Stewart.

J. W. C. writes me:—"I believe that the scourging manner in which you treat magistrates who are lenient in cases of gross cruelty to animals does more for betterment in this respect than all the officers of the S.P.C.A. put together. These latter (in country districts, anyway) are generally too much concerned for their own interests to confront the 'big men on the bench,' who are as much to blame for their leniency as the perpetrator for the crime." The society's officers have often a difficult task before them. In many towns—take the case of Cambridge for example, with its Dr. Cooper—the Bench resent cruelty cases being brought before them at all. There are many magistrates in England who, if they had their way, would abolish the law of cruelty to animals as trivial and vexatious.

D. R. F. writes me:—"One of your correspondents wants a parallel to Dr. Jameson's Raid. He will find one in the first volume of Froude's 'History of England.' It is recorded that a handful of Englishmen, on pleasure and mischief bent, landed unexpectedly in Normandy. They made themselves a terror to the country-side and military alike for several weeks, and when at length they were surrounded and cut to pieces (as, of course, they were sure to be at last), they all died—every man of them."

J. W. B.—I read your letter with interest. All I want is freedom in this matter of Sunday observance. You find that the most pleasant way of spending your Sunday is to use it as a day of earnest thought and work. That satisfies your temperament, and gives you gratification. I would not take away your right to this enjoyment; I would only claim for others differently constituted the same right of choice as you claim for yourself. You do not make men religious by preventing them from being happy in their own way. Enjoyment is a great teacher. It helps men to free themselves from the sordid side of their lives.

M. L. S. calls my attention to a case in which the Dewsbury bench of magistrates—some of whom, I believe, are rabid teetotalers—fined a publican heavily for supplying brandy during the night to a woman who was seriously ill.

G. R. B.—I thank you for your pleasant letter.

E. F. McH.—I think you have mistaken the meaning of the letters you have referred to. The writers, to my thinking, do not put them forth as studies of the world, but as studies of themselves, and knowledge is useful. I believe you are correct as regards the majority of women, but it fits in with nature to suppose that the instinct of desire to become a mother would be given to the female sex. The instance you speak of in the animal kingdom I think you misunderstand. Your letter is interesting as a piece of evidence, but you generalise too much. I thank you for your kind appreciation of To-DAY.

N. M. asks me the meaning of the words gentleman and lady. They have no meaning; whatever meaning may at one time have attached to them has been lost. They have simply come to be a diminutive of man and woman, and I think no self-respecting person much cares nowadays to earn the title. My correspondent is probably familiar with Tennyson's indignant couplet on the subject, and has probably heard the story of the little girl who told her mother that there was a lady on the doorstep drunk. I think the titles could be left for use among our society journalists and social snobs.

H. L. S.—I know nothing personally of the City of London Girls' Foundation School. I daresay it is as good a school as any other, though that is not saying much. I am of the opinion that education is conducted on foolish grounds, and on the principle of causing the children as much work as possible, while bestowing as little knowledge as can be. I quite agree with you that history should be made an important item in every scheme of education. It would be impossible to recommend a course of tuition to enable a girl to earn her own living without knowing in what direction she wishes to move. If she desire to qualify herself for a governess, she would have to study differently than were she going to seek a secretaryship or qualify herself for a position as bicycle chaperon. Education by private lessons is, of course, more useful than by school.

F. G. T. calls my attention to the gratifying fact that two ladies, named Mrs. Charlotte Gunner and Mrs. Kate Payne, of Bow Beach, were instrumental in bringing justice to a couple of brutal carmen. My correspondent writes: "I do hope the conduct of these ladies will be heartily appreciated by the public. In spite of probable annoyance and trouble, they rendered valuable assistance." The public, by sacrificing its convenience a little now and then, could do much to mitigate cruelty.

M. H.—I thank you for your letter. I think the time has passed when love of cruelty amongst men was considered to show strength of character. It is pretty well acknowledged as a sign of unhealthiness. We can only give subscribers' advantages to those who subscribe direct to this office. We would do otherwise if we could.

H. A. H.—If only in the cause of citizenship, I think you ought to make your case more public. I think you would have cause against the park-keeper for false imprisonment. You should take an early opportunity of going one morning to the North London Police Court, and asking Mr. Bros for his advice on the matter. If all you say is correct, you have suffered a monstrous injustice, and Clissold Park, while in charge of its present officials, is unsafe for any citizen to visit.

S. T. L.—I thank you for the enclosure, which I shall probably make use of. It reads well. Your coupon suggestion is, unfortunately, impracticable.

S. Y. F.—I thank you for your pleasant letter.

L. M. C. A.—Our wealth would soon disappear were our Empire taken away from us. The shopkeeper might just as well say he would be much richer were he not compelled to pay rates and taxes for police and government.

H. K. E.—I do not see how you are going to get on the stage without personal influence or interest, and then, for a man without money of his own to fall back upon, it means semi-starvation for years. To get there at all, you must possess influence or money; the latter buys the former.

E. M. G. tells me that in Sussex the cruel wire muzzles are insisted upon. There are many men who cordially hate dogs, and such we have to thank for this extremely idiotic muzzling order, which is no check whatever on hydrophobia. Some of them would prefer to see a muzzle insisted upon that caused pain rather than one that was equally serviceable, but at the same time comfortable to the dog.

M. E. M.—I thank you for the cutting, which will be of service to me. Do you happen to know the name of the parson in question?

C. W.—My contemporary, *Pearson's Weekly*, is an admirable publication of its kind, but I should hardly regard it as an authority on Sociology.

G. B.—Thank you for your nice letter, and I appreciate your kindness in not giving advice. Of course, an insurance manager would naturally be indignant at an attack on child insurance.

J. C. sends me a cutting from the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, containing a report of remarks made by a certain Alderman Stephens. As far as I can gather, Alderman Stephens, who is evidently one of our earnest reformers, wishes to do away with the Communion Service. It seems that young girls go to this shocking Communion Service merely for the pleasure of drinking port wine. In this way they acquire a taste for port wine, and become drunkards. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a wicked world this is! Is it not about time that it were shut up altogether?

D. H. W.—Liverpool and the Warrington magistrates acted foolishly, but their decision is certain to be squashed if the appeal is persisted in.

BESON.—After reading your letter I found myself in agreement with you; but, then, you must remember I have only heard your side of the argument. I think a girl of nearly nineteen, who is earning her own living, is entitled to choose her own clothes. But I think she would show herself a nicer girl if she consulted her mother's wishes on the subject, and fell in with them where practicable. This world is a place of compromise, and a *souçon* of harmless humbug springing from the kindly wish to avoid all little bitternesses is a useful grease with which to oil the wheels of life. Your mother has old-fashioned notions, and your tastes no doubt differ. I should keep two little jackets and two little hats, one set for your own pleasure, and one for hers. Then, when I went to see her in the country I should wear the ones she liked me in, and fold them up and put them away when I got back to town. Purists in morals would, perhaps, object to such a plan; but, then, purists in morals would make the world a very uncomfortable place in which to live, and one comes across humbugs who are very sweet, who save much sorrow to those about them. We should quarrel less among ourselves during the few years that we are together down here.

W. A. W.—At the beginning of your letter, in which you ask me to explain a very obvious joke—obvious, I mean, to the intelligent—I began to think you a very foolish person. But I turned over the page, and came to the conclusion that you had enough brains to work the problem out for yourself. I know a young lady who prides herself on never being able to see a joke. She regards it as a stamp of superiority, and you, apparently, are following in her footsteps. Jokes are inserted

in papers for the benefit of people who can see them; the others are kindly requested to pass on to the next subject.

J. McK. T. (Liverpool).—I thank you for your enclosure. I believe I have been indebted to you on several occasions. You will see I have referred to the matter in my editorial notes.

R. S.—I can only give you the advice I have given to many others, to battle without ceasing, to make each failure the starting-point for a stronger effort. But this effort must not take the form of a determination to combat sin so much as a determination to avoid it. We are not very strong, and the wise man erects bulwarks against evil thoughts. Have some aim in life, if it is only a hobby, into which you can throw your mind, and take all the bodily exercise your leisure will permit. And as soon as your circumstances will allow you, marry by all means.

R. A.—Thanks for your letter.

F. S. R.—I thank you for your letter. I fear that before long my readers will have more vivisection than they perhaps care for. I see with some sorrow that my friend Mr. Nesbit, of the *Referee*, has announced his intention of writing in favour of the practice. I am endeavouring to get round me a few of the medical men opposed to the system, who will be able to reply with some authority, for it is a subject bristling with technicalities. Your professional, however wrong may be his premises, can always overwhelm the layman with an array of statistics or an armoury of scientific terms. A brother medical man is the only person who can reply to him with any effect; and there is, as I have pointed out, much difficulty in obtaining the services even of those doctors broad-minded enough to acknowledge the errors into which vivisection has led us. A doctor taking up arms against vivisection is met with the bitter opposition of the whole of his profession.

M. E. M.—I thank you for your letter. I shall probably refer to the matter editorially in a later issue.

CLUB CHATTER.

WHEN you get over the annoyance of being knocked down by someone you don't know, and grossly insulted for holding principles that you have never heard of, there is no game so exciting, so blood-tingling, and so scientific as rioting. I have had many experiences, and in some ways I consider myself an expert at the game. I should never have taken to the pastime had it not been for an incident that befell me many years ago, when I happened to be in a West of England town, and the waiter told me that there was going to be a riot near the docks. I went down to give my assistance as a spectator. The flow from the right, the ebb from the left, mixed me up with the contending parties, and in my excitement I found myself profoundly interested, and shouting with my crowd, not knowing from Adam—I was going to say Eve, but she, being a woman, would probably have been at the bottom of it—what I was shouting about. At any rate, minus a hat and a walking-stick, I went home with the blood coursing through my veins, and I ate a supper with an appetite I had not known for years.

SINCE then I have never missed any available riot handy. What brings the subject to my mind is the Paris rioting over the Senate, and, unless anything short of a miracle happens before May Day, Paris will need every

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one of the soldiers confined in all her barracks. My first experience with a Paris riot was during the Boulanger campaign, and then they were more than riots—they were small wars. One night in that exciting summer, the waiter came to me and said, "They're putting down the sand, sir!" I asked why. "There will be a cavalry charge to-night, I expect," he said. "They always put down the sand for the horses!"

AFTER dinner I strolled down the boulevards, and went into the Rue Montmartre, where the office of the Boulangist organ, *La Cocarde*, was situated, as it was certain that the bulk of the fighting would be there. I was not wrong. The crowds were surging in every direction, and "Vive Boulanger!" and "Conspuiez Constans!" were the cries that rent the air. Suddenly there was the shout taken up in every direction, "The cavalry!" and, sweeping along at full gallop, could be seen the horse soldiers. The crowd rushed back on to the pavements, crushing everyone to the ground, and mercilessly trampling on the fallen.

THEN came the *agents de police*, who advanced at the double, punching (always the stomach), butting, and shying torn and bleeding men from one to the other. I tried to get up to the Bourse, but I was seized by the arm by an *agent*. I struggled, and the crowd collared my other arm to save me, so for a moment I was something like the rope in a tug of war; but finally, amid loud cheering, the crowd saved me, and I went away into a quiet corner to think, feeling like a cat that had been run over by a traction engine, but that had dented the ground. On that occasion I lost my hat, my collar, and the sleeve of my coat. I do not regret the latter, because I remember seeing that waved in triumph aloft by my rescuers.

BUT, after all, the riots that will never leave my memory were those that took place in the Latin Quarter, over the ball of the Quat'z Arts. The fact that the noisy students were fêting themselves up in Montmartre gave no one reason to think that on the morrow that ball would lead to bloodshed. But that night Sarah Brown rode into the ball-room on a donkey, with less artificial protection than her steed, and the now famous artist, Emelienne d'Alençon, adopted a similar costume almost in its entirety, and brought down the police on the organisers. As soon as the trouble began a student was killed by the police. Then one thing led to another, and in no time omnibuses and kiosques were burning in the "Boulé Miché" (otherwise Boulevard St. Michael), and through the streets troops were marching, with the drummer-boy at the head rattling away (a sign equivalent to the reading of our Riot Act). There again I got mixed up; but the fight was long and terrible, and when I was at last able to escape, I decided to follow the progress of that campaign with the aid of a newspaper.

THIS riot had one advantage in breaking up that blackguardly police company, "The Central Brigade." It was composed almost exclusively of policemen whose brutality rendered them unfit for ordinary service, and they were drafted into the Brigade to be used in case of riots. Once let loose, they were nothing more than a company of bloodthirsty devils, simply glorying in the number of their victims. After all, for an exciting scene, there is nothing to equal a French riot. The *agents*, with their sabres and revolvers, the cavalry, with their drawn swords, and the bayonets of the infantry, mingling amid the surging crowd, cursing, fighting and execrating, is the grand prize in the game I have referred to—rioting.

ELSEWHERE there are interviews with Mr. Harry J. Lawson, Chairman of the Motor Car Company, and Mr. Arthur du Cros, Manager of the Pneumatic Tyre Company. The Motor Car and the Pneumatic Tyre are

NERVOUS people ought to smoke "Tinico" Cigarettes.

judged as inventions closely connected. I have just had given to me a short history of the carriage motor. It was patented by Mr. Lawson in 1880. Mr. Lawson was also the inventor of the first safety cycle in Coventry, where he fitted out the large Fairfield works in Crow Lane. In conjunction with Mr. Hughes, the Locomotive Manufacturer, of Loughboro', he invented the first motive power tricycle. It was driven by an oil motor. He had to obtain the gas working parts from Messrs. Muller, of Birmingham. The gas part was supplementary, as the motor itself was only powerful enough to drive the tricycle on level ground. This was the first motor cycle driven by an oil engine in this country. The Act of Parliament prevented this motor being used on the roads. An application for a patent was, however, made in 1880.

THE greatest event in connection with motor cars was the passing of the second reading of the Bill to allow motors to be used. The House of Lords passed it on the 24th of April. Next week, another important event will take place. The members of the House of Lords are invited to the Imperial Institute to inspect every motor that has been turned out. More motors will be brought together for exhibition purposes than have ever been seen at any one time.

MR. LAWSON is clearly at the head of this industry at the present time, as the British Motor Company, of which he is chairman, holds all the leading patents, and is now licensing the largest engineers in the country. Few people have realised what this industry means. With the latest improvements, motor cars are beating not only horses, but steam engines. Motors, when weight for weight and cost of working are considered, are much more economical and powerful than steam or ordinary gas engines. The smallest motor is two-horse power; this is "The Pennington," which is capable of propelling a machine nearly a mile a minute. Mr. Lawson is not only fitting out the largest works in Coventry, but has arranged for the building of works at several other centres.

THERE are different styles in dress shirts. In purchasing them, style alone is of little value if the quality of the linen is bad and the fit is uncomfortable. I have been shown a dress shirt in an unstarched state. It came from the establishment of Copland and Lye, of the Caledonian House, Glasgow. The linen is of the finest kind, it is pieced with scientific accuracy, and every hem and button-hole has been carefully finished. It is a pattern shirt in every respect, and the Glasgow firm ought to have no difficulty in making it popular with the best people in the cities.

A CORRESPONDENT has asked me to say something very nasty about the people who throw rice at newly-married couples. It seems that my friend happened to be coming out of church the other day with a lady on his arm. While walking down the churchyard path, some irreverent urchins took to throwing rice at my friend and his friend—well, as a matter of fact, she had been his wife for just ten minutes. The rice found its way into my friend's eyes, where it really outstayed its welcome. One particular grain of rice didn't come out again for two hours. The rice that didn't get into my friend's eyes went on to the lady's hat and dress, where it concealed itself very successfully, and reappeared afterwards at inconvenient moments. I shall have more to say on this subject next week.

ON Monday next (May 4th) the Crystal Palace Company will open their Burmese Village, and, in order to get the earliest possible view of the proceedings, I called on Mr. Gillman last week and asked to see the place. It

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess great advantages for CARRIAGES as for Cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

was in course of construction. We went together to the Central Transept, where an awning screened the big stage and auditorium, and having effected an entrance, found the natives building their houses. All material was brought from Burmah, and the workmen are experts. They split wood with swords, but used ordinary nails to fasten pieces together. On the stage there will be a native refreshment room, where curries will be concocted. I carefully examined some of the wood carving, which is really wonderful, and saw certain of the idols which our visitors worship regularly. Curiously enough, they seemed indifferent to the change of climate, and were working in very thin cotton clothes which would be far too scanty for an Englishman.

BEFORE leaving the Palace I had a chat with Mr. Robert Fowle, of Burmah, who brought the company over, and he told me many interesting facts about them. They left Burmah in November, and were promptly in trouble. The ship went on a sand-bank, and remained there for five days. Ten thousand bags of rice had to be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. The Burmese were very useful, but devoted a great part of their spare time to interceding with their gods. Mr. Fowle says they are good-natured, hard-working people, and give very little trouble. He pointed out a small girl who can sing "Ta-ra," etc., in Burmese, and "Linger Longer Loo" in English. The Village should be very popular, and afford a good idea of life in a part of the world few of us can hope to see.

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MR. GILLMAN tells me that the Saturday Concert season just concluded has been more successful than its predecessor. The Horseless Carriage Exhibition will be opened in a few days. I shall have something to say about it in a later number. The management is trying hard to bring the Crystal Palace into line with the Metropolitan Exhibitions, and their efforts are certainly meeting with success.

I HEAR that the Sullivan ballet at the Alhambra may not be on the subject of Byron's poem, "Sardanapalus," and will not see the light before July. The management is very busy with the new entrance in Charing Cross Road, and will probably produce the ballet on the night they open the new doors. I looked in for an hour last week, found *Bluebeard* going very well, and had a short chat with the veteran Mons. Jacobi, who looked in the best of health and spirits. *Donnybrook* is ready for production at a day's notice, but the present programme suits the audience, and there is no call for immediate change.

By the way, I note a great improvement in the Alhambra *corps de ballet*. A year or so ago I never dared to sit in the front row of the stalls. Now there is plenty of youth and some beauty; while Douglas Cox tells me they have started a school of dancing, under the management of Signor Carlo Coppi and Madame Corman. There are a number of young apprentices, and some of the girls have shown such distinct talent that they have been promoted and entrusted with a little pantomime or solo dancing. I am glad to think that English girls are

coming to the front. Usually they have the monopoly of good looks, but are too lazy to practise. The foreigner works hard every day of her life, and conquers by reason of her technique.

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondents.]

Letters intended for this column should be addressed "The Major."

BROWN BOOTS.—Yes, the "Kangola Hide" boot is just the same as the "Kangola Calif."

W. F., and numerous others who have written about the hat polish, will receive communications through the post.

T. M.—On the Wednesday during the Carnival week at Eastbourne, there will be a procession of cyclists in fancy costume, when prizes for the most comical, original and fancy dresses and the best decorated bicycle and cycle will be offered.

W. A.—Mr. John Gibson, 24, Chancery Lane; and Mr. Indermaur, 22, Chancery Lane.

A. R.—I do not advise you to have tails to your tweed coat. The garment you describe is really a shooting coat, although, of course, if you can afford to go in for several country suits, you might include such a one in your list. The best kind of suit for general wear in the country is a lounge suit. Have the coat fairly loose in the back, and the waistcoat single-breasted. Knickerbockers are better than trousers; but if you prefer the latter don't have them made too full.

4233.—If, at his turn to play in a game of Napoleon, the player, draws a card so as to expose it to the table, he cannot change his mind and substitute another, but (unless it would cause him to revoke) must give it to the trick. B. must play the ten of Spades.

ALONZO calls a Solo, and one of his opponents, in playing to the trick, half-drops another card on table, but, covering it with his arms, takes it back into his hand before it can be identified. Alonzo says, "I call the deuce of Diamonds as an exposed card." The offender, however, does not hold the

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deuce of diamonds, and thereupon claims exemption from further penalty. Can he do so?—He can. Alonzo should have demanded the dropped card to be left exposed on table, without attempting to name it. He has chosen instead to call for a specific card, and, the offender, not having it to give, is not further liable.

ABONDANCE DECLAREE.—A player going an Abondance Déclarée does not pay for under-tricks should he fail to make the call; he is responsible for the stakes only, and the game is over immediately he loses a trick. Were it otherwise, it would be an unequal risk to the caller, who would stand to be mulcted for under-tricks against no possibility of winning under-tricks.

F. B. (Manchester).—(1) Don't use a clip for a self-tied bow. If you tie it properly a clip is not necessary. Here is a tip that may help you. After you have tied the bow, put your hands underneath it, take hold of the under side of each of the two loops of the bow, and pull them gently out. This will tighten the knot in the centre and keep the bow in position. It will also prevent it from becoming untied. (2) By "white linings inside the fronts of waistcoats" I presume you mean the little arrangements which show just a rim of white above the collar of the waistcoat. No; they are not being worn now; they were fashionable three or four seasons ago. (3) Have your light mohair waistcoat made double-breasted, and with plain pearl buttons. (4) Any good hosier would make you a dozen collars to your own pattern; there are several such forms in your own town. (5) The buckskin boots are preferable. (6) If you pour rum on tobacco, you only waste the rum and don't improve the tobacco.

A. C. C.—No trouble, my dear sir, I can assure you. By all means, ask as many questions as you like. Don't have your morning coat made of a grey cloth; black will look very much better, and be far more useful to you. I should recommend you to have the vest made single-breasted; but if you are going in for a fawn-coloured waistcoat—and they give one a very smart appearance—this should be made double-breasted. The best colour for a walking tour rig-out is fawn. Have a nice medium shade, and it won't soil quickly, or show the dust much after a day's tramp. I shall always be very pleased to give you any advice as often as you want it.

J. S. D.—I cannot undertake to say who is the absolutely best tailor in London. In order to give a fair answer to this question, I should have to get a sample suit from all the acknowledged "best" tailors, and I really can't afford to do

this. When you come to town I should recommend you to walk down Bond Street, and the streets leading from it. I am sure your own good sense will tell you what shops not to enter, and with regard to the rest you must choose for yourself, and take your chance. One is very much like another. At any rate, you can't go into a better neighbourhood in which to discover a perfect tailor.

H. W.—Your best plan would be to go to a local drill sergeant. He will show you all you want in five minutes, and a very few exercises will be enough to effect a cure if practised every day. I am presuming, of course, that you are not a middle-aged man. In this case, I am afraid you must give the job up. If you use the dumb-bells properly, you won't have round shoulders.

J. W.—I agree with you as to the bad taste of mentioning such a thing before other people. Never having tried the liquids advertised, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I am told they never effect more than a temporary cure, and that when the patient neglects to apply the fluid, the second growth of hair is much stronger than the first. I don't pretend to say whether this is correct or not; at any rate, you couldn't do much harm by trying one or two. I am told that electrolysis is the best remedy, but it is rather expensive, and the operation can only be performed by an expert. Any doctor would tell you far more about the subject than I can.

P. G. (Edinburgh).—If I have not made a recent reference to dress-suits, it is because there has been no real change in the fashion. When you come to London, avoid the square tails. Have yours well rounded off, and of good length. The last coat I saw sent out from a West-end establishment had tails whose great length at once attracted attention. I do not learn, however, that the best tailors are making the tails longer than they were a year ago; there is nothing really new in cloths, and, of course, vests cannot very well be made to display more of the shirt-front. Don't adopt the coming continental fashion by getting a coloured dress-suit. You are a sensible correspondent, and will no doubt see that you get the right thing, no matter whether you give your order in Scotland or England.

RED. G. (Brighton).—If you do not adopt your Oriental friend's suggestion, you will find nothing better for river wear than cashmere, with white or coloured silk shot in it. Greys and browns, perfectly plain, are fashionable. Of course, you will consult a reliable tailor about the making up of Chinese silk.

H. J. C. (Norwich).—R. R. Clarke, Esq., junior, is correct.

THE COOLGARDIE AUSTRAL GOLD MINING PROPRIETARY, LIMITED.

A well-developed Mine, 30 acres in extent, and within one mile and a half of Coolgardie Railway Station.

The Directors, before submitting this Prospectus to the public, obtained a Report by the well-known expert, Mr. Zebina Lane, Manager of the Great Boulder Mines, who says:—

"Several shafts have been sunk on the leases, the main one being down at the time of my last inspection to a depth of 100 feet, the last 40 feet being on the underlay and following the course of the lode. The average width of the lode at this point was about 8 feet—laminated quartz with iron gossan intermixed—from wall to wall.

"Gold could be seen as the stone was broken, and fair average samples

The Subscription List will CLOSE for London, Country and the Continent at or before 4 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, 29th April, 1896.

THE COOLGARDIE AUSTRAL GOLD MINING PROPRIETARY, LIMITED, Coolgardie, Western Australia.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

Capital £90,000, in 90,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 20,000 will be allotted to the Vendor on account of purchase consideration. The remaining 70,000 (including 25,000 for Working Capital) are now offered for Subscription at par. Payable 2s. 6d. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 6s. one month after Allotment, and the balance as and when required.

DIRECTORS.

Sir Francis John Milman, Bart., Levaton-in-Woodland, Ashburton, Devonshire.

George T. Bean, Esq. (Chairman of the West Australian Mining Company, Limited).

William Jackson, Esq. (Director of the Mercantile Bank of India, Limited).

Herace Tremlett, Esq. (Director of the Western Black Reef, Limited).

A. J. New, Esq. (Director of the Bendigo Goldfields, Limited).

Bankers—Messrs. Brown, Janson and Co., Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

Brokers—Messrs. E. B. Haselden and Co., 27, Throgmorton Street, and

Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Auditors—Messrs. Ward and Wilding, 2, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.

Solicitors—Messrs. Williams and Neville, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Secretary and Offices—Mr. Alfred Hardy, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.

This Company has been formed to acquire and work three well-developed Gold Mining claims, comprising about 30 acres in one block, situated about one and a-half miles from the Coolgardie Railway Station, and known locally as The Austral Syndicate Gold Mining Leases granted by the West Australian Government, and numbered 1,509, 1,744, and 1,786.

N.B.—The numbers of the two last leases were formerly 371 and 542.

EXAMINATION OF THE PROPERTY.

The property has been examined and reported upon by Messrs. James Kerr, De Courcy Brown, B.A., B.Sc., Thomas Matthews, Robert S. Gorrie, and Richard Holmes, M.E. Mr. Zebina Lane, Manager of the Great Boulder Mines, has also reported upon the Mine for the satisfaction of the Directors, and his report, which is considered highly satisfactory, is set out above.

The reef upon which the main of No. 1 shaft has been sunk is from 8 to 12 feet wide, and, from a number of assays, has been proved to yield 3 ozs. of gold per ton.

Mr. Matthews:—"This should be a very desirable property, for the following reasons:—First—It will be within one (1) mile of the railway. Second—A good supply of water on the property. Third—The country rocks are easily worked. Fourth—The large size of the reef. Fifth—The ore is free milling.

"I have much pleasure in saying you have a very valuable mining

taken from the heap in bulk gave on assay of 1½ ounces to the ton, the gold being fine and evenly distributed throughout the matrix. Two other shafts, 60 feet and 80 feet deep, prove the course and continuity of the lode."

"The cost of a 10-stamp Mill, with power to drive 20 stamps, and a suitable hauling plant, would be about £4,500 erecting, and in working order. The cost of mining and milling the ore will not be more than three pounds per ton, and from present indications and appearances there should be no difficulty in running 10 stamps continuously at a good profit."

Leaving a net profit of £22,500

Equal to a dividend of 25 per cent. upon the nominal capital.

PURCHASE CONSIDERATION AND CONTRACTS.

The purchase consideration has been fixed by the Vendor, who pays all expenses of and incident to the formation of the Company to the first Allotment, at £65,000, payable as to £25,000 in cash, as to £20,000 in fully-paid Shares, and as to the balance either wholly or partly in cash or in fully-paid Shares, at the option of the Directors, leaving 25,000 Shares available to provide working capital, which, having regard to the extent of the present development work upon the mine, is considered ample.

For contracts, full reports on this property, etc., see full Prospectus. Application for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance of the amount payable on application.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Brokers, Solicitors, and of the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, London, 16th April, 1896.

property; with good machinery, and management, should be one of the leading dividend-paying mines of the district at an early date."

WATER AND TIMBER.

Mr. Gorrie also states:—"An abundance of water can be got on the Lease from No. 2 Shaft, for all mining purposes, and timber can be procured within a reasonable distance."

PROPOSED OPERATIONS.

The general consensus of the Experts' Reports being so clear as to the extent of good payable ore, and the large quantity in sight, the Directors intend to immediately erect a 10-stamp battery, with all accessories suitable for the requirements of the mine, with power to drive 20 stamps, so as to admit of speedy returns pending the development of the underground workings.

Mr. Zebina Lane estimates that the mining and milling expenses will not exceed £3 per ton, and that there should be no difficulty in running 10 stamps continuously at a good profit.

Ten Stamps only should give a minimum crushing of 160 tons per week, or, say, 7,500 tons per annum.

Assuming the average gold contents to be only 1½ ounces per ton, this crushing would yield 11,250 ounces, which, at £4 per ounce, would represent £45,000

Taking the expenses at £3 per ton, the maximum estimated by Mr. Lane, the cost of mining and milling would represent 22,500

Leaving a net profit of £22,500

Equal to a dividend of 25 per cent. upon the nominal capital.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—In answer to your query, I cannot tell you why George R. Sims has such a poor opinion of Eastertide as a theatrical season. I have often heard him state his view, but I never heard him give a reason, and I presume that his conviction is founded on experience. Certainly, he is more than justified just now. Gloomy mutterings and whispers of "the notice" are to be heard at every second stage door. I may tell you I don't like being a prophet of evil, so I won't tell you what uncomfortable rumours I have heard concerning other shows. Next week, however, I may have to chronicle more closings.

The malign influence of the moment was, I thought, to be felt in the very air at the Garrick last Tuesday night. Henry Arthur Jones, as you know, felt very keenly disappointed at the lack of success achieved by *Michael and His Lost Angel*. To keep himself from brooding, and to work off his irritation, he sat down and wrote another play at high pressure. This play was *The Rogue's Comedy*, and it certainly shows signs of hasty work. Jones generally polishes and cuts his plays most carefully, but there are certain passages in his latest deliverance that seem to be written anyhow. In places there is plenty of fire and dash, forcible speeches, nicely-turned expressions, and well-coloured situations.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, the 30th April, for Town and Country.

At a competition instituted by the *Boot and Shoe Trades' Journal*, on 12th October, 1895, for the best Army Boot, at which several military officers and technical experts in the Boot and Shoe trade acted as judges, the FIRST PRIZE was awarded to the Goodyear Machine Company of Northampton, who are manufacturing boots containing CAVENDISH WATERPROOF ASBESTOS INTER-SOLES, and to whom asbestos was supplied for inter-soling military boots supplied to the War Office and the Ashanti Expedition.

THE CAVENDISH WATERPROOF ASBESTOS SOLE CO. (LTD.)

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of each shareholder is limited to the amount of his shares.

Capital £100,000, in 70,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 30,000 deferred shares of £1 each. 20,000 ordinary shares are reserved for working capital. 30,000 fully-paid deferred shares will be accepted by the vendors in part payment of the purchase-money. The 30,000 deferred shares will not rank for dividend until dividends amounting to 10 per cent. for two consecutive years have been paid on the ordinary shares issued. Issue of 60,000 shares of £1 each, payable 5s. on application, 5s. on allotment, 5s. one month after allotment, and 5s. in two months after allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Captain James M. McCalmont, M.P., 89, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.
Deputy Surgeon-General James Howard Thornton, C.B., M.B., M.R.C.S., 49, St. Charles Square, London, W.
Lieut.-Col. Capel, J.P., 13, Morpeth Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.
*Henry William Cavendish Harvey, Esq., Leadenhall Buildings, London, E.C. (with power to add to their number).

Will join the Board after allotment as Managing Director.

BANKERS.

London: London Joint Stock Bank, Princes Street, E.C., and branches.

Ireland: The National Bank, Dublin, and branches.

BROKERS.—London: Messrs. Read and Briggstock, 5, Austin Friars, and Stock Exchange, E.C. Dublin: Messrs. Henderson, Inglis and Smith, 38, Dame Street.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Lumley and Lumley, 15, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C., and 37, Conduit Street, London, W.

AUDITOR.—H. Newson-Smith, Esq., Chartered Accountant, 37, Walbrook.

SECRETARY (pro tem).—Mr. W. J. Neal.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—1, Leadenhall Buildings, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire and take over the patent rights of Henry William Cavendish Harvey, for Great Britain and Ireland, under the Patent No. 6,250 of the 28th March, 1894, for improvements in boots and the benefit of all improvements, extensions and renewals to which he is or may be entitled, and the exclusive right to sell in Great Britain and Ireland, Waterproofed Asbestos for Boots and Shoes as described in the specification referred to in such patent, together with the business now carried on by the patentee and another under the name of the Cavendish Waterproof Asbestos Sole Company, and the assets and liabilities thereof, as a going concern, as from the 1st January, 1896.

Mr. Harvey's patent for improvements in boots and the like has for its object the rendering of boots and the like proof against cold, damp, and heat, so as to be warm in winter and cool in summer. The method employed consists in lining or inter-soling boots with asbestos or other non-conducting substance, either alone or in combination with some waterproofing substance. The asbestos in one arrangement is fixed on the upper side of the sole, and in use is placed between the welt and the sole.

Asbestos has long been known by its remarkable properties as a preserver of heat and a protector from cold, and possesses the double advantage of keeping the feet cool in summer and warm in winter. It is upon this basis it has recently been tested and successfully applied to boots and shoes. Leather by itself transmits heat and cold, and for this reason the excessive heat in summer and cold in winter is felt through the soles of our boots. This great defect has been lately overcome by the powerful non-conducting properties of Asbestos, which at once arrests the passage of heat or cold to the feet, thus maintaining their normal temperature.

The damp-proof process is also necessary, for all leather (being porous) has a constant tendency to absorb moisture from the ground. On this account the Asbestos has been rendered waterproof, and by this means the feet are preserved from dampness.

But they are joined by little arid wastes of hopelessly commonplace words, and by slow, tame, and processional action. Mr. Bailey Prothero is an interesting type of scoundrel—once a thief and "lumberer," now a thought-reader—and it is excellent logic that impels his dupes to the conclusion that, if he can see into the future at all, he can surely see the price of stocks and shares. How Prothero does the trick in drawing-rooms, Jones shows us clearly enough; but he is silent regarding the City part of the business, leaving us to assume that sheer luck kept the impostor on his legs. This, I thought, was a trifle weak. The making of a Company was so minutely and deliberately insisted on, that I expected more to come of it. The investigations of Mr. George Lambert were also rather vague. Lambert is the only person who does not believe in Prothero, and, of course Lambert is really Prothero's son—brought up by an aunt, in total ignorance of his criminal parents. Prothero worries a good deal because Lambert does not treat him with respect, and for the life of me I can't see why he should not have taken the young man quietly into a corner, and have there told him the truth. There is a definite reason at the end of the play why, to promote the happiness of Lambert and his marriage, he should assure the parents of his fiancé that Lambert's father is dead; but why he should ever have kept Lambert himself in the dark I entirely fail to perceive.

The play, however, depends very much less on its plot than on its characterisation. In this Jones has shown his usual skill. He has painted, perhaps, a little more

Asbestos-lined boots and shoes will therefore be suitable for all climates and classes, and will conduce to the comfort and health of the wearers.

The Company whose business is to be taken over already comprises a large trade, having many of the largest boot and shoe manufacturers in the United Kingdom on its books as customers, most of whom have given repeat orders and unsolicited testimonials respecting the great value and merit of the asbestos linings or intersoles.

The vendors have received offers from some of the largest leather and trimmings manufacturers in the United Kingdom to enter into contracts for exclusive agencies for their respective counties. These offers the vendors have declined, preferring to leave the directors of the Company free to enter into such contracts should they deem it right to do so, or to sell direct to the wholesale boot manufacturers, as has been hitherto done by the vendors.

As there are 40,000 manufacturers in the United Kingdom, and 150,000 retail boot makers, all of whom, when the merits of Asbestos lining are known, will be constrained to use such lining, the Directors are of opinion that the business will prove expansive and productive of large dividends.

The merits of Mr. Harvey's invention have been quickly appreciated, and the demand which has sprung up for Asbestos inter-soles has been exceptional.

A FEW OF NUMEROUS TESTIMONIALS FROM MEDICAL MEN.

Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.R.C.P.I., F.R.C.S.I., and L.M., D.P.H. Ph.D.; ex-President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; President, British Institute; Vice-President, Institute of Chemists; Member of Army Sanitary Committee; Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene, R.C.S.I., etc., writes:—"Dear Sirs,—I consider your application of Asbestos to the soles of boots a very admirable suggestion, which, if carried into effect, will, I am sure, prove satisfactory."

Dr. JOHNSON, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.A., etc., writes:—"Tulse Hill, London, April 10th, 1895. Dear Sirs,—I have no hesitation in fully endorsing the Cavendish principle in every particular, Asbestos preventing entirely the abstraction of the heat of the body by the earth through the medium of the feet, while the same fact holds good as regards the wet."

A SOUND INDUSTRIAL UNDERTAKING.

The results of the operations of the Cavendish Waterproof Asbestos Sole Company's business since its commencement in April, 1895, to the present time show a net profit of upwards of 20 per cent., and this, notwithstanding the expenses incidental to establishment.

The vendors have fixed the price to be paid to them for the patent rights above referred to, and the exclusive right to sell in Great Britain and Ireland Waterproof Asbestos for boots and the like, and for the business and goodwill of the Cavendish Waterproof Asbestos Sole Company, at £80,000, payable £30,000 in fully-paid deferred shares, and the balance, £50,000, in cash or ordinary shares at the option of the Directors.

Mr. Henry William Cavendish Harvey, the patentee, who has so successfully conducted the business up to the present time, will continue to do so as Managing Director.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at their Brokers, Bankers, or Solicitors.

London, April 23rd, 1896.

roughly than usual. He has not finished so carefully and neatly. But his hand is the hand of a true artist. He has given a splendid part to Willard, who acts it, on the whole, excellently, though at times he is a trifle strident and metallic. Young Bolly Brough is also exceedingly good. The rest are all adequate.

When the final curtain fell, people seemed rather uncertain in their minds, and Jones did not take a call. Neither did anyone explain the reason for his non-appearance. I suppose he was uncertain about his reception. Well, it was an uncertain night, and an uncertain play.

I don't feel so much doubt about *An Astral Body*, put up at a Court *matinée*. The idea was rather original, but, in my opinion, we shall not hear any more of it.

The St. James's *matinée* excited a good deal of interest. W. R. Walkes is a very charming fellow, an able critic, and a keen humorist. His play is an original comedy in four acts, called *Mary Pennington, Spinster*, and it shows a good deal of ability. As a writer of comedy, Walkes is assuredly destined to occupy a considerable place.

I am afraid there is no money in *Mary Pennington, Spinster*, but there is lots of money in Walkes as a future dramatist.

No end of an audience assembled at Daly's for the first night of *The Geisha*. The Prince of Wales was in a box next to Sir Edward Lawson, and a fine variety of smart men and pretty women filled the stalls. As I sat waiting for the curtain to go up, gazing at the brilliant crowd, I could not help reflecting on the curious changes that come with a mere half-turn of Fortune's wheel. When Mr. Hall devoted himself to journalism, it used to be the fashion to detest him and abuse him. Nobody could say anything good of him, or admit that there was a spark of worth in his work.

Now, half London was waiting breathlessly to applaud him to the echo. The dramatic profession in particular affected to loath him. Now he provides for it as much, if not more, highly lucrative labour than any other author. And now the profession does not speak of him quite so harshly. In giving them *The Geisha* he is certainly a benefactor. It would be pretty safe to prophesy that it will run 500 nights, and any number of tours will go with it round the provinces and to America. And it will certainly deserve its popularity. It is a clean, fresh, and thoroughly charming entertainment. The plot is slight, simple, direct, and free from any brain-racking complications. The music, with the exception of one or two numbers, is unambitious, tuneful, and most melodious.

I wonder that no manager has yet been struck with the happy idea of presenting every member of his first-night audience with a coupon, to be signed, filled up with "Yes" or "No," and placed in ballot-boxes on leaving; the ballot-boxes to be previously sealed by the Secretary of the Playgoers' Club, subsequently opened and counted by the President at the fortnightly committee meetings, and the result published regularly in the "Green-Room Gossip" of a weekly paper.

I really think there is something in the notion, and it ought to reconcile even the most hostile interest.—Your affectionate cousin,
RANDOLPH.

JOHN C. M'KELLAR, LIMITED.

A COMPANY is being formed in Glasgow, with a capital of £40,000, divided into 4,000 four per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each (with right to share in whole profits up to 7 per cent.), and 4,000 ordinary shares of £5 each, of which the vendor takes the whole. The preference shares are now offered at par. Interest at 4 per cent. will accrue on the payments for the preference shares allotted from the date of payment. For full particulars see advertisement below.

The Subscription List for the undermentioned Preference Share Capital opened on Wednesday, 29th April, and will be closed on or before Tuesday, 5th May, at 3 o'clock p.m.

APPLICATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, AT ITS HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES.

JOHN C. M'KELLAR, LTD.,

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of a Shareholder is limited to the amount of his Shares.

CAPITAL £40,000.
Divided into 4,000 Four per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each (with right to share in whole Profits up to 7 per cent., as after-mentioned), and 4,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each (the Vendor takes the whole of the Ordinary Shares)—£40,000.

The Preference Shares are now offered for Subscription at par, payable £1 on Application, £1 on Allotment, and the balance one month thereafter.

Interest at four per cent. per annum will accrue on the payments for the Preference Shares allotted from the date of the respective payments.

The Preference Shares will bear cumulative preferred dividends at the rate of four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and will also be preferable as regards capital. In addition to the four per cent. dividend, the preference shares will rank equally with the ordinary shares on the profits of the Company, after the ordinary shares have received a like dividend, until both receive a dividend of seven per cent., any further profits going to the ordinary shares only. To further secure the preference capital it is provided by the Articles of Association, that after four per cent. has been paid on the ordinary shares, and before any dividend has been paid on the ordinary shares, a sum of not less than twenty per cent. of the balance of each year's revenue will be placed in a reserve fund, and added to the assets of the Company or invested in any other approved security until such reserve fund amounts to £5,000.

Applications for the Preference Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with the amount payable on application.

Where no allotment is made, the amount paid on application will be returned in full immediately. When the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and in the event of there still being a surplus, the same will be repaid to the applicant.

DIRECTORS.

Ex-Bailie Robert Crawford, Glasgow (Director of Yorkshire Fire and Life Insurance Company), Chairman.
William Hood, Esq., Nile Park, Pollokshields.
Bailie William Pettigrew, Glasgow.
Alexander Frew, Esq., C.E., of Messrs. Kyle, Dennison and Frew, C.E., Glasgow.

John C. M'Kellar, Esq., I.A., 112, Bath Street, Glasgow, Managing Director.

BANKERS.—Union Bank of Scotland, Limited (St. Vincent Street Branch, Glasgow).

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Paterson and Ross, 183, West George Street, Glasgow.

BROKER.—James L. Steven, Esq., 157, West George Street, Glasgow.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Dunlop and Murray, C.A., 82, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*).—Alexander Mitchell, Esq., 82, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.—82, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring, carrying on, and extending the business of Builders and Feuars, Property and Land Owners, and Investors in every form of security connected therewith, carried on for over ten years by the Vendor, Mr. John C. M'Kellar, I.A., Architect and Property Valuator, at 112, Bath Street, Glasgow; and acquiring in connection therewith certain heritable property valued at £74,930.

The long experience of the Vendor in dealing in heritable property and land, and his facilities as an architect and property valuator, place him in a position to secure and work out investments of this class in a manner

that is scarcely possible to the ordinary investor. His operations have all along been most successful.

Mr. M'Kellar will act as Managing Director of the Company for a period of twelve years, and has such confidence in its future prosperity, that he not only takes the whole of the ordinary shares in part payment of the price, but agrees to make no charge for his services until a sufficient sum has been earned to pay a dividend of five per cent. per annum on both ordinary and preference shares. Further, he undertakes to hold at least two-thirds of his shares so long as he is Managing Director. He also binds himself not to enter into any property or land investments on his own account while he is Managing Director without first offering the same to the Company.

The Company will take over the profits as from May 28th, 1890, along with thirty three tenements and four plots of building ground containing about 3,828 square yards. The tenements contain 320 dwelling-houses and sixteen shops. They have all been built during the last five years, and are most substantial and modern. In plan and equipment the dwelling-houses have been designed in strict conformity to the most advanced sanitary requirements, and are finished throughout in a most attractive and tasteful manner.

The consideration to be received by the Vendor will be the sum of £15,000 in cash, and the whole of the Ordinary Shares. This will leave a working capital of £5,000, which is considered ample. The 33 tenements have been valued by John Laing, Esq., J.P., Property Valuator and House Factor in Glasgow, at £70,800; the Heritable Bonds affecting the same, at 3 to 3½ per cent. interest, amount to only £44,240, leaving a reversion of £26,560, to which there falls to be added the four plots of ground, before referred to, which are free of feu duty or any other burden, and have been valued by Mr. Laing at £4,130, making a total of £30,690.

The above sum of £30,690, plus the working capital of £5,000 before referred to, and a preferred claim on all the other present and future assets of the Company, forms a first-class security for the whole amount of the Preference Capital. The nett surplus return from the rental of the above tenements, after paying feu duties, interest on bonds, taxes, and all other charges in connection with the upkeep and management, as calculated by the said John Laing, amounts annually to £1,867 10s. 9d., which, added to Mr. M'Kellar's average annual profits of £2,000 for the last five years, from the feuing of land and selling of feu duties, as certified by Messrs. Dunlop and Murray, C.A., 82, West Regent Street, Glasgow, per their Certificate, a copy of which is appended to the Prospectus, shows a profit of not less than £3,867 10s. 9d. per annum, or equal to a dividend of 7 per cent. on both Preference and Ordinary Shares, and a further balance of £1,067 10s. 9d. for Reserve Fund, etc., while the sum required to pay a dividend on the Preference Shares at 4 per cent. amounts only to £800.

The following contract has been entered into—viz., Minute of Agreement, dated 22nd April, 1896, between the said John Campbell M'Kellar, of the first part, and William Dunlop, Chartered Accountant in Glasgow, for and on behalf of the Company, of the second part. There are no other contracts.

No promotion money or other consideration has been or will be paid or granted, nor is any portion of this issue underwritten or guaranteed.

Mr. M'Kellar, as Vendor, will pay the whole expense of and in connection with the formation of the Company to the date of allotment, also the conveyance of the foresaid properties to the Company. It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange quotation of the Shares offered for subscription

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

The block below is not Arabic, but simply a facsimile paragraph of the Russian edition of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." The book has now been translated into French, Russian, German, Norwegian, Dutch, and, I believe, Modern Greek. The reasons for its success are not far to seek. Most of us, at one time or another, have gone through the same experiences, thought the same thoughts, suffered the same doubts, and tried to solve them with the same homely philosophy. To my mind the great charm of "Idle Thoughts" is that there is nothing "high-faluting" about it. Its pithily put, practical, and humorous wisdom serves as a panacea when a great many more pretentious works fail to afford one consolation.

У меня по спинѣ пробѣжали мурашки. И на лбу выступилъ холодный потъ. Въ воображеніи мгновенно воскресла слабая улыбка старика, съ которой онъ въ послѣдній разъ обратился ко мнѣ, и получила новый, ужасный смыслъ: Онъ былъ слабый, разбитый жизнью человѣкъ, въ немъ не могло уже быть всесокрушающей энергии. съ которой въ 20 лѣтъ принимаются за непосильную работу. Можетъ быть, его слабѣющій умъ не вынесъ неожиданного удара и онъ рѣшилъ освободиться отъ земныхъ тягостей? Можетъ быть, онъ лежитъ теперь подъ зеленымъ куполомъ лѣса съ зияющей раной на шеѣ... Или спитъ послѣднимъ сномъ на днѣ рѣки подъ ея прозрачнымъ, но тяжкимъ покрываломъ? Можетъ быть, это посланіе изъ гроба?

Am just stocking "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells (William Heinemann, 6s.), and on the whole must confess myself repelled and yet fascinated by it. As a manifesto against vivisection there is not a word to be said in its disfavour. The Anti-Vivisectionist Society would do well to take it up and distribute it gratis, for a more terrible indictment against vivisection has never been published. As a literary work, however, the book is too horrible and painful; one cannot get away from it. Mr. Wells appears to be strongly under the influence of Edgar Allan Poe in his most gruesome and mysterious vein. For sheer, unadulterated horror, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" is difficult to beat. Briefly, Dr. Moreau is a man who believes that the possibilities of vivisection do not stop at a mere physical metamorphosis. In company with another man, he lives upon an uninhabited island, and sends his friend every year to Africa to get him fresh animals on which to experiment. Dr. Moreau's researches appear to be confined to the object of humanising beasts. When he has operated on different animals he turns them loose in his island. His theory is:—

"These creatures you have seen are animals carved and wrought into new shapes. To that—to the study of the plasticity of living forms—my life has been devoted. I have studied for years, gaining in knowledge as I go. I see you look horrified, and yet I am telling you nothing new. It all lay on the surface of practical anatomy years ago, but no one had the temerity to touch it. It's not simply the outward form of an animal I can change. The physiology, the chemical rhythm of the creature, may also be made to undergo an enduring modification, of which vaccination and other methods of inoculation with living or dead matter are examples that will, no doubt, be familiar to you. A similar operation is the transfusion of blood, with which subject, indeed, I began. These are all familiar cases."

The story is told by Prendick, who is shipwrecked

and picked up by the *Lady Vane*, on which happened to be Moreau's companion with a cargo of animals. Moreau is killed by the puma on which he is experimenting, and Prendick ultimately escapes. But the book itself is ghastly in its unnatural horror. To say that it is well written is only to do justice to Mr. Wells' great literary ability. In fact, the greatest test of this rapidly "coming" author's work is the profound impression it creates—an impression which it is impossible to dissipate for days.

"English Lakes," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (published by Adam and Charles Black, price 3s. 6d.), is a very comprehensive and well got-up guide to the Lake district, illustrated by carefully drawn maps, embracing all the chief points of interest. The district is divided into sections, each with its own centre. The book is bound in a portable form, and will prove valuable to the tourist.

"English Lakes," by M. J. B. Baddeley (published by Black, price 1s.), is full of interesting information, and for its size very comprehensive.

It is some time, I think, since a quarterly devoted to the fine arts was attempted. I remember the old *Fine Arts Quarterly*, and a capital review it was. I never come across a copy of it without regret that it perished for lack of adequate support. Such, however, I trust, will not be the case with the "*Quarto*," the new illustrated quarterly, published by *Virtue* for the committee of Slade students, and edited, I understand, by Mr. J. Bernard Holborn. It introduces itself as artistic, literary, and musical, and the first number contains a photogravure frontispiece after *Andrea del Sarto's* "Holy Family." The illustrations are interesting and varied, and the letterpress is lightened by a little fiction, which, by the way, strikes me as rather weak. There are some good names in the list of both artistic and literary contributors. Quite a *de luxe* publication altogether, and well worth the notice of the cultured.

Am also stocking "*Illumination*," by Harold Frederic (William Heinemann, 6s.). Mr. Harold Frederic's book is so good that I am disappointed it is not better. It is a story of a young American clergyman, and his so-called "*Illumination*" is really a skilful tracing of his degradation, and the development of that weak spot which is to be found in most of us. But the man himself is so poor and weak-spirited a creature that it is very difficult to take any interest in him whatever. In the closing scene of the book he says:—

"If I was going to live, I'd have some funny things to tell. Six months ago I was a good man. . . . Here's the kind of joke God plays; you see me here six months after. Look at me. I haven't got an honest hair in my head. I'm a bad man through and through; that's what I am. I look all round at myself, and there isn't an atom left anywhere of the good man I used to be. And, mind you, I never lifted a finger to prevent the change. I didn't resist once; I didn't make any fight; I just walked deliberately down hill, with my eyes wide open. I told myself, all the while, that I was climbing a hill instead; but I knew in my heart it was a lie. Everything about me was a lie. I wouldn't be telling the truth even now if—I hadn't come to the end of my rope. Now, how do you explain that? How can it be explained? Was I really rotten to the core all the time, years ago, when I seemed to everybody, myself and the rest, to be good and straight and sincere? Was it all a sham, or does God take a good man and turn him into an out-and-out bad one, in just a few months—in the time that it takes an ear of corn to ripen and go off with the mildew? Or isn't there any God at all—but only men who live and die like animals?"

Under the circumstances, the only thing for him to do is to die. Unfortunately, he recovers, and becomes Superintendent of the Land and Real State Company in Seattle. The best drawn and most interesting character in the book is Sister Soulsby, "*The Debt Raiser*;" and the way that breezy, not altogether impeccable female raises the money to wipe off a church debt, besides being screamingly humorous, is bitterly sarcastic as well. The book would gain by compression.

RAFAEL.

BY

ERNEST DAUDET.

Specially translated for TO-DAY by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

PART III.—CHAPTER VI. (*continued.*)

"SIRE, what answer are we to bear to those who have sent us?" asked the General.

"Let your Majesty decide," urged Don Francisque. "Let the King listen to his conscience and his reason. Manuel Godoy is a great sinner. He has worn out the goodness of God."

Charles fell into a state of pitiable agitation; he was deeply humiliated by having to acknowledge himself conquered. Incoherent words of wrath and terror fell from his lips.

"A set of beggars—I ought to have shot them—but, alas! they are the stronger——"

While he was endeavouring to frame a reply, an officer entered the hall, approached the Queen, and spoke to her in a low tone. She turned deadly pale under her powder and staggered.

"What is the matter now?" asked the King in alarm.

"Charles, Charles," she cried, "save Manuelito!"

"Is he in danger?"

"Your Majesty, the rebels have broken into the house of his Most Serene Highness, and the life of the Prince of the Peace is threatened. Here comes the Princess."

Charles stepped down from his chair, and hastened to meet her.

"Ah! my poor child!" he exclaimed. "What an adventure! But you must not be frightened. You are here under my protection, and we will save your husband."

She held up her hand, and, casting a deep glance full of reproach at the King, she said—

"Sire, by forcing me into this marriage, you have wrought my misery!"

She stretched out her right arm in the direction of the Queen—

"It is she who has been my destruction."

"Terror has turned her brain," said Marie Louise.

"Remove her," she added, as a command to her ladies-in-waiting.

The latter obeyed on the instant. They surrounded the Princess and her daughter, and gently led them away to the Queen's private apartment.

"Now," said Marie Louise, "let us think only of rescuing Manuel from the hands of these wretches."

She called to the officer—

"Captain, we place him in your charge. Go and bring him hither."

"Alas! your Majesty, the Prince of the Peace is a prisoner in the hands of the rebels."

"A prisoner! He! Go and set him free!"

"Any attempt to deliver him would be the signal for his death. He would certainly have been killed had it not been for the intervention and authority of the Conde d'Osorio. He is severely wounded."

The Queen broke into loud lamentations—

"My Manuelito! My poor Manuelito! I will not have him killed. Señores, defend him, save his life!"

It was to Laguardia and José Benillo that she addressed this prayer.

"The people are let loose," said the General gravely. "They have condemned Godoy. I have no power to arrest the course of their justice."

"Oh! the cowards! The cowards!" shrieked the Queen. "They will let him be murdered."

"But if I promise to dismiss him," asked the King, "will they give him up to me?"

"Sire," said Laguardia, "if your Majesty will promise to bring Godoy to trial, it may perhaps be possible to save his life."

"Manuel brought to trial," cried the Queen. "Never!"

"Does your Majesty prefer that he should perish?"

The Queen turned wildly to her husband.

"Have you no longer any blood in your veins, Charles? Your people are in revolt; they brave you to your face; you are no longer obeyed, and you do nothing to defend yourself!"

The King shrank under this violent apostrophe.

"What can I do, when my soldiers declare themselves unable to enforce my commands? And then, you see, Marie Louise, I am too old, I have reigned too long, too many sorrows have worn me out. I can do no more."

"Then resign the Crown." She turned to her son. "You have heard your father," she said. "Take up that sceptre which he lets fall. Ferdinand, you have great cause for self-reproach, you have conspired against your parents, you have been a bad son. But if you save Manuel, I will forgive you all the ill that you have done, and the King shall abdicate in your favour."

Then the Prince of the Asturias advanced to the front of the throne.

"Is it the will of my lord and father that the Queen expresses?" he asked.

The King made an effort, and answered in a lamentable voice—

"Yes, it is my will. Before all present, I am ready to abdicate."

"Long live Ferdinand the Seventh!" cried Laguardia.

"Long live Ferdinand the Seventh!" echoed his companions.

The Queen urgently entreated her son—

"Go to the aid of Manuel, now, at once, without a moment's delay, I implore of you."

The Prince made a sign to Laguardia and Don José Benillo. "Come, señores," he said.

They went out, leaving the King bewildered by the event which cast him down from the throne, and unexpectedly handed over power to the son whom he had so recently declared unworthy to reign. Marie Louise watched the three men as they left the hall. When they had disappeared, she said to her husband, speaking low—

"We had to save Manuelito from death. That is why I made you act this farce. But it would be mean cowardice to throw up the game. When our friend is restored to us, you shall be King once more."

At these words the energy of the aged sovereign revived. He sat up, and answered her firmly—

"You are mistaken, Marie Louise. What is done is done. I have ceased to reign. I shall sign my abdication with joy, and my subjects will learn with joy, not with sorrow, that I have signed it."

"No, no, you are wrong, Charles. Your subjects love you."

At that moment the sound of acclamations with which the Prince of the Asturias was greeted as he passed through the crowd on his way to the house of the Prince of the Peace, once more filled the palace.

"Ah, yes," said the King, mockingly, "see how my subjects love me. With what enthusiasm they salute Ferdinand!"

CHAPTER VII.

A NIGHT RIDE.

JUAN MORERA, still secure in the shelter of the reed-mat to which he owed his safety, awaited with some confidence the moment at which he might escape. In trembling, indeed, but death had come so near, and yet had passed him by; its approach might still be averted.

Night had come; all was silent, and in the lower part of the house, where Morera had heard the noise of pillage and destruction going on for an hour, quiet seemed to be restored. He concluded that Manuel Godoy had been taken away, and that the rioters, having finished their work of devastation, had dispersed. He still waited, however, listening, not daring to emerge from his refuge, lest he should be recognised and massacred.

He had long foreseen Godoy's fall, and his own, and was prepared to meet that eventuality. He had transmitted a portion of his fortune—large enough to enable

him to live in opulence during the evil days—to England, and to England he was now resolved to fly.

Everything was ready for his departure, as he had been included in the list of those who were to accompany the King to Mexico, and his personal effects had been packed for the fitting of this very night, so tragically impeded. It only remained for him to pass through Madrid, where Beatrix Nebral was a prisoner in his house, take her away with him, and proceed at once to Cadiz, where it would be possible for him to embark.

Such were his projects. The difficulties in the way of their realisation did not alarm him. He reckoned upon his star—upon the good luck that had invariably attended his schemes for so many years, to enable him to dispose of every obstacle.

An hour later, as he no longer heard any sound of movement, external or internal, he made up his mind to leave his place of refuge. Holding his breath, he crept out of the mat, got upon his feet, and again listened. No sound reached him, and he slipped out of the garret.

At each end of the narrow passage on which the garret rooms opened was a staircase. He selected that one by which Godoy had brought him to the garret storey when the insurgents forced the doors below, and made his way to it by the faint starlight which came through the skylight. Noiselessly he stole down to the first floor, and then he paused. On his left was the staircase leading to the offices. On his right was a half-open door. Through the aperture a thread of light, passing under the heavy door-curtain, was visible.

Morera wanted to know what was on the other side, and, lifting the curtain softly, he looked in, and recognised the room from which he and Godoy had watched the advance of the armed crowd.

Four persons occupied this apartment, which was brilliantly lighted—Manuel Godoy, stretched on a sofa, a surgeon busy with his wounds, and, standing near them, Rafael d'Osorio and Borostidi. The Prince of the Peace was lamentable to behold. His wounded leg was bandaged, his head was wrapped in linen cloths, his pallor was frightful. The wretched man moved spasmodically with groans of pain.

Juan Morera shuddered at the sight. His heart was torn with anguish and pity. But his emotion passed away quickly; he was too anxious about his own safety to give way to useless sentiment.

"Poor Manuel!" he said to himself. "I always foresaw that he would come to ill. He had done so much of it, and was so imprudent!"

This was all the death-bed prayer his friend's calamity suggested to Juan Morera. He believed him lost beyond recall. "A man overboard!" What was the good of thinking any more about him?

He was moving noiselessly away, when a fresh incident detained him. The surgeon rose, having done all he could for the moment, and Juan Morera saw Rafael and Borostidi approach the patient.

"Prince!" said Rafael, "are you in a state to hear me? Do you recognise me?"

"I recognise you, Don Rafael."

"Do you know that you owe your life to Antonio Borostidi and to me?"

"Yes; I saw you both come to my rescue when those madmen were about to finish me. I thank you, señores. When the King takes me out of this, I will remember the service you have done me. My assassins shall expiate their crime, and my rescuers shall be rewarded."

"They solicit no reward," said Borostidi. "They have only done their duty."

"And only ask that, now, you do yours," added Rafael.

"What can I do, in the state I am in?"

"You can tell us what has become of your accomplice?"

"Manuel Godoy never has betrayed a friend. If I knew where Don Juan is, I would not tell you. But, upon my honour, I do not know. So much the better! He avoids such a fate as mine. Let him escape, Don Rafael. Is he not your benefactor?"

Morera was deeply moved by this proof of his friend's attachment. A thrill of sincere gratitude stirred his cold heart. But Rafael's answer soon absorbed his attention.

"He! My benefactor! Perhaps so, when he thought to associate me with his crimes, and yours. But, since then, what has he not done to gratify his enmity? My betrothed has disappeared. I am sure she is in his hands!"

"Yes, I should think she is. He said something of the matter to me. A woman whom he loves, and who resisted him."

"Tell us what he has done with her!" said Borostidi, entreatingly, "and you will have paid your debt to us."

"And we will continue to defend you against those who seek your life," added Rafael.

"I suffer! I suffer!" groaned the Prince. And then in broken tones he continued—

"Juan did not confide his secret to me. I do not know the name of the person in question."

"She is my daughter, Prince!" cried Borostidi. "It is impossible that you can be ignorant of where she is!"

"I am ignorant, I assure you! Juan did not tell me."

"He is decidedly a better fellow than I!" thought Morera. In his place, and to secure two such champions, I would have told everything."

Rafael and Borostidi declined to accept the assurance of the Prince of the Peace.

"I do not believe your Highness," said Rafael.

Borostidi seconded him.

"The doctor has no secrets from you!"

"You are mistaken, señores," Godoy protested feebly.

"Juan is double-faced. He accepts my confidence, but he does not give me his."

Don Antonio thrust himself forward, right in front of the wounded man, and said, with angry sternness—

"You shall repeat that to those who demand your head, Prince of the Peace. Do you hear?"

There was an uproar in the street, the tumult of the rioters, who, after having left the house, were coming back. Their curses and threats were already audible. Godoy believed his last hour to be at hand.

"Are you going to give me up to those savages?" he stammered.

"Service for service!" replied Borostidi. "Tell us where my daughter is, and no harm shall be done to you. If you don't—"

The rioters had reached the staircase, and their cries for the wretched man's blood preceded them.

Then Godoy yielded.

"Don Antonio!" he said, "in declaring that Juan Morera had not confided anything to me, I have told the truth. I can give you a useful hint, however. No doubt it is in his house in Madrid he has hidden Doña Beatrix. I swear by the Sacred Host that I know nothing more!"

"Ah! the villain," muttered Juan Morera, through his clenched teeth, "he has betrayed me."

Now, he was in haste to get away; but fear, no less than curiosity, rooted him to the spot. He wanted to know to what lengths of betrayal Godoy would go, and he dared not go down into the street, lest he should be recognised. Suddenly there arose, amid the tumult that filled the house, a strange and unexpected acclamation. The people were shouting—

"LONG LIVE FERDINAND THE SEVENTH!"

Juan Morera did not understand what was happening. He saw the great door thrown wide open, and the Prince of the Asturias enter, surrounded by Guards protecting him from the popular enthusiasm. Around him rose shouts of "Death to Godoy!" clenched hands were stretched in deadly menace towards the wounded man, who raised himself, notwithstanding his exhaustion, and defied the howling crowd.

Ferdinand de Bourbon had let them howl up to that moment, but so soon as he came within sight of Godoy, he imposed silence by one commanding gesture, and was instantly obeyed.

"Spaniards," said he, adopting at once the sovereign

form of speech, "prove by your compliance with our commands, by your moderation in victory, that you do not separate your attachment to the Bourbons from your attachment to your rights. The King, our father, has heard you. He abdicates. In a few hours we shall be King of Spain; here we pledge ourselves solemnly to remain in your midst. Carry this news to Madrid. Adjure all good citizens to resume their tranquillity. Clamorous demands are now useless, and can but constitute an act of rebellion. As for that man," he continued, pointing to Godoy, "we desire that his life be spared to-day."

Amid the thunders of acclamation which greeted his words, Ferdinand advanced towards the Prince of the Peace.

"I pardon you," said he.

"The King alone has the right of pardon," replied Godoy haughtily. "You are not yet King."

"I soon shall be." He addressed Rafael. "Conde, we decide that for the present Manuel Godoy shall be imprisoned in the fortress of Villaviciosa, and we charge you to conduct him thither, under the protection of a company of our Guards."

Rafael exchanged looks with Borostidi, and stepped towards the Prince of the Asturias.

"Sir," he said, "I beg your Highness to lay that charge upon some other than me."

"You refuse to serve us, Don Rafael?"

Words of reproach rose to Rafael's lips; he was tempted to explain his refusal by reminding Don Ferdinand of his treachery; but he controlled himself, and answered coldly—

"Imperative business demands my attention, your Highness."

"So be it," said the Prince, who was offended by his refusal. "We do not detain you."

He called another officer and gave him orders. Rafael withdrew, followed by Borostidi.

Juan Morera had not lost a word of this colloquy. He perceived that the time for action on his part had arrived, and leaving his post of observation, he went down to the street by the empty staircase. The crowd before the house, thicker and noisier than ever, was rejoicing wildly over the results of the day, the abdication of Charles IV., the accession of Ferdinand, and the fall of Manuel Godoy.

For the moment the people seemed to be content with their signal victory, which they celebrated with shouts of rejoicing, thinking no more of the accomplice of the great offender. The people had got rid of the chief author of their ills, and they forgot his abettors, Juan Morera among them.

Favoured by the tumult of the popular rejoicing, and also by the protecting night, he slipped away unrecognized by the crowd.

This first danger being escaped, he hurried on, and quickly left the habitations of Aranjuez behind him. He had reached open country now, and he came to a halt. What was he to do? Having neither horse nor carriage, how was he to get back to Madrid? Suddenly the neighing of a horse broke the silence. Juan Morera looked about him and listened. In a field on the right of the road he saw a confused mass, and on approaching it, made out that it was composed of horses, mules, carts, vans, coaches, vehicles of all sorts, even diligences, which the insurgents had left there, to take up on their return. In a minute he had taken possession of a horse quietly grazing inside the hedge, mounted, and was galloping along the open road before him. Now, he was sure to reach Madrid before Rafael and Borostidi.

The horse he had taken was a good roadster; and in less than an hour, half the distance had been accomplished. Then Juan Morera allowed his stolen steed to breathe. He was certain of arriving at Madrid by midnight, an hour eminently propitious to the carrying out of his designs.

He was riding slowly confident of the happy issue of his adventure, especially as all was silent in the country around and ahead. Supposing that Rafael and Borostidi had started for the capital, he was sufficiently in

advance of them to have taken Beatrix away with him before they could arrive. The wretch amused himself in anticipation with the notion of their discomfiture.

What was that? The beat of the hoofs of horses at the gallop. There was no mistaking the sound. Men on his track, in pursuit of him? He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, and the animal kept it up for a long distance; but when Morera checked his pace to listen, the beat of horses' hoofs was still audible and near.

"The devil take them!" he exclaimed.

Giving up the struggle by speed, he resorted to another expedient. He turned into a clump of trees on the roadside, and hid himself behind them, drew a pistol from his girdle and cocked it.

A few minutes passed, and then two horsemen came on at full speed to the point at which he had turned off the road. In an instant they would pass before him. He leaned forward on his horse's neck to see them more distinctly. They were Rafael d'Osorio and Borostidi. Unless he could stop them, he was lost.

He let them come within range, fired his pistol at one of the horsemen, and instantly started off again at a furious pace. After a few minutes he looked back, and heaved a sigh of relief. The two horsemen were no longer to be heard or seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

DURING the whole of that day, the 16th of March, Madrid had been a scene of riot. An angry mob had besieged the palace of the Prince of the Peace, and, being doubly exasperated by his absence, had proceeded to lay waste all before it. By sunset nothing but the walls of that superb edifice remained; everything inside them was pillaged, smashed, destroyed somehow. The wrath of the people, deprived of the blood of their enemy, had vented itself to the utmost in the only form that could slake its burning fury.

At Buen-Retiro the destruction was not so wholesale. The crowd had respected the property of the Crown; but every object that was supposed to belong to the sisters Tудо and their powerful protector was smashed to atoms. The popular fury had worn itself out by evening. In the morning everybody who was suspected of complicity with Godoy was threatened with death; now the people thought no more about them. Groups and bands were still out in the streets, indeed, but not with any violent intentions. They were only waiting for news from Aranjuez, and refused to disperse until it had been received.

While these events were taking place Margarita de Castrogeriz remained at home and alone. Her father had left her in the morning to attend the Council of Castille, which had been assembled by an urgent summons from the President, to decide, in concert with the Junta, on the measures to be taken for restoring order. The servants came frequently, bringing her the news from without, and in her own mind she applauded the excesses of the populace which they reported. Why should she regret them, when those whom they injured were the enemies of her country, and her own? She passed the hours of daylight in a kind of fever. Then came the evening, but it brought no quiet to her mind. She would have liked to go down into the street, to mix with the crowd, to learn what had become of Juan Morera in the midst of the turmoil. She now looked anxiously for her father's arrival, but he did not appear. The clocks struck eleven, but still he had not returned.

A loud knock at the house-door at length broke the silence. Margarita started up, thinking her father had come; but the visitor proved to be Stéphanie Defodon, who had been for some time with the Condesa d'Osorio. As she had just come through the town, she was fully informed of the events of the day, but had nothing to tell in addition to the information which Margarita had already received. She described the invasion of Buen-Retiro, and the pillage of the Alcudia Palace.

(To be continued.)

BARON REBUS.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF OSKAR VON KRUCKEN.

Translated by MARIE S. MYHILL, and illustrated by MARTIN STAINFORTH.

AFTER the performance of *Francillon* the party strolled into the neighbouring hotel to dine, and to hear the famous gipsy music. It so happened, with the *café noir*, that one young lady who, not without some malice, was called the wit of the family, began to utter her thoughts aloud.

"That woman was right," she said. She was thinking of *Francillon*.

It must here be observed that this young lady had only one just cause for complaint against her husband—that, from the very day of their wedding, his circumference had increased in an exceedingly rapid manner.

Uncle Thomas took up the thread of conversation.

"It certainly is strange that men alter so much after their marriage. Not one single man performs as a husband what he promised before the wedding. Out of an elegant, gay, and fiery flirt he becomes a lazy, cool, and ill-humoured husband. And yet the true model husband ought to remain, up to the time of his silver wedding, just what he was as a lover."

"What nonsense are you two talking there together?" called out the fat husband of the young lady.

"I once knew such a man. His name was Baron Rebus, and he was indeed a true model husband."

And Uncle Thomas proceeded to relate the history of this model husband.

"There lived in Buda-Pesth a young girl of the upper middle-class named Katinka Kelemen. She was an orphan, owned six houses, and was no chicken. Pardon the expression. I mean to say she was a thoroughly ripened beauty, had danced through six carnivals, and had rejected dozens of offers. And yet she would gladly have married, for she was beginning to get quite round-shouldered, and consequently was styled by the tradesmen 'Gnädige Frau.' Even as a girl, she had placed no confidence in any of her numerous flatterers, and now an experienced friend advised her to apply to one Eskinaz for a husband. Eskinaz was an old Spanish Jew, who kept a second-hand shop in the Herminen Platz, in which something of everything was to be found—smoked-out meerschaums, old ball costumes, flat-irons, antique weapons, mahogany wardrobes, stuffed owls, and anything which might possibly conduce to man's happiness.

"Following her friend's advice, Katinka went to this universal provider. She found the old Jew squatting behind piles of furniture, and in the dim twilight each glass of his spectacles looked about the size of a Maria-Theresa thaler. When she had informed him of the object of her visit, the old man took down a large key from a nail and led her up a dark staircase to the garret. There, leaning against the wall, were the matrimonial candidates, and each was covered up with a green cloth.

"But they are not alive!" ejaculated the astonished young lady.

"They only want winding up," explained Eskinaz.

"There was a barrister, for whom the dealer asked £3,000; a lieutenant-colonel of the Hussars he offered for £6,000, calling special attention to the fact that he was of noble birth; a young M.P. he priced at £25,000, remarking, however, that the same in three years' time would be sold for £1,500.

"None of these candidates pleased Katinka, for she wanted something quite special.

"I think, madam," said the Jew, "I can manage to accommodate you; but I must warn you beforehand that he will be a dear article."

"The old man then opened a cupboard in the wall. Katinka peeped in, and cried: 'Just the very one I was looking for!'

"In the cupboard stood a tall, strikingly elegant man,

carrying an eye-glass. He was no longer young, but of an extremely fascinating and aristocratic appearance.

"Baron Rebus—a real gem!" said Eskinaz; "excellent rider, indefatigable in dancing and skating; as a marksman, he has no equal; is very attentive, and blessed with the patience of an angel."

"How much does he cost?" inquired Katinka with a beating heart.

"£30,000."

"Exorbitant! Why he has already got a bald head!"

"Oh, that is of no account," replied the old Jew.

"I can guarantee him for twenty years. You will regret it all your life if you do not take him. Such a perfect, pattern husband has never been made before or since!"

"Are they not all alike?"

"The mechanism is the same in all of them, but in the course of construction little variations arise in the minute, hair-like wheels of the brain, which have an abiding influence upon the automaton. I remember I once sold three husbands, each having precisely the same machinery, made after one and the same pattern;



SHE FOUND THE OLD JEW SQUATTING BEHIND PILES OF FURNITURE.

and yet, somehow, a fault must have crept in during their construction, for, while one would continually strike the table with his fist, crying, "Cœur und nochmals Cœur!" the other could see no spirits of any kind, but he would greedily swallow them; whereas the third would leave his wife standing alone in the open streets whenever he saw a parlour-maid, after whom he was sure to run."

"Shocking!"

"Now, on the contrary, in the mechanical apparatus of Baron Rebus there is absolutely not one single flaw. For six years he was the husband of a banker's daughter, and conducted himself in a most exemplary manner to the day of her death. Her last words were: 'Eskinaz is a man of honour!'"

"For two weeks Katinka was negotiating with the old Spanish Jew, and then, when she found she could by no means induce him to lower the price, she accepted his terms.

"Now I will show you how the Baron has to be wound up," Eskinaz said to her, on the day of the purchase. "This must be done once a year, and if the fixed time is ever forgotten a fearful catastrophe will be the result. To-day is the 20th August, and next year, pre-

cisely at this same moment, he must once again be wound up.'

"So saying, he unbuttoned the Baron's shirt, and fitted the key into a small hole in his breast. The Baron shook himself a little, made a peculiar whirring noise, then he raised his gloved hand, buttoned up his shirt, put his eye-glass to his right eye, and began to critically examine Katinka.

"'Baron,' began Eskinaz humbly, 'allow me to introduce your bride—Baron Rebus, Fräulein Katinka Kelemen.'

"The Baron bowed, and said, smiling: 'If it is agreeable to you, we will proceed at once to the church.'

"He nodded affably to Eskinaz, and led his bride to the carriage which was waiting at the shop door. Katinka wished him to take a seat beside her, but Rebus declined in a polite, but at the same time decided, manner.

"Then he hailed a cab and ordered the driver, 'To the parish church!'

"All this I learned from the Baron's own lips," continued Uncle Thomas. "The following I know from my own observation. I was quite a young fellow when this little episode took place, and was spending the summer with two old aunts in a seaside town. The visitors of this town had formed two societies, or cliques—the 'Comme-il-faut clique' and the 'Not comme-il-faut clique.' Much to my own displeasure, I found myself compelled to join the former in order to please my aunts.

"One day two new visitors arrived—a bright, radiant young lady, and an aristocratic man, wearing an eye-glass. The whole town waited in feverish anxiety to see to which clique these new arrivals would attach themselves. The victory was ours, for the Baron immediately joined our ranks.

"Strolling one day in the park, I happened to meet the Baron, who begged for a light from my cigar. Then an animated conversation arose between us, and half-an-hour later I was introduced to his wife. In the evening he begged me to introduce him to my aunts, when he presented each of them with a magnificent rose. My aunts were charmed, and could not find words wherewith to sound the Baron's praises.

"I must confess that from the very beginning I felt far less interest in the Baron than in his young wife. Every evening, when there was music, we would dance together, the Baron inviting one of my aunts to join, so that his wife would have no strange partner in the set of quadrilles. Excursions were often made to places of interest in the neighbourhood, and on such occasions I used to go on a good way in front with his nimble little wife, leaving the Baron to follow, carrying her sunshade and wraps, and at the same time to entertain my aunts.

"One very rainy afternoon, I was sitting with Katinka in a window corner, while the Baron, as usual, was lounging in an armchair, with his back towards us, smoking a cigar. I gazed for some time upon the lovely round arms of his fair young wife, then rashly bent forward, and pressed a kiss upon the warm glowing flesh. Involuntarily I glanced towards her husband. Good heavens! he had seen us in the looking-glass! I quite expected him to spring up, and, like a tiger, throw himself upon me, but he calmly went on smoking. Only round his lips there lurked a mischievous smile.

"This lesson, however, was enough for me, and the next day I took care to keep away from the lovely woman. Nevertheless, to my greatest surprise, the Baron hunted me up, and said—

"'I, being the elder, feel it is my place to express the wish that there may be, in the future, a closer intimacy between us.'

"I was much moved by this speech. We drank each other's health, and shook hands, when the Baron again laughed in his peculiar ironical manner.

"From that day forth, Katinka had nothing more to do with me. This was all the easier for her, as my friend Hothay—an impertinent fellow—had arrived

upon the scene. Katinka allowed him to pay his addresses to her quite as a matter of course, and to me remained only the society of the Baron and my old aunts. The whole town was shocked at the scandalous behaviour of the Baroness, and I could not understand her husband putting up with it. According to my opinion it was his duty to challenge Hothay, and it would have given me great pleasure to have been his second. Instead of this, however, he drank to eternal brotherhood with Hothay. After lunch we often sat together on the verandah. On such occasions the Baron spoke little, but sat quietly smoking, gazing at the setting sun. I then had an opportunity of studying his features, and perceived with surprise that they wore an expression of malicious satisfaction. If he ever noticed that my eyes were fixed upon him, he would cough confusedly, like one who is taken unawares.

"Now, it so happened on St. Stephen's day that the Baroness, accompanied by Hothay, and one of my 'comme-il-faut' aunts, went for a picnic to the mountains. The Baron did not go with them, and when I met him in the park at noon, he inquired somewhat uneasily after his wife.

"'She promised to be back at noon,' he said. 'We have something most important to see about. Surely she can't have forgotten it!'

"He did not dine, but passed the time walking up and down in the park. I watched him from the verandah, and was astonished to find that the aristocratic man, whose movements were formerly so measured and stately, was now dragging himself painfully along, and seemed to be in a state of utter collapse. In an hour's time he sent a young peasant after his wife with a note. The fellow soon returned, saying he had not been able to see the Baroness, but had learnt that the party had gone to inspect the stalactite grotto. The Baron was already terribly pale.

"'Would you not like to go to your room?' I asked, feeling full of sympathy for his pitiable condition.

"'T—t—to m—my r—room!' he stuttered mechanically. I offered him my arm, for he seemed hardly able to stand. With difficulty I dragged him upstairs, his arm resting on mine like a lump of lead.

"'Courage, dear friend, courage!' said I.

"'Cou—cour—courage!' echoed the Baron.

The malicious smile again played upon his rigid features. On the top stair my strength failed, and I leant the Baron against the banisters for support. Hardly had I let go of him when he fell with a hellish din to the bottom. For one moment I stood there, powerless, benumbed; the next, I rushed downstairs. There lay the Baron upon the marble floor, stiff, his limbs disjointed, his head smashed. It was a terrible sight. Wringing my hands, I stooped down to him, and saw, through his open skull, minute hairlike wheels and shining steel cylinders. The Baron's head was papier-mâché!

"Can you imagine my surprise and shame? I had actually drunk to eternal brotherhood with a mere automaton! The centre of our brilliant 'comme-il-faut' party was nothing but an idiotic machine. My first desire was to hush the matter up, for if that other 'Not comme-il-faut' set ever heard of it, what a laughing-stock they would make of us. I therefore immediately packed the Baron's body into a flour sack, and dragged him upstairs into his room. Just as I threw him on the sofa, the Baroness rushed into the room.

"With trembling hands she unbuttoned his shirt, drew a key from her pocket, and began to wind her husband up like a clock. Breathlessly I waited for the result. The Baron's legs twitched, and his glassy eyes opened wide, he gave one long 'Nrrrrr,' and then remained for ever dumb.

"'Lost!' sobbed out his widow.

"'Broken,' said I.

"'Thirty thousand pounds did he cost me!' said she,



"THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS DID HE COST ME!"

and from sheer vexation began to pull out her own hair. 'Once a year I ought to have wound him up, and now I have forgotten to do it!'

"Her pain seemed so great that it moved me, and I longed to comfort her.

"'But, Katinka, you can surely buy another,' I said, 'your circumstances allow it.'

"'Another?' sobbed the inconsolable widow. 'Who knows if I can find another like him? Perhaps I should get one who would continually bang the table with his

fist, crying, 'Cœur und nochmals Cœur!' There is not another model husband like Rebus to be found anywhere."

So concluded Uncle Thomas's narrative. He drew special attention to the moral of it by saying—

"You see, now, this is the model husband of my acquaintance. He was perfect in every way, and would have remained so to his silver wedding day, if his wife had only wound him up once a year. But even this little exertion was too much for the woman!"

SOME PRECIOUS STONES.

THE sapphire will scratch all other stones except itself and the diamond. While it is usually of a distinctly bluish hue, some are occasionally found to be colourless, and are not unfrequently passed off as diamonds on the ignorant or unsuspecting. Other colours, as crimson-red, yellow, green, and violet, are rarer. Of the ruby there are two distinct kinds—the spinel, or deep red; and the balas, a paler, rose-tinted stone, which has a similarity to the burnt topaz. It is easy to distinguish by daylight between the spinel and the red sapphire, the former appearing somewhat rosy, and the latter leaning towards violet. The most interesting kind of topaz is that known as the Brazilian, which, when subjected to heat, changes colour, and becomes not unlike the balas ruby. It is then known as the Brazilian ruby, and is, by the process, enhanced in value. But, curiously enough, the Saxon, or yellow, topaz is rendered colourless by the application of heat. The zircon—the hyacinth of the ancients—is another historic gem, though now, owing to its feeble lustre, it is held lightly in esteem. It is of two hues—the yellow, or jargoon, found chiefly in Ceylon; and the brown orange,

the real hyacinth. The more common emerald is one of the most beautiful and highly-valued of all gems. It was held in such estimation by the ancients that the engraving of it was made illegal. Through a large, pure, green emerald Nero viewed the combats in the arena. Its soothing effect on the sight has been known for ages. To the class of gems known as emeralds belong the aquamarines, one of the most remarkable of which belongs to the Queen. A rich red gem is the garnet, often found of a size sufficiently large to admit of its being fashioned into little cups, which are greatly prized. The name of agate stones is legion, but one of the finest is the cornelian, of a cherry-red colour, and with that semi-transparency seen also in the fruit. The finest come from Japan, the European specimens being much smaller. It was, however, largely used by the ancients or the purpose of engraving. Another stone, not so well known to us as it was to the ancients in the earliest times, is the jade, a beautiful stone, the physical characters of which are at present unknown. The colour passes from a waxen white to olive green, sometimes approaching the transparency of the emerald. It was, in the Middle Ages, known to the Western people as a sort of talisman against nephritic disease.

ARE DOGS NATURALLY POLITE?

"ARE dogs naturally polite?" The question was put to me in all seriousness the other day by a man who claimed to have studied the subject. The problem was suggested to him by the sight of a dog barking his head off at a man with a wooden leg. The owner of the dog was in rather an embarrassed position. To have made his dog shut up would have meant a certain amount of shouting and scolding, for the beast had not been brought up in the way in which he should have gone. The owner knew perfectly well that the only way in which he could silence his dog was by chastising him gently, and administering advice in a loud voice. This method would certainly have attracted the attention of any stray children who might have been lurking in the neighbourhood, and they would probably have been quick to grasp the situation. Had this happened, the poor man with the wooden leg would have been laughed and jeered at, and put to open shame. So the owner of the dog did nothing, although he and the lame man were both walking in the same direction. After a time the dog came upon a German band, which successfully diverted his attention from the lame man.

I think myself that dogs are naturally polite, and that the foregoing incident was only the result of want of training. When a dog is ill, he always goes away to the darkest and quietest corner of the room, because he knows that invalids are sometimes in the way, and because in a dog illness is, to a certain extent, an admission of weakness. A sick dog doesn't want to bother anyone with himself—a sentiment which a good many faddy men would do well to copy. Again, although a dog may be exceedingly aristocratic, he never has any paltry pride about him. I know several champions who, I am sure, are as pleased at their success on the show-bench as their owners are, and yet they are never unduly puffed up about it. True, they very often sleep away the time spent at shows; but that is not so much the effect of haughty indifference to the admiration of inferior dogs and human beings as it is the outcome of good, sound, common sense. A wise dog has brains enough to know that, when he is chained to a bench and can't get away, he may just as well snooze away the time as strike up an acquaintance with other dogs and men whom it is quite possible he may never meet again.

But there is no meanness about the aristocratic dog. I have seen a certain champion bull-dog—I won't mention his name, because I don't want to make the others jealous—gambolling about a field with a terrier puppy whose family history would certainly not bear a close investigation, and the puppy wasn't at all a pretty little dog, either. Sporting dogs, and dogs that are employed to drive sheep and cattle, have perfect manners, as a rule. I have occasionally been present when one out of a couple of young sheep-dogs has neglected his business shamefully. Of course, the shepherd had to reprove the dog for attempting to invent a new method of driving sheep—

originality never does meet with its proper reward—and the culprit was exceedingly ashamed of himself. Now, what did the other dog do—the dog who did not need reproof? Did he go on driving his sheep in a cocky, I'm-always-right kind of way, as much as to say, "That poor beggar is an idiot, but I know my business"? No. When the shepherd raised his stick to reprove the offending dog, the goody-goody one made a bee-line for the nearest barn. He simply could not be present at his comrade's disgrace. I know my readers will find another explanation of this, in which case they will be entirely mistaken.

With regard to the subject of dogs and music, you often hear it stated that dogs hate music. This is not so. A dog moaning at a barrel-organ or German band is a very common sight in London; but surely, such a dog cannot be accused of bad taste! Now, with cows the case is altered. I knew a cow once who simply had a passion for barrel-organs. Whenever a fifth-rate hurdy-gurdy came to the village, that cow would leave off eating—a fact sufficient in itself to show that the beast was really affected by the music. Then, when the cow had quite finished the mouthful of grass she had begun upon before the hurdy-gurdy struck up, she would saunter gently to the end of the field, look over the gate, and become pensive. There was no humbug about the cow; she didn't do it because it's good form to like music, or because she got anything out of it. As a matter of fact, she always lost a good half-hour of her feeding-time. But the same cow was quite indifferent to good music. Indifferent, did I say? She was more than indifferent; she simply loathed it. I remember on one occasion she passed the house when I was playing the Sonata Pathétique. As soon as she heard the piano going, her face assumed a troubled, pained expression, and she plunged wildly at an old retriever with whom she had been on intimate terms all her life. Now, my dog never makes the slightest protest when I play the piano. He just curls himself up on his little cushion and goes to sleep all the time. Of course, the natural conclusion that my readers will come to about this is, that the cow and the dog were both blessed with more than the usual amount of animal intelligence. But the kinder explanation is far more likely to be correct.

I am afraid all dogs are a trifle snobbish. If burglars would only consent to alter their present style of dress, and go about their business in frock-coats, nice, well-fitting trousers, and silk hats, I feel sure they would find watch-dogs less of a hindrance to them in their work. Dogs like well-dressed, respectable-looking men. This is a curious fact, because if a dog meets a man he knows, he doesn't recognise him by using his eyes so much as his nose. I once knew a dog who could not be persuaded that a cycling suit was respectable. It seems that he thought a man only wore knickerbockers because he couldn't afford trousers. I believe he looked upon knickerbockers as being more or less indecent. But the same dog was reduced to a state of reverential awe at the sight of a silk hat.

W. P.

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